

# The Coming Age

A MAGAZINE OF CONSTRUCTIVE THOUGHT.

Editors { B. O. FLOWER, Founder of The Arena.  
MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER.

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- "Kindergarten Music Building," . . . . . Nina K. Darlington.  
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 "Why I am a Congregationalist," . . . . . Rev. DeWitt S. Clark, D. D.  
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# THE COMING AGE

EDITED BY  
B. O. FLOWER  
AND  
MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

VOL. II

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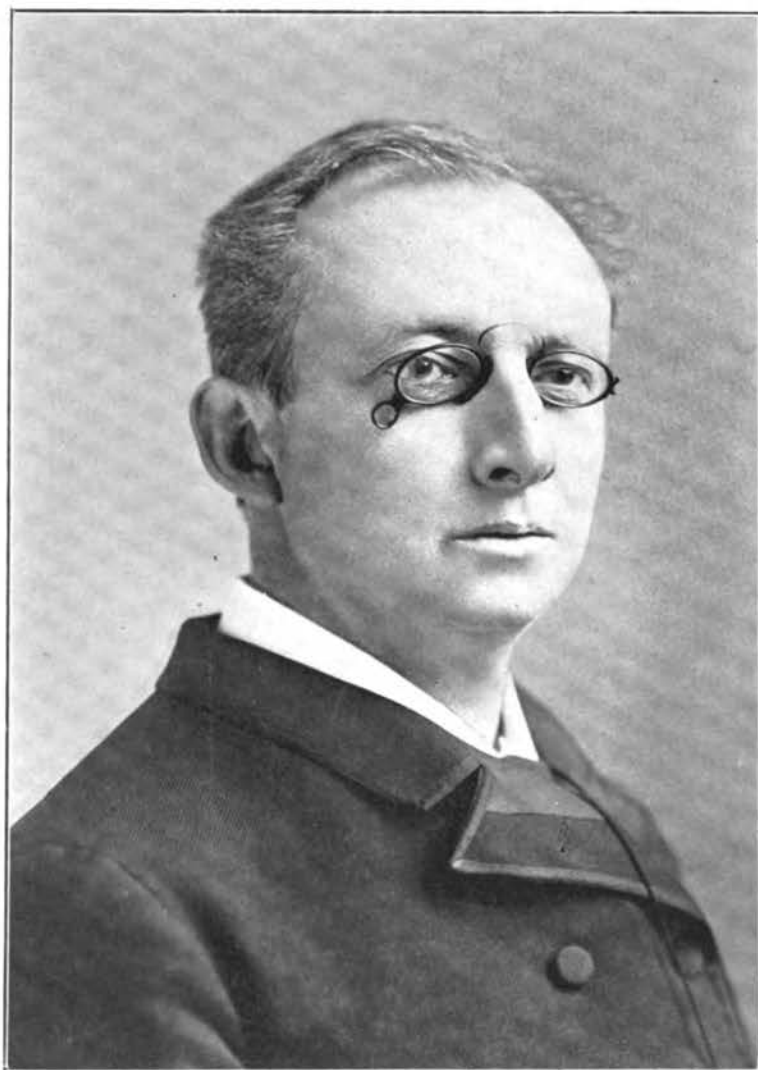
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TO VIND  
AMBROGIO



Connelly J.  
Robertson



# THE COMING AGE

VOL. II

JULY, 1899

No. 1



## CONVERSATIONS

I.—THE PROGRESS OF FIFTY YEARS,  
BY REV. R. HEBER NEWTON.

II.—GLORY QUAYLE AND "THE CHRISTIAN,"  
BY VIOLA ALLEN.

### I.—THE PROGRESS OF FIFTY YEARS

REV. R. HEBER NEWTON.

AN EDITORIAL SKETCH.

Rev. R. Heber Newton is justly regarded as one of the ablest thinkers among the Broad Churchmen of the Episcopal denomination. He is a man whose intellectual ability is only equaled by a profoundly religious nature, and these are supplemented by that magnificent courage and passion for the truth which compels high-born souls fearlessly to follow the divine leadings in spite of ancient dogmas, prejudice, creeds, or ideals.

He was born in Philadelphia on October 31, 1840. His collegiate education was obtained in the University of Pennsylvania and the Philadelphia Divinity School. On leaving college he became his father's assistant, first at St. Paul's and later at the Church of the Epiphany,

Philadelphia. In 1863 he was called to Trinity Church at Sharon Springs, New York, and in 1866 he accepted an invitation to take charge of St. Paul's Church in Philadelphia. His sincerity, earnestness, and broad sympathy, no less than his scholarship, and an unusual grasp of the great vital problems which intimately affect society and the individual, soon placed the popular rector in the first rank of the scholarly young men engaged in the ministry of the Episcopal Church, and in 1869 he accepted an urgent call to become rector of the Anthon Memorial Church, afterward rechristened All Souls', New York.

The promise of youth has been richly fulfilled in maturity, and under his faithful ministrations not only has a large parish been built up, but his influence has long since extended far beyond the limit of his parish and his denomination.

Indeed, there are few clergymen of to-day who so well represent normal, robust manhood in thought and life as Dr. Newton. He has stood in a real way for progress and intellectual freedom. Moreover, I know of no clergyman in the orthodox pulpit who possesses in the same measure the power of viewing any question broadly, and with mind absolutely unbiased by prejudice, as this divine. And, what is equally exceptional, he is ever ready to recognize the elements of truth and helpfulness in new discoveries, new systems of thought, or ideas of individuals honestly set forth in the hope of bettering society, enriching life, or enlarging the intellectual horizon. Had he lived in the time of Galileo there can be no doubt but what he would not only have journeyed far to enjoy the privilege of looking through the telescope of the astronomer, but, having seen that the scientist was right and conventional religion wrong, he would have fearlessly taken his stand with the persecuted savant. Indeed, his loyalty to truth and his acceptance of the larger views of creation, life, and destiny, which modern scientific investigations have forced on the convictions of those who have been willing to investigate and think for themselves, have been the occasion of much concern to certain well-meaning but narrow-visioned members of the clergy, who are disposed to worship with their faces turned toward the past. And yet I know of no rector in the Episcopal Church who is more reverent or deeply religious than Dr. Newton. He is brave. He believes in using the reason given him that he may acquire an ampler store of knowledge. Unlike the man with the talent, who feared his master and therefore hid his treasure in the earth, Dr. Newton displays that true faith which seeks each day to add to the reason-garnered harvest from the ever-whitening fields of truth.

For many years he has been a member of the English Society for Psychical Research, and has taken the deepest interest in the careful investigations of those great scientists and careful sifters of evidence who have labored so effectively in collecting facts of value and classifying them, and proceeding in such a manner

as to compel the serious attention of thinking people throughout the world to a work which the late William E. Gladstone characterized a short time before his death as "the most important work which is being done in the world,—by far the most important."\* I do not know whether Dr. Newton goes as far as Mr. Gladstone went in his views of the importance of an intelligent and scientific investigation of psychic phenomena, but he is one of many of our foremost thinkers who regard these investigations as of incalculable value to humanity, something altogether worthy of the patient labor being given to them by such philosophers and scientists as Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, Sir William Crookes, F. R. S., Professor Oliver J. Lodge, F. R. S., and other thinkers who are in the very forefront of the practical scientists of our age. Dr. Newton is not merely a brave and able thinker who keeps abreast of the best thought of the age,—his heart is as warm as his head is clear. His broad, intelligent sympathy with the people stands in bold contrast with the position of many leading clergymen of our time. He has displayed deep interest in social problems and all those pressing questions and issues which make for justice and freer and better conditions. One may not at all times agree with him in order to appreciate his sincerity and honesty of thought and purpose; and the stand he has taken time and again for manhood, a higher civic life, and a broader freedom for those whose outlook is narrow and gloomy, places him among the true men whose conscience, conviction, and feeling go hand in hand with a clear, strong intellect. His deep concern for justice is admirably illustrated in the following thoroughly characteristic utterance from his valuable work on "Womanhood:"†

So hearkening to the babel tongues that plead for woman's rights in discordant chorus, he will find articulated with more

\*This remark was made by Mr. Gladstone to the eminent English author, F. W. H. Myers, on the occasion of Mr. Gladstone's accepting an honorary membership in the Society for Psychical Research. The conversation was reported in the journal of the society.

†"Womanhood," by R. Heber Newton. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

or less clearness the cry, "Wanted, a Vocation,"—will recognize the reaching out of womanhood unto the consciousness of a calling to some work in the world, freeing the powers now cramped by social conventionalities. In this cry a duet of voices blend, the body's call for a work that will insure the bread which perisheth, and the soul's call for a vocation that will feed the inner hunger for truth and beauty and goodness, together voicing the demand, "a work for life and a life-work," a sphere commensurate with the necessities and capacities of womanhood.

There is first the plaintive cry of womanhood for a fair, free field of labor for those who are driven out into the market-place to compete with the stronger sex in the exhausting toil of brain or the wearying work of hand which awaits bread-winners in our Christian civilization, whose children stand all day idle, waiting the boon of being hired. With this economic aspect of the question I can concern myself here only in so far as the suffering involved and the temptation incurred by woman's wrongs in the working world lead it into the spheres of philanthropy and morality.

Multitudes of women are obliged to provide for their own support,—poor girls before marriage, women who never marry and have no relatives able to care for them, wives whose husbands cannot earn enough to support their families, widows left with children to rear,—a vast host beyond the dream of those who have not looked into this subject. There is palpable need for an open door to self-supporting work and for ability to enter and wrest a livelihood. We must demand, therefore, that the doors into every sphere where there is work that women can do must be opened, that all traditional prejudices and conventional notions artificially restricting the opportunities for woman's work shall be swept away and the question of her proper employ be left for natural laws to settle.

And this is in no radical and revolutionary spirit, but in the vital conservatism which trusts nature utterly.

For clearly the conventional boundaries of the sphere of woman's work have been drawn by no natural, i. e., ethical forces.

The instinct of selfishness has shown itself, as between classes, so also between the sexes. Power is always reluctant to share its monopoly. Man has comfortably arrogated to himself the capacity to carry on the higher works of the world, and taken out a patent for every desirable occupation. Intellectual vocations he has held as long as possible for himself, proudly leaving to woman the manual labor in the house and in the field, and as society moved on, putting off her claims to a share in the intellectual provinces by unlimited grant of fee simple estates in the heart. Now, the heart is a

very noble domain, but scarcely remunerative; its yield not being found in the exchange list, or its scrip quoted in the stock reports, though there be many a corner made in it with a great deal of breaking.

We must demand further that no arbitrary distinction be made in the wages of men and women; that there be no discount on the teacher, the telegraph operator, the factory operative; that the same amount and quality of labor receive as much pay in the person of the weak woman as in that of the strong man. It is an in-equity, iniquity, to be indignantly shamed by all men who preserve in the warfare of competition aught not only of chivalric feeling for women, but of simple justice-loving, that, because she is a woman, a teacher in our common schools shall be offered one-half the salary of her fellow-teacher, no more gifted, no more faithful, who happens to be a man. Against the injustice of social opinions or trade customs which holds women back from work they are competent to do, or pays them unfairly in it, we must all protest in every possible way; and then turn round upon young women themselves and demand of them that, when they throw themselves against the doors which shut them out from free work and fair pay, they shall carry weight enough to force back the resistance of conventionality and selfishness.

Much of the best thought given by Dr. Newton during the past thirty years, in which he has so acceptably ministered to his large parish in New York, has happily been preserved in a series of volumes of essays and discourses which cover a wide range of subjects and illustrate the versatility of their author no less than his wide reading and broad grasp of great issues. In 1876 appeared his work dealing with "The Morals of Trade." This was followed in 1880 by one of the noblest volumes of recent years, entitled "Womanhood," a work which should be read by every student of the complex problems which relate to the larger life and higher aspirations of the present age. The same year there appeared his third work, "Studies of Jesus," which was followed in 1883 by an important contribution to the controversy of modern times as to whether the Bible is God's word or contains God's word. The author takes the latter position. His views, he tells us, "were not hastily reached. They represent a growth of years." In 1884 "Book of the Beginnings" appeared, and was followed the next year by "Philistinism."

In 1886 "Social Studies" appeared, in which the author again discusses problems relating to the larger life of the people now and here. In 1891 "Church and Creed" was published. Since then the author, though contributing some able papers to leading magazines and periodicals, has published no work. He has now, however, nearing completion a volume which promises to be one of his greatest contributions to modern religious thought. It is entitled "The Contribution of Modern Heterodoxy to the Growth of Orthodoxy." In it are discussed the following subjects: "The Truths of Universalism," "The Truths of Unitarianism," "The Truths of Swedenborgianism," "The Truths of Spiritualism," "The Truths of Christian Science."

Dr. Newton's preaching and writings reveal the fact that his is the heart religion,—no mere intellectual philosophizing or mental gymnastics which so frequently are substituted for that deep faith and feeling which are of the heart and spring from the rich soil of the spiritual nature. Hence his influence is always inspiring and uplifting. His words appeal to that which is essentially divine in the human soul, and come as the grateful rain to the sunward climbing seed, which too frequently is vainly striving to break through the hard clods that environ it. In an age where there is much materialism in and out of the church, in a land where conscience is too frequently commanded to the rear that selfish interests, personal ambitions, or a low order of success may have free sway, and in a city largely absorbed in money getting, his voice goes forth as a bugle calling from the heights and appealing to the nobler self in man to rise out of the basement of being into those sunlit chambers where the spiritual life in its glory and sweetness is so realized and actualized that life becomes a benediction and death a promotion.

## THE PROGRESS OF FIFTY YEARS.

CONVERSATION WITH REV. R. HEBER  
NEWTON.

Q. In looking backward over the past fifty years do you feel that there has been sufficient progress in social life to inspire

the belief that the twentieth century will witness a steady advance toward conditions at once marked by greater justice, fraternity, and love than we have heretofore known?

A. Certainly. I cannot see how any one can review the story of the last half-century without being encouraged. That there are discouragements goes without saying. But below the surface of thought and feeling, in the deep under-currents, there are to be found, as it seems to me, an unmistakable set toward a nobler and a higher social order. These last fifty years have witnessed in Europe the abolition of Russian serfdom. They have witnessed in the United States the abolition of negro slavery. If there were nothing more to record for humanity than these two immense strides forward, every one ought to feel hopeful. In the case of our own country, the abolition of negro slavery was effected under the greatest possible difficulties and at the utmost cost. A host of considerations tempted America to palter with the question of conscience. She had already paltered too long and too shamefully. None the less, at the end, the heroic action was taken. But these two great events are only typical of what has been going on in a less marked manner all along the line. In so far as my knowledge of history goes, no other half-century records such a universal movement forward and onward. Reform is in the air. The conscience of man is awakening. Ideals are leading civilization. Just at the end of the century we are witnessing what may prove to be the most significant step forward yet taken. Despite the pessimistic views most people entertain concerning the International Peace Conference called by the czar, it remains to be acknowledged that the mere convening of such a conference for such a purpose is a most notable sign of the times. No one can tell what will follow when once the great states of the western world set themselves seriously to consider the means of ameliorating and mitigating and minimizing war. Whether the rulers are in earnest or not, people are growing in earnest; and the people, shoving from behind, may easily shove their rulers further and faster than they dream of



now. This is my own belief, that the burden of war is so appalling, that its evils are so manifest and horrible, that, when once a forward step is begun on the part of the governments, the people may be trusted to push with a mighty will.

This last half-century has seen the development of the co-operative movement in England, in France, in Germany, and, to a far greater extent than is ordinarily supposed, in our own country. While we no longer expect from co-operation all that its earliest prophets dreamed, yet we have reason to expect a most substantial gain for labor. If in nothing else, the business education that it is carrying on, as well as the moral education that it is inducing, will amply repay the effort that has been put forth in this direction.

No other half-century in the world's history has witnessed so earnest and cumulative an effort along the whole line of social reform. It is well-nigh impossible to keep abreast of the manifold movements in social reform. They are multiplying on every hand. They are gathering impetus with a rapidity that he alone knows who follows them most carefully. Despite every discouragement, I for one am profoundly impressed with the great encouragement that comes to him who stands at the end of this century and reviews its latter half.

Q. Have not the changes, or rather the reforms, in the treatment of society's unfortunates, the insane, the poor, and the criminals, been so great as to be almost revolutionary,—indicating a positive awakening of the conscience in the people which portends still better things for the future?

A. Again, my answer must be wholly a positive affirmative. The treatment of the insane, for example, has been, not almost revolutionized, but completely revolutionized, within this last half-century. I remember, a quarter of a century ago nearly, that my attention was drawn to the horrors and abuses of the administration of many of our insane asylums, and that I gave considerable time and effort, in my humble way, toward mitigating these evils. The effort then often met with bitter opposition from the medical faculty, as well as from the administra-

tors of the asylums, and yet it was notorious that the methods of treatment were barbaric in many instances, while the opportunities of gross abuse were most imperfectly guarded against. While much remains to be done in this department, the change has been so great as to fill every one interested in the subject with confidence and courage.

So with regard to the poor. Take the churches as examples. When I was a boy the duty of the average church was regarded as fulfilled when its Sunday services were held, its Sunday-school carried on, and the mid-week prayer-meeting observed,—with the usual accompanying religious cultus. As I look back to those early days, I cannot recall any church in my knowledge as being seriously engaged in the task of ministering to the temporal necessities of the poor, of alleviating their lot, of brightening the conditions of life for the wage-workers—of doing anything, in short, of a so-called secular character. Now, what an amazing contrast! Parish houses multiply in every direction. Clubs, schools, and societies, and every provision for amusement, recreation, and education—physical, mental, and moral—abound. I remember quite well, a quarter of a century ago, when I was beginning my ministry in New York City, that we made in our parish modest experiments in this direction which were then regarded as quite novel in the community, and attracted attention to our parish to an extent that I did not expect. What we then did would be regarded as the commonplace of church activity now. The modest work of those years is utterly out-distanced by the colossal enterprises of our great parishes in the metropolis.

So with regard to the criminals. Penology has literally been revolutionized in the last half-century. The methods of treating our prisoners in the middle of the last century were still crude and semi-savage. The utmost, apparently, expected was that the criminal classes should be isolated from the rest of the community, and the contagion of crime, so to speak, quarantined. Now our best prison establishments are working for the veritable reform of the criminal, and the results are simply astounding.



ing. I know of no fairy tale equal in bewildering experiences to the story of some of the great prisons of Europe, and possibly of our own country. The Christian spirit has entered into these establishments, and the Christian hope and courage and faith. Men are attempting the impossible, and are achieving it. It is absolutely unprecedented and unparalleled in the history of man. And, curiously enough, this moral miracle that man is working in the reform of the criminals of earth is likely to prove the one final and conclusive settlement of the problem of the divine administration of the prison-house of the universe, that is, the problem of hell. When man can open the doors of his earthly hell, and wipe out the sentence, "Leave hope behind, all ye who enter here," God will have to do it. Man is seeing that he could not do this on earth if God were not already doing it in the unseen world.

Q. Of course, there are periods of depression, or apparent retrogression, in the civic history of our municipalities; but in looking over the past, from the fifties, when the Tweed ring was in power, to the present time, do you believe there has been a perceptible rise in the tone of civic life, and that that rise has been of a very marked character?

A. I should distinguish somewhat in answering this question between New York and the rest of the land. New York is regarded as concentrating the evil tendencies of all other cities, and magnifying them. There has never been the same civic spirit in New York that Boston or Chicago, or any other of the great cities, has had. Yet I believe that, despite all the discouragements on the surface of affairs, there is, if not a marked rise in public spirit in New York, yet, none the less, a real rise. I was in the city at the time of the Tweed ring, and I remember well enough the circumstances of that wonderful movement. Its success was due to a little group of men,—Mr. Samuel J. Tilden, my dear and honored friend, George Jones, of the New York Times, and others. It was not a popular movement at all until success was assured. It came about from a more dramatic exposure of the corruption in the city gov-

ernment than has ever been known since. Despite the apparent return to power of the elements that had been dispossessed when the Tweed ring was overthrown, the city has never dropped back to its old evil state. The reforms effected then have, to a certain extent, been permanent. Our evils now, bad as they are, are not so gross and enormous as they were then. The encouraging feature of our situation is that there is a more wide-spread interest in civic reform, and that the efforts in this direction have been more continuous, less spasmodic, and have represented a wider constituency than in the great movement of a quarter of a century ago. The movement of the People's Municipal League, a number of years ago, was a bona fide movement on the part of a wide portion of the community. It was not the work of a little handful of men,—it was a genuine popular movement. The churches threw themselves into it as they had never done before into any civic reform. Three-fourths of the clergy of the city, of all churches and religions, were heartily in sympathy with the movement, and more than half of them were in active co-operation with it. The churches were the local centers of that movement. The movement failed, for causes well enough understood here, but it left its influence behind. It was followed by the organization of the City Club, a new feature in our municipal life, and by the organization of good government clubs. While these clubs have not accomplished, thus far, what was expected of them, while they have made many and great mistakes, they have none the less represented a real development of the civic conscience. They are new features in our city. Other movements have been contemplated of a still more striking character, and have failed of materialization owing to unfavorable circumstances.

The overthrow of Tammany, after the Lexow investigating committee, was, again, a genuine popular movement, which succeeded brilliantly. The reform administered, despite many mistakes in it, accomplished a vast good. If there had been no other issue from it than the magnificent administration of the street-cleaning department by Colonel Waring,

it would have been worth all it cost. Colonel Waring himself is a type of the new citizenship which is coming to the front. And the reverence and love and gratitude for him throughout the city is another sign of the awakening of a new civic conscience. That the last movement against Tammany failed is due partly to the folly of the leaders of the good government clubs and partly to the autocratic power of Mr. Platt. While we are in a state of quiescence at present, no one who is familiar with our city life can fail to read the signs of a steady deepening of civic spirit. The latest sign in this direction is the remarkable uprising against the tempting offer of an underground road by a competent company on a perpetual lease of the tunnel. Much as our millions of strap-hangers sigh for real rapid transit, they are ready to keep on hanging to the straps rather than barter away the people's property.

Another most interesting sign of the times in this direction is the astounding growth of the New York City History Club. The thought of one public-spirited woman, Mrs. Robert Abbe, it is as yet only in its infancy, being scarcely three years old. Already, however, it has far outreached the most sanguine expectations of its founder. The thought which initiated the movement was the simple idea that at the basis of our lack of public spirit in the great metropolis has been a lack of knowledge about the city itself,—that the reason why the average citizen did not take more concern for his city was that he knew so little concerning the interest that its streets and houses held for him. Mrs. Abbe's thought was: If we can take hold of the children and open their eyes to see how much historic interest attaches to our commonplace, ugly streets,—if we can teach them to study their own city, and to know about it, and about the people who have made it, we will be beginning at the beginning in the way of creating public spirit. This would have been simply an Utopian idea a decade or two ago, but within these three years clubs have been organized all over the city, and now enroll a membership of two thousand boys and girls. Each club meets once a

week during the winter, and is in the charge of a teacher who herself is trained in a normal class. The work in the class consists of talks about our historic buildings and streets, and about the men who have made the city, illustrated as far as possible, and then of walks with the children to show them the places and go over these studies on the ground. This is followed by maps drawn by the children and by other work calculated to fix the topography of the city in the minds of the children, and to locate the points of historic interest. Surely, it is a most encouraging indication that in our cosmopolitan city, whither all nations on the face of the earth stream, it has been found possible in less than three years to gather two thousand of our poorer children into such classes for consecutive weekly study of the history of our city.

When the time comes for the next great municipal movement, the increment of the civic conscience indicated by these facts will surely reveal itself.

Outside of New York, it seems to me, the question of improved municipal government has become a living issue in the last decade. Municipal leagues abound through the country. A national municipal league is now organized, with annual sessions. On every hand efforts are being made to reform corrupt governments and to remedy abuse. Every few days one hears of a new civic movement somewhere. Born leaders are coming to the front, and are massing the people behind them. Mayor Pingree is such a leader. He has shown what one man can do in the face of political machines and corporation interests. The response of the people showed how ready they are to follow a real leader in civic reform. Another of these tribunes of the people springing to the front so quickly is Mayor Jones, of Toledo, a true-hearted, genuine Christian man, who believes in the people and has won their implicit confidence. He is in the forefront of the battle for municipal control and ownership of the natural monopolies of the city. The downright sincerity and earnestness of conviction in the man account for the marvelous influence he has gained in his own State. May the short-sighted wisdom

of his friends, who are seeking to push him into so-called higher opportunities, fail, and this true ruler be left in Toledo to solve the problem of municipal control and ownership, and prove the possibility of municipal operation of the natural monopolies of the city.

The League for Social Service is another striking sign of the increasing force of the civic conscience.

The aim of the League for Social Service is to awaken thought concerning our municipal problems, and to guide in the study of them. This it does by accumulating all available information at its head-quarters, such as statistics and reports, and by securing lantern slides illustrating the various works of municipal reform, and then by carrying on educational campaigns in different cities, giving up a week to a series of illustrated addresses upon the different aspects of social progress, free kindergartens, bath-houses, improved tenements, etc. At the session lately held in Trenton men from all ranks of society were drawn together in the common interest of the subject, and the mayor himself declared that had he had such a course in the beginning of his mayoralty he could have made a much more effective administration. As the result of this single campaign, eight or nine requests have come in from other cities for a similar work. The league is but in its infancy—only about nine months old,—but already it is making its power felt. The interesting feature about it is that it is meeting a want. The want is the growing demand for higher standards of municipal administration.

Q. In looking over the past half-century, what new thoughts and revolutionary discoveries impress you as being most far-reaching in influence and most significant in character?

A. In the realm of physical science, without any question, the evolutionary hypothesis is the leading thought—the most revolutionary thought which physical science has given to the world. No words seem needful concerning this truth, so generally admitted.

In the border-land between physical science and mental science, it seems to me that most interesting and promising dis-

coveries have resulted from the work of the Society for Psychical Research. For the first time in the history of man this border-land has been scientifically investigated. The results reached are an ample vindication of the time and labor expended on this work. Whatever more may come, the recognition of what is known as telepathy has been established. Now, if thought transference is established, as seems to be indubitably the case, a revolutionizing conception of man's make-up is introduced into the scientific world. If one mind can connect with another mind without sensible means,—if one mind can convey its ideas to another mind and can picture in that mind its images without any known media,—then we have a demonstration of the dominance of mind, of its potency, of its almost omnipotency, which must give the death-blow to the materialistic interpretation of human nature. The scientific possibilities of such a discovery are fascinating. The philosophic issues of such a discovery are overpowering. Man becomes a being of whom, already, on the earth, death can no longer be predicated, so dominantly mental and spiritual is he.

The way is open, then, to a rational scientific conception of the possibility of communication from unseen beings to those of us who walk the earth. If one mind on earth can thus communicate without physical media with another mind, it is no difficult thing to believe that unseen intelligences can thus communicate with us. So that whether spiritualism be vindicated as the outcome of psychical research, the central fact of spiritualism is at least made conceivable and rational. More than this has, however, been reached. Some of the most indefatigable and the most skeptical psychical researchers, Mr. Myers in England and Dr. Hodgson in this country, and others whom I could name, have reached the conclusion that telepathy does not cover all the facts of spiritualism without straining the hypothesis unendurably. They have, therefore, become convinced that, after all allowance for fraud and illusion and every other possible interpretation of the facts in the case, there is a residuum of experience

which goes far toward demonstrating the reality of life beyond death and the reality of intercommunication between the seen and the unseen world. In other words, it seems to me, we are on the eve of a scientific discovery of the supreme hope and faith of man. If this be so, it is the most astounding, the most revolutionizing truth that could come into our experience.

In the realm of theology the most significant issues of the last half-century have been the higher biblical criticism and comparative religion. The higher biblical criticism has come to stay. Special details of its conclusions may be changed indefinitely. The dogmatism of its defenders may be toned down healthfully. But its main contention is already demonstrated. The Bible has been shown to belong to the department of human literature. All else concerning it is of secondary importance. It can no longer claim to be what it has been believed to be from the days of the early church to our own age, an infallible record, a miraculous revelation from the skies, the supreme standard of truth, the final authority in matters of faith. Everything has hinged upon the question whether it was a veritable work of human literature or whether it was something apart from human literature, a work of the Most High himself. Biblical criticism has, beyond question, established the fact that the books of the Bible form part of our human literature. This does not deny the inspiration of the men who wrote the greatest utterances in the Old and the New Testament. It does not deny the fact that real revelations have come through these men. But it does deny, once and forever, the unfounded claim that the Bible, as a whole, is a revelation. With this reconstruction of the Bible, the ground is clear for all possible progress in theology. Every faith must stand on its own feet henceforth, and every truth must prove itself. Theology must be progressive, as other forms of human thought are conceded to be. The way is now open for a natural development of theology.

Comparative religion is also the child of the last half of our closing century.

It, too, is absolutely new in the experience of man. For the first time in history, it has become possible for every people to face every other people and to interchange thoughts one with the other. The sacred books of the East have been discovered by the West. The sacred books of the West have been opened by the East. East and West, alike, are comparing their religions one with the other. All alike prove to have the same institutions, the same aspirations, the same hopes and faiths, modified by the conditions of development which the various races have attained, by their stages in progress, and by the local coloring of the different lands of earth. The merely ecclesiastical claim of our religion is once for all refuted by the fact that a similar claim is made by well-nigh every other religion. All must stand and fall together, so far as mere ecclesiastical miraculousness is concerned. As this comes to be seen, the way is open for a natural development of religion. It has come to be seen that religion is one and the same the world over in various stages of development, that there is a common underlying unity below all great religions, that there has been but one religion in the world in various stages of evolution. An era of toleration is opening such as the world has never known. An age of reconstructive synthesis is dawning such as man has dreamed of, but heretofore has found only a dream. The World's Parliament of Religions was a sign of the times, veritably. It would not have been possible until the study of comparative religion had progressed considerably. It is an omen of the good day coming.

Another of the most revolutionizing conceptions of the latter part of our closing century is the movement which is known under various names as Christian Science, mental healing, spiritual healing, and what not. Within thirty years it has developed to the amazing proportions which it has now assumed in this country. The movement is still growing rapidly. Allow for all possible nonsense and folly, for any amount of crassness in the thought of its expounders, for all sorts of exaggerations,—and still the broad, deep



fact remains that what men in times past have here and there dimly divined to be true, without discovering the application of the truth, has now come to be widely recognized and practically applied with astounding results,—results which are only the beginning of the issues of this new thought. He would be a bold prophet who, looking a half-century ahead, would dare to say how far medical

science will be changed by this new thought, how far man's conception of his own nature will be altered by it, how far the ills of human life will be modified and ameliorated through it.

Viewing all these aspects of the closing century, it is easy enough to be a buoyant optimist. Verily, the old order changeth, giving place to new, and God fulfills himself in many ways.

## II.—GLORY QUAYLE AND "THE CHRISTIAN"

### THE DRAMA OF "THE CHRISTIAN," WITH A CRITICISM OF VIOLA ALLEN'S GLORY QUAYLE.

#### AN EDITORIAL SKETCH.

"The theater," says Victor Hugo, "is the crucible of civilization. It is the place of human communion. All its phases need to be studied. It is in the theater that the public soul is formed." Without going as far as the great Frenchman, we hold that the theater is potentially one of the greatest engines of progress. It appeals to eye and ear, to the reasoning faculties and the emotional nature, and it feeds the imagination, and thus can be made one of the greatest influences for ethical culture and the diffusion of high ideals which are offered to the utilitarian worker in the field of human progress.

To denounce the theater as immoral and injurious, because some plays pander to the baser passions and reflect the lower ideals of life, is to repeat the mistake of Savonarola and many leaders of the Reformation, who, seeing that much of the prevailing art was sensuous, made war on art as something immoral and prejudicial to human upliftment. The fact that the theater is able profoundly to stir the emotional nature, and, by a simultaneous appeal to eye and ear, is able to compel the dullest brain to hold the thought given by means of vivid pictures, must convince all unprejudiced and clear-thinking people of the immense practical value in the inculcation of the highest principles and the most vital truths by means of plays which are true to art and the aspirations of the oncoming age. And we be-

lieve that the theater from now on will be more and more utilized for the practical advancement of the fundamentals of justice and right living, for now as never before earnest men and women are utilizing all agencies for the betterment of humanity irrespective of narrow, old-time prejudices.

The Greeks, more than any other people, appreciated the value of the theater. Wherever, on a distant shore or isle, a colony was planted a theater was immediately established for the performance of the great tragedies of Aeschylus and those of other national dramatists, because it was seen that so long as the people were kept in touch with the mother land, by seeing the great masterpieces constantly performed, patriotism amounting almost to a passion lived in the imagination of young and old. In much the same way, we believe that the theater of the twentieth century will be made an important factor in developing the best and truest aspirations which have come to us as the vintage of all past civilizations, plus the great new hopes and dreams which are stirring in the hearts of the true leaders.

Plays which are distinctly educational and morally stimulating will more and more challenge the attention of our people, and such productions rightly call for serious attention at the present time. This brings me to the consideration of Hall Caine's drama, "The Christian," which, largely through the superior interpretation of Miss Viola Allen of the greatest character in the play, has proved one of the most pronounced successes of modern times. The



drama, happily, is unlike Mr. Caine's novel of the same name in several vitally important particulars. The changes, with possibly one exception, are on the side of sanity and morality. Thus, in the play *John Storm*, whatever may be his failings, is not morally compromised, as in the novel; while *Glory Quayle* is throughout not only consistent, but a splendid illustration of a noble nineteenth-century young woman, whose innate virtue and strength of character save her from the most subtle and dangerous pitfalls of present-day life. In this paper it is my purpose to notice the drama of "*The Christian*," and especially the character of *Glory Quayle* as interpreted by Miss Allen.

The play opens on the Isle of Man. The picturesque ruins of Peel Castle form the front ground, relieved by the ocean and sky beyond. The summer is drawing to a close; the few visitors who have fled from the heat of London to this quiet little spot are preparing to return to the city. But this is not all. Two of the most interesting characters on the island, the vivacious young granddaughter of the parish rector and the son of the lord of the castle, are on the morrow to leave the island, perhaps forever, to face the undreamed-of trials, perplexities, and temptations of the world's great metropolis. They have grown up as boy and girl together, dreaming the same dreams, sharing the same hopes and aspirations, as they sailed the waters or climbed the crags, happy in the society of each other. But the oncoming years have brought a sense of disquiet and unrest into each life. Very naturally, but at first quite unconsciously, the little dreamers had thought of no future in which the one whose companionship had been so essential to happiness was absent. And so, when gradually a realization of the social chasm between the grandchild of the parish priest and the heir of a noble name was brought home to them, a great loneliness came into life; and, guided by impulse rather than reason, each began to look for some possible escape from conditions which seemed unbearable. They dream as lovers under such circumstances have ever dreamed, and into the heart of the girl

there comes a noble resolve. She will go forth into the world; she will work and will rise; she will become great and worthy of the one who has so thoroughly filled the dream of her young life; and just as this resolution is taking shape an opportunity offers, as is so frequently the case when a masterful will asserts itself. The iron gate of opportunity against which *Glory* had beaten her wings opens. The wished-for chance to go to London is offered to her. It all comes about in the following way:

In the service of Lord Storm is a youth whose sister, *Polly Love*, is a nurse in a London hospital. She has come to the island on a vacation to visit her brother, and through her a position in the hospital is obtained for *Glory*.

*John Storm*, the hero of *Glory's* girlhood, has also been dreaming of breaking away from social conditions which bar the path of love. He has determined to renounce his title and his future as a statesman, and become a poor clergyman. He will place himself in a position to gain that without which, to him, all life will lose its richest coloring. But, besides the social barrier which has led the girl to seek to master obstacles and rise to nobler heights, and the boy to descend from his social station to a life of comparative privation, there are other disturbing elements which of late have come into the lives of the two. With the summer months there came from London an old playmate of *Glory Quayle*, and with him a young lord, whose attentions to the hospital maid are such as to arouse the alarm of the girl's brother and the righteous indignation of *John Storm*. The latter also notices with something akin to terror a growing friendship between the old-time playmates, *Glory* and *Horatio Drake*. The latter has developed into a handsome, polished, cultured man of the world, whose admiration for the beautiful, open-hearted young girl is undisguised. Nor is this strange, for *Glory* is one of those magnetic, healthful, frank, whole-souled, and joyous natures who attract all who come into their sphere of influence. *John Storm* has traveled much. He knows the ways of the world and the pitfalls that everywhere beset a beautiful

girl in our great cities. He feels that Glory is in deadly peril, and beyond all this is the lover's jealousy which flashes out in an animated scene between the two, during which the girl hotly resents the imputation which reflects upon her strength of character, and in which he confesses why he determined to become a clergyman.

The visit of a body of antiquarians from London to inspect the ruins of the castle serves to introduce two characters which are made to stand out boldly as types. Archdeacon Wealthy, who preaches before her majesty, and Father Lamplugh represent the dangerous and unhealthy extremes found in the priesthood of the Church of England to-day,—the man of the world under the cloak of the church, and the ascetic who would repress normal and healthy impulses, who frowns on marriage and extols the monastic life. These two divines aid the young man in his plans, one offering him a position, the other inviting him to share the seclusion of the monastic retreat which at that moment, stung by Glory's indifference, he feels attracted to.

The interpretation of the role of Glory by Viola Allen in this act furnishes a fine study of girl life, the pure, joyous life of a maiden who has just crossed the threshold of womanhood, and in whom there is all the exuberance of health and youth, all the frankness of the open-hearted country girl wholly innocent of the wiles or ways of conventional society. There is something wonderfully attractive and refreshing about this wholesome Manx maiden, who laughs and cries almost in the same breath when she contemplates the momentous change which the morning will usher in, pushing her out into the great world, away from the loving care of her aged grandfather, whom she dearly loves. From her entrance on the stage Miss Allen holds the interest of the auditor. No one would mistake her Glory for a girl of common mold. She is delightfully natural, but in the gayest moments it would be impossible to imagine that she was shallow. There is always present that indefinable something which speaks of strength of character and reserve power; and yet when the curtain

falls one feels a certain disquietude concerning the future of the splendid, unsophisticated girl who is about to enter the modern Babylon with such an acquaintance as Horatio Drake, the handsome, polished man of the world.

Two years elapse. Much is necessarily left to the imagination. The reader of the novel will doubtless fill in the gap from the story, which is used as the basis of the play; but from what is gleaned from the actors we know that John Storm has failed to hold Glory's affection, or at least she has gone out of his life, and, well-nigh in despair, he has taken a cell in the retreat of which the priest, Lamplugh, had spoken. But here the old longing for Glory fills life with anguish, and, finding no quiet or peace in a despicable attempt to save his little soul from the wiles of the world by shutting himself in the prison-house, he at length determines to go forth and seek to do some good. How much the hope of finding Glory had to do with his leaving the retreat, and opening an independent church in one of the worst parts of London, is left to the auditor to judge; but in the play we incidentally learn that he is busily engaged in nobly seeking to rescue the fallen, save the lost, and bring happiness, hope, and peace into lives which, largely through unjust social conditions, are being pressed to the depths of misery, wretchedness, sin, and despair.

And Glory, after a terrible struggle with poverty and the world,—a struggle which had been fought single-handed, for John Storm was locked up in his monastic cell when he might have been a tower of strength to her,—at last succeeds in a little way as a singer on a music-hall stage; and then to her aid comes her old-time friend, Drake, who gives her the opportunities needed to prepare for a public career, and launches her on one of the music halls in a manner which, with her superb voice and fine address, enables her to score an instantaneous triumph. And it is in the saloon of the Colosseum Music Hall, in London, after Glory's brilliant debut, that the act opens. There are congratulations from Drake, Lord Ure, the companion of very questionable character who was introduced in the prologue on

the Isle of Man as an admirer of the nurse, Polly, and other persons, including the manager of the hall; after which a supper is served in an adjoining room. While the company are making merry John Storm pushes past the door-keeper and enters the saloon. The attendant, seeing that the intruder is a priest, treats him with marked deference; and in answer to his message Glory appears. The contrast is very striking. The girl, flushed with her triumph, is the personification of womanly beauty, while the hollow eyes, sunken cheeks, harsh, rasping voice, and long black gown of the young priest startle Glory almost as much as his unlooked-for appearance at such a time and place. "They have been starving you and calling it religion," she exclaims; but John is in no mood for pleasant interchange of words. To him it is clear that Glory is on the brink of perdition. That very day he had seen poor Polly, who had been ruined by Lord Ure, and he feels that he is commissioned from on high to save the soul of his former playmate at all hazards. A passionate love and a certain terror for her future rack his soul and find expression in some burning words of warning, uttered with such earnestness that, though unpleasant to his former playmate, they cannot fail to make a deep impression on her mind, and prove, indeed, precisely what she needs at that moment; for Glory was even now unconsciously drifting into dangerous rapids, and the remonstrance of John Storm came as the voice of conscience often comes to the soul when it unconsciously stands at the brink of the pit.

That night, after the rest have left, Drake lingers in the saloon for a last word from Glory. He is flushed with wine and seeks, in bidding her good-bye, to embrace her. Glory is made to feel the truth of the words of warning which are still ringing in her ears. The scene at this point, which marks the closing of the act, is, considered from an ethical point of view, the legitimate climax of what has passed before. Indeed, there is something wonderful about the way in which the audience is made to feel the morally enervating influence of the surroundings, by word and act, no less than by the con-

trast presented by John Storm and Lord Ure, by the expression and the shrug of the shoulders. Indeed, the unhealthy atmosphere is felt from the rising of the curtain, and it grows more and more impressive until the climax is reached in the act of Drake, while the recoil of Glory, more than her words of bitter disappointment, and the intonation of the voice even more than the action or the words, are so genuine that the audience is thrilled. There is no overacting, no ranting, no straining after effect; but the quick word of the startled girl breaks on the soul as the cry of a wounded bird. You feel as Glory felt. Indeed, Miss Allen's acting at this time leaves nothing to be wished for. It is the acme of naturalness, and reminds one of an anecdote related of Garrick. On one occasion a countryman came up to London from Hereford, where Garrick was born, and a friend took him to the theater to see his townsman play Hamlet. When the ghost appeared Garrick's terror was so real that the visitor made a dash for the door, and was only restrained by the most vigorous assurances of his friend and the anathemas of those around. In justification of his acts, however, he pointed to Garrick, whom he did not recognize at the time, and said: "That man is frightened almost to death. I did not think of leaving until I saw how terrified he was." But after the play was over this same visitor expressed great disappointment with Garrick's acting, for he said, "He did exactly as I would have done under the same circumstances. But the king," he added, "is a great actor, for he spoke in a loud voice, just as the actors do at our fairs." Little did the countryman imagine that, in making his criticism of the great Shakspearian interpreter, he was paying the highest possible tribute to the actor's art, which so completely concealed all art. And I thought of this several times when witnessing Miss Allen's interpretation of the star role in "The Christian." From first to last, with rare exceptions, even when enacting exacting parts in widely different roles, she was strong, true, and thoroughly natural, while being free from the pernicious fault of overacting.

Life in great cities abounds in contrasts, and from the brightly lighted saloon of the Colosseum Music Hall we are taken in the next act into the club-room of St. Magdalen's Church, in Soho. Here it is that John Storm is working to brighten the cheerless and well-nigh hopeless lives of society's exiles. The walls are hung with well-chosen texts, calculated to help the weak and brighten the sorrowing. Excepting a little organ in the room, there is nothing in the surroundings that is particularly attractive. Here it is that the young enthusiast and his aids listen to the complaints, the misery, the fears, and sometimes the hopes of the submerged tenth. The opening scene affords a beautiful illustration of the influence of a good man among the hopeless ones. John Storm has secured a home for the child of the ill-starred Polly, whom Lord Ure has deserted in the hour of her greatest need; but the thought of giving up her little one wrings the mother's heart, and it is not until the minister shows her that her duty is to consult the interests of the child, as "the highest love is the love that thinks of itself last," that the mother consents to the separation. There is something tremendously effective in the antithesis presented between the closing scenes in the preceding act and the opening scene in this club-room in the slums. No auditor can fail to feel how all the influences at work in the one place are morally enervating, or how strongly they conspire to drag struggling virtue into the sloughs of vice; while in this act the battle is being bravely fought to rescue the fallen ones, though it must be admitted that the environment in the latter place should be made more inviting, for one is made to feel that if there were fewer long black gowns and heavy countenances among the laborers, more efficient work might be accomplished.

A decadent public conscience, slow alike to hear the demands of justice or the cry of perishing humanity, makes the slums of our great cities possible; and the paralysis of indifference to the fate of our less fortunate brothers in adversity makes all attempts even to brighten and better the lives of the social exiles diffi-

cult and pitifully inadequate. All this and more is felt by the auditor if his familiarity with the slum life is sufficient to enable him to understand how true are the scenes presented and the life depicted in this act, which is so essentially tragic that the visit of the noble-hearted, but eccentric Scotch woman, whose munificence has provided the church and the club-room, fails materially to lighten the feeling of oppression which is made on the mind of the auditor. As the act progresses Glory enters, "only to breathe the air a good man lives in," as she apologetically explains to the dark-visaged priest, Father Lamplugh. Glory is indeed warring with herself. The passion for applause, for public life, for station, honor, ease, and a gay and joyous life, which she has inherited from her mother, is struggling with a love of the noble, the good, the divine,—a passion for sincerity, truth, and right inherited from her father and grandfather, who were high-minded clergymen. She longs for the counsel and companionship of her old playmate, to whom she instinctively looks up for aid in her present perplexity. The hollowness of her own existence, its moral enervation, its downward pressure, startle her. She dares not look far into the future, and yet she is not ready to renounce her life, not even for the love and companionship of John Storm. Perhaps this might have been different had not the ghostly Lamplugh frowned upon her. This man is a type of the religionist who makes his religion a sort of penitentiary affair, properly typified by a black gown, sad and forlorn visage, and a constant depreciation of all that is bright, beautiful, wholesome, and normal in life. Only to the sensualist, whose ideal of happiness is a life on the animal plane, could the normal religious life appear dark, gloomy, and forbidding; and one naturally experiences profound regret at seeing this medieval conception of asceticism, which belies true religion and owes its origin to false notions of the sources of life's true enjoyments, presented on the stage as an approved religious ideal. The religious life should be made bright and joyous. The song of the lark, the glory of the mountain carpeted with flowers and fra-



grant with pines,—these should be types of the religious life; but in this play we find a priest of the Church of England, in the closing years of the nineteenth century, turning his face backward and prating about the life of the world being typified by a crown of roses, and the religious life as finding its proper symbol in the crown of thorns. This walking nightmare of medievalism finds its incarnation in Father Lamplugh and exerts its spell on John Storm. Hence it is not strange that, before the false picture which the misguided priest mistakes for the true, Glory Quayle returns to the world.

In the third act the curtain rises on the apartments of Glory Quayle in the Garden House, Castle Inn. The apartments are rather luxuriously furnished, as a result of the wealth which is pouring in to Glory. Her voice is one of the sensations of London. She is what she has so long yearned to be—famous; although perhaps not exactly in the way she had hoped to be. Being beautiful, popular, and earning large amounts of money, she is surrounded by flatterers, and is being swept into the current of a gay and frivolous existence. The spell that too often steals over those who are living a life at once artificial and wanting in a noble motive or moral stimulus is creeping over her. She has accepted an invitation to be one of a party made up by Horatio Drake and Lord Ure to attend the Derby races. In the mean time Lord Ure has been seeking to compass the ruin of John Storm, and in furtherance of this design has caused to be printed and circulated among the very poor some inflammatory predictions of a coming day of judgment, averring that the world is to come to an end on the day of the Derby races. These writings have been put forth as coming from John Storm, and numbers of those who look upon the young clergyman as an oracle sell their property and prepare for the coming of the Lord. Hence, when night comes and the world is as it has been, the poor people become the easy prey of vicious tools and drunken men, who readily form a mob to capture and punish John Storm, whom they now regard as an impostor and a false prophet.

This mob soon clashes with other drunken groups as they are roaming through the streets.

The reader of the story of "The Christian" will notice that this is a departure from the novel, and I think it forms a distinctly false note in the play. John Storm is nothing if not fanatical, intense, dogmatical. We shall soon see him preparing to commit a murder, under the insane delusion that he is commissioned from on high to save Glory's soul by killing her. This is precisely the kind of man who would publish predictions of the end of the world, such as Mr. Caine represents John Storm doing in his story; while it is not likely that Lord Ure would have taken the time and trouble to perpetrate this act in order to injure John Storm in this manner. With this digression we return to the thread of the play.

The unfortunate Polly, who has been taken in as a servant by Glory, is acting under the advice of John Storm in seeking to watch over her old-time companion who now seems to be treading so near the precipice over which she fell. She informs the clergyman of the fact that Glory is that night to receive her friends and companions in her own apartments for a good time over champagne. As we have seen, the young priest has from the first been well-nigh maddened with his love for Glory. It was this love that led him to renounce his public career and title, and later to fly into a monastery for a time, and still later to push out into the world for active work. But since her visit to the chapel John Storm has felt that the world, the flesh, and the devil have too strong a claim on Glory for him to hope to win her; but he finally determines that her soul is to be saved at all costs, even if he has to murder her to keep her from a life of shame. Hence, on hearing that she has gone to the races with such questionable company, and is that night to drink champagne with them in her own apartments, he determines that the hour has come to kill her. This action is in perfect harmony with the character of John Storm, who is a religious enthusiast, an extremist, a possible madman, whose reason has been blinded by jealousy, and whose ideals of duty and

religion have been distorted by the false teachings of Father Lamplugh. Hence we are not surprised when we see him preparing to commit a most heinous crime. But leaving the Othello-like priest, who imagines that duty and not jealousy is prompting his murderous thoughts, we turn to the brilliantly lighted apartments of Glory Quayle. The party has just returned from the races. Cards are brought out, wine is served, but it is evident that the singer is laboring under a strong mental strain. She is approaching a precipice. She is being carried forward by a mighty current that threatens to engulf her in ruin; and out of the world of sensuous joy the voice of the soul warns her, and perchance other voices also speak to her conscience. She remembers the old playmate who has battled so manfully for the elevation of society's misérables, and who now is the subject of popular indignation and general denunciation, and a great tenderness goes out for the lonely man, which is much increased when she hears that he has been obliged to fly for his life from an infuriated mob. Lord Ure and others of her guests are vigorously denouncing John Storm, when Horatio Drake comes to his defense in a manly speech which calls forth an enthusiastic demonstration from Glory, which in a measure surprises Drake, while it affords Lord Ure the opportunity for saying to his companion that Glory is receiving the clergyman nightly in her room, a falsehood which nevertheless makes the impression on Drake desired by the speaker. The little party soon breaks up in anything but a happy mood, and Glory finds herself alone with Polly, who describes John Storm's peril in vivid words. The hands of the clock have reached twelve, when a knock is heard at the singer's apartments, and John Storm in an imperious voice demands admission. Glory, with no thought but that he is flying for his life, hastens to open the door, and it is some time before she understands his sinister purpose. Some of the finest acting of the play is seen at this point. In fact, Miss Allen is nowhere so essentially great as in this scene where it first dawns upon her that her old lover, laboring under an insanity born of jealousy and fanaticism,

has determined to murder her. The plea for life is superb, and when she snatches the lace from her white gown and dishevels her hair, so that she looks very like the Glory of the old Manx days, who roamed over the island in her white jersey, she reaches the acme in naturalistic acting. The audience is carried on with the flood-tide of emotion which finds expression in a wonderful flight of unconscious and fiery eloquence, as the terrified girl in her battle for life calls forth the superb reserve power which all along the student of life has felt she possessed. The strength of Miss Allen's acting is shown in the breathless eagerness with which the vast audience follows her every word and act; and it is interesting to note the relief, relaxation, and satisfaction expressed on the sea of upturned faces when the suspense is broken by the triumph of Glory. This act reveals the histrionic power of Viola Allen in a marked degree. In the earlier scenes she has filled each exacting situation with a naturalness that captivated the audience, but the demands, though varied, have not been of a character to reveal the depth of power which great situations demand on the imagination and the emotional nature. Here, however, we have a severe test, and the height to which the actress rises, without the slightest overacting, leads us to believe that she might excel in the interpretation of some of the most difficult roles in the great tragedies and historic dramas of our literature.

The last act is disappointing, not so much in the acting as in the arrangement of the play, which closes on an anticlimax,—something always to be avoided when possible. In it we have a mob scene which might be handled so as to be tremendously effective without in the least overstepping the bounds of probability or consistency; and yet, as it is presented, the strong interest aroused by the somewhat dramatic and realistic advent of the rabble, instead of being sustained, begins to wane with almost the first word spoken, and from then on there is an absence of strength and power in the handling of the subject which makes this scene the most disappointing part of the play.







*Viola Allen.*  
AS GLORY QUAYLE IN "THE CHRISTIAN."

This act, which occurs in the club-room of the mission church in Soho, may be briefly epitomized as follows: Lord Ure has been called to account by Drake for his imputation on Glory, and to give the semblance of truth to his allegations he now urges Father Storm to fly from London with the singer. This advice is seconded by the black-gowned friar, Father Lamplugh, and by Archdeacon Wealthy. The latter has been industriously aiding Lord Ure in inflaming the mob against the young clergyman by base insinuations. Here we see the traffickers in vice, the keepers of evil resorts, and the corrupters of morals, who have been antagonized by Father Storm, reinforced by well-fed and easy-going conventionalism typified in the archdeacon, combining and conspiring against the young clergyman, and using the weak, unfortunate, and susceptible slum-dwellers, for whom John Storm has sacrificed so much, as the instruments to compass his discomfiture. Following on the heels of the entrance of the archdeacon is the excited mob, whom the prelate seeks further to influence by charges against the young clergyman and a certain "notorious woman" whom he refuses to name. The rising indignation of the rabble, however, is somewhat mollified by the timely arrival of Glory, who takes her stand by the accused minister, and after an argument with John Storm she defends him in a few words addressed to the mob; but the dramatist has failed to give her strong, impressive lines calculated to stir the audience. Hence no one is surprised to find the mob little moved, and it is not until after the archdeacon leaves by a side door, and John Storm appeals to his old-time friends to leave, that they sullenly withdraw, leaving the audience entirely at sea as to whether Archdeacon Wealthy's departure, Glory's words, or John Storm's weak appeal is responsible for their exit. The young clergyman follows the retreating crowd, and Drake enters in search of Glory. He then proposes to marry her, but she declines the offer. John Storm appears on the scene and receives the congratulations of his rival, who also makes Glory a present of the property which he has previously purchased, in which John

Storm has been carrying on his missionary work. The ending seems to me extremely weak from a dramatic point of view. From the advent of the mob we have been in the presence of an anticlimax which even the entrance and unexpected proposal of Drake have only temporarily arrested, and one leaves with a feeling of disappointment over this act of a drama which in other respects has been exceptionally strong in dramatic effectiveness, considered from the conventional view-point.

To me it seems that the play should reach its climax and close with the mob scene. If we are to have a modern conventional drama, let us have the dramatic effect as strong as it can be made to be perfectly consistent with the characters in the play and the conditions unfolded. If it is desired that Drake should reappear at the eleventh hour and sue for the hand of the girl he has vainly striven to ruin, let him by all means be introduced and disposed of before the mob scene. With this rather strained, improbable, and inconsequential episode out of the way, let us suppose the play proceeded somewhat as follows:

The muffled noise of the approaching rabble is followed by the advent of Canon Wealthy and the mob, as is now presented in the play. The archdeacon harangues the inflamed populace to a point where it would appear that the latter are about to lay hands on the accused clergyman who stands before them as a miserable hypocrite who has been associating with a certain "notorious woman." At this moment Glory appears, and, with all the power of her magnetic personality, her candid and pleasing address, her persuasive voice, and natural eloquence, arrests and holds the attention of the highly susceptible rabble. With her girlish naturalness and with no striving after effect, save that which leaps spontaneously from a mind aflame with love for the accused man and scorn for the hypocritical ministerial prig whose church is filled with moral lepers, she rapidly contrasts the pastor of Lord Ure with Father Storm. The archdeacon's boast has been that there are no poor in his church, and his indifference to the fate of those unfortu-

nates who swarm in Soho is only surpassed by his interest in titled and wealthy moral reprobates who, like Lord Ure, are props and pillars of his church. In a few effective lines the girl turns the tables; the archdeacon is discomfited, the mob is all attention as she demands who among those present have received any aid, or even the poor gift of a kind word, from the pompous clergyman who now comes to traduce the best friend they have ever known. With thrilling effect she places the two lives in antithesis, and appeals to all that is best in the natures of those before her, while picturing the young man who, to help them out of their misery and wretchedness, had given up title, rank, aim, station, honor, wealth, and ease, and had come among them as an angel of light, visiting their sick, helping the helpless, comforting the broken-hearted, and in innumerable ways making life brighter, happier, and better. He has been a messenger of hope in the dark confines of Soho. How many bright hours have they passed in the little club-room with music, games, and dancing, and how often has life seemed brighter as they have felt the warm hand-shake of John Storm and heard his words of courage. "But," she continues, "you know full well that he is a man of deeds rather than words. He has carried food and help to you; night and day he has been ready to answer the cry of need. His one thought has been to better the condition of every struggling one who came under his influence." And then, borne on by that impassioned though unstudied eloquence which leaps from the lips when the deepest well-springs of emotion are stirred, and the brain is fired in a noble cause, the girl carries the susceptible mob with her far more naturally and effectively than did Mark Antony over the dead body of Caesar. The archdeacon has slowly moved toward the side door, and is in the act of beating a hasty retreat when some of the leaders, seeing him, make a quick movement indicating pursuit, but are checked by the imperious maiden who, with a wave of the hand, causes them to pause, while others, who have been moved to tears, kneel around the young clergyman whose advent in their midst has

meant so much to them. Here a quick curtain closes the play at the moment when the dramatic and emotional climax has been reached.

A change of this character would, it seems to me, greatly strengthen "The Christian." I am aware that the strict veritist or realist would object to this, but he would also condemn the play as conventional and melodramatic; and we are considering the play as it is, not as a realist would have it. Hence, aside from the question of effectiveness, we are chiefly concerned with the essential points of consistency and probability. Glory's power over people has dominated the play. Her auditors have learned how she has captured the multitudes by her voice and presence in the music halls. They have seen her complete triumph over the mad jealousy of her determined assailant, through a piece of superb acting that has seldom been equaled, and what would be more probable or natural than the molding of the susceptible mob under the wonderfully persuasive eloquence of this woman, stirred and inspired by the most profound emotions. As the play now stands, it impresses me as being dramatically weak in its ending, while it fails to afford Miss Allen the scope and opportunity which legitimately belong to her; but, if changed as indicated, she would appear nowhere greater than in the closing scene.

The drama of "The Christian" is ethically good. It has some weak features, as, for example, its tendency to make religion something symbolized by cowls and black robes, which carries the false idea of the effect of a religious life, to which I have alluded, and which is a relic of the dark ages that long since should have been outgrown. True and normal religion demands nothing unreasonable of man. It does demand the supremacy of the nobler elements in his nature, the incorporation into life of that altruistic or loving spirit which blesses all and blights none. But is there anything in such a demand that should be looked upon by a normal or healthy man as gloomy or formidable? Certainly not. The man who regards the religious life as something gloomy and forbidding, a life

which demands a long face and a sad visage, has a false idea of the demand of the higher law of liberty, or else his conception of the enjoyment of life is essentially low, consisting of pseudo-pleasures found on the animal plane. Hence, it is to be regretted that this somber view of the religious life is made so prominent in this play. It is to be regretted also that in the newly opened club-room there is nothing bright, cheerful, and inviting. Even the mottoes on the walls have a dirty, faded, gloomy appearance. But these criticisms do not concern the influence and trend of the play, which is true and wholesome. The auditor is made to feel the peril of an atmosphere which is morally enervating and wanting in a noble stimulus, as he is made to see the essential nobility of a life of service in behalf of earth's miseries. I think this may be justly placed among those plays which make for justice, morality, and human progress.

#### GLORY QUAYLE AND "THE CHRISTIAN."

CONVERSATION WITH VIOLA ALLEN.

Q. Will you tell us your conception of Glory Quayle? To me Glory Quayle is a strong personification of nineteenth century girlhood and womanhood, under the free conditions found throughout the English-speaking world. One could not conceive of Glory being a girl of any former century. She is a product of the larger life and greater freedom of our time.

A. I see in her a most attractive type of natural, wholesome, buoyant life, full of spirit and gaiety; but, withal, there is ever present tender-heartedness and thoughtfulness. She is haunted by an ideal. She aspires to rise. Her belief that she is a burden to those she loves shadows her naturally joyous life and leads to endeavor to advance her own and their material fortunes. In her we see the modern woman who shrinks from being a load or burden on others, and who wants to feel that she has a right to the things she enjoys by virtue of earning them, and in so doing is stimulated and sustained by the knowledge that she is working out her ideal. Glory is, as I con-

ceive her, a real, true, normal girl with the natural aspirations of the times.

Q. I notice you place emphasis on the fact that Glory is under the spell of an ideal, and this suggests a question which is, perhaps, a little aside from our subject. In art do you incline to realism or idealism?

A. I believe I am first the idealist, then the realist. Of course, that which is has its natural place, but I do not think the ideal any the less true or important. To me the best art is the perfectly natural expression of the ideal, the inspiration which makes us endeavor to attain and achieve.

Q. You agree with Victor Hugo, that "the ideal is the stable type of ever-moving progress," and I think you are right. The ideal is that haunting phantom which ever lures us onward and upward, and makes work pleasant and hardships easy to be borne, if, by that work and those hardships, the ideal may be attained, the dream of life realized. But do you not think that in this war between idealism and realism there is much senseless talk arising from confusion of terms and mistaken ideas? I think if we keep idealism in mind, and do not confuse it with conventionalism, artificiality, or a number of other things which, as you say, belong no more to idealism than realism, in looking over the history of human progress we will find that the idealist has played the greater part in supplying the motor power for progress. It is the man or woman with a high, fine dream who rises and helps the world to rise. So, it is the philosopher, the thinker, the prophet, or the enthusiast with mind luminous with the dream of an ideal who sows the seed to-day which to-morrow blossoms and bears fruit, though frequently, in his or her own time, this dreamer is sneered at as a visionary. The true idealist is the dreamer who seeks to make his ideal a reality,—the Columbus or the Copernicus who refuses to accept the theories of the books and the schools, and, in the face of all difficulties, unmoved by the jeers or sneers of easy-going conventionalism or the doleful predictions of friends, pursues his way, following his dream until mankind is dazzled by the gift of a new world or a new



heaven. But, coming back to Glory, is not the ideal worked out in her world in a very real way?

A. Yes, it seems to me that one of the strong features of *Glory*, and, indeed, of the play, is the emphasizing of the fact that Glory has her dream no less than John Storm, and I think Mr. Caine puts it very beautifully when Glory tells her lover that, while he has been dreaming of casting aside rank and station to come down to her social level, she has been dreaming of rising to a station where there could be no question of stooping on his part. And is not this worthy, and does it not voice the spirit of our womanhood now and here? Is not Glory true to the new ideal? As I see and feel her nature, it is not the restless desire to enjoy the new, untried life which leads her to leave her home, so much as the double desire to be no longer a burden on her dear ones and the hope, born of the enthusiasm of youth and self-conscious power, which makes her feel that she can and will rise. Glory, the girl with the desire for self-advancement, suggests the sculptor with an ideal in his mind, who goes forth to seek his marble, and, found, then chisels the shapeless stone into the artistic ideal that haunts his imagination. She, too, goes into the great world and, almost single-handed, converts her dream into a living reality, no less than the sculptor who patiently carves the statue that brings him fame and fortune. Is that not true?

Q. Yes, a noble conception of Glory, and not of Glory only, but of many of the thousands of earnest, struggling, high-minded girls of our age, who are under the influence of the new thought and are beckoned onward by a high ideal. Now, will you tell us something of the play? It differs very greatly from the book. I should like to know how the changes impress you.

A. A play naturally demands action, and therefore in converting a book into a play the salient motive must be taken and carried consistently to its conclusion. Therefore, Mr. Caine took simply the love story of the two dominating characters. At the beginning we see Glory and John as girl and boy lovers each cherishing an ideal, and, for their happiness, for their

development, for their proper living of life as we see it to-day, each had to go his or her way. Here Mr. Caine is true to modern conditions. In the old days Glory, not being a woman of station, would have been expected to be perfectly subordinate to the masterful will of John, sinking her own individuality, ready to go to him as a suppliant and take anything he might give. Not so with the modern woman. Her individuality is sacred to her. She has as much right to exert and express what lies within her as has the man. Glory had to go her way to attain to her ideal, but, at last, she and John come together, he crushed in the battle of manhood, she with wealth, fame, and the offer of station and all that she had once striven for at her feet. Here it is, I think, the great climax is reached,—a climax true to life. Glory sacrifices all these for the hunted and calumniated lover of her girlhood. This is the impulse of true womanhood. After she has asserted her individuality, after she has striven, risen, and realized her ideal, she proves her womanly love, no less than her force of character, by taking her place side by side with John when he is under a cloud. They come together after going their divergent ways, their courses forming the lines of an ellipse of dramatic incidents from the opening scene in the *Isle of Man* to the closing act in the club-room in the church in Soho.

Q. What were your impressions of Mr. Caine?

A. I think they are about the same as those entertained by almost every one who really knows him. He is thoughtful, earnest, and a deep student of human nature,—a man of vast knowledge who is no way spoiled by the possession of it.

Q. You did not find him distant, unapproachable, or crabbed?

A. Quite the contrary. He is extremely genial. Indeed, there is a gentleness about him that is quite exceptional in men.

Q. Now, Miss Allen, will you tell us something about yourself, quite apart from the proper and legitimate interest which the public feels in those who wield a power over them on the rostrum, in the pulpit, in the press, or on the stage? I

believe there is help to be gleaned from the experiences of those who have succeeded, which, it seems to me, is owed to others, and from a somewhat wide experience in editorial work I know that the hopes, aspirations, struggles, and victories of those who have conquered a place in life are a positive inspiration to thousands of young people who are fighting the battle along all lines of human endeavor. Hence, I repeat that I believe it the duty of those before the public, who have succeeded as you have done, to give the world something of their life history, with its hopes and aspirations.

A. Well, Mr. Flower, I do not agree with you in this, for I believe our work should be sufficient. Besides, the story of my public life contains so little of moment that I do not feel it is worth relating.

Q. And yet through perseverance and conscientious effort you have succeeded, and that fact makes your life an inspiration to others.

A. I think there have been few children of actors who had so little of the theatrical life thrown around them as myself. Until I went upon the stage professionally I do not think I had been to the theater more than a dozen or fifteen times at most. My childhood was happy and careless as that of other girls. Only once, and that was when I was so small that I can scarcely recall the fact to mind, I spoke some verses at a church entertainment. The story of my public career is only one of hard and, I hope, conscientious work. Perhaps good fortune or happy chance has aided me, but you know nothing worth having is attained without a struggle, and that is as true of life on the stage as in any other line of endeavor.

With this our conversation closed. Miss Allen impressed me most favorably. Her every word and act indicated culture, refinement, and true womanliness. She is a woman of force and ability, and is destined to hold a high place among leading actresses.

## THE IMMORTAL DREAM

BY J. A. EDGERTON

Out of the creeds and systems of men  
Two thoughts have ever risen supreme:  
The eternal God of the Universe  
And the ever developing God-in-man.  
Whenever these thoughts were broken, again  
Sprang up the constantly widening dream,  
Sprang as the flowers into gentle birth—  
Which the sun and the winds and the rain-storms nurse,—  
Sprang as the forms from the warm-hearted earth;  
Sprang 'neath the vivifying beam,  
That struggles from out the beautiful Plan,—  
Running through better and running through worse  
To the boundless walls of the Universe,—  
Giving life to the germ in the heart of man.

Man's soul is developing upward out of the night,  
Forever upward, upward into the light;  
And creeds grow old and systems wane,  
But these beautiful thoughts forever remain—  
The ever-living God on high  
And the struggling God in Humanity.  
In the mass of men they sleep, but a word,  
A touch, or a love will bring them to life;  
And the spirit once by their passion stirred  
Is evermore with their glory rife.  
And thus through the years, like a golden gleam,  
Shines unto mankind the Immortal Dream,  
To grow more bright, forever more bright,  
As the souls of men struggle out of the night,  
To see beyond Truth's breaking light.

# ORIGINAL ESSAYS

## THE MENTAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE NATIVE HAWAIIAN

BY PROF. OSMER ABBOTT, PH. D.

The necessity of becoming acquainted with our fellow-citizens is one of the peculiarities of the hour. Where yesterday it made little difference to us what kind of people the Puerto Ricans or the Filipinos were, to-day it is a matter of great importance. Of these the one who knocks for admission to suffrage with the greatest assurance is the Kanaka. And the desire to know him prompts his American brother to wade through any amount of statistics and description. Yet, after all, it is not his relationship to the Maoris of New Zealand or to the aborigines of the Society Islands, it is not his national food—poi—or the distinctive aboriginal dress—the malo,—which have the deepest interest for us. We want to get at his methods of thought and his strength of mind. Even the learned treatise proposed by King Kalakana, to show that the Hawaiian language was that used by Adam in the garden of Eden, is of value only as it indicates that, in certain cases, less evidence is necessary to satisfy the Kanaka mind than would be needed by the European mind. The correlated fact that more is needed in other cases, as, for example, to prove that a fellow Kanaka has broken the law, makes the average correct.

By way of introduction to the mental traits, a word about the bodily characteristics of the Kanaka may not be amiss. The first mistake his distant fellow-citizen in the United States is prone to fall into about the Hawaiian is that he looks

like a negro. In the innumerable cartoons which have filled our illustrated papers in the last two years, representing the desire of the Hawaiian infant to be admitted to Uncle Sam's family, most of those that I have seen have pictured him as a negro baby with curly hair and a black skin. As I write, I am facing a study hall of fifty Hawaiian boys. Of these only one gives any evidence of that "kinkiness" of hair so distinctive of the negro. A few others have hair with a slight tendency to curl, but the majority have straight though black hair.

Again, the Hawaiian skin is not black, but a dark and pleasing brown, quite unlike that of the negro. His features, too, are seldom like those of the negro, and his mental characteristics also differ greatly from those of his African brother. The tendency to class together things which have a certain superficial resemblance brings us here, as it does in so many other instances, to a wrong conclusion.

To complete the description of his outward appearance, the Kanaka is rather shorter than his European brother, but carries himself with that erectness and grace which seem possible only to barbarous or half-civilized peoples. Yet he has a distinct tendency to fat. The young are not fat, but a large proportion of those who are older are. Their habits of life and their ideal of beauty both contribute to this result. What an opportunity to moralize or philosophize over



ideals! The Japanese maiden of seventeen unblushingly affirms that she is twenty-five. The slender Hawaiian maiden mourns over her lack of proportion and looks forward with eagerness to the time when the long course of eating poi and resting from her labors twenty out of twenty-four hours shall have endowed her with an abundance of adipose tissue and made her beautiful in the eyes of her masculine friends, while the American belle would fain turn twenty-five to eighteen, and takes anti-fat and athletics the moment any deviation from willowy slenderness begins to show.

The most prominent mental and moral characteristic, or, at least, the one which first attracts the attention of the stranger, is laziness. The tendency to dream over books instead of studying them, sometimes noticed in American school-boys, is strongly developed in the Hawaiian. He can sit and look at his book and, like Wouter Van Twiller, "think of nothing for hours together." Nor does he need the accompaniments of book and study hall for this pleasing frame of mind. He is perfectly happy to lie on his back under a mango-tree and play on his guitar for days together. And this is not true of the youth only. The Hawaiian at every stage of life is able and perfectly willing to put in ten-tenths of his time resting. If given the three wishes of the Bavarian peasant, instead of wishing for a "good deal of beer," "all the beer he could drink," and "a little more beer," we can imagine the Hawaiian asking for "a great deal of rest," "the whole time to rest," and "a little more rest."

Yet, like the alternation of starvation and gluttony among the American Indians, these periods of rest alternate with periods of intense activity. The Hawaiian has admirable muscles, and when aroused can work quickly and effectively. The labor commissioner of California who visited the islands two years ago said that the Hawaiians are better workers in the cane-fields than Chinese, Japs, Portuguese, or even whites. Plantations frequently engage a Hawaiian to "set the pace" for Japs and Chinamen, paying the former perhaps a dollar and a half per day, while the latter get only fifty cents

apiece. The Kanaka enters into this "race contest" with the greatest zest, and does a prodigious amount of work. Another example of the great power of the Kanaka to work is in the loading and unloading of vessels. Here the bustle and roar, the sense of "doing something," brings into full activity the muscles which generations of poi-pounding have developed, and woe to the laborer, be he Asiatic or European, who comes into competition with him.

Paradoxical as it may seem, both of these apparently diametrically opposite characteristics come from the same mental trait, that is, lack of foresight. The Kanaka gives himself up to the influences of the moment. If they are soothing, he goes to sleep, it matters little whether with eyes open or shut. If they press to activity, he throws his whole force to work without reserve.

This lack of forethought, and readiness to yield to the desire of the moment, makes the Kanaka an ungrateful friend and an unreliable servant, but it also makes him the most hospitable of mankind.

As a servant, he goes to his work and does it well for five days. But on the sixth, perhaps, a disgust for labor seizes him, and, forgetful alike of obligation and future, he lounges or bathes all day without a qualm. How unreliable he may be as a friend is shown by the following incident: A haole (pronounce all the vowels, "a" as in "father," means a foreigner, but is applied almost exclusively to Europeans) took a native boy, educated him as a son, and taught him his own business. At the time of the rebellion this boy, though not vicious in any way, planned to kill his benefactor and take the business,—this not in a blood-thirsty spirit, but with the idea that his benefactor, being on the other side, would of course have to be killed, and that he might as well get the benefit. Far from being blood-thirsty, they are the mildest-tempered people I have ever known. Quarrels among even school-boys are extremely rare, and fights almost never occur.

The great virtue of the Hawaiian is his hospitality and generosity. There is here

no need of a poor-house. No matter how old, sick, or friendless, he can always find food and shelter, and usually a permanent home among the people of his neighborhood. And children are positively welcomed,—there are no waifs in Hawaii. Springing as this does from the social customs and the heart, with no constraint and no machinery of law to enforce it, it carries us back to the life of the disciples at the beginning of the Christian era; and it points the way to a millennium when the fear of starvation on the one hand and the greed of gold on the other shall have been overcome.

It is from this same generosity and improvidence that the Hawaiian is as a rule incapable of carrying on a business. He gives everything to his friends. If he earns more than he spends, his friends borrow it and spend it, and that is the end of it; or, if perchance, impressed by some haole friend with the necessity of saving, he saves for a time, some great desire conquers him after he has put by a few dollars, and he joyfully spends the whole without thought of the morrow.

A few years ago the foreman in a printing-office where some natives were making good wages called his men together and asked them:

"How many of you own homes?"

Not one.

"Why not?"

"We have no money to buy them with."

"You can easily save five dollars a week apiece, and in a couple of years build yourselves better houses than you now occupy. I will take care of your money for you. Will you do it?"

They consulted with each other and enthusiastically agreed. For two or three months they kept the matter up. Then a committee of them came shamefacedly to the foreman, and stood without a word waiting for him to open the conversation.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"We want our money," they said.

"How's that? You will not get any houses in that way."

"We want to have a luan" (native feast), said one.

"It is a long time," said another.

"We might die," said a third.

So the money was given them, they in-

vited all their friends, had a big luan, and went back contentedly to their poverty.

This same leading characteristic influences largely their mental work as students. They copy well, whether it be the work of the boy next to them, the copy in the writing-book, a picture or a painting, or the behavior and language of their teacher. They take well to accomplishments. They write better than their American compeers. They draw better. They sing better. They play musical instruments better. They ride better. Given an opportunity, they paint better as long as it is little more than copying.

They are bright, and when, as sometimes happens, they unite a strength of purpose with this, they succeed admirably in school. I studied mathematics in some of the best schools of Minnesota and Ohio, and taught it in Spokane, Washington, and Helena, Montana, yet the most original pupil I ever knew in geometry was a full-blooded Hawaiian, almost as dark as an African, with heavy features, rejoicing in the name of Ka-po-ha-ki-mo-he-wa. It was his delight to solve original problems in geometry, and he frequently made new demonstrations of theorems found in the text-book.

Their skill in the water, as swimmers, sailors, and fishers, shows their intellectuality when circumstances force them to continued action in some one line. The diving for coins, which travelers describe as so wonderful in India, can be seen in Honolulu Harbor whenever a foreign mail steamer comes in. Instances have been known of Hawaiians swimming for a whole day or longer, in cases of shipwreck, etc. When the vessel on which Kamehameha I. was going from one island to another sprang a leak, a native carpenter dived under the schooner and nailed a piece of canvas over the hole.

The channels of the islands are full of currents running in every direction. The surf breaks with fury on almost every shore. Rocks lie in sight and out of sight in hundreds of dangerous places. Constant dealings with these have made the Hawaiian perhaps the best sailor in the world. It is said that machinery is handled in boats here as it is handled in no other place in the world. When the

"Olympia" lay off Lahaina three years ago, and the breakers were so bad that the sailors of the war vessel could not go ashore, the officers signaled for a shore boat manned by natives, and this came out and took them safely ashore. In the olden times the big double canoes of the Hawaiians made voyages half across the Pacific with no compass but the stars, and were able to return safely and find their starting place.

One other direction in which the Kanaka mind differs from the European is in the matter of superstitions,—not that the European has none, but that the Kanaka has more. A number of years ago the chapel of Lahainaluna Seminary burned down under circumstances which made it practically certain that it had been set on fire. To find out who did it one of the upper class boys, the leader of the school, called the boys together in a part of the play-ground and told them he was about to make a test.

He then put a white rooster (white roosters were considered especially efficacious in worship and sorceries) under a large kettle which had been used in cooking taro. Then he said to his companions:

"Line up, and then go one by one and touch the kettle, returning to your places as soon as you have done so. When the boy who set the fire touches the kettle the rooster will crow."

One by one the boys went forward solemnly, touched the kettle, and came back to the line. When they had all gone and come back, the leader stood before the line and gave the command:

"Hold up your right hands."

He knew perfectly well that the boy who had done the deed would have a white hand, because he would have been afraid to touch the kettle.

The sequel neither proves nor disproves this. Every boy had soot on his hand. But the boy who was afterward shown to have done the deed was not in the line. The story illustrates the mingling of shrewdness and superstition which characterizes the Hawaiian mind.

The old idols were nearly all destroyed and the remainder are almost wholly in the hands of the whites. Yet care has to be taken at the Bishop Museum and

elsewhere lest the hideous old caricatures of the human face and figure be stolen to be worshiped by a certain class of natives. This is perhaps not so surprising when we remember that it is but eighty years since the advent of the missionaries. But it does seem a little surprising that it is impossible to find a native who does not believe in the kahuna, or witch-doctor.

In the belief of the Hawaiian, these kahunas have the power to cure all diseases, and also to cause death by prayer. Indeed, as regards the killing, there seems little doubt that they had the power in ancient times. The inner bark of a tree which has long since been destroyed was made into a powder. This powder scattered on the poi served to remove the disbeliever who refused to die from fright when told that he was being prayed to death. Even now, when the powder is not to be had, the fear is often efficacious.

A story of this kind is told of the late Judge Hitchcock. In early days he was a great favorite of the prince of kahunas, on Molokai. From this it was thought that he inherited the latter's power. He was a strange, volcanic man, with a fierce eye, and powerful mind and will. The natives were accustomed to say: "There is only one white kahuna in the world,—that is E. G. Hitchcock."

When he was judge of the lower court in Hilo a minor case came before him, in which the guilt of the defendant seemed beyond question. The judge, however, asked the usual question before giving sentence:

"Prisoner at the bar, have you any reason to give why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?"

"I have just this to say, Judge Hitchcock," said the prisoner. "I am a kahuna, and if you put me in the gang for this, I will pray you to death."

Judge Hitchcock turned his peculiar eyes upon the prisoner in a way that made him shudder, and in his sarcastic way angrily said:

"I am a better kahuna than you are. In four weeks you will be dead."

Then, recovering himself, he sentenced the man to six weeks' hard labor.

Some five weeks afterward, happening to pass the gang at work, he missed this

man and asked the native luna (overseer),  
 "Where is Blank?"

"Dead."

"When did he die?"

"Last week."

"What did he die of?"

"You prayed him to death."

And it turned out that the self-styled kahuna had taken to his bed on the last day of the four weeks and died of sheer fright.

Other instances of the same superstition could be given. The cutting of a tree portends a final departure. The passing of a wild bird through a room shows that one of the leading occupants must go away forever. The death of a spider will be followed by the death of its slayer by a fall over a precipice. Ghosts play a large part in their fears, but, unlike

our ghosts, can be effectively removed by drowning if they can be persuaded to drink themselves drunk.

Such is the Kanaka as I have seen him, kindly, full of fun, lying under the tree that shades his cottage and playing his guitar, ever ready hospitably to entertain the passer-by or to help the unfortunate, indisposed to work, yet able under sufficient impulse to work hard and even patiently, wonderfully skillful in all that pertains to the sea, simple-minded, credulous, and easily imposed upon.

The conditions that are coming promise more active competition and a more energetic life for him. Let us hope he will not lose his kindly disposition or his hospitable and generous instincts in the struggle.

## THE POEMS OF EMERSON

BY CHARLES MALLOY

### SIXTH PAPER

#### "ÉTIENNE DE LA BOËCE."

"There are few nobler spectacles than the friendship of two great men; and the history of literature presents nothing comparable to the friendship of Goethe and Schiller. The friendship of Montaigne and Etienne de la Boece was more passionate and entire; but it was the union of two kindred natures, which from the first moment discovered their affinity, not the union of two rivals incessantly contrasted by partisans and originally disposed to hold aloof from each other."

The above is found in the "Life of Goethe," by George Henry Lewes. Etienne de la Boece would hardly have been remembered but for the great name of Montaigne with which he is associated, just as the name of Alcott, perhaps, is indebted to the friendship of Emerson for a place in our literature. And yet the fact that Montaigne loved Boece, and tenderly cherished his genius, says much for him as a man. There is something similar in the case of Tennyson and Arthur Henry Hallam.

Boece was born in 1530, and Montaigne in 1533. Boece was therefore three years older than Montaigne. This difference with young men frequently amounts to a great deal in the relation of two minds, and determines the question as to which shall lead and which shall follow. Boece died at the age of thirty-three, or when Montaigne was thirty. This, too, gave the work and memory of Boece an adventitious luster in the eyes of Montaigne. By a natural exaggeration he saw the achievement of his friend in a false light, or as no one but a lover would see it. Heraclitus said our affections are colored mists.

Take the affections away, and the observer commands "white light." This suggests a thought which will emerge by and by as a prominent implication, but very well concealed in the somewhat obscure lines of this poem. It is the bold thought of the disjunction between the intellect and the feelings in the case of a mind looking solely for truth. The philosopher must often be something of a stoic. "The life of truth is cold and so



far mournful; but it is not the slave of tears, contritions, and perturbations." "A sympathetic person is placed in the dilemma of a swimmer among drowning men, who all catch at him, and if he give so much as a leg or a finger they will drown him."

I find in the library of Mr. F. B. Sanborn, in Concord, a book in old French, written by Boece, in which peculiar notions are expressed in regard to friendship and "following." This may be the book which suggested the central conception of the poem:

I serve you not, if you I follow,  
Shadowlike, o'er hill and hollow;  
And bend my fancy to your leading,  
All too nimble for my treading.

We have a little difficulty in our attempts at parsing the last two lines. Is it "fancy" or "leading" that is too "nimble?"

The spectacle in the figure is of two who in their walk cannot keep abreast, but one lags behind the other. This is tiresome physically. One must seem to drag the other. It is equally tiresome if the dragging is intellectual. The service in the supposed companionship should be mutual, or each a reality to the other. A mere follower, one who keeps saying, "Yes, yes," continually, like Polonius in the play, is hardly worth talking with for a great while. We do not like a mere "mush of concession."

When the pilgrimage is done,  
And we've the landscape overrun,  
I am bitter, vacant, thwarted,  
And your heart is unsupported.  
Vainly vallant, you have missed  
The manhood that should yours resist,—  
Its complement.

What is wanting? What would the poet have? It will be observed that it is the speaker in the supposed walk, the one who says, "I serve you not." It is the speaker who bends his fancy to the leading of the other and finds that leading too nimble for his treading, and is "bitter, vacant, thwarted," while the other's heart is unsupported and vainly vallant. But if, on the contrary, I prove myself your complement,—if I could, in severe or cordial mood, thus lead you to my

thought, my altar, then what follows? And what is this thought, this altar

Where the wisest muses falter?

What is this

World-warming spark  
Which dazzles me in midnight dark?

Another of its predicates is in the adjunct,

Equalizing small and large,

and another in the line,

While the soul it doth surcharge,

and another hanging on the last line,

Till the poor is wealthy grown,  
And the hermit never alone;"

and still another in

The traveler and the road seem one  
With the errand to be done.

If I could, in severe or cordial mood, lead you rightly to my altar with all these results, then

That were a man's and lover's part,  
That were Freedom's whitest chart.

The altar "where the wisest muses falter," the "world-warming spark which dazzles me in midnight dark," is undoubtedly the great conception of identity given in "Brahma," in "The Oversoul," in "Two Rivers," in "Xenophanes," and in many other of his utterances. The thought at this time was a somewhat new delight, and in all the years it seems to have been his chief intellectual acquisition and treasure.

The "equalizing small and large." This is a predicate belonging to "altar." An expression cognate is found in these lines:

There is no great and no small  
To the soul that maketh all:  
And when it cometh, all things are;  
And it cometh everywhere.

And again in the following:

I am owner of the sphere,  
Of the seven stars and the solar year,  
Of Caesar's hand and Plato's brain.  
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain.



One of the most remarkable of his expressions for this truth is in the lines:

The traveler and the road seem one  
With the errand to be done.

If we examine this expression we shall find that it comprehends nature and the soul. The traveler and the road would represent both, and the errand, also, would involve mind in its psychological elements as object and purpose, and some sort of physical change making it an act or an event. Such an achievement would be worthy and noble, and thus a "man's and lover's part," and the liberty or liberation involved would justify the metaphor of freedom's chart as a name for it.

We might easily pursue this train of thought into some observations upon the subject of "following."

Why should one man follow another? And why should a man want followers?

It is very delightful when people believe in us,—approve of what we say. But suppose we unsay it upon the reception of more light? We often find ourselves committed. We would gladly change what we have said, but we must be consistent for the sake of our followers. Emerson said: "I am a seeker with no past at my back." An honest man would often want to say, "Hold my saying as long as it seems to be true, but don't hold it on my account. Let there be nothing personal in it. Hold it as you would a truth in arithmetic, no matter who gives it or who denies it." And should not ethical truth, like mathematical, be divorced from all personal authority? Follow truth, but let no man stand between. What is the trouble with that commandment?

What followers we are in worship. The walk contemplated in the poem is a mixed event, partly physical and partly intellectual. The intellectual contingent is what the poet is displeased with. Solitude is a great deal better than bad company, so far as the mind is concerned. The intellectual exercise spoken of under the figure of a ramble by two is spoiled by an unhappy adjustment between the parties, and both are the worse for it. One talks and one listens. That may do for a time, but is tiresome at last. Conversa-

tion is speech and speech in return. One talks and one listens, and both are dull. How different when both talk. How sleepy we are in a sermon. It may be very good, but that does not save it,—it is a one-sided affair; one is active and the other passive, and hence the hypnotism. The preacher observes the effect, and that makes it all the harder for him. Macaulay always did all the talking. It was bad manners; at least, it was doubtful courtesy. Sydney Smith reported of a certain occasion that Macaulay "surprised the company with a few flashes of silence."

"People talk too much," says Emerson. He erred the other way, it was often thought, and didn't talk enough. Of course, it makes a difference who talks; but you are never sure of hearing the best talker. I was at a table recently where a man talked all the time, talked furiously, and lost his dinner. His facts showed long and broad reading, but were largely adulterated with opinions which he was anxious to defend with infinite contradiction and argument. Everybody was glad he lost his dinner.

The question occurs, Why follow? Why be a follower? In many social relations, especially the finer relations, what we want most is a graceful, unobtrusive deference. Each one should afford some predicates which describe him,—something which is his own. Conversation is often good because each follows his own fancy, and does not bend his fancy to another's leading. We should be chary of concession and of contradiction. "The contradictor puts whole drawing-rooms to flight." It is well that one should make his remark initial instead of in opposition. He may say what he pleases if he isn't opposing somebody else.

It is said of a certain United States senator that he always opposes. His colleagues catch him sometimes, when they want his support to a measure, by speaking against it. That puts him on the affirmative, just where they want him. But isn't it pitiful that men, and even statesmen, should take a position by accident? And yet it is very sad that whole parties often take their faith in this way. The attitude of one of our great New Eng-

land papers is expressed by the precept, "Kick." This was the legacy left by the founder. No matter what you kick, keep kicking. Well, that keeps people awake, to say the least; but should a man wait for accident, and, like Abraham, say, "If Lot goes south I will go north?" And is it safe to follow such leaders, and thus be the accident of an accident? We know that great parties often oppose a policy which a few thousand more votes would have made their own, because, being in power, the course of events would have imposed it. Again we say, let thoughtful men beware of "following." Men when alone always choose to be sincere. Two can be sincere and honest, and hence the "law of conversation is one to one." But a third comes in. Each defers to him. Tacitly he is made umpire. Then the two talk for victory rather than truth. Even at the best the real argument—the sufficient reason—remains unspoken. Thought is deeper than all speech, and we come home to the mind at last and become a majority of one.

What is the evolution, the natural history of worship? Evidently it began in the experience of human intercourse, man with man. Of course, it supposes great inequality in some way between subject and object. The worship of the inferior may be just and legitimate as inspired by real virtues, and so in a degree inevitable, or it may be a kind of form prescribed and exacted. Certain acts and attitudes were, no doubt, a part of the etiquette required by barbarous kings and lords as expressions of praise and the acknowledgment of great humility. Falling upon the knees or prostration in the dust, first demanded by earthly sovereigns, was thought to be pleasing to the heavenly sovereign, of whom the former was a symbol. We all remember the adulation, often very pompous, which characterized the prayers of a past generation. It had its imitation in the unfortunate rhetoric of the poor colored preacher: "O Thou great, all-sufficient, self-sufficient, insufficient Johevah!" This stilted style still survives to some extent, though gradually growing more infrequent with cultivated men and ministers. Certainly it must be a barbarous king and a bar-

barous God that could feel pleasure in such addresses. We have not entirely outgrown anthropomorphic ascriptions in the abundance of higher criticism on all sides, and worship is slow to amend. But expressions of praise and flattery, so fulsome as to be offensive to a gentleman, ought to be suspected, at least, when applied to God. Our old theological conceptions so far survive that we still use language which would seem to imply that we think of God as one altogether like ourselves, in our postures, genuflexions, songs, and prayers. We still pray for rain and for good crops, and that the storm may hold off till our boats are in. Would it not be better worship to trust nature and let her have her way,—do as she will, and take our chances? Some of us were brought up to believe that a prayer was made more effective by kneeling, because that manifested more humility and reverence; but it is hard to cheat in such a deal. James Russell Lowell makes his Hosea Biglow say:

You've got to get up early  
If you want to take in God.

Certainly, of all things religious service should not allow any cheating. It is bad enough that our merely social forms in our intercourse with one another are suspected of false pretenses and a great deal of insincerity. Oh, what shall disabuse us of the foolish illusion that God cares what we do, save that it does good to ourselves? Does it do us any good to kneel? There is where the question should stop.

We would fain believe that religion is always good manners, that things vain, idle, and worthless should be avoided. Especially would we be spared the bad taste which appears in all pomp and parade, in everything theatrical, spectacular, and dramatic. How repugnant is all this in calm, sweet moments when it is worth while to be sincere and in earnest.

American manners have caught a little improvement from the Declaration of Independence. This great paper begins with the postulate that "all men are created free and equal," and people in happy moments half believe this. The more we can keep this truth alive and in consciousness, the better our manners will

be. We have abolished courts, and our national receptions have outgrown "fuss and feathers," at least for civilians. Perhaps we may yet ascend to a politeness where we shall have no wish to outshine anybody. There is some hint of immaturity and degradation in such a wish, if we only think of it. We can't any of us shine much in the presence of God, where religious service theoretically brings us; and the wish to shine, even in the salon, is perhaps open to the charge of vulgarity. I hope this is not too fine! But would it not be fine if we found more pleasure in the pleasure of others than in our own? This felicity we sometimes reach in table etiquette and the chivalry of a festival. We all feel that religious meetings are too often occasions for "dress parade." How pious we should be if this would pass for piety! Rhetorically we are followers of Christ, but I fear it is true that we are really followers of each other and followers of the fashions. We have no religion "to speak of."

If I could,  
In severe or cordial mood,  
Lead you rightly to my altar.

That is to say, "seek my thought and not me. What is personal is transient, but truth will abide forever." "My altar" was the great thought which largely dominated Emerson's religious and philosophical meditations at this time. This thought was unity in an extension reaching beyond the Unitarians, since it was not a union of three Gods in one, but a union of all things,—God, man, and nature,—in one. This larger thought was identity.

There the holy essence rolls,  
One through separated souls;  
And the sunny Eon sleeps.  
Folding nature in its deeps.

This was a grand and vast outlook, a region full of hope and promise for all the world. We were not lost; we were anchored to the whole, and should share the fortunes of the whole. This truth was the "altar," the holy place

Where the wisest muses falter;  
this  
The world-warming spark  
Which dazzles me in midnight dark.

Thus Emerson would say, Do not follow me. Follow with me, my guides;

worship with me at my altar. "I am a seeker with no past at my back." I do not try to be consistent. You may not find me here to-morrow.

When in the years of his early fame followers came to him, he was embarrassed, and confessed that he did not know what to do with them. He had no ceremonial, no creed,—just simple goodness, that was all,—just beauty and truth and love. These things will find their way like air and water and light. They will come to their own by an inevitable tendency.

It is a question as to how much of our worship will be thrown away in the church of the future. Everything personal, perhaps. The best thing persons can render is when, gradually, they enable us to do without them. Paul outgrew his dependence upon persons. So did Socrates before him, and so did Emerson after him. Neither of these men, at last, needed law or teachers or saviors.

Why should I worship another? Why should another ask it? That were to be weak and vain. "I adore my own perfect," said Emerson. What is a man's God but his own perfect? His God is himself enlarged and idealized and glorified. I am speaking, of course, of what God is to our human cognition. He is a concept and not an intuition, to use the distinction of the psychologists. We do not mean to say that God, metaphysically, is no more than a concept. We mean, on the contrary, what God is as he comes into the purview of the understanding or the mind.

In worship, in following, what must I give? That is the test. And what should another ask? That, too, is the test. What would one gentleman ask of another? Worship? We hope, in heaven, that all are equal; no high and low as in this world; no praise, no adulation. Let us worship truth forever, but not one another. In this world or the world to come I would still "adore my own perfect."

I gather at a glance  
Human glory after glory.

That is how Browning, in "La Saisiaz," builded the "Pine-tree of Makistos,"—his ideal.

## THE BROOK FARM ASSOCIATION

BY DR. JOHN T. CODMAN

Very few persons can tell why the ideas and doings of a small gathering of friendly persons, who joined themselves together and formed a little society under the name of the Brook Farm Association for Education and Industry, should have such a tenacity of interest as to be preserved and read with unwavering interest after the long distance of time that has intervened since that event took place in West Roxbury, near Boston, the spring of the year 1841. But as time goes by the marked individuality of the character of many of its members, the truth and purity of their motives, their wide departure from the established ways of living, together with their intellectual ability and social standing, continue to attract the attention of thoughtful and religious persons, while their relation to the great cause of universal social reform and the fine suggestiveness of their way of life interest also the lovers of justice and progress; and the curious are not wanting who speculate on what might be the result of the universal application of the principles they there advocated and the life they there tried to lead.

Rev. George Ripley, a Unitarian preacher, settled over a parish in Boston, Mass., a graduate of Harvard College, a deep student of literature and religious philosophy, well acquainted with the newest and best thoughts of the European writers, German, French, and English, and with many of those brilliant souls who were and are still influencing and molding the minds and ideas of the inhabitants of the young American Republic, is solely responsible for the Brook Farm movement, and no one has ever disputed the oneness and purity of his motives in its formation,—the good of humanity. No cheap ambition, no desire for notoriety, no scheme of profit was ever charged to him, for he had earned and secured intellectual and social position, and he had financial means enough, with New England economy, to live an easy life, and

he and his wife were surrounded by hosts of admiring friends.

Over the households, particularly of New England, had reigned the Calvinistic ideas of religion. Never, perhaps, had they been so firmly anchored elsewhere, never so persistently practiced. The God of vengeance sat on his mighty throne. In the fall of Adam every soul fell from God's grace. All men, women, and little children were depraved. All must repent, even of what they never intended to do, and what they never had done, else their soul-bodies would be plunged into a lake of fire and burning brimstone, there to be in torment never ceasing. But a strong reaction had begun to take place from these ideas. It seemed the very horror of them was not consistent with the goodness of the Creator and with the idea of an all-wise and loving Father. The old school of theology neither presented logic or wisdom in man's creation, nor love in man's soul torment.

The typical preacher of the new theology was William Ellery Channing. The logic of his doctrines was that the human soul was inherently good, but the atmosphere in which it lived was bad, and that we should reform it,—that we should abolish the national sin of African slavery, be temperate and honest and practice the Christian virtues, and that the highest virtue of all was to lead every day a just life. But Mr. Ripley had preached and taught these things for a dozen years with all the sincerity of his heart, yet his congregation to the great reality of such a life seemed to be indifferent. Outside of his church was gathered together a coterie of friends, scholars, students, preachers, artists, writers, philosophers, philanthropists, and men of ideas. They had either thrown overboard the crude theology of the past or they doubted its logic. They called their gathering "The Symposium," but they were nicknamed "The Transcendental Club" and called "Transcendentalists." What this name meant was



a mystery to many and is so now. Mr. Ripley defined it thus:

There is a class of persons who desire a reform in the prevailing philosophy of the day. These are called Transcendentalists, because they believe in an order of truth that transcends the sphere of the external senses. Their leading idea is the supremacy of mind over matter. Hence they maintain that the truth of religion does not depend on tradition or historical facts, but has an unswerving witness in the soul. There is a light, they believe, which enlighteneth every man who cometh into the world. There is a faculty in all—the most degraded, the most ignorant, the most obscure—to perceive spiritual truth when distinctly presented; and the ultimate appeal on all moral questions is not to a jury of scholars, a hierarchy of divines, or the prescriptions of a creed, but to the common sense of the human race.

There is another class of persons who are devoted to the removal of the abuses that prevail in modern society. They witness the oppressions done under the sun and they cannot keep silence. They have faith that God governs man; they believe in a better future than the past; their daily prayer is for the coming of the kingdom of righteousness, truth, and love; they look forward to a more pure, more lovely, more divine state of society than was ever realized on earth. With these views I rejoice to say I strongly and entirely sympathize.

One is almost amazed at the amount of brilliant talent existing and developed in this Symposium. It had the cream of New England's ability, and although its membership did not contain either Holmes, Longfellow, or Whittier, it had, besides Mr. Ripley, the Channings, William Ellery, William Henry, and Walter, Emerson, Lowell, Cranch, Story, John S. Dwight, Hawthorne, Theodore Parker, Bancroft, Bronson Alcott, O. A. Brownson, and others, and for ladies Margaret Fuller, the Peabody sisters—Elizabeth and Sophia,—Miss and Mrs. Ripley. Theological and social questions were uppermost in discussion. Mr. Ripley believed that the condition of the surroundings of our people thus described by Channing should be changed: "Of modern civilization the natural fruits are contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure and commercial convulsions, all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Re-

lief is to come and can come only from the new application of Christian principles, of universal justice and universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life." Some one should set the example of a radical departure from present modes of daily life! If no one else would do it, Mr. Ripley would. He would begin it in a humble way, if he could find a few friends to follow him. Who would go? His friend Rev. John S. Dwight, of Northampton, son of Dr. John Dwight, physician, of Boston, was one, and Samuel D. Robbins thought he would go, but no one else in all that brilliant assembly of souls, howsoever much they wisely theorized, did actually promise to do so. Yes, there was that quiet, modest young writer, just coming into note, friend of the Peabody sisters, especially of Sophia, Nathaniel Hawthorne, but the end proved that his connection with the party was more of a poetic fancy on his part than a conviction of the moral grandeur of Mr. Ripley's movement. Brave Minot Pratt, who represented the hard-working side of the scheme, being foreman printer in the office of the *Christian Register*, a liberal newspaper of Boston, deserved the credit of being the first "workingman" to volunteer to come into the circle of the adventurers.

Contrary to what is often supposed, Mr. Ripley had no great scheme in his mind, no thought that he was going to reform the whole world, neither did he expect to build up a great human institution or a large socialist colony. The now popular word "socialism" was then hardly in use. After preliminary preparations had been made, he left his pastorate and Boston with his wife and sister, and a small party of friends, about fourteen in all, on the 29th of March, 1841, to occupy Brook Farm in West Roxbury, nine miles from the city hall in Boston. He had always insisted on a Christian life as the only test of a Christian faith, now he meant to put in practice the lessons of his own pulpit, says his biographer. There were two hundred acres in the property, one hundred and seventy in the homestead lot, on which there was a solitary farm-house of two stories in height, pleasantly overlooking the domain with its meadow and the



small brook that gave the name to the place. A school for the instruction of the young was immediately started. The combination of manual and intellectual labors was a permanent theory, and here was a chance to exemplify it. The capacity and standing of the teachers secured to it pupils from first to last, a number of whom have since then occupied prominent places in life, the most noted example being the late George William Curtis. There was no farmer among the first settlers, and a Mr. Allen was hired as leader in that department until after the first season, when Mr. Pratt succeeded him. The policy of the Association was not fixed as to its enlargement, and in their condition they allowed parties to build two new houses on the domain for their private use, the Cottage and the Pilgrim House. The old farm-house they called the Hive, and enlarged its capacity. On a prominent point of the farm the Association built a little square house, the Eyrie, with suitable parlor to entertain the numerous guests and inquirers who began to shower down upon it in large numbers.

The regulations of the Brook Farm Association were fixed by a constitution and by-laws, and were of a simple character.

No one should interfere with his associates' religious convictions. The principles of right and justice, believed to be known to all, should be the motives to govern its life. Domestic servitude should be done away with. The day's work should be not more than ten hours long. The meeting for business or pleasure should terminate at 10 p. m. One dollar for a day's work should be paid to each worker. If there were more than that amount earned, it should be divided among them at the end of each year. Individual rights should be respected. Every one's goods and little belongings were their own and not to be interfered with. The farm and collective property was represented by stock paying ordinary interest. There was no common property but what was earned.

All the members of the Association, and the pupils of the school as well, were expected to employ themselves some time each day with manual labor. All dined together in a common dining-room at the Hive. Everything there was very plain, but neat and clean. No one wanted to

disobey the common rules of personal neatness expected of them. The farmer left frock and soiled apparel in a dressing-room, and put on a belted tunic, adopted as a convenient, easy, and comfortable dress, before going in to meals. The bugle call notified him half an hour before dinner to leave his work, which might be in the distant fields.

The result which is found to be similar in all such experiments took place. Conditions for a dozen persons had to be expanded to those suitable for a hundred or more who were new to the life and its duties. The social life began to be charming, but the cash receipts, with a generous treatment of open table to visitors, and the unaccustomed handling of farming implements, were not fully up to the income needed.

Mr. Ripley wrote of it a few months after its commencement: "We are now in full operation as a family of workers, teachers, and students. We feel the deepest convictions that, for us, our mode of life is the true one, and no attraction would tempt any one of us to exchange it for that we have quitted lately."

What turn affairs would have taken in the long run cannot be told, but future labors might have overcome the loss of a couple of thousand dollars or so that took place during the first two years, but a new problem came up that produced a change in basic ideas of the little community. A furor for socialistic life had been aroused in the country by the preaching and teaching of Albert Brisbane, Horace Greeley, Park Godwin, William Henry Channing, and others, in the New York Tribune and elsewhere, who took for their ideal the system suggested by Charles Fourier, of Besancon, France, and nicknamed "Fourierism." A dozen and more unwise attempts soon sprang up in the northern States, and were weak, futile, poverty-stricken from the start, each differing from the others in some vagaries. One was founded on non-resistance, some on community of property, which idea was utterly at variance with Fourier's theories, and Bronson Alcott brought up the rear with an attempt to realize an ideal life by reading Plato and living on a fruit and

vegetable diet. On one point Mr. Ripley agreed with them all, for the idea they all held in common was the brotherhood of humanity and the good of the human race. "It was but an idle dream to attempt to form a Phalanx with the men and means at hand," said Mr. John S. Dwight in speaking of it afterward. "It was a mere pretense, hoping that it would grow to something. The idea of most of us was that, beginning with what we felt to be a true system, with true relations to one another, it would probably grow into something larger, and by bringing in others we should finally succeed in reforming and elevating society and put it on a basis of universal co-operation." Mr. Ripley had become convinced that Fourier's ideas of industrial co-operation were in the main correct. They were his own religious ideas translated into daily life—a working plan for great moral and physical forces, the map and guide of the divine way to study and organize the social trend of human lives. With infinite courage and hope Mr. Ripley and his little band of workers pushed on. Revising its constitution and procuring a charter, it added new industries to the farm-work, such as shoe-making, sash and door-making, rule-making, the manufacture of Britannia ware, lamps, teapots, etc., and on the farm added the tree-nursery, greenhouse plants, and flower cultivation. But the most important work undertaken was the starting of the *Harbinger*, a weekly journal devoted to social and political progress. Mr. Ripley, Mr. Dwight, and Mr. Dana were its editors, Mr. Treadwell and Mr. Butterfield its printers. The ability of the editors attracted a large number of brilliant writers to it. Soon after this the Association, which numbered a hundred persons, found a positive need for more accommodations and better ones, and planned and commenced to build a large wooden building near the center of the farm for a unitary home, large enough to accommodate all the families then residing on the place. It was one hundred and seventy-five feet long, three stories high, with spacious attics, divided into pleasant and convenient rooms for single persons. The second and third stories

were divided into fourteen houses, independent of each other, with a parlor and three sleeping-rooms in each, connected by piazzas which ran the whole length of the building on both stories. The basement contained a large and commodious kitchen, a dining-hall capable of seating from three to four hundred persons, two public saloons, and a spacious hall and lecture-room. Seven thousand dollars had been expended on this building, and three thousand more would have made it available for use. The insurance on it had run out only a few days before, and it was by the oversight of one of the directors that it had not been renewed. On the evening of March 3, 1846, it caught fire from some defect in stove or chimney and burned to the ground, it being a total loss to the Association.

Life, charm, sociability, novelty, enthusiasm, and work all reigned at the Farm. Hundreds and hundreds of outsiders and friends came to visit the place, among them many distinguished intellectual men and women, many artists and musicians, clergymen, theorists, cranks and oracles of various sorts, and their theories ran "from grave to gay, from sober to severe." Surely there is something in associated life that attracts curiosity, to say the least about it. Many of the visitors added a charm to it by giving specimens of their talents. Sometimes it was William Henry Channing who held a choice religious service in a noble grove of pine-trees not far from Hawthorne's "Eliot's Pulpit." Sometimes it was a full evening of song, flute, and piano, and sometimes classes or informal talks among the books in Mr. Ripley's library or in one of the parlors. It might be Curtis or Cranch, Channing or Margaret Fuller, or Emerson even, but he fought shy of the Association after the advent of "Fourierism" so called; but it will in my opinion take many Emersons to make one man who can approach the intellectual grandeur, the great outreach of mind, the intense love and reverence, the veneration of and childlike trust in the Creator of the heavens and the earth that Fourier had.

True to their ideas, no Brook Farmer interfered with another's religious creed.

The larger portion of them were radical to the prevailing orthodoxy, but there were Catholics, Swedenborgians, and Jews among the number, and those who wished went to hear Theodore Parker, not then become famous, at his church two miles away in the old village of West Roxbury, where he resided.

The industries started on the Farm were all fairly at a good average for profit, but they were demanding continual outlay to bring them upon a paying basis. The school paid, but it was not large enough, and the peculiar surroundings it had about it kept down its numbers. Two or three years would seemingly have developed each of the industries into a fine business. They had no rich friend to stand by them at this time with a small amount of capital to tide them over the shoals. The plan of life seemed then to the public much more unreasonable than it does now. If the balances had been even, and there had been no increasing debt, they might have stood the loss of the "Phalanstery" by fire; they would have stood the poor fare and the uncomfortably crowded rooms, but hope of expansion was lost with the burnt building, and the break-away commenced, and although there was no "*saue qui peut*," no haste in leaving, one after another found labor and homes elsewhere. The Association dissolved, and the world called it a failure.

But how shall I, who was only a young and humble participant in the work and ideas of this unique company's scheme of life, describe its results? If there was any one who suffered more than a temporary deprivation from his or her Brook Farm labors in the great moral attempt at the alleviation of the condition of the masses of our people and the cause of universal justice, I do not know who it was. If there has been any such case, there is set against it an almost universal remembrance of love and gratitude for the days spent there and to the kindly fate that led their lives into its social circle, and their feet over the green fields and sods trodden by the worthy souls led by the whole-hearted, God-trusting, truthful, high-minded George Ripley.

Years after the decline of the Association, amid the hates engendered by po-

litical strife and the pressing cares of business and devotion to pecuniary gain, Mr. Charles A. Dana wrote of his old home as follows:

It is not too much to say that every person who was at Brook Farm for any length of time has ever since looked back to it with a feeling of satisfaction. The healthy mixture of manual and intellectual labor, the kindly and unaffected social relations, the absence of everything like assumptions or servility, the amusements, the discussions, the friendships, the ideal and poetical atmosphere which gave a charm to life,—all these continue to create a picture toward which the mind turns back with pleasure as to something distant and beautiful not elsewhere met with amid the routine of this world.

Many of the little band did not think the dissolution was an end to associative life. They believed that long before this time the world would have found out the beauty and use of the co-operative life and that the country would be dotted with little "Phalanxes," as we were pleased to call them. Some left the Farm with great gladness in their hearts, for they found there among the co-operators companions who made good husbands and wives, for there, in a few weeks or months, a better knowledge could be formed, a truer and more absolute and certain estimate of character, than by years of fashionable flirtation. The women were always well dressed; there were no party dresses, all shine, lace and glitter, and household wrappers all slouched, torn, and drabbed. The situation of all was to stimulate them to neatness in personal appearance, even if the material was of the cheapest kind.

Did the experiment shipwreck the members? No; I say, decidedly, no! Mr. Ripley had sacrificed all his means even to his personal library of choice books, but the world was large and his faith in the goodness of God and his greatest creation, man, was still triumphant. He and his wife went to Long Island and there taught school awhile, but gradually Mr. Ripley commenced writing for the press, and finally earned with his pen a competency. Mrs. Ripley, less hopeful than her husband, wavered in her liberal doctrines, and under the depression of failure joined herself to the forms of the Catholic

Church. During a temporary illness of Mr. Ripley the Harbinger, which had been removed to New York, suspended publication. Mr. C. A. Dana continued the editorial work first commenced at Brook Farm, and became finally the editor of the New York Sun, reaping a large financial reward. Mr. John S. Dwight also went into editorial work, founding the Journal of Music, which lasted many years, and was finally absorbed into one of the trade journals. I single out these three men, because to them should be credited the fact of their remaining all through the experiment and of occupying the most prominent positions before the public in regard to it, but I should be especially derelict in my duty did I not remember Miss Marianne Ripley, Mr. Minot Pratt and wife, and many others, who by their fidelity to what are called "humbler duties" were towers of strength to the little association.

To the young persons on the Farm it was all that Mr. Dana had said of it, and more. The atmosphere was of self-reliant freedom. The courteousness of the older to the younger was much appreciated; the mingling together of old and young in their amusements, dances, tableaux, etc., knitted them together with a grand family feeling, and as the pupils of the school were expected to join the residents in manual labor, it very largely prevented anything like a school clique on the place, and the lads and lassies were always ready to assist with their persons and purses any proposed social entertainment.

Sometimes the men assisted in doing what is called "women's work," in the hard labor of the domestic series. Mr. Ripley went into the cattle group every morning, and Mrs. Ripley at first did some heavy washing, for which the outside public expended on them a great deal of unnecessary sympathy. They were showing that they honored honest toil, that they were willing to do anything necessary,—all that they would ask any one else to do. Be assured that there were always those present who had so high an esteem for them they would not have allowed them to do hard labor unless it was their own personal wish. It was not imposed on them,

The work was done in this manner: Three or more persons made a group. Three or more groups of a kind made a series, as the farming series or the mechanical series. All the series were united under a general direction made of the heads of the series.

There was no community of property. All the ownership was represented by stock. Had the Association made progress in wealth, it would doubtless in time have absorbed the stock and reduced the private ownership of the general goods into general ownership. The greatest center of attraction of its social life was the meeting daily of all hands at a common table in the Hive.

Elsewhere, in my "Memoirs," I have given many interesting details of the daily life of the place which it would be out of place for me to repeat here.

Did the Brook Farmers find any satisfaction and truth in the life at their farm? Yes, say I. If not, I would have known it. In the half-century that has passed since then, out of the many connected with it, I have never heard of any one of the number who has publicly or privately said the cause and the life were failures. They unanimously decided that it contained elements of truth that belonged to a higher development of life than the present state civilization. "Civilization," says a profound writer, "develops the elements which enable man to obtain his destiny and happiness, but it is neither his destiny nor does it secure him happiness."

Referring to Brook Farm in "The Blithedale Romance," Hawthorne said of it forty-seven years ago: "More and more I feel that we had struck upon what ought to be a truth. Posterity may dig it up, and profit by it." That is my opinion, and it is also my opinion that posterity is here now and ready to revive the work of the early co-operators.

Mr. Ripley at the time of its operation wrote: "The work we are engaged in is not destruction, but true conservatism. It is not a mere revolution, but as we are assured, a necessary step in the course of social progress, which no one can be blind enough to think has yet reached its limit."



## HARRIET MARTINEAU IN AMERICA

BY E. P. POWELL

The nineteenth century has not produced a stronger and every way more attractive female character than that of Harriet Martineau. I was fortunate at a sale of duplicate books in coming upon her "Society in America" and "Retrospect of Western Travel." The republication of her "History of England" and some of her "Tales" indicates a renewal of interest in her work. I do not think a better picture of America of that date, socially and politically, exists than is to be found in the two books written after her visit to this country. She was a book maker; but was particular before crossing the Atlantic to refuse all offers from publishers to write a book professionally. This gives her notes a simplicity and kindliness that they could not otherwise have possessed. A few of her letters, written while here, seem to breathe a conviction that they will be published; but her memoranda of persons and things are as gossip as the morning breezes. We are, however, conscious that a good many American notables met Miss Martineau with a keen conviction that it would be well enough to keep the best foot foremost. That this conviction was well founded is clear from the extraordinary demand made by the London publishers on Miss Martineau for whatever she should choose to have put into print. Here is the story of the battle of the publishers. It needs Miss Martineau's own words and voucher to make the picture audible. "One morning in November my return was announced in the Morning Chronicle, and such a day as that I never passed. First, Mr. Bentley bustled down and obtained entrance to my study before any one else. Mr. Colburn came next, and had to wait. He bided his time in the drawing-room. In a few minutes arrived Mr. Saunders, and was shown into my mother's parlor. These gentlemen were notoriously on the worst terms, and the fear was they should meet and quarrel on the stairs. Mr. Bentley began busi-

ness by being in no doubt that I remembered the promise I had made him. I laughed at the idea. Mr. Bentley declared it might be his silliness, but he should go to his grave persuaded I had made him a promise. He now offered most extravagant terms for a book on America." Miss Martineau refused, but could hardly get rid of him. Then came in Mr. Colburn with a letter from the poet Campbell; but she liked Mr. Saunders best, and accepted nine hundred pounds from him instead of two thousand from Mr. Colburn, because she believed it was impossible that her work should yield what he had offered and leave anything over for himself. The scramble of the publishers is no more remarkable than the conscience of the writer. From the American edition she did not receive a penny, although her American friends exerted themselves to protect her work.

This we must bear in mind was in 1837, before Mr. Dickens had made us a visit; and, in fact, no very notable English author had so far thoroughly studied America and published his notes with comments. Americans were peculiarly sensitive. We were just asserting ourselves in a literature that was breaking through British conservative criticism. In politics it was our golden age of great statesmen, with Webster, Calhoun, Clay barely the leaders of a dozen others like Hayne and Benton. Boston had Channing and Everett at their prime, and Emerson just finding out his power. Dr. Lyman Beecher was prince of the orthodox pulpit. Madison was still alive, linking the great constitution-making era with that of the defender of the constitution. As yet no one quite felt sure of the ship of state launched here in the west. The expansive and elastic power of federalism was not understood either here or abroad. That it could bind a continent in freedom was not assured. Slavery was asserting its disuniting power. But it was equally true that blood was be-



ginning to prove to be thicker than water. England was getting over the irritability consequent on separation. We were proud of her, and she was, with a little reserve, proud of us. Miss Martineau was thirty-five years of age when she projected her visit. She had proved herself easily the ablest woman writer in England at that age, had written for the *Reviews*, had prepared a series of political economy essays, had become a famous religious controversialist and a successful writer of fiction.

It was peculiar to Miss Martineau that her trip to the United States was for the purpose of social study. It does not appear in her autobiography what were all the preliminary stages of her purposing in this direction. It seems probable that her thoroughly radical views in religion and politics led to a warm feeling for the fearless liberty of views and evolutionary social steps characteristic of the Americans. She was already outgrowing the conservatism of Unitarianism and rapidly getting ready for the advocacy of Comtism. She set sail for America while her political economy essays were still in the press. Speaking of herself, she says she "turned her face toward the United States in order to examine some points of social policy and morals, honorable to Americans and worthy of emulation, but generally overlooked by European travelers who go to amuse themselves and return to quiz." She hoped to learn something from our treatment of the insane and criminals, and from our educational systems. But the question of the abolition of slavery met her at her landing and absorbed her whole visit.

The inflexible courage of the woman had been shown in England, both in her writings and in her battling with adverse circumstances. But an incident on ship-board is worth giving as a farther illustration. There was a hurricane about mid-ocean, and the sailors, who immensely fancied her pluck, got the mate to ask her how she liked the storm, for if that did not satisfy her they were sure nothing would. She says: "I got the captain's permission to fasten myself to the post of the binnacle, promising to give no trouble; and then I saw the whole of the

never-to-be-forgotten scene. We were lying in the trough of the sea, and the rolling was tremendous. The captain wished to wear around, and put out a sail, which, though quite new, was instantly split to ribbons, so that we had to make ourselves contented where we were. The scene was perfectly unlike what I had imagined. The sea was no more like water than it was like land or sky. When I had heard of the ocean running mountains high I thought it a mere hyperbolical expression. But here the scene was of huge wandering mountains, with dreary leaden vales between. The heavens seemed rocking their masses of torn clouds, keeping time with the billows to the solemn music of the winds,—the most swelling and mournful music I ever heard. The delight of the hour I shall never forget." This would have pleased Homer,—a woman lashed to the binnacle, and raging with pleasure as she presided over the storm.

It does not seem so wonderful that such a woman might make herself dreadfully to be feared. The fact was her fame had preceded her, and she was known for very advanced philanthropic views. The pilot at Sandy Hook brought news to the vessel of proslavery riots in New York, and warned the captain that if he had an abolitionist on board she had better not be set on shore. But the captain concluded, after a conference with Miss Martineau's companions, that she was a philanthropist merely, without any special knowledge of or affiliation with the abolitionists. This was true literally. And she complains that for some time to come she did not know much about the slavery question,—that she was kept in the dark about the real facts, only constantly hearing virulent abuse of the abolitionists in the newspapers. So it came about that she actually made a complete tour of the whole country, including the South and the Mississippi Valley, before she was offensively outspoken, and in danger from the partisans of the pet institution. She thinks it very probable, she tells us, that, while she never wavered in her condemnation of slavery, she may have felt some dislike for abolitionists and expressed it. "I steadily declared my intention to hear,

when opportunity offered, what the abolitionists as well as others had to say for themselves; but it certainly never entered my imagination that I could possibly find them the blameless apostles of a holy cause which I afterward saw that they were."

Being connected with the English press, Miss Martineau promptly came in contact with American newspaper enterprise. Before she landed papers were brought on board solemnly cautioning all people from using profanity or tobacco in her presence, on penalty of being posted in the London papers. It is impossible for us in the present multiplicity of strong periodical writers to comprehend the lionizing that immediately set in. Inside the first ten minutes, after being domiciled at a boarding-house, she was called on by General Mason, by a clergyman and two others,—all gentlemen, defining, as she notes, an American type unlike the English, but marked by quietness and high breeding. At church the next day the minister comes down from the pulpit and begs her to make his house her home. Governor Cass, of Michigan, and Mr. Galatin are early callers.

But we must hurry on to Washington, where we find Miss Martineau holding a salon much like that of Madame Necker or Madame de Stael. Every member of note in the House and Senate constantly resorted to her parlors. She was a favorite of Clay. He spent many of his evenings at her fireside. She describes him as sitting quite upright on the sofa, with snuffbox ever in hand, discoursing steadily, in an ever soft, deliberate tone, on any topic of American affairs that might occur, "always amusing us with the moderation of estimate and speech which so impetuous a nature has been able to attain." There, too, was Mr. Webster, leaning back at his ease, telling stories, cracking jokes, shaking his sides with burst after burst of laughter, or "smoothly discoursing to the perfect felicity of the logical part of one's constitution." There, too, to our amazement, was Calhoun, "looking as if he were never born and never could be extinguished. He kept our understandings on a stretch, and then left them to analyze as they could

his closely theoretical talks. Among other prominent visitors, a very frequent one was Judge Story, who was not only supreme justice but a professor at Harvard College. She tells us his talk would gush out for hours, but there was never too much of it,—it was so heartfelt, so lively, so various; and his face all the while, notwithstanding his gray hair, showing all the mobility and ingenuousness of a child's." She speaks of his quick smiles, his glistening eye, his gleeful tone, with passing touches of sentiment and an innocent self-complacency with confiding affection.

Occasionally with Judge Story went Chief-justice Marshall, whom the former quite adored. Her description of Marshall is very keen, and from a woman's stand-point quite unexpected. "There was almost too much mutual respect in our first meeting. We knew something of his individual merits and services, and he maintained throughout life and carried to his grave a reverence for woman as rare in kind as in degree. No skeptic dared ever to scoff at the claims of woman in the presence of Marshall, who, made clear-sighted by his own purity, knew the sex better than scoffers and libertines." The picture is delightful of Judge Story, reverently and lovingly leading in the tall, majestic, bright-eyed old man—old by chronology, by the lines on his composed face, and by his services to the republic,—but so dignified, so fresh, so present to the time, that no feeling of compassionate consideration for his age dared to mix with contemplation of him. He talked as freely of English politics as of American, and had an aversion, like all the Revolutionary group of statesmen, for anything like religious bigotry.

This certainly is the most remarkable and unique chapter in Washington history. It was not a kitchen cabinet, but a salon held by a distinguished foreign woman, and it was crowded by the greatest Americans then living. It was a case of personal influence such as has not occurred since even in the case of any of our own most distinguished women. Miss Martineau stood for the press and for advanced views in statesmanship and humanity. She did not conceal her views

even on slavery, but, having as yet no affiliation with abolitionists, she was treated with the utmost courtesy by all parties.

Chief-justice Marshall and Gallatin were not the only representatives of the earlier American period whom Miss Martineau met. She visited Madison, and was his guest for several days at Montpelier, Virginia. He was then an old man, and lived but one more year. Her reminiscences of this great statesman are peculiarly charming and valuable. She says the finest of his characteristics appeared to be his inexhaustible political faith,—faith that a well-founded commonwealth may, as our motto declares, be immortal, not only because its constituency, the people, never die, but because the principles of justice in which such a commonwealth originates never die out of the people's hearts. This faith shone brightly through the whole of Mr. Madison's conversation, except on one subject. With regard to slavery he owned himself to be in despair. But he talked more on this subject than on any other. He declared licentiousness to be a universal accompaniment of slavery. His own slaves were a constant loss to him. "He had been obliged the week previous to sell a dozen in order to be able to feed the rest. He observed that the whole Bible is against the institution; but this the clergy do not touch, and the people do not see." He declared himself in favor of free trade, though demanding a general agreement to that effect among nations. Concerning education he held it to be of the utmost importance that hands and brains be educated together, while there should be positively no separation of the sexes. In these respects, as in so many others, Madison was ahead of his age. He and Jefferson seem to have been peculiarly constructed to act as complementary factors in laying the foundations of our institutions. Jefferson looked at the organic structure more strongly, Madison at the functioning spirit. To Jefferson it was all-important that a great American system of education be established, grading from the primary schools to State universities, while the State universities were federalized in a vast national university at

Washington. Madison fully coincided with Jefferson, but added, what will surely be a finality, manual culture as well as brain culture, and coeducation. Miss Martineau found him to be fully as emphatic in his opposition to all forms of religious alliances on the part of the state.

One of the brightest delineations of this wonderful woman's pen is of a reception of seven judges and seven other distinguished lawyers. Mr. Webster fell chiefly to her share, "and there is no merrier man than he, while Judge Story would enliven a dinner table at Pekin." This is certainly a novel side light on the characters of those men. She tells us it was necessary to employ foreign servants, who ask you in Spanish, German, Dutch, or French if you will take fish, flesh, or fowl,—"because no American could be hired to wear livery." This dinner was one that for simplicity and literary charm could not be easily duplicated.

She was also invited to President Jackson's reception. At dinner the president was quite disposed for conversation. "Indeed, he did nothing but talk." True to himself, he began to abuse the Senate to her, for it then held a small majority adverse to his purposes. But after the fourth of March he promised her a Senate more worthy of the country. A few days later Miss Martineau saw the effort to assassinate Mr. Jackson. "I saw the hands and half-bare arms of the would-be assassin, struggling above the heads of the crowd, in resistance to being handcuffed. The attack threw Mr. Jackson into a tremendous passion. He fears nothing, but his temper is not equal to his courage. Instead of putting the event calmly aside, and proceeding with the business of the hour, it was found necessary to put him into his carriage and take him home." The history of the next few weeks was shameful. Jackson openly accused Representative Poindexter with having instigated the assault. He went so far that vilest informers began to turn up, catering to the president's morbid desire to fix the crime on some public man among his political enemies. But no possible testimony could make anything of Lawrence but a maniac. He charged Jackson with depriving him of the English crown.

Miss Martineau calling at the White House, the president met her with a tirade about the plot. He protested in the presence of many strangers that there was insanity in the case. "It was painful to hear the chief ruler publicly trying to persuade a foreigner that any of his constituents hated him to the death." It is probable Jackson wished to influence the English press.

There were then twenty-four American States, and of course but forty-eight senators. She pronounced it the most imposing body of men she had ever seen. "Mr. Calhoun's countenance first fixed my attention,—the splendid eye, the straight forehead surmounted by a load of stiff, upright dark hair, the stern brow, the inflexible mouth; it is one of the most remarkable of heads." She heard him speak. Benton had taunted him with wishing to be president. Calhoun with great fury replied he would not turn on his heel to be president. He had given all up for his own brave, magnanimous little State. His eye flashed, his brow gathered thunder, and his sentences were sharp, short, abrupt, coming out with a sort of bark. She wrote of him: "His mind has long since lost all power of communicating with any other. I know of no man who lives in such utter intellectual solitude. Relaxation is no longer in the power of his will. I never saw any one who so gave me the idea of being possessed." Her chief interest was, however, in watching Adams in the House of Representatives. She thought she could see that his eccentricity of thought and action, which made him so impracticable as a party man, arose from the honest simplicity of his character, mingled with a faulty taste and an imperfect temper. Some one said to her, "It will pay you to study Mr. Adams. He runs in veins. He will do ninety-nine things nobly, but the hundredth will be in such bad taste and temper that it spoils your admiration of the rest. Between one day and another some new idea of justice will strike his brain, and will send him off with a violent attack on his friends or an eulogium on his foes."

Her photographic sketches of public men are better history as well as brighter

literature than I know of elsewhere. Of Cass she said: "He is a shrewd, hard-looking man,—the very concentration of American caution. He is accomplished and honest, but his dread of committing himself renders his good qualities less valuable to society." Of Gallatin she minutes down that, "while he was talking I felt as if he was furnishing me with new powers of observation, and when he was gone I hastened to secure what he had told me, lest its novelty and abundance should escape my memory." Mr. Van Buren happened to be in Albany as she passed, and he called on her. To her notion he was not remarkable any way. His person was small, with light hair and blue eyes. "I was often asked if I did not consider his manners gentlemanly. There is much friendliness in his manners, for he is a kind-hearted man. He is also rich in information, and lets it come out on subjects in which he cannot contrive to see any danger in speaking. But his manners want the frankness essential to good breeding. He questions closely, without giving anything in return. Moreover, he flatters to a degree that is disagreeable, and his flattery is not merely praise, but ridicule of persons supposed to be distasteful to the one he converses with." In her opinion he shows none of the faith in either persons or principles that belongs to a statesman.

Senator Benton was another personage that she liked neither by instinct nor by analysis. She says of him, as he appeared in the Senate, that he sat swelling amid his piles of papers and books, looking like a being designed by nature to be a good-humored barber or innkeeper, but forced by fate to make himself into a mock-heroic senator. "Then there was the bright bonhomie of Ewing, of Ohio, the most primitive-looking of senators, and the benign religious gravity of Frelinghuysen, the gentle, manly air of Buchanan, the shrewdness of Poindexter, the somewhat melancholy simplicity of Silsbee. "The stamp of originality was impressed on every one. I have seen no assembly of chosen men and no company of high-born, invested with the antique dignities of an antique realm, half so imposing to the imagination as this collec-



tion of stout-souled, full-grown original men, brought together on the ground of their supposed sufficiency to work out the will of their diverse constituencies." Mr. Webster she describes as previous to a speech leaning back in his chair,—not as usual biting the top of a pen or twirling his thumbs, or bursting into sudden laughter at Colonel Benton's oratorical absurdities,—but absent and thoughtful, making notes, and seeing nothing that is before his eyes. Otherwise he sat at his desk writing letters or dreaming, so that he did not always discover when the Senate was going into division. "Some one has not seldom to jog his elbow, and tell him his vote is wanted." This constitutes a real photographic gallery of American statesmen in the most thought-provoking eras of our history.

We must turn now to Miss Martineau's experiences with the clergy and the church. She tells us in her autobiography that she ceased to be a Unitarian some time before her visit to America. This seemed to her to be true, but a study of her after career shows that she had only ceased to be a Unitarian of the older sort that peculiarly lacked plasticity for progress. She ran her course more rapidly than most through the gradations of what should more properly be called the Unitarian school than the Unitarian Church. She came to see that, when the doctrines of Christianity are subjected to individual interpretation, they cease to be a matter of faith, and become a matter of intellectual and moral instinct and perception. Her very speedy departure from cordial co-operation with Unitarianism as a sect had been hastened by their own action. Three prizes had been offered by the Central Unitarian Association, on "The Essential Faith of the Universal Association," "Faith as Unfolded by Many Prophets," and "The Faith as Manifested through Israel." Harriet Martineau, then twenty-nine years of age, had written on all three, being at the time in desperate straits for money. The prizes were for ten guineas, fifteen guineas, and twenty guineas. She captured them all. But she had done much more than win money and reputation; she had created for herself a sort of private parliament of re-

ligions, and did as many excellent Christians during the Columbian year did—began to live a larger religious sympathy, with less regard for her inherited faiths. Her views of Unitarians were expressed with the contemptuousness of a deserter from the ranks, and the consciousness of having attained broader views from a higher stand-point of humanity, philosophy, and history. The consequences were extremely painful as well as unjust,—she always spoke of her "life sorrow," meaning the alienation of her friends and even some of her family. She writes that she was assailed with letters accusing her of infidelity, skepticism, atheism, unbelief. The facts are that she had grown into a reception of Comte's "Universal Religion." She later published, in his line of thought, "Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development." She never gave up in any sense those fundamental doctrines now received by Unitarians as essential Christianity. If alive, she would be heartily welcomed to hundreds of pulpits of divers sects.

But at the time of her visit to America, 1835-'36, Parker was just beginning to candidate for a church, and Channing was at the front of his work as well as of the Unitarian movement. She first met him at Oakland, in Rhode Island, where he was accustomed to spend two-thirds of each year. She describes him as slight and short, and with a countenance very capable of variation. He always laughed out of his eyes. She had seen him laugh, she assures us, until she was alarmed for his safety, and then she wanted him placed on canvas. But his voice was the chief charm. His first approach repelled,—repelled every one; but shortly every one was as surely overwhelmed by the generous truthfulness and meek charity of the man. She describes in brilliant eulogium his course in reference to slavery and abolition,—his absolute readiness to sacrifice his standing with the aristocracy and the love of many devoted friends, as soon as his convictions became clear. From his peaceful and honored retirement he came out into the storm which might and probably would be fatal to his reputation and influence. She describes the regrets of his friends, the re-



bukes of brother clergymen, the abuse in Congress, the foaming rage of the South. "Dr. Channing could not at that time have set his foot within the boundaries of half the States without danger to his life; but he appeared more moved at my case than I ever saw him about his own." It is probable he had good reason to be; for Miss Martineau, after having at last addressed an abolition assembly, was determined on a farther venture to the South and West. Threats of lynching her were loud, and her friends were intensely alarmed. It was impossible, however, to stay her. She sealed up her papers in Dr. Channing's house in order that they might be transferred to a place of safety. Dr. Channing stood by in great anxiety,—far greater apparently than her own.

She heard Edward Everett deliver his Phi Beta Kappa oration on the "Duties of Educated Men in a Republic." This address she condemned with all the vigor of her eloquent pen. It was an assumption of a learned class. The speaker diverged into monstrous suppositions,—that men of letters are the educated men of society in regard not only to literature but morals, that power and property were made to go eternally together, that the masses are ignorant and naturally oppose the enlightened few, and are therefore opposed to law, and that a struggle was impending in which the whole power of mind must be arrayed against brute force. "The traveler," says Miss Martineau, "is everywhere met among the aristocracy of the country with the error of supposing that letters are wisdom and scholarship education." Had she been able to hear that equally famous oration, on the same occasion in 1881, by Wendell Phillips on the similar title, "The Scholar in a Republic," she would have seen that the dilettant aristocracy of which she had complained had passed completely away. As it was, she had the pleasure of seeing but not hearing the next year an address "by Mr. R. Waldo Emerson, breathing a tone of moral independence throughout." Mr. Emerson was not yet making himself felt as the oracle, but Miss Martineau clearly had an instinctive impression that he was oracular. It is almost prescience when she says: "There is a remarkable

man in the United States, without knowing whom it is not too much to say that the United States cannot be fully known. I speak of Mr. Emerson. Great things are expected from him, and great things he cannot but do if he have life and health to prosecute his course. He is a thinker and a scholar. He has modestly and silently withdrawn himself from the perturbations and conflicts of the crowd of men, without declining any of the business of life or repressing any of his human sympathies." She describes him as lecturing to the factory people, and as known at every home along the roads he travels by the words he drops and the kindnesses he does. She saw under his earnestness and placidity an exquisite humor and quiet gayety. Describing him in brief, she uses the words "modest independence" as most aptly covering his whole character. This is an American trait of character, at its best and highest in Emerson. She places Emerson in a chapter of "Originals." And next to Emerson that unique and marvelous character whom we are letting drop out of our literature and memory, Father Taylor. She describes Taylor as a man of prodigious power and a marvelous imagination, as well as genius in the use of language. "His pathos shed in thoughts and tones such as to be gone like lightning" seems hopelessly a transient episode, while the eloquence of Phillips Brooks is a perennial in our literature.

Tappan and Garrison seemed to her the most unique of the abolitionists. While she was here Miss Martineau saw advertisements offering a reward for the head or even the ears of Tappan. His partners told him he must give up his connection with antislavery. "I will be hanged first," was his only reply, as he turned on his heel. When some one showed him one of the murderous handbills he looked at the signatures and merely said, "Are these good names?" Those who remember the beautiful gentleness of Garrison, shining in his face, will not be surprised at the story told that some one, by no means sympathetic with abolition, seeing a print of Garrison in a shop window, with no name attached, fell in such love with it that he went in and

bought it, and had it framed as the most saintlike face he had ever seen. But when he found it was Garrison he quickly pulled it down and hid it. Some one asked Miss Martineau her opinion of Garrison. She replied, "He is the most bewitching person I have met in the United States." It is above all a pity she could not have met and known Parker,—the one only man qualified by nature to have fully measured our visitor, and equally sure to be comprehended by her. Her friendship for Channing was deep and lasting. They remained correspondents until his death.

At Cincinnati Miss Martineau met Dr. Lyman Beecher, and she came very short of giving him a just judgment. Mr. Beecher easily stood at the head of all orthodox preachers in America as a pulpit orator. He was stoutly Calvinistic, and a tremendously aggressive fighter. That this was bigotry does not imply that those who antagonized him were not also bigoted. But there were other reasons why Miss Martineau felt repelled from the great man. "It is to be hoped," she remarks, "that all parties will remember that Dr. Beecher preached in Boston three sermons vituperative of the Catholics the Sunday before the burning of the Charlestown Convent by a Boston mob." But still worse to her was the fact that Dr. Beecher was in charge of Lane Theological Seminary, from which had been expelled a large number of its pupils because they refused to avoid discussing the slavery question.

Miss Martineau had already made a complete tour of the country, by way of Washington, South Carolina, the Mississippi Valley, and back to New York, and then to Boston, before she met with the abolitionists. But all the way she had found a moral condemnation of slavery, and had expressed her own convictions clearly. At New Orleans especially she could never get out of the way of the horrors of slavery. After reading her picturesque descriptions, I feel quite sure Mrs. Stowe had read her book, and was indebted to her for considerable word picturing. Certainly this "Retrospect," published in 1838, is as scathing as Uncle Tom, and as witty and as eloquent. But

she was in Boston in 1835, and the book was not then written. She was full of warmest feelings toward many slave-holders, who had been her devoted friends and hospitable entertainers, and she knew only two or three abolitionists. She intended to know more about them. It was her business in America to see all classes and hear all sides. Riots were frequent, mobbing abolition meetings the rule. The ladies of the Antislavery Society were determined to have a meeting. Would the distinguished visitor attend? Most assuredly the woman lashed to the bulkhead in an Atlantic storm was not the one to quail before a prospective mob. Once in the Convention Hall, it was not so easy to go no farther than silent acquiescence. A note was handed her, asking if she had any objection to speaking a word of sympathy. She replied that, having declared her convictions on the safe side of the Atlantic, she was bound to do the same when called for on the unsafe side. She at once arose and expressed her abhorrence of slavery, in exactly the same way that she had done everywhere through the South. But this time there was this world-wide difference,—she was talking in an assembly of abolitionists, and giving them aid and comfort. The result was instantaneous, and to her astounding. Lionized as she had been by two worlds, she suddenly found that in the new world she was positively unpopular and socially shunned. Urgent invitations for her visits were withdrawn, or sneakily avoided in their consequences. Even her life was unsafe. But she had not taken extreme grounds. Her presence at an antislavery meeting had been as a sight-seer. Her remarks had been only judicially kind. Her mind was so constituted as to look inevitably on both sides of a question. She had seen the best of slavery as well as its worst. She was inclined to sympathize with men born to such property as negroes. She said afterward: "It is the misfortune of the individual, the crime of the state. If I had tidings to-morrow of a bequest to me of an estate with fifty slaves on it I am not sure that I should not regard it as a criminal evasion of responsibility to manumit them." She afterward became a very

warm friend of Charles Sumner, but they could not agree on the method of handling political and social questions.

The autobiography now published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. is a remarkable book of its sort, easily ranking with the five best autobiographies in our language, if not in any language. But it should be supplemented by "Retrospects of Western Travel." "Society in America" is a heavier, more philosophical treatise, and of less permanent value. The "Retrospect" is as delicious a bit of gossip as can be found in our literature. It is an American book in flavor as well as in its topic. Its pictures cover not only our political life and economic institutions, but especially deal with educational and domestic affairs.

Perhaps the very best result of her western tour was the deep interest roused in Miss Martineau in the founding of Oberlin College. She had visited Cincinnati with eyes of admiration, and believed it would be the ultimate capital of the United States. But Lane Seminary, which was located there as a seminary for Presbyterian ministers, would not tolerate abolition sentiment in its students. The result was the determination to found a new theological school. Reforms are generally friends. Progress of one sort can never be made alone. So, to the glory of America, coeducation of the sexes was established in the new college at Oberlin at its founding in 1838. Such men as Asa Mahan and Charles G. Finney were among its earliest teachers. Calvinism at its high-water mark at Lane went to its low-water mark at Oberlin. America owes a debt to that institution it cannot yet appreciate or pay. It was the beginning of a larger intellectual freedom, a higher code of social duty, and a more rational method of education. It struck at slavery in all recognizable forms.

Her pictures of Harvard are graphic to almost a degree of the comic. In her judgment, if Harvard was ever to recover her supremacy, it must be by a renovation of her management and a change of some of her recognized principles. The Americans were proud of her, but she was falling behind the age. Her politics were opposed to those of the great body

of the American people. "She is the aristocratic college of the United States. Her pride of antiquity, her vanity of pre-eminence and wealth are likely to prevent her renovating her principles, and she will probably receive sufficient patronage from the aristocracy for a considerable time to come to encourage her in all her faults." The library numbered forty thousand volumes, while the salary of the professors ranged from five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars. There were just over two hundred undergraduates, and a scholar could not live at Harvard for less than two hundred dollars a year. She fully comprehended the rigid economy practiced by New England parents in order to secure for their sons the craved university education, and she hoped something could be done to reduce expenses.

Her account of two American institutions of a less serious sort I must make room for. She has in her diary these minutes: "This day, the seventh of August, I first tasted green corn, one of the most delicious of vegetables. The greatest drawback is the way in which it is necessary to eat it. The cob, eight or ten inches long, is held at both ends, and having been previously sprinkled with salt is nibbled from end to end. It looks awkward enough, but what is to be done? Surrendering such a vegetable from considerations of grace is not to be thought of." She also had her first sleigh-ride, which she indorses as follows: "Do you want to know what sleighing is like? Set your chair on a spring-board out in the porch on Christmas-day; put your boots in a pail full of powdered ice; have somebody jingle a bell in one ear and somebody else blow into the other with the bellows, and you will have an exact idea of sleighing." It is amusing to read her comments on our readiness to follow mesmerists and phrenologists, and other possible cranks, when we know that at a later period she was herself restored from absolute physical prostration and "hopeless disease" by an appeal to mesmerism, and she had to meet most serious condemnation for having her life saved by non-orthodox methods.

Having really gained a thorough insight into American society and institu-

tions, Miss Martineau went back to England to face the publishers. Her survey of the tour is exceedingly kindly, and confident of her warm friendships. "Friendships are the grand gain of travel, over a continent or through life." She

looks back with the belief that in America the happiest class is the small one of the original abolitionists,—men and women wholly devoted to a lofty pursuit, and sacrificing for it readily what others most value.

## THE MYSTICAL TEACHING OF JESUS

BY PROF. JEAN DU BUY, PH. D.

In my previous papers I endeavored to present the ethical teaching of Jesus. The following paper will deal with the mystical teaching of Jesus. While the first three papers told us how we ought to live if we wish to live a spiritual life, this paper, on the other hand, will tell us what, according to Jesus, our invisible Father is doing for us. While the ethical teaching of Jesus is largely to be found in the first three gospels, we shall find his mystical teaching largely in the fourth gospel, and that for the reason that the fourth gospel hands down to us many words of Jesus which he addressed to those who had already gained an insight into spiritual life.

The fundamental conception of the whole teaching of Jesus is that of the constant presence of an invisible Father. Jesus' whole teaching is based upon the conviction that we are constantly in the presence of a Father; and yet there is not a single word of Jesus in the four gospels in which he positively teaches that fundamental conviction of his. What comes nearest to a declaration of that conviction is the following word of his which we find in three or four places in the gospels, each time in a somewhat different rendering. I mean the word which, according to the fourth gospel, he once uttered in a prayer: "O righteous Father, the world knew thee not, but I knew thee." In this word Jesus apparently looked back upon a time when the world did not know anything about the presence of an invisible Father, and when he was the only one who had that cheering conviction. That is to say, Jesus must have spoken that word at a

later period of his life, when he was looking back upon the beginning of his career as a spiritual teacher.

Of course, the Jews of Jesus' time believed in a God. But they thought of God as a king, as a mighty despot, whom one has to fear. Jesus, on the other hand, taught that the God in whom they believed was a loving Father, in whom we ought to have a childlike trust. Between these two conceptions of God there is a wide gulf. To my mind, it was this contrast which Jesus wanted to express when he said to his disciples: "No longer do I call you servants; for the servant knows not what his lord does. But I have called you friends; for all things that I heard from my Father I have made known unto you." I am fully aware this word of Jesus, in the connection in which it is given in the fourth gospel, seems to say that Jesus called his disciples no longer his servants, but his friends. But I believe the real meaning of that word is much deeper than that, namely, that Jesus considered his disciples no longer servants of God, but friends of God,—no longer servants of a mighty king, but children and friends of a loving Father. Jesus wanted people to think of God as a Father. Yet to most Christians, as to the Jews of old, God is still a mighty king whom one has to fear, and not a loving Father in whom one can have a childlike trust.

But if we, like Jesus, really have the conviction that we are constantly in the presence of an invisible Father, then shall we never feel lonely, although no human being may be near us. For then shall we be able to say with Jesus: "I am not alone, because the Father is with me."



And the more we try to do the will of the Father the more shall we become convinced that the presence of the invisible Father is an actual fact. It was for this reason that Jesus could say of the Father: "He has not left me alone; for I do always the things that are pleasing to him."

But Jesus did not only teach that an invisible Father is constantly present with us; he taught also that the spirit of this Father is in a spiritual man. He said of himself that the Father was in him; but he said also of his disciples that the spirit of the Father would speak in them. Speaking of himself, Jesus said: "Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? The words that I say unto you I speak not from myself; but the Father, abiding in me, does his works. Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me. Or else believe me for the very works' sake." And speaking to his disciples, he said: "When they deliver you up, be not anxious how or what ye shall speak; for it shall be given you in that hour what ye shall speak. For it is not ye that speak, but the spirit of your Father that speaks in you." Only that the spirit of the Father will speak through a spiritual man not merely when the man will have to defend himself against enemies, but likewise on many different occasions. For in the same degree in which a man endeavors to become spiritual, to be in the Father, as Jesus calls it, in the same degree will the spirit of the Father manifest itself through that man.

It goes without saying that a man through whom the spirit of the Father speaks will be very different from the people of the world. Indeed, the people of the world will be so perfectly unable to understand him that they will even call him insane. Jesus himself had to taste this bitter experience when people, unable to see that the spirit of the Father spoke through him, pronounced him to have "an unclean spirit." This mistaking of the spirit of the Father in him aroused Jesus to such an extent that he made the following strong declaration: "All their sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, and their blasphemies whosoever they shall blaspheme; but

whosoever shall blaspheme against the Holy Spirit has never forgiveness, but is guilty of an eternal sin." The reason why Jesus made this strong statement must have been, it seems to me, that he held that there was no excuse for one who, having heard the divine spirit speak through a man, declared that man to be insane. This explanation is in accord with Jesus' axioms that "the tree is known by its fruit" and that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaks." He held that one ought to be able to judge a man's spirit from his speech.

When, however, the spirit of the Father actually speaks through a man, then is the mystical connection between the divine spirit and that man such an intimate one that one can say with Jesus: "It is not ye that speak, but the spirit of your Father that speaks in you." Then can one rightly say of that man that he and the Father are one. It was in this sense that Jesus said of himself: "I and the Father are one."

But the spirit of the Father will not only be recognized by others when it speaks through a man; it will also speak to the man himself if he is willing to listen to it. The spirit will tell him what he should do and what he should not do. Jesus must have listened to the voice of the divine spirit. At least, that is the way in which I explain to myself such a word of Jesus as this, "My time is not yet come," or that other word of his which he addressed to a publican, named Zaccheus, "To-day I must abide at thy house." In one case Jesus felt that his time for action had not yet come; in the other case he felt that he should do a certain thing, namely, stop at the house of the publican Zaccheus. Of course, one might say that in either case it was Jesus' own reason that told him what to do and what not to do. But, while I do not deny this, I still believe that Jesus, like many another spiritual man, desired to be guided by the divine spirit, and therefore, listened for the speaking of its voice.

I have said a good deal concerning the fact that the spirit of the Father can speak through a man. But I have not



said a word on the question how the divine spirit may be obtained by us. I will try to answer that question now. And I will do so in Jesus' own words. He stated the principle according to which the divine spirit may be obtained when he said: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." He meant to say that, as in every-day life one who earnestly asks for a thing will receive it, as one who diligently seeks for a lost thing will find it, and as one who persistently knocks at a door will finally be admitted, so one who earnestly desires to obtain the divine spirit will receive it. And, referring to his fundamental conviction that we are in the presence of an invisible Father, he added: "What man is there of you who, if his son shall ask him for a loaf, will give him a stone; or, if he shall ask for a fish, will give him a serpent; or, if he shall ask an egg will he give him a scorpion? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" In other words, Jesus endeavored to convince people that, if human parents give their children the good gifts for which the children ask, then will our invisible Father far more readily give the best of all gifts, his own spirit, to those who earnestly desire it. In order to avoid any misunderstanding here, it may be well to say that Jesus, when speaking of asking for the Holy Spirit, cannot have meant an occasional prayer for it, but must have meant any earnest desire for it. And the best preparation for receiving the divine spirit is an earnest endeavor to live a spiritual life.

Concerning the important question which I have just been touching, the question of our consecration or sanctification, there exists a wide difference of opinion among earnest people. Some will maintain that all that is necessary for it is an honest endeavor to live a spiritual life, while others will say that we are altogether impotent in the matter, and that the whole work of our sanctification has to be done by our invisible Father himself. The advocates of either of these

views may quote words of Jesus in support of their stand-point. The champions of ethical life may say that Jesus was primarily a teacher of ethical life, and that he, the man Jesus, declared, speaking of his disciples, "For their sakes I sanctify myself." And the believers in human impotence and in the exclusive work of the Father in the matter of our sanctification may, on the other hand, say that Jesus spoke of himself as "him whom the Father sanctified," that he asked the Father in prayer to sanctify his disciples, and that he said in reference to our sanctification, "With men it is impossible, but not with God. For all things are possible with God." That sounds as if Jesus contradicted himself. However, we should not try to decide this important question of our consecration or sanctification by quoting a few occasional words of Jesus, but rather answer it in the spirit of the whole teaching of Jesus. If we do that, then shall we come to the conclusion that Jesus wanted people to believe in themselves, to trust that they can accomplish a great deal in the way of purifying their characters. But we shall also see that this is not all, that Jesus wanted his followers to depend on the invisible Father for crowning their own efforts with success.

This last thought leads us naturally into a discussion of the subject of prayer, or rather into a discussion of Jesus' attitude toward prayer. And the first thing which will impress itself upon us, if we make an honest investigation of Jesus' words on this subject, is the fact that we have in the four gospels very few words of Jesus regarding prayer. Then, in the next place, we shall find that a number of words of Jesus on the subject of prayer are directed against prayer, at least against certain kinds of prayer. We have discussed already Jesus' sharp criticisms of hypocritical prayers, of prayers that do not come from the heart, but are uttered only for show, or in order to cover up the real wickedness of the man. We shall now see that Jesus spoke also against another kind of prayer, namely, against prayers which are meant sincerely, but which consist of constant repetitions, or

in which men tell their invisible Father of the things they need, as if our Father did not know our needs without our telling him. Jesus said: "In praying use not vain repetitions as the Gentiles do; for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not therefore like unto them; for your Father knows what things ye have need of before ye ask him." And yet, in spite of these words of Jesus, how much can one hear to-day in the very churches that call themselves after Jesus, not only of vain repetitions and of telling the Father of the things we need, but, I am sorry to say, also of hypocritical prayers!

But, however much Jesus said against certain kinds of prayer, he did not mean to deprecate prayer. On the contrary, he prayed himself; he taught his disciples how to pray; and, while he intimated that our Father would not hear prayers merely because they were very long, he taught, in his parable of the unrighteous judge, that our Father would hear persistent prayers, and that apparently because a persistent prayer implies an earnest desire on the part of the one who makes it.

I said Jesus taught his disciples how to pray. We have the model prayer which he taught his disciples,—the prayer which is usually called by Christians the Lord's prayer. In its original form that prayer must have read somewhat like this: "Father! Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we also have forgiven our debtors. And bring us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one." This prayer, when measured by Jesus' own standard, is plainly above all criticism,—it is short, it is free from vain repetitions, and does not tell our Father of our needs which he knows better than we ourselves. But, above all, it is a truly spiritual prayer. It asks the Father for spiritual things,—for the coming of his kingdom, whatever that may mean, for forgiveness of our sins, and for deliverance from the power of temptation. Even the petition for our daily bread is of a spiritual nature. For, if we take into consideration that the natural man desires wealth and luxury, then shall we appreciate that the pe-

tition for our daily bread only, if uttered from the heart of a man, implies that that man has overcome the temptation of greediness. The prayer is an example of a short, rational, and truly spiritual prayer. Jesus did not mean that it should be repeated literally by his followers, but intended it for a model by which his followers might learn how to pray.

I have already referred to the fact that Jesus prayed. The gospels tell us, however, not only that Jesus prayed, but also that he prayed for others. We have even one word of Jesus in which he tells one of his disciples directly that he had prayed for him, namely, the word: "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan asked to have you that he might sift you as wheat. But I made supplication for thee that thy faith fail not. And do thou, when once thou hast turned again, stablish thy brethren."

When we now ask for the authority for Jesus' whole teaching, the very nature of his teaching will suggest the answer to us that Jesus spoke from experience. Jesus' authority for his teaching was his spiritual experience, and not his intellectual speculation. Jesus' attitude was that of a scientist, and not that of a philosopher. If he had based his teaching on speculation, like a philosopher, then would he never have been able to prove the truth of his teaching. But because he based his teaching on his experience, like a scientist, therefore can every one who will follow his teaching find out through his own spiritual experience that Jesus' teaching is the truth concerning spiritual life. "If any man wills to do his will, he shall know of the teaching whether it be of God, or whether I speak for myself," said Jesus.

While Jesus thus spoke from his spiritual experience, and wanted his followers to base their convictions on their own spiritual experience, he claimed that his teaching was given him by the invisible Father. He declared that he came in the name of the Father, and that the Father sent him. Of course, these latter expressions are figures of speech. What Jesus meant to say was that he considered himself a messenger from the Father who could speak in the Father's name. Jesus

knew that his teaching was not the product of philosophical speculation on his part, but was the expression of his spiritual experience. And, being a deeply religious man, a true mystic, he was convinced the Father had given him his spiritual experience in order to teach him the truth concerning spiritual life, so that he could teach others in the name of the Father. Again and again in the fourth gospel Jesus protests that he does not come of himself,—that he does not come in his own name, but in the name of the Father, and that his teaching is not his own, but the Father's who had been teaching him. From a number of words of Jesus of this kind I will quote the following only: "I am not come of myself," "I do nothing of myself, but as the Father taught me I speak these things," "My teaching is not mine, but his that sent me," "The word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's who sent me," "I am come in my Father's name, and ye receive me not; if another shall come in his own name, him ye will receive."

In this last word Jesus contrasts also the different reception which the world will give to one who comes in his own name and to one who comes in the name of the Father. The world will receive the one who comes in his own name, but will not listen to the one who, like Jesus, comes in the name of the invisible Father, and that, I think, for the reason that the world will consider the one who says he comes in the Father's name as a religious maniac, while it will reverence the self-assertive philosopher who pushes his personality into the foreground as a great

thinker. But Jesus intimated that of the two—the self-assertive philosopher and the mystic who wants to give all the glory of his teaching to the invisible Father—the latter should rather be believed than the former, because he is at least free from slavery to vanity. "He that speaks from himself seeks his own glory; but he that seeks the glory of him that sent him the same is true, and no unrighteousness is in him," said Jesus. And, in order that people might believe him, Jesus testified of himself, "I seek not mine own glory."

If we now finally ask for the reason why Jesus declared so often that he came in the name of the Father, and that his teaching was given him by the Father, the negative answer which follows from what we have just been saying is that Jesus certainly did not wish to receive glory from men for his sublime teaching. The man who said, "I seek not mine own glory," and that he "came not to be ministered unto," certainly did not wish to be worshiped by his fellow-men. My positive answer to the question, however, is that Jesus said so often that his teaching was given him by the Father in order that people might believe him that he was teaching the truth. But the ultimate reason why Jesus insisted that he was taught by the Father was that he desired many others would, like him, consecrate their lives, in order that they, like himself, would be taught by the Father concerning spiritual life. The ideal which Jesus held was the same as that of the prophet Isaiah,—*"They shall all be taught of God."*

## THE UNFULFILLED IDEAL OF UNITARIANISM

BY HENRY WOOD

In these days, when theological creeds are waning and religious dogmatism has so largely spent its force, it would easily appear that a church whose faith is so simple, wholesome, and attractive as that of the Unitarian denomination should be distinctively prosperous and aggressive. But, outwardly and numerically at least, such a consummation has not been real-

ized. During the last two or three decades, while there has been a remarkable growth in the population of the country, the increase of liberalism, as a system, has fallen relatively much behind. As a comparative factor in the collective religious whole, it seems to have ebbed in a measure that is worthy of serious attention. This conclusion is based upon a

review of the denominational year-books, which, in brief, make the following showing:

In 1820 the societies numbered one hundred and twenty-two, and in 1845 had increased to two hundred and eighty. In 1870 there were three hundred and thirty-four; in 1880, three hundred and forty-four; in 1890, four hundred and eight, and in 1899, about four hundred and seventy-one. Since 1870 the estimated population of the United States has increased about one hundred per cent, while the Unitarian churches only show a gain in number of about forty per cent. The causes which may be assigned for this apparently anomalous state of affairs are doubtless somewhat complex. But perhaps a discriminative study of present conditions, coupled with a simple outline of the historic forces which led to the rise and spread of liberalism, especially in New England, may shed some light upon the problem and measurably aid in its interpretation. Is it not possible to locate with some degree of accuracy those commissions and omissions which are accountable for the lack of that vigor and of those wide-spread positive results which might have been logically expected?

Every progressive soul must warmly appreciate the high mission, beneficent influence, and past accomplishment of Unitarianism. Since the early part of the century now just ending it has sweetened moral acidity, rationalized an imposed superstition, lightened a hyper-Puritanic austerity, and gladdened millions of beating hearts, not merely among its own adherents, but through its outward penetrative influences, which have softened the former rigidity of Christendom through and through.

In a broader sense of the term, Unitarianism includes many vital principles of the great Reformation in the sixteenth century, which were germinal in the humanizing of theology and ethics and in molding them more nearly into accord with the autonomy of the mind of man. But in this inquiry reference is limited to modern liberal ecclesiastical organizations, as distinguished from those known as trinitarian and orthodox, in the United States. As a distinctive movement, it be-

gan in 1815 to organize a liberal theology under a democratic or what is known as a congregational polity.

Soon there followed an important "land-slide" into its ranks, the extent of which may be inferred from the fact that among the existent societies of to-day no less than one hundred and twenty were originally orthodox trinitarian. It was a veritable religious upheaval. It marked the ripeness and culmination of the Calvinistic theology, which included such an emphasis upon the doctrine of "three Persons" that in great degree there were in the thought of men three Gods. Monotheism had well-nigh given place to tritheism. Extremes invariably result in reaction, and in this case it was most pronounced. Under the molding influences of Martineau, Channing, Theodore Parker, and their associates, the rising system was coherently rationalized, spiritualized, and made more definitely natural and scientific than any previously accepted body of doctrine. Then followed a lessened emphasis upon biblical literalism, with freer interpretation and more impartial criticism. As a logical sequence, there came a denial of the "fall of man" from holiness in Adam as the representative head of the race, of the total depravity of human nature, the vicarious atonement, and eternal punishment. The dignity of man and his divine sonship were brought to light and affirmed. The Holy Spirit, instead of being "a Person," was identified with the omnipresent God, or as the direct influence of the mind of God upon the mind of man. An inborn immortality of soul was generally accepted, with the belief of the progressive attainment of all men in holiness and happiness. As early as 1820 the Unitarian Association was formed, mainly for the support of poor churches and the diffusion of denominational literature, and Harvard College became the recognized educational center of the liberal church. But its spirit and trend were rather in the direction of free thought than toward any fixed even though liberal theology. While it had much in common with other religious systems, it avoided dogmatism and encouraged open inquiry for new truth. Perhaps the most prominent and



ideal exponent of liberal thought was Channing. So broad and beautiful was he in spirit that dogmatism and sectarianism melted away before him.

In due time a kind of philosophical coalescence naturally formed between Unitarianism and the transcendentalism of Emerson and his associates, the latter subtle element entering in and softening and rounding out the lofty ethics of the denominational leaders, thus bringing the combination considerably in touch with the prevailing German philosophy and theology. The rational and scientific spirit more and more prevailed. Theological abstractions weakened, and the constitution, capacity, and needs of man began to be studied in their adaptability and relation to religious truth. Increasing simplicity continued, and coming down to the present time the system was focalized into the recent brief but all-inclusive formula of doctrine: "The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man."

But justly to estimate the progress and triumph of the truth and spirit of Unitarianism, one must go outside of its denominational boundaries. Its leaven has "leavened the whole lump." In liberal measure the rest of Christendom has appropriated its principles and taken on its color, while carefully avoiding its name. Like many another innovation, it has been gradually taken possession of without thanks, or even any fair recognition. It has yielded its vitality to its former antagonists. Its real conquest therefore has been esoteric and without observation.

But there is another important phase of organized liberalism that claims attention. It engaged with vigor in a long and arduous iconoclastic work, which was so absorbing that constructive effort fell into neglect. After leading innumerable weary souls out of bondage, its own garner became lean and failed to furnish them with adequate sustenance. It broke many shackles, but the released limbs grew feeble for lack of exercise. Its task of pulling down the decayed frame-work of other systems became so absorbing that protest and negation at length became the rule. In the mean time the necessity for iconoclasm had come to an end.

The spirit of liberalism is amiable, its humanitarianism lofty, and its charity abounding, but its spiritual fabric lacks strength. The reason for this seems to be that, in its escape from and reaction against supernaturalism and superstition, it came under the prevailing influence of scientific materialism. The divinity of man and his normal spiritual oneness with God, though held in theory, have been practically overrationalized. On this account new systems, possessing more of the spiritual element, but which are logically deficient, are springing up and showing wonderful increase. The present trend of the multitude may be described as a reaction from a reaction. It is therefore easy to divine the real cause of the slow growth, or rather the relative decadence, of Unitarianism. It is the lack of a distinctive spiritual philosophy. Among its individual exponents there are many and notable exceptions, but these, by comparison, tend to emphasize the truth of the generalization.

The prevalent view-point and plane of effort is mainly included in the field of material altruism, social reforms, and humanitarianism. These are most excellent, so far as they go, but are not all. They constitute an important part of practical religious life and character, but stop far short of the full ideal. Man is a spiritual being, and the higher aspirations of his soul must be ministered unto and developed. The spiritual nature must be definitely fed, for "man shall not live by bread alone." The higher attainment has increasingly come to be regarded as beyond the limit of every-day practicality. The externalism of the stress and motive of occidental civilization at length becomes barren and burdensome, and humanity craves something deeper and more satisfying. That which is without, however refined and humanized, fails to fill an esoteric and subjective void. Even physical science is striving more and more to penetrate beyond the surface and to get at the soul of things. Prevailing materialism breeds pessimism, and both are the result of a low view-point of observation. The marvelous developments of science, invention, and improvement have done little to lighten the load of human



woe. The cravings of man's spiritual nature are no better satisfied when he travels in the limited express than when ten miles an hour was the maximum. The gigantic armies and navies of the world, all in readiness to "let slip the dogs of war" at a moment's notice, show that modern humanitarianism and altruism, combined with the accepted theology of both the liberal and orthodox bodies, have done little through spiritual evolution to dominate the animalism of the race. The daily press, with its thousand-fold multiplied issues, pours forth a flood of mental pabulum which in the main is prejudicial and unwholesome, and we have a literature which, under the plea of realism and devotion to art, panders and appeals mainly to the lower passions and emotions of human nature. Realism, low realism, everywhere! Nothing idealistic in the whole horizon! Experience already teaches that a greatly broadened scale of material comforts and luxuries only intensifies man's sullen discontent with his lot. Remedial legislation, so often urged as a panacea, if piled mountain high, only complicates the relations and increases the frictions among the masses and classes. Even education in the ordinary sense is powerless to lift and harmonize man's higher and deeper nature. The mental horizon of the vast majority is practically limited to the seen and sensuous.

But what has Unitarianism to do with all these subtle inharmonies? Much, as have also all the other Christian churches. The whole church, while ethically important, is primarily constituted for the spiritual development of the race. In proportion as its field of labor is limited to the realm of material things its higher ideal is not realized. The cultivation of the spiritual consciousness is not here used in the sense of "other-worldiness," or primarily as a preparation for that future state. It is as normal, as an evolutionary step here and now, as is the intellectual or the physical. It belongs to the natural order, is amenable to law, and has practicality. An impression has become common that it belongs to some intangible and supernatural domain far

away, if not indeed entirely imaginary. But Channing, the great prophet of pre-materialistic Unitarianism, thought otherwise. Note a few of his ringing sentences:

I call that mind free which masters the senses, which protects itself against animal appetites, which contemns pleasure and pain in comparison with its own energy, which penetrates beneath the body and recognizes its own reality and greatness, which passes life, not in asking what it shall eat or drink, but in hungering, thirsting, and seeking after righteousness. I call that mind free which escapes the bondage of matter, which, instead of stopping at the material universe and making it a prison wall, passes beyond it to its Author, and finds in the radiant signatures which it everywhere bears of the Infinite Spirit helps to its own spiritual enlargement.

Such a normal upliftment is what humanity is seeking, even though unconsciously, to round out its shrunken proportions, and it should be the high office of the church, both liberal and conservative, generously to minister to such a universal hunger. Man is and will be restless until he finds his supplement and completeness in the universal. While neither the church nor any other objective institution can furnish him, from without, with that divinity which only can be found within the depths of his own being, it can powerfully aid in arousing and warming its latent and benumbed energies into wholesome activity. A positive spiritual philosophy, when vital at the soul-center, will radiate, as its legitimate fruit, transformed ethical and social conditions. As the highest is sought and cultivated, lesser things will be added in their order. Before the church can fulfill its high ideal it must emerge from under the wide-spreading shadow of dominant materialism into the sunlight of a deeper reality. It must penetrate beyond the surface of the phenomenal, and fully recognize and deal with the primal and noumenal. Man must be interpreted to his own consciousness not as formed of the dust, but as a living spiritual entity in the process of individual unfoldment. It is to be hoped that the great current of liberalism, which in its earlier course received so many clear and wholesome

tributaries, will not become bound in the shallows of an unspiritual age, and measurably miss that spiritual robustness

which was so conspicuous in Channing, Starr King, and other early apostles of the faith.

## A THEORY OF IMMORTALITY

BY REV. W. G. TODD

Let not the reader impatiently turn away from this subject, or pass it by with only a casual glance, because of the word "theory." Theory, where it is employed as a trial hypothesis, has its scientific uses. The wisest philosophers the world has ever known have recognized the assistance given to human thought through the setting up of a "working hypothesis" in the mind, by which trial measurements may be made, and the line of work laid out, even though that work eventually result in a complete modification or even abandonment of the hypothesis.

If this aim be consistently carried out, it will reveal the theory, either as or as not containing the three common requirements of a science, namely, 1. A central principle capable of including and harmonizing all the facts of the subject; 2. A harmonious connection with sister sciences in this department of thought; 3. The power to apply itself to the vital interests of human society, or, in other words, the ability to fall in with nature's universal law of the final transference of material from the hands of science to those of art.

The subject of immortality should be divested of all extraneous and incidental matter. It is primarily a scientific, and only secondarily a theological or spiritistic subject. Separated from superstition, from theological creeds, and from the half-lights and shadows of so-called spiritualism, it simply and definitely asks the question: Does individual life continue beyond physical organization?

This question, to the mind of the careful reader, immediately suggests two others: (1) What does the questioner mean by "life?" (2) What does he mean by "organization?"

(1) Life, in the abstract, we shall say, is organized energy. That is the most

general definition which will include all life. Force tells us that there is life in the world. It is through force that life shows itself. The universe, as a living whole, expresses itself through a universal energy, immanent in all its parts, and working in these parts by an association of forces acting in harmony with each other and with the great whole, and hence organically related.

Individual lives are this universal energy localized, individualized, specialized, or limited. They divide force into particular forces, will into wills; in them energy becomes transformed into effort. Therefore, individual lives represent organized effort.

But effort implies an aim. Individual effort asserts a purpose in every act. Its very nature implies a goal to be reached, an end to be attained. There can be no aimless effort. The nature of effort must therefore be recognized in our question, and some theory or forecast of the end and aim of life made. What shall it be? What is all life aiming at? In finding the aim we should turn to nature. We should ask her for her plan. That plan is not hidden. It is published on every page of the great book open before us. Her purpose, everywhere written in all her forms of life, is growth, development, and this by organization. Individual lives are, therefore, organized effort tending to an end, and that end development.

(2) Organization, we will say, is the harmonious, working association of parts within a whole,—an association for the carrying out of the will of that whole. It implies a central governing power, whose will is executed by the co-operation of subordinate yet independent wills. As such, the individual organism is a formal community of effort or will, regulated by an internal law, holding all parts in har-

mony and unifying them so that wills become one will.

The question of a future life thus reduces itself, under our first inquiry into its real meaning, to a question of the possible continuance of organization. When the body dies nothing, even physically, ceases to exist. It is simply disorganized, decomposed, and its elements set up their own independent lives or join other organisms. The holding power of this particular organism is broken; anarchy takes the place of government. If the holding of parts to the service of a whole be organization, then the ability to continue to hold parts together is the secret of continued organization; and if life be organized energy, then the ability to continue to hold world energies to the use of its effort in personal development is the secret of continued existence.

So far our inquiry into the nature of these two things—"life" and "organization"—has only divested the subject of immortality of extraneous matter and given it a simple statement. It still remains, in essence, the same as before. It simply restates the question, and in place of the old query, "Does individual life continue beyond physical organization?" it asks, Does organized effort in growth extend beyond physical organization?

We have defined organization as the harmonious, working association of parts within a whole. In its most abstract form it is a simple association of forces—any association—within the boundless sphere of universal energy. This may be said to be a definition of organization as it is seen in its simple state of being. But thought seeks expression in three tenses—past, present, and future. Really to know a thing we must not only see it as it is, but (a) in its cause, or origin, and (b) in its effects, or expression.

(a) Origin of organization. The steps in the formation of organization are not hidden from human vision. They lie all about us in the material world, and they fill the pages of history and make the records of science. The whole sphere of the formation of human organization, we may believe, is confined to the material plane. The sphere in which it is constructed is the sphere of human experi-

ence. Its method of formation is the method of experiment.

If life be organized effort for an end, and organization be harmonious association, then it follows that steps in organization are steps in learning the proper association of things, and we should expect to find all about us in life the records of experiments in trying to associate or fit forces in harmony for the reaching of some end. This is exactly what we do find. The life of man is spent in this work of experimenting. The long ages of animal life have been spent in this, and more particularly in its earlier periods. So of vegetable life. So, according to Crooks, of chemical organization. The adaptation of wings to air, of fins to water, of claws to climbing, of hands to the skilled demands of human art, of the habits of bird and beast to the changes of the seasons, of the various families of man to varied climatic conditions,—these are so many examples of successful experiments in the harmonious association of forces to the ends of organized effort.

(b) Effects of organization. The effects of all this experimenting in the association of forces, and the results of organized effort, are finally seen beyond the particular life that makes the effort. At first, however, they are observed in itself. The first effects of the long-continued exercise of forces in close conjunction result in individual habit. It substitutes automatic action for voluntary effort. Even nature's wildest forces will, like sheep, finally fall to keeping the same place in the herd. Habit is a thing that we all know. We have seen it built up before our eyes. Deftness in work, quickness in perception, readiness in thought, promptness in action,—these are largely the results of fixed habit.

But habits long practiced by a race of individuals become more than habit. A habit becomes fixed in the race, becomes capable of being transmitted through inheritance; then we call it instinct, or second nature. The slack efforts of the African, strained only to the level of gathering the banana for food, extend scarcely beyond the experiments of the ox and the sheep, and lift the race only to a corresponding level. The tensor

efforts of the Anglo-Saxon, contending with nature in her more threatening moods, finally reach the plane of experimenting with world-wide mechanical energies, gain the secret of conquering nature by nature's own forces, and turn the results over to the race. Concentrated into the enforced prudence, foresight, and energy of the early Pilgrim Fathers of this land, this power becomes still further incarnated in New England enterprise, extends itself into every State of our broad country, and shows itself as a permanent force in the newer organized efforts that characterize the nineteenth century.

The results of individual lives, then, continue. They are not lost. They do not end with personal habit. They do not end with life. The fixedness of habit becomes finally fixed somewhere beyond any single life. The results of lives are somewhere stored within or behind the veil of matter until they can be appropriated by new lives. They have been accumulated naturally, as naturally as the forces in acid and salt cling together, and necessarily, as necessarily as any force takes the shortest line to reach its destination; and nature loses nothing that has been acquired naturally and necessarily. They arose by the law of the fitness of things, by individual lives fitting themselves to nature's surrounding conditions, and the human fittedness becomes a part of the eternal universe. Habits of association in nature's forces are not ephemeral and fleeting. They are established in a fixedness like the relations of light and heat, or like the chemical composition of the granite mountain. There are permanent threads of life on which lives are strung. Their coming and going, their eternal endedness, is sustained by that which has no end. Brief lives disappear. Permanent results remain.

This storing of results, and its practical use, may be seen in all of nature's domains. Go to the lowest form of life and you will see it. Ascend to its heights, and you still find it. The tiny moner, so low in the scale of life that it has no eyes, is yet not deficient in seeing; so low that it has no ears, it yet can hear; so helpless that it has no legs,

it yet can run; so disorganized that it has no organs, it yet spends its whole life in the exercise of those functions of organs which finally produce them. This moner is hungry, and seeks food. It senses its prey at every pore of its organless body. It is now all eyes. It seizes its prey. It is now all arms. It folds its soft body around the object, and every pore tastes and absorbs it. It is now all stomach. It learns of distance in the location of its prey. It is now all legs. These activities, or efforts, of the feeble little moner are not lost. They are not merely spent in providing for its own life. They have an end beyond itself. They are the beginnings of man. After long ages of such efforts, the results of which are stored in the invisible recesses of nature, comes a life a little higher than the moner, in which we see the gross accumulations of all that has preceded it. Each life added its work on to the life that came before it, and the result shows that the running forces of the moner have centralized themselves into legs, its seeing forces into eyes, its hearing forces into ears, its whole unorganized self into an animal which has numerous organs. All this has been by the fixed association of forces on lines of effort.

And this, which we may see on the low plane of the moner, continues all the way up the graded scale of development, and into and through the human family. When you have stated the law or method on one grade of life, you have stated the universal law. The efforts of the reptilian ancestor of bird and fish divided themselves, and brought wing and fin. The efforts of the anthropoidal ancestor of ape and man divided themselves, some experimenting with nest-building, others with hut-making, some with chattering, others with language-making, until finally we have the palace, refined speech, and all the paraphernalia of modern life. All of this was accomplished in one simple way—by the association of forces, by persistence in this until the association was fixed in organization, and then by nature's conferring upon these results the quality of immortality. Such is organization,—such the apparent method of its production, and the meaning of its results.



But here we reach something more than the definition of organization. In the apparent purpose written in the transference of the results of lives along the lines of family, race, and human inheritance, we find the great basic fact of development, and reach the ground-floor of the whole multiform structure of life. We reach, in fact, the universal principle of evolution—the most inclusive law yet announced by science, the grandest achievement of this scientific age.

What fact, also, in immortality have we reached? The correspondingly great fact that continued existence, by the storing up of the results of individual effort, is a fundamental part of the theory of evolution. The two theories are interdependent. They exist by mutually substantiating each other. They stand or fall together. We reach the fact, also, that both of these are more than theories,—they are universal principles. Evolution states the fact of accumulated energy in existence and the principle of growth. Our theory of immortality gives as its central and correlative principle this: continuity of force association, by organization, for growth.

But thus far, perhaps, we have seemed to reach no new truth. The immortality of the individual in his children is acknowledged by the doubter of personal immortality and by the most materialistic devotee to physical science. We have simply reached the fact of the preservation of the results of lives, without attempting to state the form in which those results are preserved. The question is now of the "Where?" as regards this preservation. Here the narrow forms of physical science part company with comprehensive science. The former can only trace physical organization from a previous physical organization; the latter admits the possibility of a law of organization extending beyond the material life. And the question of "Where?"—if we limit its meaning to place—does not suffice. This word presents too material a figure of speech, as we try to speak of laws and forces that know not the limitations of locality. It always introduces confusion into the subject of immortality, and yet we must tolerate it and bear with its

limitations, for we have no other word, and probably can have no other, until we get beyond the present limitations of thing-derived speech.

Let us, however, observe this difference between physical and general science more closely. It concerns the derivation of life from life. Is the process by which one physical organism continues in another a clear one to the physicist? Can he explain it to us? He tells us that all physical organization springs from some previous organization of like nature. Does this account for the upward steps of man's ascent from the moner? What preserved the gain made by any one on this experimental grade? Like produces like. What produces the plus-life that makes the ascent? Let us examine more closely the derivation of one organism from another. All the forms of life with which we are acquainted make this transference of life by means of the seed or egg. There is no other method. If we confine our vision to the material alone, we must say that the forces and tendencies stored up by one life can only be passed over to another in this manner, and that they must inhere in these things. The peculiarities of lives, therefore, should show themselves in seed and egg, or in the food which the new animal consumes. There are only these two sources, according to the physical scientist, for the varied phenomena of life. But are they here? The eggs and food of the many varieties of domestic fowls are chemically the same, dynamically the same, and yet how exact to a feather is the varied plumage of each kind, and how various other peculiarities! Now we may turn the material question of the "Where?" upon the scientist (it has true force in his sphere), and ask, Where is the differentiating force, or tendency, or stored-up habit, in the common egg? Do the seventy or more varieties of pigeons, showing all sorts of diversity in form and feather, receive their difference from the difference in egg and food—a difference which cannot be even chemically revealed? If this material egg on which we can put our hands, which we can subject to every test known to science, cannot reveal the "Where?" why persist in saying that it alone contains it? Or



are we here, as with parts of certain theological creeds, required to believe—trustfully believe—without evidence? And, if so, is it any more reprehensible to believe in an organic association of forces which simply extends beyond physical organization?

Let us see what grounds there are for the latter belief? All forces in nature, according to physical science, are modes or forms of one universal, immanent energy. These are all that Herbert Spencer declares that he recognizes, either within or without the organism. Certain of these forces always act together. When you find one, you find the other or others. They are in permanent, fixed association, in what may be called organization. This uniformity of association, this harmony in associated action, we call law—nature's law. Is this law of association limited to material form? Is it not a universal principle inhering in the very nature of existence? When we speak of the association of world-wide forces, are we not speaking of that which cannot be inclosed by place?

The continued existence of the universe as a whole denies that nature is lawless beyond the limits of our vision. Law pervades where harmony pervades. And if law exists beyond the material, then the association of forces—the thing that the term "nature's law" stands for—exists there also. Any other supposition is unthinkable, for a "law of nature" is only a name for a certain method of association and associated action. The forces in certain bird organisms become associated in material life and organized into a definite tendency to fly south at the approach of winter. Is this tendency produced in the egg? Is it cultivated by peculiar food? We have the choice between believing that the results of migratory experimenting, as associated and organized forces, are stored in the invisible and immaterial, and reincarnated in each new bird life, or believing in a material cause which is also invisible and incomprehensible, and which, if universally recognized, would threaten the integrity of the whole theory of evolution. Thought, like force, usually follows the most direct path, and the direct and simple course here would

lead us to say we do not know "where," in the sense of locality, these results of life are stored, but they appear and reappear out of the universe of force and intelligence, and seem to have been preserved in its boundless bosom,—unlocated, we will say, until they present themselves before our eyes in the never-ending chain of coming and going existence.

Our theory of life asserts, therefore, that the immortality of life's result is not only in the visible form or race, but preserved in invisible organized centers of being; that we continue to live, not only in our children and in the race, but in the great universal life; that

What is excellent,  
As God lives, is permanent.

But here comes in the all-absorbing personal interest. Lives where? Lives how? Is it my own continued existence—my very own? The question, though often rudely relegated, without satisfactory reply, back to a self-interest that science cannot other than outlaw, is yet a natural and justifiable one. Science may be impatient with the desires of self, and their natural distance from the truth of universal law, but life—just the narrowness which makes life to be personal life—persists in demanding its answer. It continually presses the question, and asks, "In what form do we—you and I—this present self—exist? There can be but one answer. It must certainly be in just that organized form—that fixed association of forces—which we welded together ourselves during the course of this life's experiments and experiences. Whether the "I" be a bird or quadruped, a moner or a man, this must be true. The moner finally reached the result of centralizing his diffused forces into an eye or an ear. The man finally reaches as a result the centralization of forces into character. He has established in himself certain tendencies, and these tendencies live. He has organized the elements of his being into an association which continues to have the aims, the desires, the will of an organic whole. His immortality is the continued existence of that which he was in essence, of that which he accumulated

by organized effort. His immortality is no special miracle, no device for the happiness of man alone; it is the law of the universe, the law extending from moner to man.

All lives, then, within the boundless circle of nature's domains, are immortal, that is, so far as the results of their organized efforts in the visible, earthly life are concerned. These results, also, are not thingless things, empty nothings; they are forceful, dynamic, know where they belong, and what they are fit for on the plane of action. They feel the trend of their natures and perceive their proper place in the material world. They are organized forces which come into material life and find their proper habitation. They live and support the life of the race, the age, the integrity of the great developing whole. The stored results of the life efforts of the moner are not less than a moner. The results on the bird plane are not less than a bird. The results on the human plane cannot be less than a man. In each case the result of the life may be, and should be, superior to the life that brought it into being, as character is superior to the hour of trial in which it was developed. Immortality, then, if a law of the universe, commences at the lowest form of development, and extends to the highest. It cannot exclude man. He need not fear he will be robbed of it. His darling treasure is not only locked with a key no thief can find,—he is himself linked to it; indissolubly bound by the chain of human destiny, eternally held by the karma of each existence. He cannot escape it. It is inevitable.

But how will man know that he is immortal? This is another of the questions that personal interest thrusts upon us and which life justifies. It presents the question of personal identity. It asks, How can the identity of the individual be preserved beyond physical organization? The question might be answered by asking another, How is individual identity preserved now? The individual now is within the great whole. We have already shown that the preservation of our identity in the present stage of being is by organization. The individual life is an organized effort. If such is its

nature, and if that nature holds over as an organized result, then its identity holds over. The individual can never be submerged in the whole so long as the organization of a whole by independent parts is the law of the universe. What we call the all and the universe must be composed of particular organisms, as every organism is made up of molecules. The plan of nature is always one. What we find in one part, we find in all. Nature's manifold diversity simplifies itself, more and more, as we ascend its lines of unity. The law of existence is the law of wholes composed of parts, or organization. The subordinate part of every organization not only preserves its identity, but preserves it by means of the whole to which it belongs. The state preserves its autonomy by means of the nation. The citizen stands independently on his individual rights by the exercise of the organic functions of the city to which he belongs. The part lives in and by the whole, and can have no life without it. The whole lives in and by the parts, and can have no visible life without them. The universal does not swallow up the individual, but its life stands pledged for the preservation of its identity. It has organized the world on the individual, and will not destroy its own foundations.

But shall I know that I, as I, exist? And will my friends know that I am I? These two questions would naturally carry us into an investigation of the nature of knowledge, and even of affection, but such a scope to our subject must be avoided. As a shorter cut to the answer, we may skip directly to the question of consciousness. Shall I know myself as myself means, Shall I have self-consciousness? The question has already, by implication, been answered. It has already been asserted that the organized results of a life cannot be mere senseless nonentities, but organizations conscious of the trend of their natures, and with power to perceive the places in the universe to which they belong. Such an acquaintance with one's nature is self-consciousness, and we call self-consciousness the basis of our present identity.

But there is another consciousness with which self-consciousness is often blended,

to the great confusion of our minds on this subject. It is the sense consciousness,—that out of which self-consciousness is developed. We are first conscious of objects about us. We are conscious that they are not ourselves. In learning that fact we learn what we are. This kind of consciousness does not have its end in itself. It belongs to the experimental and preparatory stage of life. It is not permanent. We cannot expect to retain it beyond physical organization. It deals wholly with surfaces,—with the outside of life. It tells us ourselves by way of the not-self. Our senses deal wholly with the outside world. They constantly impress upon the mind the fact of difference from other things, instead of likeness to the common life. This is but a limited form of consciousness, one that wholly belongs to the earth plane of differentiation, and cannot be taken as a standard by which to measure true self-consciousness or the consciousness of a spiritual sphere.

Besides this sense consciousness there is another,—one which we can perceive in thought, and to some extent practice even in the material life. It is the super-individual consciousness. It is almost the opposite of sense consciousness. It is the perception of ourselves in our unity with instead of in our difference from others. It is man's highest consciousness. In the moral sphere it gives us now what we call sympathy, and makes us forget ourselves in the needs of others. In the purely intellectual sphere it enables us to see ourselves in the universal—to see ourselves with, instead of apart from, that which eternally is. It is man's true or philosophical consciousness, and as sure a support to his self-consciousness as that which belongs wholly to the senses. This is the kind of consciousness which we may suppose man to use when he continues beyond the limitations of his physical organization.

If this consciousness be difficult to understand, especially by those who have not tried to live in it morally, they may receive some aid to its comprehension by considering their experiences here in moments when the imagination is especially active. There are times in every life

when the individual forgets himself in his imagination. Some poet may offer the mystic draught which closes sense, and opens to him a vision of his oneness with the deep verities of existence, or the grand hand of nature may roll back the outer curtain of dark material existence, and show the super-individual sense in the perception of man's unity with her life. At such times one feels like giving up self to that which is more than self. You would gladly throw yourself from the mountain height into the great whole of life which surrounds you. You would be glad to melt into and become a part of the beauty of the scene. Here you have a hint of man's power of perception under conditions of unity, instead of under the usual conditions of difference. This is a state of being mentally reached by the mystic, and reached by many through the more common experience of religious exaltation. In all cases there is the same self-abandonment to find a higher self, the same self-renunciation to find life, the same closing of the eyes to the sphere of difference in order to enter into unity, the same perceiving one's self under the conditions of eternity. This is the way by which the imagination foreshadows the life that is to come.

As a further aid in the understanding of this consciousness, it may be pointed out that the grounds of all future recognition of friends, or of all perception beyond physical organization, must be in character. Our perceptions of others now are based on temporary aims and desires, on the fleeting occupations of the hour, on memories as transient as this life. Take these away and substitute the results gained by the experiments of this life, and you have character as the basis of recognition. Character recognizes character, and the higher it is developed the less it seems to perceive that which is not character. It is only the men of little character who hold always in mind, and bring before others, those human frailties which are so unlike character. The men of the most character in the world are the men who perceive deepest the nature and meaning of life, and estimate men by their positive forces for good rather than their negative forces of evil. This is the

super-individual perception of man. The character a man is able to build up in this life, and to organize so that it passes over, furnishes the stand-point from which he must see all things. The steps by the way, in the upbuilding of that character, must fall away.

This that perishes must naturally include a great part of that which we now call the store-house of memory. The memory belongs to the physical organism. As man does not remember the details of his long journey from the moner up to man, but only preserves the result of it all, so must it be in the future. The details will drop off. The essence of character, extracted from them all, will remain. This will be what our friends will recognize, and by which they will perceive that we are still ourselves,—that is, if they ever once perceived us. Superficial friendships can never stand the test of passing beyond physical organization. Nature preserves only the real. Our friends will perceive us if we ever really belonged to them; otherwise, how can it be possible? Indeed, otherwise, would it not be unendurable? Who would be burdened longer than necessary with the friendship of a temporary association, founded on nothing more permanent than local and selfish aims? Emerson sums up the whole truth of the recognition of friends when he says:

Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;  
Heart's love will meet thee again.

But there is another and still more confusing feature of any theory of immortality which bases itself upon the law of evolution. It is the correlative fact of reincarnation. If evolution has been made possible by nature's storing the results of one life, and passing them on to the next, and if this which is passed on is to be considered as a living organic entity, then is immortality the source of a perpetual reincarnation until some point in development has been reached where man no longer needs earth's discipline. This fact, I say, makes immortality more difficult to comprehend, especially when intermixed with the notions that already fill our minds. It especially confuses our thought as we attempt to picture to our-

selves the recognition of friends. How can I be I, if I am, at the same time, within the body of some other? Here is an apparent submergence of the individual in other individuals more difficult to understand than the existence of the individual in the universal.

But the key to the harmony of this apparent conflict is the same key which has already been used to unlock the problem of the universal in harmonious association with independent individuals. It is found in the view already given of consciousness under conditions of unity instead of difference. The stored-up, organic results of lives dwell in the universal, share its method of vision, and also partake of its super-individual extensiveness, in their relation to other individual forms, whether they exist outside of or within the material world. They ignore the material lines of the earth life and personal ownership in friendship, and extend themselves on lines of unity rather than by the vision of difference. This method of vision and sympathetic extension belongs to the spiritual world. In fact, whatever power we may obtain in this life in super-individual consciousness, or consciousness under conditions of unity, is acquired by our becoming spiritualized—by our entering into and partaking of the life of the universal, whose sole consciousness must be super-individual. The promptings of human sympathy, of imagination, of duty are all from the super-individual side of life, and reveal a stand-point of observation the opposite of that usually taken by us in the midst of daily affairs. It is from this stand-point of observation that we must see the constant reincarnation of the immaterial side of life in the material, and understand the continuance of our own existence and the recognition of friends. Bodies, forms, earth individualities offer no barrier.

Here, let us look back upon the ideas which our theory of immortality offers. (1) It is necessary, we have said, for the continuance and constant ascent of evolution, that the results of previous lives be passed over to those that follow. (2) It is necessary to this continuance and constant ascent that the results thus made immortal be as fully



organized as the physical life that produced them, that is, that the results of the bird life be not less than the bird, the results of a human life not less than a man, etc. Anything less than this would produce a retrograde movement in development, instead of evolution. (3) It is necessary to this continued existence of life by means of other lives that there be a side where lives blend and ignore physical limitations, where the individual sees himself in as well as apart from others. (4) That side of existence is necessarily the universal, and in so far as immortal entities dwell in and partake of the universal they partake of its vision and of this power to ignore physical boundaries. The immortal state of existence, therefore, is not a place or locality—neither heaven nor hell,—but a graded state of being which simply partakes more or less of the characteristics of the universal, and in that proportion drops the characteristics of sense. In its power to ignore physical boundaries, its life extends into and includes matter. It moves as freely as though matter were not; it is governed only by the attractions and repulsions of lives. Immortal life, itself made up of many lives, knows not that matter can limit life; it flows into and fills every side of existence. The results of other lives, as tendencies, as character,—as organized entities, even,—enter into and fill every niche of life on their own level. Each goes where it belongs. Each knows its place,—where it can be helpful, where it left off in its last earth life, and the point from which it needs to go on in experience.

And if it is necessary, in the interests of universal development, that the organic results of individual lives be passed over, it is equally necessary to these individuals for their own sake. They also need to gain experience and development by being returned to the sphere of experiment and earth discipline by reincarnation. The race, or the age, lifts itself by lifting both sides of existence—the visible and the invisible. Nature well knows that there is no development except over the old pathway of material life, and by the one method of experiment in fitting effort to conditions. The life that has been is

reborn into the life which now is, and gains the experience which it had not the opportunity or the desire to gain before. No spot in experience, as we climb the ascending pathway of evolution, can be skipped by any individual. Each must touch, like the solitary watchman in the lone hours of the night, each testing point, or lose the reward for the time spent. Each one must live out each grade of being, must learn each lesson of experiment, and perhaps trial, or go back and study the lesson over. There is no skipping of pages in the promotions made in the great school of nature. Development is personal, and is only gained by personal experience, and the personal experience is on both sides of the line which to us appears to separate the immaterial from the material. Hand in hand the eternal and the temporary travel together. Human civilization advances day by day, carrying on its shoulders all that has gone before, and so is it with each individual.

But still the question remains, How can friends recognize each other in this mixture of personalities? Why can they not? If the material boundary vanishes, what prevents? It has already been shown that the basis of recognition in the life beyond must be character, rather than past memories. We shall perceive that which reaches to our hearts, and is linked with our deeper and truer selves. We shall perceive this also from the side and by the means of the universal. That unifying perception obliterates material bonds, and enables us to perceive friends in the sphere of their reincarnation, and to be perceived by them, as readily as if they were not reincarnated. Like will recognize like. Heart will respond to heart. The same helplessness which appealed to the mother's love will continue to appeal, and the same richness of love will be its reward.

But there must be this difference. Here we loved the child because it was a part of our physical selves. There we will love it because it is a part of our truer self—of the self that knows itself in its unity with rather than its difference from others. Here we hardly have other experiences in loving than those that are selfish. There all love must be unselfish.

This is the experimental stage, where we learn the meaning of the unselfish through beating our wings against the barriers and bearing the sorrows of the selfish. The unselfish, the larger, fuller life will not take away from, but add the living interpretation to, the selfish experience. There love will be broadened to include all forms of being on the plane of love's relationship. On the material plane we love, as we perceive, by the law of exclusion and difference. We love our child, but we treat some other mother's child with indifference, with disdain, perhaps with cruelty. We tend the feeble steps of our aged father, but give the tottering beggar a beggar's dole of food and love. We love our own sister, but forget the claims which the sister of some one else has upon the brotherly protection of every man in the human family. This is love from the material stand-point of exclusiveness and difference. From the stand-point of higher unity we shall perceive our child, our babe, even,—watch its course in life's development, tend its steps as carefully as ever before,—but the "our" will be larger. With it we shall see just as clearly—seeing with the eyes of a larger love—all the little ones on its plane of being and give them all of our heart. So of the aged; so of our sisters in humanity; so of all. Love's experiences in life lead us to a greater reality than themselves. They merely open one door into the boundless life of love. The portal is finite, the mansion infinite.

Can friends bear this thought? Is the vista beyond the narrow door too wide?

This material sphere is the plane on which to accustom, yea, to train, our eyes to its vast stretches into the universal. You have finally to reach a vision of this reality. You will return to practice here until you do. Why not begin the practice now? Your child that passed on is here in this tender waif. It appeals to you! Give it your love! Your father is in yonder beggar. Call to him! Help him! Call to the world, without ceasing, to shape its business and labors so that no one will need to beg! Your sister is in the one by you whom circumstances have overcome. Give her hope, encouragement, sympathy! Be one—one alone amid the scornful multitude, if need be—to demand a change of the circumstances which conquered her! She is your sister! Love her as such! Fight for her rights under love's large vision, bathed in the atmosphere of the universal, and with heart and arms moved by its unity. So love, and work, and struggle, and you will see your friends now and here, and be prepared with the vision to see them hereafter. Here and now you can help on the great work of human development. You do not need to die first. Begin to abolish finite endedness here, and heaven will begin where you are. Even here your work is one with the deep principle in scientific evolution—the principle of continued existence beyond physical organization,—the central principle which this portion of our "theory of immortality" announces, the principle of "continuity of force association, by organization, for growth."

## THE SOCIOLOGICAL ASPECT OF THE DREYFUS CASE

BY B. SHERWOOD-DUNN, M. D., OFFICIER D'ACADEMIE

Much has been said and written about the Dreyfus case the world over, and there is no one who reads the newspapers who is not more or less familiar with its details. There are certain inherent conditions in the social and national make-up of France that make the state of affairs surrounding this celebrated case a possibility, where it would be totally impossible either in England or America.

The intellectual, moral, social, and business life of France is complex, and is so totally different from that of the United States as to be difficult of comprehension from almost any point of view that naturally would be taken by an American.

France stands to-day for what is the highest in art and science, and there is that natural train attendant upon the per-

fection of these departments of human learning that calls forth a multitude of refinements, if I may so express myself, which inevitably tends to estheticism and moral decay. It seems to me, in taking a general retrospective view, that France is traveling to the fall that overtook Babylon, Athens, and Rome, and, whereas she is at the present moment the intellectual giant of the nations, her population for many years past has steadily decreased, for her death-rate is greater than her births.

They are an intensely patriotic people; their motto is France for the French. They do not encourage immigration, and they do not emigrate. Although they throw open their educational institutions to all nations, yet, where they grant degrees in the professions, these degrees, since 1896, do not carry with them the privilege of exercising those professions in France or her dependencies.

Her public policy is naturally the outcome of individual characteristics. They are a peculiarly reserved and reticent people in all matters pertaining to public policy or national characteristics. I can best illustrate this by relating an incident which occurred while preparing my university examinations in the city of Nancy, in the Province of Meurthe and Moselle. Nancy is called the little Paris of France. It is exceedingly beautiful and has many monuments of antiquity. It is a military town, an army of ten thousand being stationed there, and I took my meals in a public restaurant frequented by the military officers. I was reputed to be the only English-speaking person in the town, and, because of the fraternal feeling France cherished for America, I easily became acquainted, and among others met a judge of the court of appeals who had studied the English language and was desirous of an opportunity to speak it. He therefore invited me regularly to dine with him on Sundays. After several months of what I considered intimate acquaintance with him, I ventured to ask him frankly whether or not he considered the republican form of government best suited to the wishes and needs of the French people. In spite of the frank and cordial relations between us, I obtained

no satisfactory reply from him, neither do I now recall ever having received from any one of consequence a frank opinion upon this subject, neither have I been able to draw a person, whose opinion would bear weight, into a discussion of the social aspect of French life bearing upon the marital relation, both of which subjects interested me deeply, and to which I gave a great deal of careful consideration and study during my residence in France. Just as the abuse of liberty leads to license, so does this characteristic, when carried into the administration of public affairs, lead to self-justification for the secret trial of a cause affecting the national pride and afford the opportunity for such questionable practices as have lately come to light in the trial of Dreyfus.

There is a popular idea in America that the title "Republic of France" means what the term implies to us. This is an error. The Republic of France is not a republic according to our ideas, and in fact it is not a republic. Her whole plan and scheme of government is built upon the traditions handed down for ages and the laws which have been enacted by the monarchy and empire which were its founders, and to my mind it is a monarchy to-day; but, instead of having one king, every one of the departmental ministers is a king over his particular department, and it is only necessary for him to be met with a denial, either in the cabinet council or in the chamber of deputies, to cause his resignation of office and precipitate a political crisis, which as a rule results in the formation of a new ministry and a new policy.

The present form of government has brought the common people into political life and activity, but, alas, they are divided up into such a multitude of factions that, like evangelical denominations in religion, they are unable to unite upon any single policy or accomplish any definitely effective work.

The old monarchical families in general hold aloof from politics and bide their time, believing that in due course the throne will be restored and France brought into her proper place in the council of the European nations, a belief which I must confess I heartily concur in.

With the elevation, or coming into greater prominence, of the common people in France, there has grown up among them a certain class of demagogues, who, with a desire for notoriety and personal advancement, have seized upon all sorts of pretexts, and have made public questions of a great many phases of both national and private life which are questionable in intention and can be nothing but detrimental in result.

Among these a certain class have originated and fostered the anti-semitic tirade, and have made it the cause of the people directed chiefly against certain great financial houses and leading business interests. This wide-spread feeling against Jews made the condemnation of Dreyfus a popular clamor, and is still actively at work to prevent a rehearing of his case.

I was living in Paris at the time of the arrest and trial of this officer, and can say that among the foreign residents he was generally believed to be the scapegoat of men high in authority, and probably not guilty of the charges brought against him. He was descended from a respectable family, possessed of a clear record, and happily married to a beautiful wife who has shown her unswerving devotion to him and his cause. He was a man of a moderate fortune, which he had carefully husbanded and which made him independent of his army pay.

On the other hand, Comte de Esterhazy, the man who to-day is generally believed to be the author of the famous bordereau, is a scion of one of the noble families of France,—a man of universally disreputable habits, possessed of a record showing that he has more than once obtained the means to continue his disreputable life in many questionable ways, yet the general respect and devotion of the people for the noble families of France, the peculiar sentiment of loyalty that marks the relations between the different noble families, and that singular and not easily described sense of honor that marks the Frenchman more distinctly than any other characteristic, intervened to save this rascal from his just deserts, and assisted to make the condemnation of the Jewish officer a just and laudable sacrifice.

And this brings me to speak of the one characteristic in a Frenchman which is incomprehensible to the American mind, unless one has had the advantage of long residence and intimate contact with them individually—the sense of honor which I have mentioned above. I can best give you a comprehension of it by relating an incident. I was dining one evening at the Mirliton Club in Paris in company with the Prince de Caraman-Chimay and a prominent sculptor. A celebrated artist in Paris was absent in London. At the next table to ours sat three gentlemen whose conversation attracted our attention by the mentioning of this absent artist's name. One gentleman spoke slightly of him, called him a scoundrel, and said that he had permitted his students to sign his name to their productions and had divided the product of the sales with them. Instantly Prince de Caraman-Chimay stepped to the side of this gentleman, and putting his card beside his plate said in substance: "The gentleman whom you choose to malign is my personal friend. As he is not here to protect his honor, I beg that you will permit me to do so for him." And the two men fought an inconsequential duel in the Bois de Boulogne the following morning.

This spirit, which persuades a certain class of Frenchmen that it is their duty to sacrifice themselves for a friend, I believe, is one of the elements that entered into the protection of Monsieur le Comte de Esterhazy, and aided in the condemnation of Dreyfus.

There is associated in my mind another national characteristic which is universal, and that is their courtesy. Courtesy holds a higher place in their estimation than does religion. I have often heard it remarked that the French courtesy is all on the surface and forms a veneer. I beg to differ from those who hold this opinion. This courtesy is just as much a part of their education, and forms as pronounced a national characteristic, as do honesty and manliness characterize the men of America, and I will illustrate my opinion by another incident. While pursuing my studies in the city of Nancy, the cafe I mentioned had a single billiard-table,



which was the best one in the town. From early morning until midday, and from two o'clock until seven, my time was given to my studies and my quiz-master. About the only recreation I indulged in was either a game of billiards with my preceptor or some one of the army officers at the cafe, or a walk or drive about the beautiful surrounding country. Whenever I entered the cafe, which was only at the noon and evening hour, the billiard-table was invariably unoccupied, but it would be only a few moments before I would be invited to make up a party at billiards by some one of the officers, if I did not engage in a game with my preceptor, who usually accompanied me. My preoccupation caused me to make no mental comment upon this fact, until one day I came into the cafe through a rear entrance by a roundabout way, returning from a walk. I then found two officers engaged in playing. Standing at the entrance and watching their game, one of the officers, catching sight of me, immediately replaced his cue in the rack and took a convenient seat, saying that he was tired, and requested me to go on with his game, which I declined to do and urged him to make the shot, which was an easy one; but he would not be prevailed upon, and while we were in the commencement of our exchange of compliments, the other officer replaced his cue and took his seat, and the table remained unoccupied during the time that most of us were having our breakfast. Upon returning to my rooms the scene recurred several times to me, until I was persuaded that there was something in it which I did not understand. I left my work and returned to the cafe, sought the proprietor, who was an exceedingly jovial and communicative individual; but, in spite of all I could say, I obtained no satisfaction from him as regards the real reason for my having broken up that game of billiards. The matter had then so impressed itself upon me that I sought my preceptor at the college, and after considerable urging he told me in an apologetic and deprecatory manner that, as I was a foreigner and fond of the game of billiards, it was considered only polite that the table should be left free for my use at the hours I was accus-

tomed to visit this rendezvous. Now, this may be called superficial and a simple veneer of polish, but that experience so profoundly impressed me that I have never permitted an unjust criticism upon this trait in their national character to be made in my presence unchallenged. I can understand, but it is difficult to express in words, how this national quality, so universally admired by all who visit that beautiful land, has entered into the private and national consideration of the retrial of Dreyfus and lent its force to the opinion that a reopening of the case would be unwise.

There is one object in France upon which there is no division of opinion, and to which every loyal Frenchman gives his undivided allegiance, and that is the French army. It is now, as in the past, about the only profession that can be embraced by the sons of noble families without loss of caste, for I am sorry to say that the clergy in France no longer have the hold upon the people and their affections that existed in former times, neither do they possess the respect or following that they once did, and their ranks are no longer recruited from the younger sons of the noble families.

Every male child born in France is hailed with joy as one more recruit for the noble army upon which France bases her never-dying hope for the reconquest of her lost provinces.

The casual traveler in passing through France and Germany will invariably be led to believe that the German army is far superior in numbers, discipline, and efficiency to that of France, but there is one marked difference between these two opposing forces that has not been generally remarked, which when known must have considerable governing influence in the formation of a comparative opinion. You will notice as you pass through Germany that, in all the large cities, the public squares and open grounds are filled with soldiers continually practicing the manual at arms and going through their evolutions from early morning until night. Now, this same practicing pertains also to the French army; but, with the secretiveness and reticence that is, as I have shown, one of their marked native

characteristics, they take their bodies of men out into the country, and all of this practice work is done away from the public eye.

I have no doubt that my residence in France has developed my sympathies and very possibly biased my opinions, but I am possessed of an abiding confidence that the French army will render a good account of itself when called upon to show the material of which it is composed.

All the people of France, be they of high or low degree, adore the army, and when they are made to believe that any investigation, no matter how righteous the cause, is going to lead to revelations, and possible condemnation of officers of the general staff, there are few of them but would sacrifice almost anything rather than have the world at large become acquainted with or believe that corruption could creep into this garden which contains the most brilliant flowers of all their earthly hopes. You can readily see how all the characteristics I have described would enter in to make up and intensify this feeling.

When you know that they have a standing army of three hundred and fifty thousand men, and a million men more in the reserves, who all have passed through their three years of service; and when you come to know that the French Government has expended money like water to perfect all of her national roadways, to build new railroads that shall bring all parts of the country in touch with the national borders; that she has erected store-houses and magazines at various protected points of vantage in which are stored an almost unlimited amount of ammunition, twice as many rifles as she has men, and duplicate suits of clothing and equipment of every description; and that France prides herself that she can mobilize more than one million men at any given point in her territory in an outside limit of seventy-two hours, fully equipped and ready for battle,—it will give you some adequate idea of the place held by this great organized body in the interest and affection of the nation.

The sources of information which I possess in France have permitted me to follow closely the developments at the sev-

eral stages of the Dreyfus case, and it appears to me to be no longer a question of personal justice, but the contest that has been waged for and against a retrial of this unfortunate officer is now made the cloak behind which the several parties contesting for the supremacy in the government of France are marshaling their forces for a possibly decisive struggle. We now see the Duc d'Orleans, with head-quarters in London and in Brussels, obtaining large sums of money borrowed upon his estates and upon his royal expectations, organizing and supporting a secret service and propaganda, proclaiming himself the conservator of the highest and best elements in the French national life in his role as protector of the honor of the French army,—which means that he is using every means possible to prevent a revision of the Dreyfus trial.

Looking farther, into Switzerland, we see Victor Napoleon, the legitimate heir of the empire, who, through his brother Louis, a colonel in the Russian army, possesses a great and powerful secret influence in Russian centers, equally prepared with large capital at command and an equally well organized secret service that has its agents at every possible point of vantage, proclaiming himself the protector of the rights of the people, which should be paramount to all other considerations, and upon the rigorous protection and consideration of which depends the real life of the nation. He is doing everything in his power to bring about a rehearing of the Dreyfus case, and if possible the conviction of all the guilty parties, no matter how high in power may be found their position.

Between these two contending factions stands the government of the republic, turning first this way and then that, striving by every means possible to placate and satisfy all the parties concerned, first proclaiming itself in favor of any lawful process that shall bring to light any of the guilty, howsoever shielded; later, as the anti-revisionist party secures the ascendancy, the government faces about and by the plausible excuses furnished in the charges made by the late chief-justice of the civil branch of the court of cassation, M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire, against the

criminal branch of this court, they introduced a bill into the chamber of deputies making it a law that the revision of any case in either of the branches of this court shall be brought before the entire court in common congress, a palpably unconstitutional act, calculated to destroy the confidence of the people in the honor of their judiciary, and most palpable of all an evidence of weakness on the part of the government, showing that the machinations of the outside contending parties are succeeding beyond what could possibly have been their most sanguine expectations; and in proportion as the existing government continues its blunders and irreparable mistakes, discrediting its law officers and heads of its departments and its chief magistrate, it builds up dissatisfaction and disgust in the hearts of the people, which will naturally result in a demand for a new and stronger form of government, and this is exactly what the Duc d'Orleans and Prince Victor Napoleon are spending fortunes for.

As I mentioned in the early part of this paper, the republican form of government has brought many of the people from the lower walks of life into positions of prominence and power. The re-establishment of the monarchy or the empire in all probability means the retirement of the majority of these personages to private life, and it is only natural that they should strive with all their might to maintain that form of government which gives them the possibility of achieving the highest aims of their ambition.

What the outcome will be of the present complicated situation and struggle for supremacy between these contending parties, no one can predict, but it is a fact which has become evident to all thoughtful observers that the present government of France has proved itself unequal to the task of giving to its people exact and equal freedom and justice, and any government that can either thoughtlessly or willfully lose sight of the great underlying principles that beget the love and devotion of the common people, has outlived its day of usefulness and is rapidly preparing its own obsequies.

Although it has no particular bearing upon the Dreyfus case, there is one other

national characteristic of which I ought to speak before closing, and which is the cause of more complaint from Americans visiting France than possibly any other one thing, and that is their slowness and unwavering method in everything they do. A Frenchman never is in a hurry. You will rarely see him hastening his steps to catch a passing omnibus or any given train. He philosophically remarks, "There is another train later," and "There will be another omnibus in a moment." I once accompanied a gentleman to the office of a commissionaire, through which medium all goods are purchased at wholesale in France, and when the hour for closing his office, which was four o'clock, arrived, no argument could persuade him to remain until a later hour to complete the buyer's purchases, who was to sail for America the following day, and the very satisfactory reasons he gave were that, as he was only one tenant in a very large building, if he remained after the closing hour, it would necessitate that the door porter, the guardian of each floor, and many others should remain to accommodate him, and that one or two experiences of this kind would compel his removal from the building as a nuisance.

After four o'clock in the afternoon the public cafes and boulevards are crowded by business men and men of leisure, where they sit chatting or reading the evening papers or engaged in games until the dinner hour. This forms to the Frenchman as inherent a part of his daily life as does his business occupation or anything else. The rigidity with which they observe their hours for meals is beyond comprehension and, as a rule, beyond the patience of an American. I remember once making an engagement with a member of a banking firm to meet him at his place of business at a given hour to complete a transaction, for which purpose I was to bring a gentleman who could vouch for me and my signature. I was then a comparative stranger, and the only gentleman who could perform this service for me was a dentist whose every moment was engaged for days in advance. He, however, agreed to meet me at the appointed place. We waited from eleven o'clock

until five minutes of twelve, when the banker came in, apologizing that he had forgotten a board of directors' meeting at which he had to be present, and looking at the clock said if I would return at two o'clock in the afternoon he would be very glad to finish our business. I protested to him that the gentleman who came with me could not come again, that he accorded me a great favor in coming this time, that it would take only a few moments to transact our business, and asked if he would not do me the favor to complete it at that moment. His reply was: "My dear sir, you are two who have been waiting for me. I breakfast at twelve o'clock, and there will be seven people waiting for me up-stairs," where he resided, "and really you must excuse me; I shall be unable to do anything in the matter until after the hour of two o'clock."

Elevators in public buildings are a rarity, many business men mounting as many as five flights of stairs daily to reach

their office, and the third, fourth, and fifth stories in the apartment houses are considered to be the choice apartments because of the light and air. The celebrated American, Brown-Sequard, who was professor of the College of France, lately died at the age of seventy-six, if I remember rightly, in his apartment on the fifth floor, which he had occupied for a great many years.

As a people they are possessed of extraordinary patience and devotion, and to these qualities more than to any other is due their success in all of the experimental departments of the arts and sciences. The memory of their unvarying kindness, courtesy, and generosity during my student and professional career in their midst, rises like a breath of incense which lends a perfume to life and makes the memories that dwell about my ten years of residence among them among the pleasantest and tenderest that I possess.

## WHY I AM A CONGREGATIONALIST

BY REV. DE WITT S. CLARK, D. D.

The self-appointed apologist is easily silenced. His brother has simply to protest, "Let him speak for himself." That is just what any one does, if he essays such a representative task. Till his fellow sectaries designate him thus to confess for them, his deliverance is entirely personal.

Even a rash talker would be sobered, if he thought himself the mouth-piece of nearly seven hundred thousand professed Christians, and of some two million others more or less closely associated with these in organization and worship. One must have vast confidence in the correctness of his intuitions, learning, judgment, and skill in statement, when presuming to tell why these are what they are denominationally.

It has been truthfully said that "the first step to self-knowledge is self-distrust." Such qualification obtains in this instance. When one attempts to count his own pulse, he is sure to find the beats irregular. When he seeks to trace the mysterious paths by which his thought

has traveled, to note and measure the circumstances and events which have wrought together in the conclusions to which he has come, there is great possibility of mistake. Slight influences have in them the making of momentous results. Still, each ought to be able to "give answer to every man that asketh him, a reason concerning the [schismatic?] hope that is in him."

It is to be remembered that I am not set for any defense of the Gospel, or of Christianity, as against other religious systems. Nor am I desired to champion Protestantism as against Romanism. By "Congregational" I mean the religious body which is commonly thus known, in distinction from all of similar polity, but which have, in addition, given themselves specific names indicating some peculiar doctrinal beliefs. Its title has no theological significance. Whenever confusion arises, the term "Trinitarian" or "Evangelical" has sometimes been coupled with it. Any or all of these other divisions of



Christians may be more apostolic, honorable, successful, sensible than this. It is not for me to admit or deny such claims. I am simply to "speak right on," though in almost the same terms and assurance as their respective advocates.

I. My first reason for my Congregational faith is that I was born into it.

Saul of Tarsus was fortunate in the star which burned at his advent. He was a Roman by birth. That was a priceless distinction. So is a Congregational begetting. Such have an inward sense of a special appointment as light-bearers to the world. This has been one of the secrets of their strong confidence in face of all who despise their simple ways. This has been transmitted, through the ages, from father to son. "The blood of all the" Congregational "Howards," from the Cathari of the third century to the Robinsons and Bradfords of the seventeenth, can and does "ennoble" those who feel its rich red corpuscles stirring in their veins. Theirs is no mean ancestry.

To get a healthful, well developed, well regulated man, Dr. Holmes said, we must begin with his remote progenitors. So we must to obtain a thorough Congregationalist. The obloquies and disgrace which the order has suffered have come chiefly from those who paid a great price for this freedom, but who knew not how to use it properly. They of the regular line seem to have come to it as naturally as the eagle to the high altitudes, and to exercise themselves in it fearlessly and harmlessly.

Through five generations, on this continent, of sturdy Christian believers who were founders or office bearers in Congregational churches, and culminating in an honored father in the ministry, I was ushered into its service. I knew no other communion as desirable or proper for me to be connected with. In the community where my youth was spent, it was "the established church." It represented all the religious life and activity there. It answered well not only the spiritual, but the social, and in a good degree the intellectual needs of the people. Any other, proposing recognition and a place there, would have seemed as foreign and useless as a palm-tree in an apple orchard. I

grew up with a prepossession for that kind of a church before I knew or cared for its name. Had that been, instead, either of those in the long list of "ists" or "ians" with which the Roman Church reproaches her apostate children as their penalty for heresy, it would have been to me just "as sweet," just as divine an institution. The impressions which any series of religious observances makes upon the mind and heart of the child are not easily effaced. I was sealed a Congregationalist before I could remember the process. Happy they who have had the same stamp, since it so rarely needs to be broken in after years! Still, we know well that just such reason accounts for hosts of idolatrous, fanatical devotees and for numerous Christian sects. These, too, were born into their faith. That alone constitutes no argument for Congregationalism, which is not equally valid for its most opposite type.

II. Later, I came to choose it because of its scriptural character.

I read of its origin in the little band of twelve disciples of Jesus, and those who were baptized by them, coming together to pray and praise the Lord, and to exhort one another and publish his message. Each had equal rights and common obligations. "The church that is in his house"—so often referred to in the Acts and the Epistles—must mean women and children and servants even, no less than the masculine head. The whole company chose one to lead in orderly worship, but none to rule. He was "primus inter pares." They laid their hands on such as were set apart for charitable or missionary labor. By the natural drawing into association of those of like experiences and aims, churches in other and distant provinces were formed. They sent delegations to advise on practical matters of conduct, though not till years elapsed debating doctrinal questions. The "Apostles' Creed" was never recited by the original apostles, whatever they believed as to the subjects of which it treats. In a beautiful simplicity, recognizing the inherent distinction of each member, whatever his or her capacity, they yet gave to superior ability its proper respect and weight. The miters worn among

them were woven only out of the remembrance of the Master's words and courageous proclamation of them, and loving acts in behalf of his friends. Their crosiers were shaped and put in their hands by those who promised not to obey, but to follow if wisely led. A purer democracy is not conceivable than that in which the unit is the individual on whom Christ put honor, and not the mass; and in which each accords to the other what he asks for himself, and cheerfully abides by the decision of the majority. Congregationalists are very jealous of this right, once usurped by a hierarchy, recovered at the Reformation, and again asserted effectively by the English Separatists. While eager for counsel, aid, inspiration from the talented and the pious, yet are they anchored by no human traditions, or deterred by no mortal decrees. They are sent to show to men the real meaning of the Christ's saying, "One is your teacher, and all ye are brethren," and again, "One is your Master, even Christ." Because I believe this system has its warrant in the example of the early church, and in the teaching of its Head, I am happy to be identified with it.

III. I prefer it, also, because of its loyalty to the Bible.

The Congregationalist has no other charter than the pages of that book. He enjoins reverence for it as a whole and love for it in detail. Amid all rival treatises for his acceptance, he has never wavered in the allegiance he pays that. It is shrined in his Holy of Holies. Yet it has been an open and not a closed volume he has cherished. As Jesus, with wondrous clearness, unfolded the Old Testament to the slow understanding of men, so his disciple has sought competent and illumining expounders of its completed record. He has never thought such to be infallible, however, in their opinions, but has always been disposed to submit these to the sanctified judgment of each hearer. He has deferred much to the "Christian consciousness" in such matters. Abiding like the mountains in rugged majesty, and seen in changing lights, in storm and calm, in summer dress and wintry robe, so its eternal truths have had their varying interpretation in his varying life and necessities.

Explicit commands of the Christ have with him no abatement. The gradual progress and development of the kingdom of God, however, calls for his enlarging study and novel applications of the living Word, as fully equal to the emergencies of the individual or of the social state. He has not been suspicious of any well accredited experts in linguistic, antiquarian, or scientific research, when testing the Scriptures by their appropriate methods. He has resented the shallow and conceited deliverances of the flippant critic, and taken appeal from him to the serious, candid tribunal of the honest, well-informed, and well-intentioned. He has had small patience with those who think to have outgrown the Bible, or who imagine they can find elsewhere better supplies for spiritual hunger than it offers. He confidently points to himself as having gained what moral strength and stimulus he has out of its offers. He is not ashamed to compare this with any competing vigor derived from other sources. Its marvelous health, freshness, and fitness impress him more and more, and confirm to him its unearthly origin. The Author of body and soul must have been also the inspiration of this, which comes to him through human agencies. It did not need to drop down from heaven full-written, when God is so plainly seen to have guided mortal fingers to give what no mortal could ever have devised. On the pulpits of Congregational churches, this symbol of light and love and power and righteousness remains to-day as much valued and trusted as ever. That reason influences me greatly the more I know of this book and this church.

IV. Its hospitality to new truth also makes the Congregational body attractive to me.

Every division of Christians emphasizes some one feature of the religious life. They frame a creed, just as political parties do. Their advance or fixedness is manifest in such statements. Growth in a plant is not more plain, in the size, shape, and forth-puttings of the stalk, in branch and flower and fruit, than growth in the church in formulating its views. Dogmas once considered final may be revised or repudiated as larger knowledge is gained. The Congregationalist occa-

sionally publishes his convictions, not in archaic phrase, but in the language of his day, caring little whether these agree with or contradict past declarations. He refuses to seal his own lips, that they shall not speak the truth he may perceive. And he tries to keep an open mind for it. The binding of intellect and soul by theological bands is to him quite as painful and more criminal than the Chinaman's swathing the feet of his infant girl. He uses his summary of doctrine, not to forbid and repress, but to testify to what is most vital in his thought and life. A flag marks the camp and the nationality. It is worthless to tie a prisoner with. Because the Congregationalist yields to no decree of council as to what is or is not orthodox, though he gladly listens to its voice, and echoes it, if he will, I am pleased to be classed with him. Because he dreads no new discovery in the world of matter or spirit, being well persuaded that God does not contradict in one sphere what he declares in another, I am proud to be in his company. His conservatism pleases me more than the feverish haste which fears nothing so much as repeating what has been already uttered. Craze for novelty in phrase or idea does not impel him, since he obstinately asks of everything parading in that guise, "What doth it profit, if to gain it one is liable to lose hold of precious soul-saving truth?"

V. The flexibility of Congregationalism commends it to me.

The spire of the building where I have preached for a score of years has weathered many fierce tempests by the art of yielding slightly to their fury, rather than rigidly withstanding them. Few human creations are absolutely right and faultless. When change is evidently desirable, they are most wise who can adopt it. Congregationalism may or may not have been the pattern divinely shown to Robert Browne in his prison at Norwich. Since his day it has had many modifications and improvements. It has been slowly discovering its own excellencies and deficiencies. It has not hesitated to assert its "right of eminent domain" to the best in worship and administration. Like King Saul, with his army, when it "saw

any mighty" advantage "or any valiant" practice, it appropriated the same. Having no bishops to forbid, and no rubrics to prescribe, it has taken what it chose for the edification and improvement of its members. In song and prayer and homily and discipline, it has sought to know only what would be most helpful to the building up of the body of Christ in his likeness. When asked for a definition of itself, it has—perhaps egotistically—replied, "Congregationalism is sanctified common sense." It trusts minister and layman, so long as they display that, let them propose and inaugurate what they may. It quietly rejects their ill-considered and foolish schemes with a firmness and dignity no ecclesiastical court can surpass. Large enough to take the whole world into its sympathies and plans, ready for transportation to any land and for immediate working by the most untrained believers, colored by local habits, but keeping its universal characteristics, it presents itself to me as the likeliest exposition of the kingdom of heaven on earth.

VI. Congregationalism commends itself also by its love of learning.

Only a Royalist governor could say of his province, "I thank God there are no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have, these hundred years." A Congregationalist would, in the same breath, lament the lack of these, and make it his first care to establish them. His church cannot long maintain itself in strength and purity, while an uneducated ministry speaks in its pulpits and an ignorant people fill its pews. Intelligence and purity are essential to a permanent commonwealth. An aristocracy is foreign to the whole genius of Congregationalism, and is possible only where the many are unlettered. The school appears wherever this church gets a foothold. It springs up as naturally as the waving wheat fields when once the virgin prairie has been broken by the enterprising settler. Founding Harvard and Yale, in the days of its poverty, and now having thirty-nine colleges for both men and women, and seven theological seminaries, besides a great number of academies, in this country alone, all under its super-

vision, this denomination gives unanswerable proof that it prizes the treasures of sound learning. Foremost in the formation of Sunday-schools, it has been also active in maintaining societies for training the youth in spiritual and secular truths. It stands or falls with their increase or decay.

One university may suffice for the millions of the Mohammedan world, and the darkness deepens the longer it confines all knowledge within the covers of the Koran.

Congregational Christianity carries its flaming torch into every realm where aught may be known of God's law and handiwork. More and more these churches demand the most exhaustive information in every branch of human inquiry, and give reason its largest office to teach in the name of the Eternal. Yet, are they ever on their guard lest mere knowledge grow arrogant and supercilious, and are careful to

Let her know her place:

She is the second, not the first.  
A higher hand must make her mild,  
If all be not in vain, and guide  
Her footsteps, moving side by side  
With Wisdom, like the younger child;  
For she is earthly of the mind,  
But Wisdom heavenly of the soul.

VII. I value my Congregational name because it has always represented a practical Christianity.

It is not a system of statics so much as of dynamics. It generates a benign force which must be expended beyond itself. It has a right to date its dispatches "In the field," quite as much as at "head-quarters." It quickly perceives and acknowledges its obligation to "loose the bonds of wickedness, to undo the bands of the yoke, and to let the oppressed go free." The wretched captive of the drink appetite, the slave on southern plantations, the starving anywhere on the globe, the slum children who, as General Booth says, "were damned into the world rather than born into it," the fever-stricken, the victim of crushing business rivalries, the wronged and destitute, old and young,—these in their helplessness and woe are finding in the Congregationalist their good Samaritan. He might do more, it is true, but he does supply the wine and oil

in fair measure, and cheerfully pays the patient's "inn" bills. This chivalric, philanthropic spirit he is expected to exercise, and he generally does. Having received a portion not for himself alone, but for all, he faithfully distributes and finds reward in the joy of the restored. He needs no "Red Cross" to remind him of his mission, for the vision of the true cross does not fade, nor the love of Him who died upon it for all. The poor Indians of America had somehow made known the fact of their pagan orphanage across the seas, and the Pilgrim refugees heard it, and came hither, in part, to tell them of the Great Spirit whom they ignorantly worshiped. And, back again to distant lands, these sent their sons and daughters by the hundreds to publish the love of God in Jesus Christ. Large offerings in money and consecrated lives in this cause are not the boast of Congregationalists, but they are a tribute to their love for the brother whom they have not seen, no less than their needy neighbor whom they have seen. Any wearing this worthy name who does not seem to be thus moved has repressed the working of the true Congregational spirit, which is, without question, a missionary one, that incites, not to the multiplying of Congregational churches, but to the renewing of souls after the image of Jesus Christ. Such trait persuades me to continue with a denomination notably characterized by it.

VIII. Another feature which pleases me in this body is its charity toward those who differ from it ecclesiastically and doctrinally.

"Live and let live," might well be its motto. Not that it thinks correct teaching and wise management of little importance. Not that it would not have all agreeing with it in opinion and practice. But the world is so wide, and so many souls are without any holy and uplifting influences, that it has no time or wish to dispute with others who in their special way are also trying to help. As in the Parliament of Religions, so in that of methods, the conviction is growing that the fittest will survive, and so establish its divine genesis. Or if, as some think, there is value in these numerous types of religious expression and administration,



adapted to various classes and conditions of mind and temperament, as are the products of diverse climes to their inhabitants, the Congregationalist does not dissent. He thinks his own order the best. Where that is wanting, but another is established, he will not be "the supplanter." He is not a proselyter either. He abhors such zeal, and cares not for the gains of it. The thin veneer of his peculiarities, on one who is at heart something else, is sure to peel after a while, and leave it a most unsightly object among its fellows. He ever advises those who exalt rite, or vestment, or machinery, or noise, or intellect, above the simple, thoughtful, reverent worship of God, to join those of like manners and tastes. But his hand is ever outstretched to these, as integral parts of the Christian Church, in sincere recognition and proffer of fellowship. He can suffer nothing by this. So far as they respond, they really illustrate his theory, for they come upon common ground, where each is peer. It may be that this liberal policy does not promise the largest growth. Let unscrupulous propagandists push in where he would scorn to plant his banner. All he can do is to beg them, yes, to demand, that they observe the rules of Christian comity. It is one of the hopeful signs of the times that he, so firm in requiring this, is bringing it to pass.

The further disposition to permit any who may come casually into his sanctuary

to receive the sacrament or conduct service as is most agreeable to them, but which, on entering theirs, has the magnanimity to conform to their fashions, is almost without exception Congregational. So long as through a strange ceremonial the Lord of all seems to draw nigh, the medium is forgotten, and the sacred sense of oneness in him lifts this, his true child of another name, into that consciousness of brotherhood which is the charm of his kingdom.

Being a son of Massachusetts, and glorying in that heritage, I think I can quite distinctly see the influence this church has had in shaping the history of the commonwealth, and its destiny, too. I believe the assertion that it "is the tap-root of New England," whose institutions, culture, liberty, respect for law, and high tone of public opinion are stable, and stretch up grandly in sight of all the earth. "It was religious zeal and the religious conscience," says Mr. Bryce, "which led to the founding of New England. . . . Religion and conscience have been a constantly active force in the American Commonwealth ever since." No insignificant agent in developing and maintaining these conserving powers, in our excited and conglomerate life, has been the Congregational Church. May it never abdicate, or be by infidelity to its own principles cast down from such high position and leadership!

## LAURENCE GRONLUND'S "THE NEW ECONOMY"

BY REV. R. E. BISBEE

A well-written book, by a vigorous thinker on a live question, is always helpful. This we have in Laurence Gronlund's "The New Economy." Those who cannot read the book itself should not fail to read this review, because of the vital importance of the subject. I shall first attempt to outline the work, using largely the author's own language, and will then make some comments. I find in the book much with which I agree, some things

about which I am doubtful, and a few things with which I disagree. It will be understood, however, that in the first part of this essay it is not my opinion but that of the author which I am trying to set forth.

Something must be done. Our competitive system must lead to disaster, not by a straight road, but by a wave-like path,—comparative prosperity alternating with a steadily increasing adversity.

Hence the better times we now enjoy will infallibly in a few years be followed by harder times than our people have yet endured.

To avert disaster certain measures must be carried out by state or nation as follows: Obligatory industrial arbitration; effective labor organizations; state productive work for the unemployed; municipal enterprises under state control; state management of the liquor traffic; state socialization of mines; a national telegraph and express system; national banks of deposit; national banks of loans; national control of fares and freight rates as a step to the nationalizing of railroads; and, lastly, a great change in our national department of agriculture.

The author is a socialist, though he prefers to call himself a collectivist. Under collectivism, properly understood, there will be wrought out a grand scheme of human freedom and the fullest possible scope for personal capacity. More than that, the co-operative commonwealth will reconstruct morality on an unimpeachable, intelligent basis, by making society, instead of self, our center, and thus introduce the same order into ethics which the Copernican system introduced into astronomy. This will moralize egoism and rationalize altruism.

It is but lately that our eyes have been opened to the true meaning<sup>4</sup> of human history. The fathers looked on history as entirely a record of man's errors. We at length have reached the true conception,—that the history of man is the record of his orderly and regular evolution. History is a grand drama with a plot running through it like a red thread. This discovery is a long progressive step. Humanity has all along been pursuing its destiny, but hitherto it was done unconsciously; a secret force seems to have been leading it along by the hand. From now on we can consciously direct our steps. We have found out that by unraveling the plot of history, by studying history philosophically, we become able not merely to foresee and foretell events, but actually in some degree to foreordain events. This achievement of the nineteenth century has thus opened to us a splendid empire

of power, a glorious career of freedom that almost renders us godlike.

When the plot is unraveled, when the great movements of history are analyzed, we find that to-day the trust is evidently predestined by the Power behind evolution to be the instrument in the hands of democracy to destroy absolutism,—the instrument that will enable democracy to realize itself, and to do it in a perfectly peaceful manner. If this is so, the trust should be looked upon as the best friend to the struggling masses, and reformers, instead of foolishly trying to crush it, should help on its development all they can.

The function of the trust is to concentrate. It concentrates the means of production to collective capital, and it concentrates the producers by making co-operation the governing principle. Every succeeding enterprise will surpass its predecessor in colossal dimensions, and the age of electricity upon which we have just entered will create wonders of which we do not now dream. In time either capital will own the government, or government must own capital. The result will be the same change in economics which was accomplished in politics by the fathers of this republic a century ago. There will be evolved an industrial democracy. Absolutism will be entirely abolished, and democracy will be extended to industry. We shall have complete democracy, democracy in economics as in politics; but this we shall find is collectivism. The trust is the clincher of the relentless logic of events.

This change from the trust to industrial democracy will be as great as from slavery to freedom,—it will make public functionaries of all active citizens, including our wage serfs; it will in the place of wage work institute functions. This is a change that will have far-reaching consequences. It will change the center from self to society. It will work in economics a revolution as great as Copernicus wrought in our ideas of astronomy.

Collectivism does not necessarily mean economic equality. In this respect the author differs from Bellamy. The co-operative commonwealth is a state which

will own and manage all capital for the benefit of all the people, and which will guarantee to all citizens suitable labors and recompense them according to performance.

The socializing of capital will in no wise prevent people from saving just as they do now. They will also be able to use their savings in any manner they choose, except that they will not be able to put them out at interest. This is the one objection that may play a quite considerable role as the battle-field before we reach collectivism. But while an individual may save to his heart's content, there will be no need of his doing so. Every citizen will be insured, and it will be of interest to the commonwealth for every citizen to spend his entire income.

With the arrival of the co-operative commonwealth, and not before, will come the complete solution of the social problem. Such a commonwealth is not only desirable, but realizable. When the time has come and the will is there to realize it, a way will be found to do it. We admit that there are theoretical speculations that are unfruitful,—many of them. Some reformers look upon society as a sick patient, and try to find remedies for the disease. But society is not sick,—it is pregnant with a new social order; to dose it with medicine is to act like a quack who would treat a pregnant woman for dropsy.

Part second of the "New Economy," under the title "Industrial Democracy a Most Noble Ideal," deals with rational morality, freedom, and individuality. This is a very important and beautifully written part of the book. It cannot be condensed and do the author justice. It must be read entire. I will simply make a few quotations:

Under collectivism humanity will at last come to self-consciousness. Human life will have a new meaning for us; we shall come to look on ourselves and on our fellow-men as precious tools and responsible agents for advancing humanity's destiny, which is our own destiny. We shall become intensely interested in our fellow-men; we shall become personally ashamed of our vulgar, venal, and vicious fellows, for we shall feel that they degrade our manhood, and that we are responsible for them and for their vices.

On the other hand, we shall be proud of our Shakespeares and of all our great characters and geniuses, for we shall know ourselves as part of them and them as parts of us, and be conscious that they have ennobled each of us personally.

This, indeed, will be a new interpretation of life. We may call it a new faith, and say that it is a synthesis of the ancient and the Christian faiths, appropriating from the former devotion to the commonwealth, and from the latter the conception of a divine humanity. This new interpretation will give to life not merely a new meaning, but a content; it will fill out life completely to the exclusion of all miserable fears for our private salvation.

The author makes helpful distinctions between individuality and individualism, and between liberty and freedom. He quotes approvingly: "There are two freedoms,—the false freedom where a man can do what he likes, and the true freedom where a man can do what he ought." Under the present system we have the false freedom to a certain extent. Collectivism will give us the true freedom.

"Individuality is everywhere to be respected as the root of everything good. Individualism is the same old enemy with which morals and religion have always had to contend. Individualism is the character formed by gross egoism; individuality is the character formed by moralized egoism. Individualism denotes the moral character of man formed by our present competitive system; individuality the moral character of man in his true relation as an organ in the social organism." The foregoing distinction is partly in the author's own language and is partly quoted by him. It expresses a very important truth.

Part third of Mr. Gronlund's book is devoted to practical statesmanship. In this part he develops the argument for the measures indicated in the third paragraph of this essay. The most of these arguments are already familiar to readers of socialistic literature, and to those not familiar it would be impossible to give a satisfactory abstract. Two chapters, however, seem to me to be worthy of special consideration—the one on state help to the unemployed and the one on the new education. The former he calls the immediately most important of all. His argu-

ment is thorough and convincing. It should be read and pondered by every thoughtful man. In fact, I will go so far as to say that no candid man should express an opinion against state help to the unemployed until he has read this chapter and carefully weighed it. The demand is for productive work for the unemployed. An unemployed does not denote a man who cannot work or a man who will not work; he precisely means a man who can work and who will work whenever he gets a chance. It is this chance the state should give to him.

The chapter on "The New Education" opens with the statement that it is the most important in the whole book. It stands aloof from the other chapters. The campaign of 1896 disillusioned the author. We now know that our people are not ripe enough to conduct a collectivist republic. It is education that must ripen them. Even if all the previous measures are inaugurated, there must be a pause long enough to allow a whole generation of all our boys to be properly trained up before our constitution is changed in a collectivist sense. We must train up, not a class, but our whole people into being co-operators. Our youths must be trained so that they may at the same time become capable specialists and all-around men. The work must be done through the kindergarten and the right kind of manual-training school. The outcome will be that a new ideal will ascend the throne. We need a new ideal of education as well as a new ideal of life. Our present educational ideal is actually a vicious one, and almost justifies the charge that is made that our schools are "godless." The mercantile spirit pervades and has for this whole century pervaded our schools from top to bottom. For generations our school children have been taught that competition is the life of trade, and business has been put before their minds as the one suitable goal for their ambition; consequently, our people have imbibed their distaste for manual labor from their earliest age. In obedience to that ideal our children, and our boys especially, have been trained in the school for the competitive struggle of life;

they have been taught accomplishments, artificialities, and shams that later on in life will enable them to "get the better" of their simpler fellow-men in the struggle for existence and for wealth. The new ideal is to be found in the coming civilization of the co-operative commonwealth. The new education will be naturally followed by its complement,—a more perfect civilization.

Mr. Gronlund closes his book with a chapter on what the individual can do. We do not need agitation and organization so much as education. The individual should first educate himself and others; next, organize for education, and, lastly and mainly, learn to discern and follow the direction in which the finger of the world will point; and every step will make his course plainer. In other words, he will practically carry out the prayer, "Thy will be done on earth."

Mr. Gronlund argues his propositions clearly and at length, and brings in many apt illustrations. A man who might be supposed to have earned and be justly entitled to one hundred million dollars, he would have paid one million a year for one hundred years without interest. At the end of that time the state would have a right to call the obligation discharged. Incidentally he brings in the free-silver issue, the Bellamy theory, woman suffrage, and the civic church.

He thinks the triumph of the silver cause in 1896 would have ruined the country. He says there was not a single man in the Bryan party fit to be a leader,—theirs were all blind leaders. A Jeffersonian Democrat is by his very nature unfit for leadership. He is a reactionist, an individualist from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet; he actually must turn somersault to become a collectivist reformer. The leaders ought rather to come from men imbued with the principles of the old, the black Republican party.

He frequently alludes to Edward Bellamy, and in one place devotes several pages to him. The author of "Equality" was, he thinks, an admirable agitator, but an unsound teacher. His great fault was that he ignored the place and rewards of



ability in the coming nation. Mr. Gronlund does not like Bellamy's ideas of economic equality, nor the place he makes for women. Bellamy is too much of a dreamer, though a most generous one. He entirely fails to connect with reality.

As for woman suffrage, Mr. Gronlund has little use for it. It would be an unwise experiment at this time. Women, certainly, will be most desirable, much needed helpers in the critical times before us; we go so far in that respect as to say that nine men and one woman of the right sort can accomplish many times more than ten men alone can; on the other hand, we do really believe that nine women and one man would not do at all.

Mr. Gronlund believes in the civic church, a church to teach that the proper organization of social and industrial life is the proper way of promoting morality and religion, because it is actually the providential way. Peace and brotherhood are in reality brought about by Providence through the pressure of economic forces, the growth of trusts, and the greed of men. The organization of the civic church would create a great wave of enthusiasm. By their works they might show a better title to the name of religious bodies than the present churches. For the simple principles for which the latter contend are no longer matters of argument; in their support there is absolutely nothing more to be said, and hence they are made subjects of emotions—of prayer and worship. But our civic churches, in striving after a highly organized society on earth, in which every man shall have a place and his work, will both satisfy man's intelligence and captivate his heart, and, most satisfactory of all, will concretely vindicate the ways of Providence to man.

In the foregoing I have tried to represent the author of "The New Economy" as best I could. I have not used quotations, because his language and mine are at times so blended that this seems impracticable. The larger part of the review, however, is in the author's own language. I would like to quote more, but space forbids. It remains for me to make a few comments.

The book is one to stir thought, and must be reckoned with in the solution of the social problem. It is, however, subject to some slight criticisms.

The author is dogmatic, overpositive, too self-assertive. Many things about this social problem no one as yet comprehends. It is better to be less wise and more modest. In the main, the author's arguments seem to me sound and his statements just, but like other people he may be mistaken in some things about which he feels most certain. No man can foresee the methods whereby the co-operative commonwealth will come into existence if it ever does. There may be a powerful reaction against trusts. The expansion of the currency and a corresponding rise in prices may retard concentration and delay the looked for consummation a hundred years. By that time conditions and modes of thought may change. Things not now dreamed of may come forward and claim attention.

On the other hand, concentration may be accelerated and Bellamy's "seven-mile steps" in nationalism may seem short ones. People do not always wait for the slow process of education when they become aroused. It is Gronlund rather than Bellamy who has fixed the schedule of reform in accordance with his own notion. Let only him who knows dare to prophesy positively.

Again, Mr. Gronlund seems to me to go out of his way to strike at others. Thinkers equal with himself he sets aside with a sentence, and theories are demolished with an epithet. For example, Bellamy's idea of economic equality is treated lightly, even contemptuously. In fact, the author of "The New Economy" does not seem to comprehend it.

Bellamy looked at the social revolution from a stand-point different from that of Gronlund; the former looked back upon a completed fact, the latter is looking forward. Mr. Bellamy drew the logical conclusion from Mr. Gronlund's own reasoning. Mr. Gronlund himself shows that man would have no reason to save in the new social state. The logical result must be practical economic equality, just as Bellamy conceived it. Mr. Gronlund evidently uses equality in a double sense;

Bellamy used it with reference to material things alone. Each is to have what material things he can use and nothing more. Men are to be economically equal, in that no man can have economic power over another. Gronlund's co-operative commonwealth will lead exactly to the same result. His criticisms of Bellamy are uncalled for.

Again, Mr. Gronlund seems to be lacking in imagination. He has no power to appreciate Mr. Bellamy's pleasing fancies, but reduces them all to the level of sober propositions. He thinks that the Bellamy system would change the nature of woman. Possibly he thinks that to be lieutenant in an iron foundry would unsex her. Well, our mothers have done worse than that, and were not unsexed. They have labored at the wash-tub, milked the cows, made butter and cheese, worked in the fields, spun, wove, scrubbed, cooked, and trained great lazy boys into men, without unsexing themselves; but to be a lieutenant in a great iron working factory might of course change woman's nature. It would never do for her to sit in an office and direct things!

Again, Mr. Gronlund goes out of his way to bring in the silver issue and give a rap at the Democratic leaders. What he says of the old black Republican party is true. In it was the most progressive and patriotic blood in the country, but a large part of that old freedom-loving element has gone over to the New Democracy and the remainder is likely to follow. A party that can do, to regenerate itself, what the Democracy did at Chicago in 1896 is entitled to respect and is not to be summarily dismissed from consideration.

With reference to the nature and work of the church, Mr. Gronlund has evidently very little practical experience and less information. He quotes Herron as saying, "Churches are made up mostly of the pastor and women; thinking men lose respect for clergymen as a result," and seems to think this is sufficient. He is guilty of a similar fault in several places. In fact, if it were not for the general

common sense of the work taken as a whole, we would be led from several such instances to distrust the author's reasoning ability; but it is evidently only when he gets into unfamiliar territory that his reasoning fails him. The idea of the civic church is a good one, but that it could become a permanent substitute for the present one I do not believe. In fact, the present church is rapidly adapting itself to the times, and will continue in the future, as it has been in the past, man's best friend.

The foregoing are simply illustrations of several defects in an otherwise most excellent book. They are hardly worthy of mention in comparison with the good things, the great and critically important things, the book contains, and yet they cannot be passed in silence.

The work teems with noble and highly suggestive thoughts. The chapter on "Freedom" should be read over and over again. He who cannot accept it should be able to give a convincing reason why. One cannot ponder too deeply the chapter on "The New Education." The idea of a change of center from self to society brings to view a revolution of tremendous scope, and suggests the most exalted possibilities. But the greatest thought in the book seems to me to be the one on man's ability to control his destiny. In this respect he comes into direct issue with such a writer as Brooks Adams. Mr. Adams has been led by his studies to believe that man is governed by a kind of instinct. He causes us to feel that we are overborne by fate, that whatever is is necessary, that progress is something with which man has consciously very little to do. Mr. Gronlund admits all this of the past, but points out a glorious future of freedom. Man is now to rise to the plane of self-consciousness and take charge of his own destiny. He is to order the future as he will. Time alone will show whether Mr. Adams is behind the age, or whether Mr. Gronlund is ahead of it.

My last word is: Let the book be read.

# DREAMS AND VISIONS

## A RECORD OF FACTS

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

### I.

Six weeks after my mother died, my younger sister was taken seriously ill with typhoid-fever.

One night, as I was watching beside her, she looked up at me and said, "Esioul, mother is fanning me."

I thought she was delirious, or in her illness had forgotten mother was dead.

I said, "Mother is not fanning you, Margaret, but I will do so if you wish."

"No," she replied, impatiently, "you do not need to, for I tell you mother is fanning me,—has been doing so for some time. Just lay your head down on the pillow and you will feel the air move."

I did as she requested. The air was certainly in motion, as though some one were fanning, or as though a light wind were blowing.

I looked around to find a cause for it. The windows were closed, also the chamber door, and there was no draught whatever in the room.

I laid my head down again. The air was still moving. Suddenly it ceased. My sister said, "Mother is tired fanning me, and has gone away."

I waited a few minutes, but did not again feel that sensation.

The night my sister died I was sitting at the foot of the bed talking to her. I noticed she held out her hand as though about to clasp something. I asked her why she did so. She answered, "Mother is holding my hand." "Can you see mother?" I asked.

"No," she said, "I can't see her, for I cannot see anything—cannot even see you; but I can feel her. She has been around me all day."

An hour later, as we were talking about the disposal of some property, she stopped

abruptly and pointed to my right side. At the same instant I felt a hand on my brow. It rested there, I believe, for two or three minutes, then stroked my hair.

While it was doing this my sister asked, "Don't you feel mother's hand on your head?" I answered, "I feel a hand. Is it mother's? Can you see her now?"

"Yes," she replied, "I can see her distinctly. She is the same,—only there is a glory about her. She has come for me."

The hand then left my head. When the last moments came, my sister rolled up her eyes in a surprised, happy way. I knew she had a vision of something. I asked what it was she saw.

She replied, "I see through the veil. Our loved ones are just on the other side of it. If we could live as I am now, in this sensitive, spiritualized condition, our doubts, our questions concerning our loved ones would be answered. I see them all about us, but hidden behind that mysterious veil. I do not quite comprehend, as yet, what it is."

### II.

Last September a lady friend of mine was dying in Boston. At the same time her brother was sick at a hospital in Savannah.

One night, about eleven o'clock, she asked her mother when this brother had arrived home from the war.

Her mother replied that he had not come yet,—that the father had gone to bring him, as he was ill.

"Why, that is strange," the young lady said; "I saw him in this room just a little while ago, and he was talking to you."

A few minutes later she said, "Mother, Tom is dead. It was his spirit form I saw in the room."

The next afternoon the mother received a telegram from Savannah, saying, "Tom died last night at eleven o'clock."

### III.

In the latter part of April, 1895, I dreamed that an acquaintance, whom I had not seen or heard from for some fifteen or twenty years, was sick and very much in need of financial assistance.

The next night I dreamed again of him, and was commanded to offer him help.

I awoke from my dream wondering where he was. I had no idea. Still I felt that, as I had been told so forcibly to aid him, his whereabouts would be revealed to me.

When I went into my class-room that morning I noticed a small school atlas on my desk. I unconsciously opened it to the map of Alabama. My eye fell on a name in the northern part. As I looked at it something told me that my acquaintance lived in that place, and that I must write immediately.

I did so, telling him I had money to lend, and asking if he would like to use it.

The following week I received an answer. It began: "Why did you write to me at this particular time? I have never needed a friend more, but have never been so without one. It seems almost a miracle that you should offer me assistance when I had given up hope of obtaining any. I cannot fathom why you did so, as I supposed you had forgotten me."

He went on to say that he had been ill for a long time, had been unfortunate in business, and had incurred heavy debts which, but for my loan, would have obliged him to lose everything he owned.

This could hardly be a case of thought transference, as he afterward told me he had not thought of me when trying to obtain help; in fact, had not had me in his mind for years.

### IV.

In 1889 I visited my native city, Odessa, Russia.

One Monday morning while there my uncle suggested that we drive over to

Kishenev—a city about a hundred miles distant. He calculated that it would take four days to go and return, but thought it would be a good opportunity for me to see the country.

I was pleased with the prospect, and went to my room to prepare for the journey. I heard some one say distinctly, "Do not make the journey this week. There is great danger." I closed my eyes. There passed before me the figure of a delicately formed, dark-haired woman. I recognized it as the one I had seen in a dream some years before.

I went to my uncle and asked him if the journey were a dangerous one. He replied that there was no danger of any kind.

I went back to my room; I heard the voice say again, "Do not make the journey."

I told my uncle I did not want to make the journey,—that I could not help but feel there was great danger.

He smiled, and said he did not see what could have put such an idea as that into my head,—that the road was traveled every day.

Two days later report came to Odessa that on Monday four travelers had been killed and plundered by bandits on the road to Kishenev.

I believe that but for the warning given me our fate would have been the same.

### V.

April 22, 1894, I was standing before a window in the Ponce de Léon Hotel, St. Augustine, looking out into the court. I heard a voice behind me say, "This is the 22d of April. Hereafter the 22d of April is going to be an important date for you." I looked around. There was no one in the corridor but myself.

The 22d of April, 1895, my brother died. April 22d, 1896, a severe accident befell me. April 22d, 1897, a relative from Odessa came to visit me. April 22d, 1898, I received a letter from a friend whom I thought to be dead.

E. Y.



# ORIGINAL FICTION

## "DREAMING TRUE"—A DREAM OF SCIENCE

BY CLARA KATHLEEN ROGERS

The author of "Trilby," in his earlier work, "Peter Ibbetson," describes a method for "dreaming true." I have tried it, and am going to give you the result. I ought to tell you first, however, that I did not start out with any deliberate intention of following Peter Ibbetson's directions. The truth is, I had been making some special studies in physical science which proved of such absorbing interest to me that everything else was excluded from my mind for the time being. Thus, the most important condition for "dreaming true," as indicated by Peter Ibbetson, was brought about unconsciously, for, on retiring for the night, my mind was firmly centered on one particular group of ideas. I remember very well what I was thinking about when I went to sleep; it was something like this, "What an infinite variety of modes of motion the cosmos represents! And all of these must be rhythmically related to each other! Yet how few of these motions comparatively are apparent to our dull senses. All of the finer vibratory motions by which the universe, nay, life itself, is physically sustained, are imperceptible to us, and of their rhythmic relations to each other we know absolutely nothing! For, is it not true that when musical vibrations reach a certain high rate of speed they are no longer audible? And has not a ray of light been produced which, as such, is invisible because of the enormous speed of its motion? How little, then, can one comprehend of the universe from what we see and hear! Scientific research has taught us what a wilder-

ness of wonders lies beyond the limit of our perceptions, but in this the scientist resembles the physician who gives us an exact diagnosis of a disease without being able to cure it. It is true that we are getting nearer and nearer to essentials every day, but when, oh, when, shall we understand it all?" And that is the last I recall of my waking thoughts.

In my dream, the world was older than it is now,—how much older I cannot say. It might have been twenty, it might have been fifty years, for you know how vague dreams are about such details! At all events, it was somewhere in the future, and this is what I saw, just as plainly as I see the maple-tree in front of the window where I am writing. There were two people at some distance from each other; how long a distance I cannot determine. It might have been as far as from Calcutta to Christiania, or only as far as from this house to the one opposite; as I said before, dreams are vague and uncertain in matters of time and space. At any rate, they were distant one from the other. Each one of them, in his place, sat near a curious instrument, by means of which one seemed to be communicating with the other. I could not really see the instrument distinctly, but somehow it associated itself in my mind with that apparatus in which the X-rays, so called, are generated. It was not the instrument itself, however, but the faces of the two persons—both of whom were visible to me at once—that riveted my attention. Such marvel of expressiveness in the human countenance is beyond the

power of description. The whole gamut of emotion was before me as in a dissolving view. First wonder, then delight, sympathy, tenderness, sorrow, indignation, and every thinkable and unthinkable variation of these did I behold, following each other in quick succession.

I could have gone on gazing forever at this wonderful human transparency, for transparency is what it really was. Human feelings, as they welled up to the surface from their source, without consciousness and without interference of any kind, were before me, and I could read them as an open book. But when was there ever written a book of such vital, such overwhelming interest? It was like reading an exquisite romance, witnessing a thrilling drama, reveling in masterpieces of pictorial art, and listening to a ravishing symphony, all in one. But, alas, it is not only in our waking life, but also in dreams, that our most precious experiences have a fatal impermanence! Like the dissolving view, which, while you are still gazing at it with unsatisfied desire, suddenly changes to something else, so it happened also in my dream that, while I was absorbed in this new and wonderful mental Epicurism, my attention was, as it were, forcibly drawn away from the great drama of emotions I was witnessing, and directed, without any volition of mine, apparently to the medium of communication between the two. Although nothing more was visible to me than what I have already described, somehow, with that strange faculty that we often possess in dreams of perceiving things that we don't see, I became suddenly aware that the two were communicating with each other by means of a ray of light. Yes, simply a ray of light,—nothing more. Nor was I at all surprised that I could not see the light itself, for I knew that its motion was too immeasurably rapid to be visible to the human eye, and I also knew that no such light as this was yet known in the wide-awake world. But, while it could not produce any impression on the eye, I perceived that it searched out some nerve in the brain as sensitive to it as the eye is to an ordinary electric light.

I was lost in wonder. How did such an instrument ever come to exist? What genius had been blessed with the inspiration of harnessing thought to light? A thousand questions thronged into my mind, and I longed to utter my thoughts to some one who could answer them. I looked up suddenly, and, lo, there stood before me,—was it man or woman? On my faith, I could not tell which. The apparition was certainly human, there was no doubt of that. It was genuine flesh and blood that met my bewildered gaze; but there was a strange impersonality about it that I do not know how to describe. It was neither man nor woman, as we see them in every-day life, but rather it seemed to partake of the characteristics of both. As I recall my impressions, however, I think that my idea of this strange being must have been received in some unusual way, and not through the eye. I felt, rather than saw, that I was in the presence of one who embodied the distinguishing characteristics of both sexes, force and gentleness. What serenity and repose, and at the same time, what vitality, what energy, shone forth in that wonderful being! Meanwhile, strange to say, I experienced no feeling whatever of awe or timidity as I stood before him (I will call it "him" for convenience), for, though I knew intuitively that he was far above and beyond me in knowledge, power, and control,—in everything, in fact,—yet there was such simplicity, such sincerity in his bearing, that I felt my courage and confidence grow in his presence, and I was impelled to reveal my feelings as I had never done to any one before. He did not wait for me to speak, however, but answered my thought, as if I had already spoken; and the remarkable part of it is that in all the intercourse that followed my thoughts were invariably answered before they were even consciously framed, so that I, in fact, did not know what I was going to ask until I learned it through the answer, which made me recognize at once what it was that I wanted to know. I hope I have succeeded in making this clear? The experience was so new and wonderful that I long to describe it to you. But, somehow,

in dreams things are so complex that it is oftentimes no easy matter to describe them coherently. It will be impossible, I know, to give you any adequate idea of what followed, because I shall have to use dry, technical language to convey, little by little, ideas that were projected whole into my mind. My communion with the strange being, therefore, will read like an ordinary conversation, and must therefore fail to give you the true idea of the most striking feature of my dream, that thought transferred itself. "Yes, it is a useful instrument," he began, "and has done more toward the higher development of mankind than anything else. It is a psychoscope—a transmitter or conductor of thoughts. Up to the time of its invention it was not generally known that thought is manifest in a vibratory motion excited in the brain, just as voice is manifest in a vibratory motion excited in the throat,—that thought, like sound and light, travels in waves. The first thing that suggested the possibility of thought being tethered to light was the discovery of a ray so powerful that it could penetrate solid bodies, while, in itself, it was invisible. This again, in its turn, suggested that perhaps thoughts also might be manifest in vibrations as yet unsuspected, because of their still greater rate of speed than even that of the invisible rays. Again, the fact that thoughts had, under certain conditions, been conveyed direct from mind to mind, without the intervention of the senses, led to the belief that thought vibrations might be segregated and conducted by a ray of a still more potent kind than any we had yet succeeded in obtaining, in a definite direction and toward a definite object."

How simple it all seemed to me in my dream! How natural to communicate our thoughts to one another in this direct way! What a roundabout and laborious method of sending messages telegraphing and telephoning seemed to me at that moment! "Yes," answered he, "the telegraph and telephone were well enough in their day,—well enough for the requirements of the gross material man who depended on his five senses for the perception of even the most obvious things!

But, when you come to think of it, what clumsy methods they were!"

"It seems really incredible that we should ever have found it necessary to translate thoughts into words," said I. To which he, seeming to encourage and approve my ideas, replied, "Certainly, when you consider the number of processes that must take place both in the brain and in the vocal organs before thoughts become words, you cannot fail to see what a waste of energy there was, and how much of their force and clearness thoughts must have lost before they reached their object. Just think for a moment of the circuitous road they must take. Thought vibrations start in the brain, are transmitted by nerve fibers to the vocal organs, exciting other vibrations in these, which then travel into the outer air, whence they ultimately strike the eardrum of the listener; and, lastly, the auditory nerve conveys them to the brain, which perceives them first as sounds and afterward as ideas; whereas, in using light, the most rapid of all messengers, to carry thoughts direct from brain to brain, there is no diffusion of energy whatever. This instrument (indicating the psychoscope), as you perceive it, is now in its perfected state. When it was first invented, however, it was a very different thing; it simply registered thought waves just as a phonograph registered sound waves; it was a mere toy then. It became of real value to the race only when a light was discovered the vibratory motion of which was equal in rapidity to that of thought, which was, in fact, a vibratory affinity of thought." I was lost in wonder and admiration. "And yet," he continued, "wonderful as this instrument appears to you, it represents only the inevitable next step in the scientific achievements of the age you live in. In its way it is really no more wonderful than photography, telegraphy, phonography, and still earlier inventions and discoveries were in their day. Those inventions have gradually led up to this; and this was given to us when the time was ripe, and not before. When the idea of it was first conceived everything was pointing to the need of some new way to relieve the abnormal strain we were

under, and prevent the deplorable waste of energy that was rapidly making the race degenerate. As long as our senses served their purpose efficiently there was no real need of this instrument, but imperfection of vision and hearing was speedily becoming universal alike with old and young. The entire community was calling in the aid of lenses and ear trumpets, without which mediums their perceptions could not be reached,—a blind and deaf generation were we in truth. Was there no significance in that? What did it mean?"

"It meant," I cried, with eagerness, "that the ever-increasing mental activity of the race was drawing too heavily on the energy which vitalized and sustained the operation of the senses; it means that in the course of time the senses, as such, will have ceased to exist altogether. We shall gradually lose the use of them, as we have lost the instinctive faculties, which were once ours, which, in a lower state of mental development, we still shared with our brother animals, and in the possession of which the savage is to-day our superior. It means," I continued, growing more and more eager and excited every moment as the light broke in upon me, "that, as we proceed along the lines of mental evolution, we shall have no more use for our senses than monkeys transported to live on the plains would have for their tails."

My companion smiled benevolently. "You are making progress," said he; "the new light is already having its effect; you have drawn more inferences in the hundredth part of a second than the thinkers of your day have done in a decade."

"What a revolution this direct perception of thoughts and ideas must have brought about in social life," I added.

"It has literally marked an epoch, not only in the social but also in the moral development of the race," he answered, "and that in an almost incredibly short time."

"The moral development?" I queried. "How so?"

"Because in the first place," he replied, "it has done away with pretense and every form of insincerity; it has substituted being for seeming. From the moment that

we became, by means of this light, transparent to one another, instead of hiding our unworthy thoughts, as before, we ceased to harbor them; and now we have it as much at heart to think pure and generous thoughts as we once did to wear becoming garments. Envy and detraction, injustice, intolerance, and every form of meanness are gradually being ruled out of existence, and hypocrisy is relegated to the dump-heap of useless things."

"Of course," I exclaimed; "how obvious such a result appears. And yet, on reflection, it does not seem easy to bring it about, for our thoughts are not under our control; they come and go without our bidding,—often against our will."

"You are right," he replied; "but if you change your point of view, if your whole attitude toward life becomes different, your habit of thought will change too. Our necessity brought about a new consideration of our social and moral relations,—that is all. Of course, such transformations were not achieved at once. It all came about gradually. It was pure expediency that gave the first impetus to the encouragement of thoughts which would bear scrutiny. It was with us as it might be with a country bumpkin whose fortunes led him unexpectedly into good society, and who, in consequence, saw the necessity for acquiring good manners. Little by little, however, our new attitude toward each other grew to be a habit, and then we began to realize how it beautified life. Just imagine what it would be to feel sure,—to have, as it were, the ever-present proof of all people's absolute good will toward you,—never to wonder whether your motives were being misconstrued, but to know beforehand that every noble and generous impulse would be recognized for just what it is."

"Oh," I cried, with fervor, "it is almost unthinkable."

"Yet this is what the new light has done for us," he exclaimed; "nor is that all. Have you never suspected," he continued, "that the most burdensome, the most exhausting features of social life are its shams? Think what a relief not to have to keep up appearances. Think of



never having to pretend—to conceal; think of not being obliged any longer to adapt your personality to the laws of convention. Can you realize the joy, the freedom of it? Again, just think of the time and trouble people take in your world simply in trying to explain their reasons for acting as they do, or in seeking to exonerate themselves from the various misconstructions that their statements give rise to. This one item alone calls for an almost incalculable expenditure of mental energy which has now, under the new conditions, become useless."

"And what," I asked, "became of all that energy which was liberated when you ceased to apply it to the fictitious needs of life?"

"It returned to its source," he replied; "it is what constitutes our augmented vitality, what renews our life."

"Renews," I repeated.

"Yes," said he, "renews. How old do you think I am?"

"About five-and-thirty," I answered.

"I was born in the first year of your century," said he.

I was so taken aback that I could not answer. He, the embodiment of health, strength, and vigor, an old man!

"Ah, my friend," he continued, "mental economics are still as a sealed book to you. You little suspect what an enormous surplus of motive power is ours through the concentration of that energy which is now, through the exigencies of social life, diffused or diverted into so many different channels. The concentration of mental energy works the same as the concentration of light, or sound, or any other vibratory motion."

"Of course," I cried, "it stands to reason that it must be so."

"You can easily comprehend, then," he continued, "that what with the power to read the hearts of men and distinguish between their real and their imaginary needs, and what with the surplus energy which has returned to its proper source,

we are now able to grapple successfully with the most vital questions of social life, and that in the most simple and direct way. The professional politician is a thing of the past, since now every intelligent being is concerned in promoting the well-being of the community. It is no longer simply a theory that the welfare of the masses is the welfare of the individual,—it is now a realized fact. The community is the same to us as our own family; we have their needs, their development, their happiness as much at heart as if they were our own flesh and blood."

"And all this has been wrought by that unpretending little instrument?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, and even more," he answered, "for the use of it has, among other things, led indirectly to the gradual development of new faculties which already render some few of us independent of the instrument itself. You seem puzzled," he continued; "but do you not perceive that I am communicating my thoughts directly to you without any material medium, and that I am likewise drawing your thoughts to me?"

In truth, I had almost forgotten that there was anything unusual in the process of our intercourse,—it seemed so natural, so easy; but now the idea of a mortal compelling the rays of sunlight to do his bidding by sheer concentration of will seized upon me with such suddenness and such force that my head began to swim. I no longer saw my companion as before, but I now beheld the sun in dazzling splendor straight before me, and in the center stood the wonderful being holding its rays as though they were the reins of a horse; he seemed to smile and salute me, and then he melted into the sun. I started up uttering a loud cry, and, lo, I was in my own chamber, sitting up straight in my bed, and the morning sunlight was streaming in through the half-closed blinds.

# WHO HATH SINNED?\*

## THE STORY OF A SCIENTIST

### EDITORIAL SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

[The demand for back numbers of *The Coming Age* has been so great as to exhaust the supply, and as the magazine is not plated it is no longer possible for us to begin subscriptions with the first issue. We therefore deemed it wise to give in this opening number of our second volume a brief editorial synopsis of the preceding chapters in the strong, interesting, and instructive romance of real life, "Who Hath Sinned!" which opened with the January number and will continue until the close of the present volume. The story has created wide-spread interest, and from many letters received we are convinced that it is doing much good.]

In the opening chapters the author describes himself as one who had taken up the special study of human nature at close range, while occupied as professor in a college. He lived in a somewhat large house occupied in part by a young married couple with whom he had long been acquainted. Into this home a little baby girl had come, and the scientist determined to make a critical study of the child in the hope of gaining a better grasp of human nature, while also obtaining many facts in the development and destiny of life and the complex influences to be met in the various stages of existence which might prove helpful to others. The story opens with a description of the babe Ruth, her childhood, school days, opening womanhood and her betrothal to a young man whose heredity is inebriety and who has already evinced an appetite for liquor. The scientist vainly warns the father of the frightful risk which his daughter is running in entering the solemn estate of wedlock with one who drinks; but the parent treats the matter lightly, dismissing the question with the flippant observation that "all men drink," thus giving up his child more carelessly than he would have parted with his favorite horse, as he afterward realized and acknowledged. The husband after marriage becomes a drunkard, and upon the young wife is thrown the burden of support. A son is born. When he is a mere baby, to save him from the influence of his father, and because she is no longer able physically to carry the burden, Ruth separates from him, and a few years later he dies and she rears and educates the boy. He more than fulfills her hopes for many years, but at last succumbs to the influence of his heredity.

The scientist calls attention to the fact that there are exceptions to the rule of hereditary inebriety, and that an inebriate may be father of a temperate child—a girl—who is never thrown into temptation, but that severe mental or physical strain, a shock, may resurrect the supposed dead heredity, which under the more favorable circumstances of good health and a harmonious life might have been avoided, or not appeared.

The whole story tends toward the true and humane way of averting evils and nobly trying to educate persons out of the ignorance which causes the evil. It takes a broad and comprehensive view. The writer has studied life and heredity in two people from birth, and narrates his story from his diary. The evil of marriage where the two contracting parties are not drawn together by pure, deep, and mutual love, such as can only exist where they live on the same plane of life, is dwelt upon. Certainly one of the chief sources of the tragedies of life to-day may be found in hasty and careless marriages, and this record is well calculated to arrest the attention and lead to a better realization of the awful import of the most solemn step in life from birth to the grave. The author emphasizes at all times the importance of the supremacy of the spiritual.

This is not a novel, but really a diary covering forty-five years of experience epitomized into a narrative at once fascinating and instructive. It cannot fail to be of positive benefit to each reader, as it brings home to the consciousness in a simple yet forcible way the great facts of life. The pulsations of sorrow throb in the words of some of its pages, awakening a responsive sympathy; the gleam of hope is seen in Ruth's eye as he describes her toiling on for her boy, Adiel, whom we love from his babyhood, when he brings peace and joy to his young mother's heart; we follow him in his promising youth and bless him for the hope his mother finds fulfilled in him, on to his strong young manhood, when crowned with trust and honor he embarks upon the sea of business. So perfect is her faith in him that she believes him above temptation and grows happy and young again, until the curse of heredity shows itself like a death's head once more in her home.

Remorse then at permitting him to be thrown so young into temptation causes her to seize every means to undo her error, for such she deems it. She yields up pride, ambition, all, to save him, and pours out money as water for that purpose.

After seven years she is convinced that there is but one law stronger than hereditary evil, indeed, it is but the penalty of a broken law handed down unto the third and fourth generations of those that transgress the higher law of life. It is only when she realizes this fact that her hope lies above that she gropes her way out of the darkness and strives to have her boy love Him and seek that mercy.

Through the laws of biology, the great revelations of psychology, the understanding of the two minds, the objective and subjective or natural and spiritual, she is enabled to grasp understandingly the situation and truly help her boy by the aid

of the scientist, who is the friend and physician of both, and who has made the study of heredity a study through them from their birth.

The bond of soul union between mother and child forms an interesting study in mental telepathy, as she could describe his condition when separated many miles, and when he in his suffering fastened his mind upon her, she would even take on his symptoms. When the thought occurred to her that by her recovery to health her son might be healed, she turned her thoughts to that with marvelous results.

It is one of the strongest advocates of temperance, showing so fully the fearful suffering entailed by it from generation to generation by heredity, but showing the means of avoiding the curse. And the promises it gives for the coming age are not promises that may be forgotten. The story closes like a rainbow after a storm, and the reader feels confidence in the covenant, for it is made upon God's laws pertaining both to the material and spiritual side of man.

Though holding a lofty ideal, the real is never lost. While kneeling at the grave of the material the eye gazes steadfastly at the star of the

spiritual. Indeed, it comes almost near being an advocate of suggestive therapeutics, but the scientist gives plain deductions from this psychic law as it relates to what is called "auto-suggestion," or the power one has to cure one's self being as great as that of another to cure him. The story establishes beyond doubt the existence of two minds, which investigation by other great scientists has discovered. One chapter in the story proves clearly and scientifically how the cure was effected by the subjective or unconscious mind, called by some the subliminal self, which has baffled many great scientists. At the same time it does not advocate it. It takes up both sides of the question, in fact, all sides, asserting boldly that people of one idea are always dangerous.

The whole idea of giving the story to the world is to point out dangers to the ignorant and inexperienced. "Many are destroyed through lack of knowledge." The story is valuable and helpful to all classes of readers, for it points out dangers that lurk on every side, at every age and in every condition of life, and how to avoid or cure.

EDITOR OF THE COMING AGE.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Dear old Dr. Heine came in with his erect carriage and frank smile.

He asked about Mr. and Mrs. Noel, and what I knew of Ruth.

"She lives, or did this morning."

"Where is Louis?" I asked, for I now called his son by his name when speaking of him to the parents.

"Why, man, he is with our boy's mother."

My heart stood still. The telegram I fancied from Ruth was Louis's thoughtful way of hurrying me on and to break the shock.

"When did you hear from him?" I found voice to ask.

"At noon to-day. He lets us hear morning, noon, and night, and our boy is getting himself in condition to pay fitting respect to these messages. Adiel is to be himself again. He has not been well for three days, but is improving now."

I cannot describe the real power expressed in these words, for it was the gentle, tender manner of the good old man for the miserable boy, man in years, that was so impressive. They were not lost upon Adiel. I saw a reverence in his eyes, as he raised them to the old man's face and then let them rest lovingly upon Mrs. Heine, that shone through his altered

features as if his soul for a moment got the ascendancy over the body. Then he turned to me and begged forgiveness. He wept like a child. He was very weak, and as we soothed and got him to bed my heart was more tender toward him than ever, and I said to myself: "He is only poor Ruth gone wrong. She is Ruth living right. This is what a false life could have brought her to." Thank God it is as it is! For, have I not seen frail women who have trod the very path that Adiel has and suffered just the same? We assured him we would support and help him again and again, on even to the end, and we promised him that his mother should not know.

"If this was all of life," he said, rising upon his elbow and looking steadily at us, "I would force the end. I would not live such a life long, but if my mother's faith is true, and surely it must be, 'it is not all of life to live.'"

What I never ceased to wonder at, and what I never could scientifically explain, was that his brain was always so keen and clear, far more so than that of many sober men. Even when his face was so disfigured that it was past recognition,—for I never saw any one that liquor so completely transformed,—his voice was clear and steady, his thoughts true, his sentiments noble, and never did we hear one

word that was not pure and clean. There was no inclination to profanity, nothing that betokened a mind depraved, or that was ever tainted. No, Adiel in the heavenliest debauch was freer from such evil than many a one who is called a model man.

I told him I should go at once to his mother, and remain with her until death claimed her or released his hold. I urged him to make every effort to get control of himself, so that if it should be necessary to send for him he would be in condition to go to her. I told him that if anything could save her it would be a knowledge of his reformation, and I believed it. I was wiser than I knew. I left him with this promise, the poor weak boy, and with his old hope revived, for he said, "Oh, surely, doctor, I can quit now,—I have suffered enough." It was sad to think how weak the body was even with the willing spirit.

Seated in the railway coach again, the same passive feeling came over me. I rejoiced, for the body seems to rest in such a state and the mind becomes clear and decisive. I recalled my visit to Ruth's parents, and the effect of the intelligence upon Mr. Noel. I realized that he was not so strong as I had supposed, and I feared the result of the shock upon his health, but I believed good tidings from Ruth would do more for him than medicine. I thought with equal wonder of the heroic strength of his wife. Then I contrasted the effect that the sorrow of their children had had upon these people, and upon old Mrs. Davis and her daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Noel seemed never to have associated shame and disgrace with John's and Adiel's downfall. Sorrow and remorse for their own negligence was the cankerworm at their hearts, while Mrs. Davis felt she had been the aggrieved party—her gray hairs were being brought down in shame to the grave. Adiel's sunny curls, scarcely darkened yet with the shades of life, yet already moist with the death damp of sorrow and remorse, did not trouble her; indeed, she had no memory of the fair child,—she had only a picture of a dissolute youth painted by gossips' tongues, black as

Satan in her mind, and that picture disgraced her, dishonored her gray hairs. Self, self, and yet hers was a far more natural and human view than that other one of Mr. and Mrs. Noel.

With such reflections I reached my destination. Mr. Heine met me with an anxious, troubled face. I had never seen a grief that so awed me, but he was not a man to think of self. His grief manifested itself in that still white face, which was more calm than I had ever seen it.

"We have only the hope that always lives with life. I am so glad you have come," he said to me, leading the way to her room. It was not darkened, as I had expected to find it. The great bay window facing the lake gave a magnificent view. A nurse sat reading. When I approached the bed I was startled at the change. The slight frame was almost a skeleton,—that I had seen; but the shock came when I took the passive hand in mine and found it discolored, with the blood settled under the nails, and the blue veil that death often throws over the countenance was apparent.

When she opened her eyes and saw me, her face brightened, the soul was still strong and masterful. She looked at her hand and then toward Mr. Heine, and let her gaze rest upon me. The lips were purple.

"They tell me this is death," she said, calmly; "but, doctor, I feel that it is death brought on by medicine that I have refused since yesterday to take. I was very restless. The physician in whose charge you left me was taken ill. Another came, and has dosed me with hurtful medicine, first eight grains of quinine, when you had given me only one-fourth, and twenty times the amount of another medicine you gave. The white powder, to cause sleep, I know is one of the coal-tar preparations you forbade me to take; it is that which has caused this death-like hue, and brought me to a state of calm, living death. It would kill me very soon. I knew it, and had Mr. Heine wire you."

Could this be true? I had tested these coal-tar remedies upon chickens, and found the blood turned to ink in an hour, and I never prescribed them, for no one



knows of what they are composed. God grant she was correct. It gave me hope.

"It has affected my head—the cerebellum; it has brought on nightmare when I sleep, something I never had in all my life; it is the medicine, I know."

I consulted with Mr. Heine, who was the finest chemist I ever knew.

"These coal-tar preparations are depressants," he said. "She should not have taken it, but I did not know it; besides, I had no authority. She told me this yesterday, and I advised her to refuse to take the medicine if she was certain this was the effect. She has a peculiar insight into her own case, and you will find she can read one's very thoughts."

"We must at once counteract this medicine; but go you, dear friend, and wire her father and mother that she lives and hopes," I said.

Ruth said to me: "You have only to observe the complexions of these nurses who use coal-tar preparations to produce sleep, and these 'anti' and 'onal' preparations for headaches, to be convinced; but their circulation is better than mine, and the medicine does not affect them seriously so quickly, but it will produce what you call a cyanose condition eventually."

"I asked my nurse the other morning how she rested after she was relieved by her substitute, and she said, 'Very well, for I took a sleeping-powder.' To my inquiry, she said, 'Oh, it was simple; it wouldn't hurt a baby.'

"Is it the same you gave me?"

"Yes," she answered.

"I saw that she was of a dull leaden hue, almost blue; indeed, I have noticed it in all the nurses, but they are strong, and a cup of coffee seems to counteract the effect."

"You are a wise little woman," I said, smiling.

"I am an observant little patient," she answered. "I see and hear more keenly than ever in my life."

"How are dear papa and mamma, and my dear boy? I know that papa was quite ill with the shock, but mamma bore it bravely, and my darling—my poor boy—has been quite overcome again."

"Who told you this?" I asked, wondering who dare do so cruel a thing.

"No one told me. I know it. I can be there as well as here. I can feel their thoughts as well as hear your words, and sometimes I can see them. I shall show you if you watch me. I have been studying myself while they have thought me dying, and I have been studying them all—nurses, physicians, and patients."

"Who of the patients have you seen?"

"All of them."

"Have they been to see you?"

"Oh, no! I read all in the doctor's face and in their own thoughts; besides, I can hear them talk and tell their ills, and I can hear their nurses reading to some of them."

"Why, that is wrong; they should not read so loud."

"No one else could hear. Listen."

She paused; I could hear nothing distinctly, but the muffled voice of some one reading; the walls were thick.

"In 47 the nurse reads 'Pickwick Papers' to her patient. Strange company to keep. Sam and Tony Weller, and the two saw-bones, Bob Sawyer and Ben Allen. Not that I have not enjoyed many a laugh over them when I was well; but ill, I prefer my Bible. It brings a sphere of angels near, and they soothe and comfort me."

"Do not talk more now," I said, gently.

"You are right; thanks, for I am too weak to talk, but I do want you to order a cup of coffee for me. It is medicine that has a powerful effect upon my heart action; but for it they would have killed me while you were gone. The doctor says I should not take it, but in that I was perverse. Now that you are here I shall get on very well, for I am not to die this time; so I have been told in a dream. I shall tell you everything when you permit me to talk again."

She closed her eyes and became as still as death, and I took up my watch beside the window until relieved by Mr. Heine, who returned from sending the telegram and took up his watch beside the window. I resolved to give her no more medicine, but I sent him to order the coffee, only a little, but of the best. She drank it with-

out speaking, save a "Thank you," and then we began our watch, day and night, relieving each other. She was quiet at night, and we let a nurse sleep in the room, while we occupied a room on either side of her, and a word would have brought us both to her side.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Ruth improved daily; her progress was more like that of a child than an adult. It was steady without one show of relapse. While other patients lay in their darkened rooms sleeping heavily from narcotics, or else tossing upon restless pillow, she gazed out upon the lake and sky and silently communed with her own soul. The physical so reduced she seemed awakened to an inner consciousness, and thus we found her each morning renewed and refreshed, whether she had slept all night or not at all. She took only the smallest quantity of food, and that was prepared under the direct supervision of Mr. Heine, he choosing and preparing it with the skill of the great chemist that he was.

We heard daily from Adiel through Dr. Heine, or a letter from himself full of love and joy at his mother's recovery.

Ruth's condition, however, was as sure an indication of the condition of her son as though I had sat beside him with my finger upon his pulse and with a thermometer. Then a deep calm came over her, and instead of my learning his condition from her symptoms I had to inquire of her, and to establish perfect accuracy I had Dr. Heine keep a daily bulletin of his condition, and would say to Ruth at 10 a. m.:

"You are better now,—tell us of Adiel," and I would write down her answer; and in no instance did it differ from the report of the physician who had charge of her son, whether it was a spree, battle from under the influence of one, his repentant state, his irritable condition that sometimes succeeded the spree, or the nervous condition that preceded it.

But she would lie upon her couch gazing out upon the lake, calmly, without

speaking one word for hours. The psalms and the New Testament were meat, drink, and medicine.

Her father had been dangerously ill from the day I left him. I was in correspondence with his physician, who gave little hope of his recovery, and added:

"It is better so, for he will be a madman if he lives."

The morning I received this letter Mr. Heine and I consulted about revealing the true state of the case to Ruth, as it was our custom to read all letters to her during our morning visit. There had never been any encouragement; but nothing so dreadful had been hinted at as this. When I left him I was sure he would have brain fever, and would probably die, but insanity I had not had in contemplation, though, remembering his condition as I left him, it did not surprise me now. My mind had been too engrossed upon Ruth. At last we determined to let the circumstances decide for us.

She had a maid that Mrs. Heine had sent her, who was gentle, quiet, and devoted in her service. She could read in a low, pleasant voice, and her presence was grateful to Ruth.

To our delight she wore her morning gown, and rose and walked from the window to the center of the room to meet us.

"This is fine," we cried. "Why, Lydia (to the maid), Mrs. Davis will be out walking next thing we hear."

The maid smiled, and Ruth replied:

"Very soon now, very soon."

After we had been seated a short time she said:

"Doctor, you have a letter from papa's physician which makes you very uneasy. Let me assure you that papa will get well,—perfectly well, mentally and physically. You have said to me some time, I think, that a sick mind in a sick body is not unusual or dangerous; it is the diseased mind in the strong body."

"I do not remember of ever having such conversation with you, but it is a correct conclusion. Mr. Heine and I will be glad to hear how you know of your father's condition."

"After all was quiet last night I lay here, looking out upon the glorious pic-

ture before me, the sky with the bright moon glinting upon the waves of the lake. I was rapt in that mute, reverent communion with the great Over-Soul which transcends imperfect prayer. I forgot my pain, forgot my sorrow; for all at once my whole being seemed to expand, and my soul leaped forth from my weak, sickly body and spread itself in the ether and floated free in that boundless sea of cloud and light. My heart rejoiced. I had found a new interior breath which brought me into the conscious presence of God. God above, around, beneath, pressing lovingly on every side, telling me to ask what I would and it should be granted. I prayed, and my prayer was answered. A new soul seemed to descend into a newly prepared and enlightened body.

"Then I found myself at home consciously with papa and mamma. They had placed papa upon a couch between the south window and north door. Mamma sat beside him when I entered. I know she could not see me, though she was thinking of me. I kneeled down at a chair at the head of his couch, and with one thought only, his restoration, I asked God for it. I felt a conscious presence, a great spiritual cloud, envelop me. I felt the answer—'Yes, he shall be, in body, soul, and spirit, healed.' I thanked my heavenly Father, and presently I realized that I was here in the body. I had prayed my second prayer; I mean I never prayed, truly prayed, but twice.

The first time was long ago, and it was answered, and I know this will be.

"When I became conscious of all my natural surroundings I wrote down the hour, and you may watch the circumstance. So sure am I of this that I want to urge you, dear friends, to procure a suitable place further out from the city, but upon the lake, and we shall send for papa and mamma. By the time you have your preparations made we can both be removed to them. Simplicity, remember that,—but something that looks like a home."

Mr. Heine's face brightened, and he at once took upon himself the pleasure of granting her request. A suitable house was found commanding a magnificent view of the lake. It was built of stone. Contracts were made, Mr. Heine gave it his own personal supervision, and in one month we removed thither, with her parents.

I must state here that, upon comparing the bulletin kept of Mr. Noel's condition by his physician, it was found that his improvement began and was recorded from the very hour Ruth said she knelt and prayed beside him. I have that record and Ruth's pinned in my diary.

Adiel remained with Dr. and Mrs. Heine, and we learned that Violet had gone to another State and begun proceedings for divorce; and Adiel informed us that he should allow it to be granted by default.

*(To be continued.)*

# HEALTH AND HOME

EDITED BY

MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

## MARY AND MARTHA

There is a popular belief that the lazy girls of a household are the typical Marys of the New Testament. We read that Mary sat at our Saviour's feet listening to his words, while the industrious Martha smarted under the injustice of the thing until she spoke to the Lord, and asked him, "Dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone, bid her therefore that she help me;" and we wonder if she was not disappointed at his answer: "Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."

We often see households which recall to us that story, and we do not blame the overworked Marthas for crying out against the idle Marys who sit and listen to the gossip of callers, forgetful of all duty or sense of justice. Martha may oftentimes represent the mother of the family. But the spiritual lesson of the scriptural story is altogether beautiful and helpful. In our own dual nature we represent both Martha and Mary. Martha cumbered with cares is the essential character of our external lives. We must needs attend to

each and all of our household cares and duties, and we cry out in rebellion sometimes, but the answer of our Saviour is the same to-day as it was then, and we feel that Mary—our true inner self,—that sits at the feet of the Lord, has chosen the good part that shall not be taken away. What peace and joy we feel when the Mary within us rules, but this could not always be so in this life. Martha is cumbered with cares to develop and round out her character; husbands and children, on the external plane, cry hourly for the services of Martha, and the Lord is only commending the interior life of Martha when he tells her that Mary has chosen the good part that shall not be taken from her. The true Christian mother and daughter is not Martha alone or Mary alone; they dwell together like sisters in one house, and there receive the Lord. Indeed, they are united as one, the external and internal person. Martha, busy and cumbered with care, and at the very same time, in that very service, spiritually the Mary part of her is kneeling at Jesus' feet and listening to his words.

## THE BEST PHYSICIAN

### I.—CLEANSE THE CHANNEL.

Nature is the best physician, and her "cure" might be called the food cure; for the food is what builds the new body, and any part that is diseased can be "cured" only by throwing away the diseased parts and building new. She has very nicely adjusted machinery, arranged

expressly for this purpose, and the waste of the body is carried off through various channels.

Nature's part of the work is to carry off the waste, but she is kept busy a great part of the time in forcing open these outlets which the inhabitant of the body ignorantly or heedlessly closes. Thus



nature is hindered and delayed in her work, and the purifying of the house man lives in and the building up of the new cannot go on as perfectly as it would if the waste outlets were kept free.

However, it is nature's aim to repair, and whenever she finds anything wrong she does her best to correct it. She can work against pretty heavy odds,—otherwise not many of us would be living today. If she cannot set things entirely right, she does the best she can.

Our part is to leave nature uninterfered with, and to work in harmony with her laws. As we have done just the opposite, we are now in all conditions of unhealth, unnatural conditions. Some of us, and our number is growing, wish most earnestly to get back to our natural condition,—the condition that nature creates for us. The first thing we need to do is to aid her in her never-ceasing efforts to free the outlets that are so clogged as to be nearly closed.

The largest outlet is through the intestines. No human being can estimate the misery brought upon the race by the choking of this purifying channel. Picture a brook of running water, carrying off every day all the refuse that accumulates in it, and also gathering impurities from the air about it. Then picture the same brook with the refuse thrown in so fast that it is impossible for the brook to get rid of it. It gathers at the sides, it chokes the outlet, it is packed harder and harder, until the brook is able to carry off but a small portion of the refuse. All that has gathered decays, and throws off gases that poison the air, and the neighborhood of the brook becomes malarial.

This is similar to what takes place in the body when the intestines are choked. For years this work of packing waste material on its walls goes on until the outlet is nearly closed, and action nearly ceases, and the poisonous gases arising from this hardened refuse poison the whole body. Pure blood is impossible in this condition. Most of the diseases flesh falls victim to

are caused by this stagnant channel. Health means pure blood. To cure disease the blood must be purified. The blood is purified by cleansing it of the waste matter; to cleanse it, the channels through which the waste must pass off will have to be opened. Hence, the very first step on the road to health is to open the channels that carry off the waste matter. As the intestines are the largest channel we should begin there.

MILDRED NORMAN.

### STARCH OR GLUTEN.

Dr. Ephraim Cutter, of Harvard, in an able illustrated article on "Cereal Foods," in the American Medical Weekly, says: "The gluten of cereal foods is their nitrogenized element, the element on which depends their life-sustaining value, and this element is, in the white and foolishly fashionable flour, almost entirely removed, while the starch, the inferior element, is left behind and constitutes the entire bulk and inferior nutriment of such flours. To use flour from which the gluten (in the bran) has been removed, is almost criminal. That it is foolish and useless needs no further demonstration. In sickness, and in the sickness of infants especially, starch is highly injurious, while gluten is life-giving and restorative."

In the valuable article from which the above extract is taken, microscopical examination is given of forty-four kinds of flour and health foods. Of the Franklin Mills Co., Lockport, N. Y., who manufacture Franklin Mills Flour, a fine flour of the entire wheat, he says: "The field is filled with gluten cells. Repeated examinations prove this to be the best flour examined." One can readily see, being more nutritious, in point of economy, even, this flour is invaluable. It is preferable for making anything that is ordinarily made from white flour; makes better pie-crust, better cake, and griddle-cakes, and for toast, pudding, and gems has no comparison with other flour. Still further, what will with many be considered the best argument for its use, the taste of this flour is sweeter and more "nutty." Once accustomed to the "Flour of the Entire Wheat," white flour seems tasteless and insipid, and none will return to its use from choice. Hundreds of cases within my knowledge attest to this fact.—Exchange.

## MENU

ARRANGED BY DR. MARY DODD, HYGIENIST

## SUNDAY—BREAKFAST.

Apples, raw.      Corn mush.      Stewed plums.  
Rolls.              Poached eggs on toast.

## SUNDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes.      Corn bread.      Corn fritters.  
Plums.              Strawberry shortcake.

## SUNDAY—SUPPER.

Mush.      Canned plums.      Rolls.

## MONDAY—BREAKFAST.

Raw apples.      Stewed apples.      Rolls.      Rolled oats.  
Cream biscuit.

## MONDAY—DINNER.

Soup.      Potatoes.      Lettuce.  
Cucumbers, with sliced onion.  
Cauliflower.      Raw tomatoes.

## MONDAY—SUPPER.

Grain.      Rolls.      Bread.  
Canned gooseberries.

## TUESDAY—BREAKFAST.

Apples, raw.      Rolled oats.      Canned peaches.  
Rolls.              Milk toast.

## TUESDAY—DINNER.

Baked potatoes.      Corn.      Corn bread.  
Apricots.      Samp.      Apple pie.

## TUESDAY—SUPPER.

Stewed apples.      Strawberry juice.  
Scone.              Rolls.

## WEDNESDAY—BREAKFAST.

Raw apples.      Plums.      Corn mush.  
Rolls.      Creamed potatoes.

## WEDNESDAY—DINNER.

Peas.      Potatoes.      Spinach.      Corn.      Rolls.  
Dessert—Gooseberry cobbler.

## WEDNESDAY—SUPPER.

Mush.      Muffins.  
Cherries.      Rolls.

## THURSDAY—BREAKFAST.

Raw apples.      Apricots.      Rolled oats.  
Rolls.              Bread and butter.

## THURSDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes.      Beets.      Squash.  
Cooked tomatoes.      Rice.

## THURSDAY—SUPPER.

Mush.      Strawberries.      Rolls.

## FRIDAY—BREAKFAST.

Apples.      Rolled oats.      Rolls.  
Canned currants.      Scrambled eggs.

## FRIDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes.      Corn.      Corn bread.  
Cherries.      Wheat.  
Blackberry pudding.

## FRIDAY—SUPPER.

Molded farina.      Raspberries.  
Cream biscuit.      Rolls.

## SATURDAY—BREAKFAST.

Apples.      Rolls.      Corn cakes, with maple syrup.  
Plums.              Rolled oats.

## SATURDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes.      String beans.      Rice.  
Beets.      Turnips.      Tomatoes, cooked.  
Sago pudding.

## SATURDAY—SUPPER.

Mush.      Toast.  
Canned quinces.

# EDITORIALS

## FAILING CREEDS AND RISING MANHOOD

Almost every week we have striking illustrations of the passing of the old religious ideals and the yielding of even the most rigidly orthodox denominations to the high, new, and world-inspiring concepts born of the revelations of science and the humanizing of society. A noteworthy instance of this character occurred in Boston during the last week in April, when the congregation of the venerable South Church formally abandoned the Westminster confession of faith. On the evening of the twenty-seventh the officers of the church voted to put aside the confession, and two days later the pastor, the able Dr. Gordon, delivered a memorable sermon in which he dwelt upon the action just taken. Among many interesting utterances in this discourse, reported in the Boston Herald of May 1st, I select the following as revealing the nature and extent of the gulf between the church of yesterday and to-day:

For many centuries theology has been slow to admit new light. It has been loath to rise out of the dust and shake itself, and put on its beautiful garments. That hour of indecision has gone. The churches have moved forward. They have moved forward so far that no sane disciple of Christ can read the gospel and say that the Westminster confession is a true interpretation of it.

After dwelling on the times which called forth the confession, characterized by Dr. Gordon as the fruit of "sublime and ethical idealism" which, however, "through the high rigor and noble extravagance of its thought made the kingdom of God inaccessible," he continues:

It was too much for human nature to bear to exalt God so high and to sink man to such abysses. To be willing to be damned for the glory of God is more than man is equal to

Puritanism has no longer any vital relation to the educated mind. Indeed, it has become a mystery how able and good men could ever have believed in the Westminster or Calvinistic system. The confession declares that, by the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestined unto everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death.

Shades of Michael Wigglesworth and Cotton Mather! And this is from one of the ancient pulpits that for so many generations were veritable bulwarks of Calvinism. In speaking of the present transition period in religious thought, the minister next touched upon the fact that many who abjured the old theology were afraid to take comfort in the new, and to such he addressed the following advice:

In the name of his human heart, in the name of Christ's love, and in the name of man's ignorance, let him refuse to repeat the Calvinistic blasphemy! Agnosticism upon the final mysteries of the universe is infinitely better than opinions that arraign the righteousness of the Most High.

Toward the close of the discourse Dr. Gordon insisted that "though we have the final Christianity," this fact "does not mean that it is perfectly understood. It is owing to the fact that we possess the gospel of God in Christ that there is in our religion the eternal pledge of progress."

We are ready at any moment to forget the things that are past, and to reach out for the things that are before. It seems to me that we have a most limited conception of what God is if the burning of an old creed disturbs our beatific vision. I have not said a word against the creed, but in my soul I believe there are hundreds of creeds up and down this land that are inverted pyramids, shutting out the light of heaven. Their gospel is not the gospel of the

Son of God. We do not claim or reproach, but for God's sake what has he set us in the world to do? To repeat not only the wisdom but the folly of the fathers?

To appreciate the fact that religious thought is in a state of rapid flux one has only to go back to the days when Lyman Beecher spent so much of his time thundering against Unitarianism in the Modern Athens. That was not so very long ago, and the austere father of the illustrious Henry Ward seemed to feel it his duty, in order to check the rising tide of liberalism, to keep up a pretty lively war-dance around the bottomless pit. In this connection I am reminded of an amusing story related to me by Miss A. M. Beecher, a gifted niece of Dr. Lyman Beecher. The incident took place at the time when the eminent divine was dwelling with marvellous realism on the horrors of hell while warning the faithful against the perils of Unitarianism. His church was not unfrequently styled the "Brimstone Factory." One morning, as Dr. Beecher approached the church, his attention was arrested by the sight of a small urchin who was sticking little white slivers of wood into the key-hole. Each of these was held in position a moment, and then removed to make place for another.

"What are you doing there?" sternly demanded the man of God.

"Making matches," laconically replied the unabashed youth, who we may reasonably suppose leaned toward the despised liberals in his ideas.

But Dr. Beecher broadened wonderfully as he advanced in years. He was too great a man to remain insensible to the growing light around him, and Miss Beecher relates another anecdote which happily illustrates this fact. When at Lane Seminary Dr. Beecher was present while a young man was being examined for the ministry. The professor put a question which seemed to stagger the youth, who was evidently a conscientious young man averse to following in the footsteps of Ananias. Dr. Beecher, noting the hesitancy, turned to the professor, saying, "What was the question?"

"I asked him if he would be willing to be damned for the glory of God."

"Would you, would you?" quickly retorted the old divine.

"Well, I hope I should," replied the confused teacher.

"Then you ought to be damned!" exclaimed Dr. Beecher, as he turned away.

Dr. Gordon rightly observes that there are great numbers of people to-day who can no longer subscribe to the old religious dogmas, and yet are afraid of the nobler conceptions of the present time. They are too good for their creeds, but they fear to trust the larger truths which open before them. This is no new experience. It is necessarily the case in all transition periods. How bitterly did conventional religion persecute Galileo, and how savagely did it denounce Copernicus, because the new truths were supposed to contradict essential facts in religion, while the errors lay in confusing the eternal verities of life and growth and progress with inconsequential, partial, and faulty human conceptions relating to religion, life, duty, and destiny. All past experience proves that not only is there no cause for fear, but that the broadening view of life quickens instead of deadening the real religious sentiments in man, making him better, nobler, more conscientious and human as he rises; and though, at every new discovery, every departure from the old ideals, there are many who imagine that the foundations of religion and ethics are shaken, the lesson of the years that follow is ever the same. Religion,—not the little, narrow, dogmatic creedal theology of former ages,—true religion takes deeper and firmer hold on the soul and consciousness of man as the horizon broadens and his vision is enlarged. The future belongs to the soul even more than the body, and it will be rendered more and more glorious by the supremacy of the spiritual. Man is coming to realize that God—the God of life and light and love—environs him as never before; and interest in the soul's destiny, the mighty Beyond, grows apace with the years. Never in the history of the world have so many thoughtful, intelligent, truth-loving, and truth-serving savants been engaged in scientifically seeking to solve the problem of the ages as to-day. Let none be afraid. True greatness, glory, and progress lie before and not behind.

B. O. F.



## VICTORY WITHIN THE POWER OF ALL

There are few sights so essentially tragic as the spectacle of a soul, who has struggled more or less valiantly for spiritual mastery during many years, finally succumbing to the influence of environment, heredity, or the animal propensities of nature, and then ceasing to battle, under the delusion that victory cannot be attained. Believing, as I do, that nothing is settled until it is settled in conformity with the underlying laws of right, justice, truth, and virtue, and that there can be no abiding place of peace, no rest for the soul, or true happiness for the spirit until the heights are attained, the spectacle of a life sinking into the night is unutterably sad; for before such a one I believe there stretches a long wandering in the wilderness, seeking, and often blindly groping and stumbling to reach once more the highway of happiness, holiness, virtue, and love. The false idea that one who has fallen many, many times in any special temptation can no longer successfully battle against his besetting sin is something to be combated at all times. The divinity within is stronger than any power of evil which comes from without, or which may have rise in the animal nature. I care not how many times a man has stumbled,—I care not how low he may have fallen,—he has not reached—he cannot reach—the point where victory is no longer possible. This is a thought that should be sent sounding throughout the thought atmosphere of the world. Hope, courage, victory, these are the words for which thousands are perishing to-day, and they are the words which must more and more be taken up by the advance guard who seek to ennoble and dignify manhood. It is a glorious thing to be able to pass through life strong in the might of self-mastery, and uninfluenced by the multitudinous temptations that environ every child of earth. But there is something still more thrillingly inspiring, and that is the spectacle of a soul that began the journey of life hampered by hereditary appetites and desires, or surrounded by a death-dealing moral atmosphere, and who

after falling many times, after years of groping, stumbling, and battling in a conflict that often seemed a losing contest, finally makes a last ditch stand and holds the fort during the long hours of temptation and depression, until the soul has been reinforced sufficiently for the onward march, and who thus battles on with the firm resolution to win, until the power of the old has fallen away and the emancipated spiritual nature has assumed mastery of the earthly tabernacle. I believe that not one in ten, who to-day give up the struggle to reach the heights of spiritual self-mastery, would be lost to the forces of progress if friends and teachers of truth, probity, and right living sought at all times to inspire them with hope and courage. It is the function of the true teacher to hold up the hands of such wavering ones, to strengthen and encourage them throughout the dark hours when temptation assails the spirit; and this suggests a fact never to be overlooked: There come into all lives periods of depression, as well as hours of exaltation. Peter on the Mount of Transfiguration, Peter in anguish after the cock crew, and Peter turning from the truth he had been told to proclaim to the world and seeking again his nets on the shores of Galilee, represent conditions liable to be experienced by all of us. Now, to those who have recently turned to the Father's house from the far country, these hours of depression come with all but overmastering stress; for all the influence of hereditary appetites and desires, the remembrance of sins indulged, and the old influences and environments frequently seem to conspire to crush resolution and drive the individual back into the night. There are moments when he needs all possible strength; there are hours when the starved soul calls for all the encouragement which can be given in a struggle with powerful and complex influences from without and within. It is much like a little garrison, surrounded by overwhelming hordes bent on its capture, which realizes its only hope is to hold out until

the reinforcements come; and come they will and must if the soul holds resolutely to its high resolves, for there is a divine potentiality in truth. This is a fact which should be ever impressed on the mind of the tempted one, while at the same time it is the duty of the strong to environ the weaker with the inspiration born of faith, encouragement, and that sympathy which flows from love, instead of abandoning him to the old influences and associations.

I have often been told by persons addicted to drink, and who have contracted other unfortunate habits, that were it not for the environment they could triumph; and this suggests (1) the duty we owe to those around us, and (2) the duty which the tempted one owes to himself in resolutely seeking to change his environment. He should remember the example set by the philosopher, Epictetus, a slave in the house of one of Nero's depraved and debased favorites, living in an atmosphere reeking with moral death, with no wholesome companions among his associates; and yet he passed through the long years of servitude under these influences unsullied even in thought. Few to-day are in a condition so hopeless as that of the little slave who longed for the heights, while fate chained his body in the sloughs of moral death, confronted by temptations greater than those which are found in any walk of life. And Epictetus has given us a hint, or, perhaps I might say, has told us the secret of his strength in the following words: "When any evil fancy assails you," he said to his disciples, "arise and depart to the society of the noble and the just. Live according to their example, whether you have such examples among the living or the dead. Go to Socrates and gaze on his utter mastery over temptation; consider how glorious was the conscious victory over himself." Here there is suggested a most effective aid to those tempted during the hours of depression and weakness which come to all who have made a heroic stand against temptation. It is all-important to change the moral atmosphere. High, vital, and noble thoughts,—thoughts vibrant with love and hope and courage, thoughts which flow from a truly spirit-

ual nature,—these will soon drive out the old cravings as light dispels darkness. To those who find pleasure in close reasoning and sustained thought no nineteenth-century teacher will speak with greater power in such times than Robert Browning. There is a vitality in such ringing sentences as these:

Weakness never need be falseness;  
Truth is truth in each degree.  
Thunder pealed by God to nature,  
Whispers in my soul to me.

There shall never be one lost good! What  
was, shall live as before;  
The evil is null, is naught, is silence im-  
plying sound;  
What was good shall be good, with, for evil,  
so much good more;  
On the earth the broken arcs; in the  
heaven a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of  
good shall exist;  
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty,  
nor good, nor power  
Whose voice has gone forth, but each sur-  
vives for the melodist  
When eternity affirms the conception of an  
hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroic  
for earth too hard,  
The passion that left the ground to lose  
itself in the sky,  
Are music sent up to God by the lover and  
the bard;  
Enough that he heard it once; we shall  
hear it by and by.

No, when the fight begins within himself,  
A man's worth something. God stoops o'er  
his head,  
Satan looks up between his feet—both tug—  
He's left, himself, I' the middle: the soul  
wakes  
And grows. Prolong that battle through his  
life!  
Never leave growing till the life to come!

The sum of all is,—yes, my doubt is great,  
My faith's still greater, then my faith's  
enough.

It's wiser being good than bad;  
It's safer being meek than fierce;  
It's fitter being sane than mad.  
My own hope is, a sun will pierce  
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;  
That, after Last, returns the First,  
Though a wide compass round be fetched;  
That what began best can't end worst.  
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.

Let him wait God's instant men call years.  
Meantime hold hard by truth and his great  
soul,

Do out the duty! Through such souls alone  
God stooping shows sufficient of his light  
For us in the dark to rise by. And I rise.

Why comes temptation but for man to meet  
And master and make crouch beneath his  
foot,  
And so be pedestaled in triumph?

And Browning is full of such glorious  
thought. He was the great spiritual  
prophet of our age, and his life was the  
noblest commentary on his teachings. No  
truer description of the poet can be found  
than that embraced in these lines penned  
by himself just before his death:

One who never turned his back, but marched  
breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,  
wrong would triumph.

Held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight  
better,

Sleep to wake.

It is vitally essential for the one who  
has newly broken with the lower life to

be fortified against the hours of tempta-  
tion and depression, and nothing will  
give strength like feeding the imagina-  
tion on the noblest and purest thought,  
or in other words changing the moral at-  
mosphere, and thereby placing the soul in  
accord with the higher influences and  
thought currents. This will render victo-  
ry comparatively easy in moments of  
weakness, and each such victory won will  
add greatly to the spiritual strength, until  
soon the soul will find itself the master  
of its own, and what were once well-nigh  
overmastering temptations will no longer  
have influence over the imagination. The  
word I would give to every one struggling  
to break from the lower ideals which pre-  
vail so generally in society in all its rami-  
fications to-day, is, hope, courage, resolu-  
tion,—victory! Every one can triumph.  
Every triumph means a victory for self  
for eternity, and a help to every child on  
earth.

Aspire, break bounds! I say  
Endeavor to be good, and better still,  
And best!

B. O. F.

## THE IDEAL

In the education of the future that is  
to redeem the race and revolutionize soci-  
ety—the development of the moral nature  
through proper training and whole-  
some environment will be paramount,  
while the intellect and the physical man  
will not be neglected. And just at this  
moment as we are facing a new epoch  
which will surely be marked by a nobler  
manhood, let us urge upon parents the  
importance of giving special attention to  
the development of the moral nature of  
their children; teach them to be loving,  
gentle, and kind.

Impress upon them the hardships of  
the unfortunate, the poor, and wretched  
in life, and encourage them in every pos-  
sible effort to alleviate the suffering or  
lessen the burdens of those who have been  
overtaken by misfortune.

Teach them to make others happy,  
and in so doing, you will fill their lives  
with joy and gladness, for you will have  
given their love nature a proper impetus.

Next inspire their minds with hope and  
courage, teach them to bravely face all of  
the trials and perplexities of life, and to  
fear nothing but that which is wrong.  
Above all impress upon them the loftiest  
morality, teaching them to avoid all  
coarse, rough or vulgar expressions, and  
to banish from the brain every thought  
that is ignoble. Show them the beauty  
in nature and art. This can be done at  
the fireside and in the home circle, and it  
will be worth far more to the child than  
a fortune of millions. The Spartans  
made their children brave, heroic, and  
dauntless by instilling courage into their  
minds when they were still very young, by  
repeated tales of heroism, by rebuking all  
manifestations of cowardice, and praising  
every courageous act; so, by acting on  
this hint and developing the moral nature  
of your children, you can make them  
noble, tolerant, brave and lovable.

B. O. F.

# THE PASSING DAY

EDITORIAL COMMENT BY B. O. FLOWER

## THE PEACE THAT SHALL COME

At the time of writing this note the Peace Conference is in session at the Hague. What the immediate outcome shall be is unknown, but one thing is assured,—this conference is in many respects the most remarkable and hopeful sign of our times. With the promulgation of the rescript summoning the nations to conference, the young Czar of Russia set in motion an educational agitation of immeasurable importance. For many decades the great governments of earth have been drifting toward militarism. The ideal presented to the mind of the child was more and more that of the soldier, uniformed and equipped, ready to shoot down his brothers, as the hunter shoots his game. The vision of Isaiah and the solemn teachings of the great Galilean were still on the lips of the clergy, but even there they were coming to be uttered in a perfunctory way, while in the minds of the masses the belief was taking a firm hold that the vision and the teachings were iridescent dreams or impractical theories, "pretty and poetic, no doubt, but not to be taken seriously." The ideal of the man of blood was silently taking the place of the ideal of the Prince of Peace; and therefore, when year by year the great powers increased the already crushing burden of taxes for augmented armament, the people accepted what they were coming to regard as inevitable, and in our own fair land the fires of indignation at cruelty and injustice, which forced the government to take up the sword of war, were changed into the seductive and dangerous desire for conquest, when, as the rising of the midnight sun in the gloom of the frozen north, the autocratic ruler of one of the

most military of all the powers sent forth his appeal to civilization's great family to halt in a suicidal course. It is not strange, perhaps, that the world received the rescript with incredulity and wonder, not untinged with suspicion of its author's sincerity; but the fact remains that Czar Nicholas has set in motion a world-wide educational agitation which more and more will touch and fire with holy moral enthusiasm the conscience of civilization, until the demand for peace shall be so great that no monarch or nation will be able to brave it.

I do not look for anything startling or radical in the accomplishments of this congress, but I hope to see what I believe will be far better at the present stage of the educational campaign,—the opening wedge which shall lead to the establishment of a universal court of arbitration or last resort at which all the great questions involving the issues of peace and war will be settled. Perhaps it would not be well for anything absolutely radical to be undertaken at this council, because the conscience of civilization may not yet be sufficiently aroused to sanction, sustain, or compel the enactment of a radical programme looking toward that which all the noblest souls of the age earnestly desire. There can be no universal disarmament until a strong, united, and determined public sentiment is crystallized in the great nations which will sustain every forward step. Now, the educational work which has marked the interim between the publication of the rescript and the gathering of this conference has been far greater than those dream who have not closely followed the peace crusade. It has set in motion a moral force which no



ruler or government will be able to crush. It has awakened fires which will burn brighter and brighter until they light the world with a radiance born of the realization of the lofty ideal which has forced itself on the expanding conscience of Christian civilization. The movement of which the rescript and the conference are manifestations is, in my judgment, the most momentous fact to be found in the calendar of the closing years of our century, and I believe it will prove the harbinger of that golden dawn which the poet, in his appeal to the powers, thus beautifully pictures:

#### THE DAWN OF PEACE.

Put off, put off your mail, O kings,  
And beat your brands to dust!  
Your hands must learn a surer grasp,  
Your hearts a better trust.

Oh, bend aback the lance's point,  
And break the helmet bar!  
A noise is in the morning wind,  
But not the note of war.

Upon the grassy mountain paths  
The glittering hosts increase.  
They come! They come! How fair their feet!  
They come who publish peace.

And victory, fair victory,—  
Our enemies are ours!  
For all the clouds are clasped in light  
And all the earth with flowers.

Aye, still depressed and dim with dew,  
But wait a little while,  
And with the radiant, deathless rose  
The wilderness shall smile;

And every tender, living thing  
Shall feed by streams of rest;  
Nor lamb shall from the flock be lost,  
Nor nursing from the nest.

## TRIBUTES LEVIED BY THE TRUSTS

Friends of the trusts continue to point out the fact that the great combines are in a position to supply the public with goods at a far lower cost than was possible under competition, and by this assertion they seek to convey the impression that the trusts are a benefit to the people. There is just enough truth in the premise to give plausibility to the conclusions arrived at by the special pleaders, but the difference from what should be and what is marks the gulf between the premise and the result. The combinations, such as we find in the great trusts, might bring about all the savings claimed, and the people might benefit from the saving of the frightful waste which necessarily follows in the wake of the competitive system, but in actual working we do not find that the public derives the benefit from the savings, because, instead of the industrial and productive energy being controlled for the benefit of the people, it is cornered, owned, and controlled by a few individuals for the enrichment of a special class at the expense of the workers thrown out of employment through the combination, on the one hand, and the consumers or users of the commodities over which the trust exerts control, on the other. And this is accom-

plished in various ways, chief among which are, first, fictitious valuation, or the watering of stock; second, gambling in securities; third, enormous salaries paid to those holding the largest interests. A recent issue of the New York Journal of Commerce stated that the capitalization of three-fourths of the great trusts is at least double that for which modern plants of equal productive capacity could be provided. The Journal of Commerce is noted for its conservativeness, and this statement is without doubt very much below the actual facts in its computation; but even on this basis the wrongs unjustly suffered by the people that commercial octopuses may gain all but absolute power, through rapid increase of wealth, is enough to make every thoughtful person pause. Think for a moment what it means for the people to be compelled to pay a tax or a tariff for fifty per cent of water on valuations rising up into billions of dollars. Take, for example, a trust capitalized for one million dollars, half a million of which is fictitious, yet the shares call for five per cent dividends. In other words, the people pay a tax equal to ten per cent on the actual valuation of the property. Add to this the enormous salaries drawn by such men as the head of

the sugar trust, and we see another source of wealth for the interested few and of cost to the people, while a third item which the people are expected to pay is the enormous lawyers' fees, the lobby expenses, and the corruption fund employed in defeating the enforcement of laws enacted to secure justice and equity, or curb lawless greed and avarice, and to prevent the passage of wholesome and necessary legislation.

Now, it is perfectly apparent that if the great utilities of the nation were wisely managed by the people, whether in the municipal, State, or national capacity, they could be so operated as to make an immense saving in cost to the people; but in the hands of selfish bands or associations of men, bent on acquiring wealth, that which might under different conditions and circumstances become a blessing proves one of the greatest menaces to free government and one of the most fruitful causes of enforced idleness, without lessening materially the cost of the necessities to the people. In actual operation, under present conditions, the trusts and monopolies are pouring untold millions of dollars into the pockets of a few interested operators, shrewd attorneys, and political manipulators who too frequently are engaged in the nefarious business of subverting free government and defeating the cause of justice.

There is also another side to this question which demands consideration. Every great combine or trust which is formed is a means of throwing out of employment an army of hard-working and industrious people, and this necessarily increases the misery of the many while it further gluts the labor market. Nothing is so fruitful a cause of hard times as the paralyzing of the arm of industry. When a few years ago the great silver mines of the West closed down, tens of thousands of men, who were supporting large fam-

ilies and securing to them the comforts as well as necessities of life, were no longer able to purchase from the manufacturer and the producer, and thus the paralyzing effect of this enforced idleness was felt throughout the whole land. So, when a great trust throws out of work a thousand men, it means that the manufacturers, the farmers, and the producers in general will suffer to the extent of the purchases of at least five thousand persons. This is a serious phase of this question which no economist can afford to overlook. Moreover, beyond the depression which all business feels in proportion as the industrial arm is paralyzed, there is also the social and ethical side to be considered. Every combination which throws men and women out of employment proves the fruitful cause of idleness, degradation, crime, suicide, and despair. The time has passed for idle talking. We are in the presence of a stupendous social and economic crisis which demands the uniting of the people in a resolute movement against that trinity of the pit,—the lawless corporations, the political machines, and the bosses. It has only been through the union of these three soulless and conscienceless elements that the present unjust, inequitable, and essentially anarchical conditions in the business world have been rendered possible. Let the American people speak in no uncertain sound, demanding that henceforth manhood shall be placed above money and that the recreant officials who at any time lend a willing ear to the gamblers of Wall street, and those enemies of sound morality who are operating the great combines in defiance of law, shall forever be barred from further participation in political life. And, above all, let them see that henceforth the judicial bench shall not be recruited from those who for years have been the hired tools and advocates of the trusts.

## THE KANSAS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

I think I am entirely within the bounds of a conservative statement of facts when I say that no State educational institution in our country can show a more splendid record of advance along the lines of special industrial education, as well as

a rise in the standard of instruction, than the Kansas Agricultural College under the masterly management of Prof. Thomas E. Will. Indeed, its progress has been of so phenomenal a character as to call for special notice. From a State institution

little known outside of the boundaries of Kansas, it has risen to a foremost position among the great industrial educational institutions of the United States, and the value of its bulletins is so widely recognized that recently the School of Agriculture at Ghizeh, Egypt, requested the publications of the Kansas Agricultural College, stating in the request that "these publications are most useful in an institution like this." Letters from Cuba and other remote quarters call for these bulletins, indicating that not only has this institution acquired an international reputation, but its bulletins are of such special value that they are eagerly sought by wide-awake and practical educators as far away even as Egypt. But interesting as this fact is, it is far less important to our people than the knowledge that these educational bulletins are being extensively read and republished throughout the length and breadth of our own country. Dealing as they do with seed-breeding, the culture of plants, important results attending dairy experiments, and other matters of vital importance to practical farmers, their educational value cannot well be overestimated. A recent bulletin relating to plant culture was regarded of such peculiar value that a large seed firm in Rochester, New York, has asked the privilege of reprinting five thousand copies. And it is gratifying to know that the leading agricultural and dairy journals of the country have been quick to recognize their value. The Chicago Dairy and Creamery, for April 1st, contains more than two columns of matter devoted to what the editor characterizes as "A Valuable Common-sense Experiment," from which I take the following sentences, which indicate the character of the article:

The Kansas Experiment Station has issued a press bulletin in which it has given the results of an experiment which should commend the work of the station to every farmer and business man in that State.

And again:

It must inspire a feeling of pride in the old-timers in the Kansas Legislature, and in the Kansas farmers who have for twenty-five years permitted the interests of the

dairy industry in that great State to suffer, to read "Condensed Notes from a Crowded Dairy."

A leading farm journal of Minnesota thus speaks of the same bulletin:

If the farmers read this bulletin and follow its teaching, their success in dairying will be assured, and in the near future the State will be found well to the front in this industry. This bulletin alone is worth more than all the station has cost for the period of five years, and should be read and its teachings followed by every dairyman in the State.

The above are fair samples of sentiments of appreciation appearing in various agricultural and dairy journals concerning the practical value to the nation as well as to the State of this work inaugurated and pushed forward by the college during the past two years.

Prof. Will is a Harvard man, having the degree of A. M. from that university, but scholastic training has had none of the narrowing influence which is so often perceptible in our university graduates. He appreciates as do few educators of our time the importance of rational, practical industrial training. This fact will be appreciated by those who peruse the masterly report of the college work, by Prof. Will, which appears in the May number of the college monthly, *The Industrialist*, under the title of "Tendencies of the Kansas State Agricultural College," from which I make the following extracts:

What now has the college within the past few years been doing for agriculture? First, as to its course of study. Its position two years ago among the agricultural colleges of the country may be shown by the following table:

Number of class hours in agriculture taught in a four-years' course in various colleges and universities: Wisconsin, 540; Iowa, 520; Illinois, 482; New York, 420; North Dakota, 390; Rhode Island, 382; Texas, 368; Missouri, 342; Georgia, 324; Delaware, 322; Colorado, 300; Arkansas, 296; South Carolina, 270; Mississippi, 240; Louisiana, 232; New Mexico, 220; Kansas, 185; New Hampshire, 160; New Jersey, 158.

Kansas, that is, at the time when its alleged tendency away from agriculture began, stood within two numbers of the foot of the class, as regards agricultural instruction, among the institutions named. Now, with 424 hours, when purely agricultural studies

are counted, it stands within three of the head; while, if horticulture and veterinary science, two subjects intimately related to agriculture and perhaps equally important, are also taken into account, the Kansas College leaps well to the front, with a splendid showing of 1090 hours. Again, one hundred students have taken the 424 hours of agricultural work in this institution, while only eight have taken the 540 hours in the Wisconsin.

To be more specific, June 3, 1897, found the college with a single course of study, highly general in its nature, and containing two terms, or 130 hours, of agriculture and one term, or fifty hours, of agricultural chemistry. The college now maintains, in addition to several other courses, a four years' course in agriculture, including the following studies: Agriculture, 60; hygiene of farm animals, 42; tillage and fertility, 70; dairying, 60; crop production, 50; agricultural chemistry, 70; agricultural mechanics, 24; stock feeding, 60; breeds and breeding, 50; agricultural bacteriology, 70; agricultural physics, 60; agricultural economics, 50.

The last on the list, like most of the others, is taught by the agricultural department.

The ratio, then, of opportunity in the college for strictly agricultural work at the date first mentioned to that at the present time is 180 to 666, or 1 to 3.7. In other words, the student now has more than three and two-thirds as much opportunity to do strictly agricultural work as he had two years ago.

A word next as to the college dairy school. For ten years the college had talked about the need for a dairy school in Kansas. The biennial report of 1896-'7 contained a request for a legislative appropriation for this purpose, though the writer was sent to Topeka in the interest of the college, with private instructions to ignore this request. After July 1, 1897, the college determined to have a dairy school, and to show its determination by making a start without awaiting an appropriation. The barn office and an adjoining room were taken for this purpose, and later supplemented by a grain bin and the young men's dressing-room. Three hundred dollars were put into apparatus, and a scrub herd was purchased. The dairy school opened in January, 1898, with six special dairy students, while twenty-four others from the four years' course received dairy instruction during the year. The second term of the dairy school opened in January, 1899, with twenty-five special dairy students who were reinforced by twenty more from the other courses. These students fairly trod upon one another in their crowded quarters. Legislative committees came, saw, and were conquered. Thirty-four thousand dollars were voted for a dairy building, equipment, herd, and shelter.

To provide milk for the use of the dairy school, and to ascertain what proper feeding and care would do for grade animals, a scrub

herd of thirty cows, much inferior to average Kansas cows, was purchased. The average receipts from these cows were more than double those from average Kansas cows. The worst cow in this herd produced butter fat at a cost to the college of fifteen cents per pound; the best cows produced butter fat at an average cost of seven cents. Were the lesson taught by this experiment utilized by Kansas farmers and dairymen, and the grade of the average milch cow in the State raised by the difference between the worst and the best cows in the college herd, the gain to the State would be \$3,000,000 per annum. Conservative dairymen have declared the value of this experiment to be greater to the State than that of any other work ever done by the college. One editor says:

"When Professor Cottrell went out and bought a number of cows of the kind the average farmer keeps, and put up a cheap milk shed of the 'every-farmer-can-afford-it' sort, he did so because he knew that the farmers of Kansas are not farming for fun merely, and that they want some common-sense experiments up at Manhattan, and that they want some experiments that will do some good as well as read well."

Seed, like cattle and horses, can be improved by breeding. The Gartons of Lancashire, England, by crossings and selections for seventeen years increased the oat yield on experimental fields sixty per cent, and the wheat yield one hundred per cent. Were similar work to be done for Kansas, the increased yield in oats would amount annually to 50,000,000 bushels, and in wheat to 120,000,000 bushels.

Experiments indicate that the proteline or muscle-producing content of corn may be increased by selection and breeding two to three per cent. An increase of but one per cent would be worth to Kansas corn raisers \$380,000 per annum.

The work of seed breeding has recently been taken up by the Kansas Experiment Station. A member of the force is now at Cornell University, at his own expense, devoting his entire time to the study of this subject under the direction of experts. The three departments of agriculture, chemistry, and botany at this college are co-operating in seed-breeding experiments. They have already found that surprising variations exist in the nitrogen content of corn as respects varieties, individual ears of the same variety, and individual kernels of equal weight on the same ear; and are practically convinced that the per cent of nitrogen in corn may be materially increased and its feeding value thereby correspondingly enhanced by the improvement in varieties through intelligent selection and breeding.

The results of the experiment-station work are distributed through bulletins.

A powerful agency for the development of agriculture is the farmers' institute. Kansas for years lagged in prosecuting this



work. The State has appropriated nothing, and the college has asked for nothing, to assist farmers' institutes. During the same time Wisconsin has been appropriating annually \$12,000, Minnesota, \$13,500, and New York and Pennsylvania, \$15,000 each. Kansas farmers are in competition with these better instructed farmers, as well as with those of the whole world.

Between July 1, 1890, and July 1, 1899, the Agricultural College assisted at 209 farmers' institutes. Indiana held 185 in the single year 1897; Ohio held 284; and New York, 300. Of the 209 named, 91, or more than 43%, have been held since July 1, 1897. During the present winter the three men on the farm department staff have attended 35 farmers' institutes, and have declined invitations to 133 others on account of lack of time. The need for farmers' institutes was strongly stated in our last biennial report, and an earnest effort was made to secure aid for this enterprise, with the result that \$2000 per year for the biennium was granted. With this appropriation, and the plan last year devised for economizing institute funds, from two to three institutes can be held in each of the one hundred and five counties in the State during the next year and the year following.

As to the cost of institutes. The average cost of the 118 institutes held previous to July, 1897, was \$18.93; the average cost of the 91 held since that date was \$10.59; while in 1898-'9 it was found that by grouping the institutes the average cost could be reduced to \$7.77.

A sure index to the success or failure of a department or institution is the degree of student interest aroused. Students, faculty, and all other informed persons can bear witness that for several years prior to July 1, 1897, the agricultural department of this college was weak and unpopular. They can also testify that since that date this department has enjoyed a genuine boom. Students now believe in agricultural study, and are proud of their prospective calling. Not satisfied with the greatly enlarged opportunities for agricultural study in the special four years' agricultural course, they organized early in the fall of 1897 a Students' Farmers' Club, that they might carry still farther their agricultural investigations. This club has been a success from the start, and has recently been obliged to change its quarters to accommodate its increased numbers. Full reports of the meetings are given regularly in the Students' Herald. Under the head, "Proud of Their Vocation," the Farmers' Voice, of Chicago, February 4, 1899, says:

"Whatever of justice there may have been in the past in statements made to the effect that agricultural college students deserted the farms when their college course was ended, it must be manifest to all who keep in touch with the movements of college students and of graduates that such a statement can no longer be made in truth."

It quotes an account of the Farmers' Club from the Students' Herald, and adds:

"Young men do not form clubs to discuss the details of a profession in which they are not interested, or one which they intend to desert."

For many students who ought to get the benefit of such an institution as this a four years' course is too long. For the benefit of such, short, twelve weeks' courses have been arranged, to occur on two consecutive years in midwinter, with the object of drilling young men directly from the farms in methods and principles which may be applied immediately on their return to the farm and which will enable the student to coin his labor directly into cash. With the agricultural work it is planned to give such instruction in blacksmithing and the use of carpenters' tools as shall enable the student to do all ordinary repairing on the farm.

Following agriculture, a word may be said as to horticulture. The curriculum of June 30, 1897, provided one term of horticulture (70 hours) for both sexes, and one term of floriculture (60 hours) for young women. It also provided one term (50 hours) of instruction in entomology. The agricultural course now gives: Horticulture, 96 hours; entomology, 50; vegetable gardening and small fruit culture, 70; pomology, 42; forestry, 30,—the ratio being 120 to 288, or 1 to 2.4, for young men, while the young women, in their special domestic science course, are far better provided with work adapted to their special needs than ever before.

Next as to economics, the bone of contention, but a subject for which, as seen, specific provision is made in the act of Congress of 1890. The old course provided for studies in sociological lines as follows: General history, 70 hours; civics, 60; economic science, 50; history of industry and science, 30. It also gave 110 hours to psychology and logic. The new courses other than agricultural and mechanical, which omit these subjects, give 50 hours to psychology and logic, and provide for sociological studies as follows: Elementary economics, 28 hours; general history, 60; U. S. history, 50; principles of economics, 70; civics, 60; nineteenth-century history, 50; industrial history, 70; economic problems, 60; finance, 50. Omitting the psychology and logic, the ratio of old to new is therefore 210 to 498, or 1 to 2.37; while, if the psychology and logic be counted, the ratio is 320 to 548, or 1 to 1.7. The old ratio of sociological studies to agriculture was 210 to 180 (1.16 to 1); or, counting psychology and logic, 320 to 180 (1.8 to 1). The new ratio is 498 to 666 (1 to 1.33), or, counting psychology and logic, 548 to 666 (1 to 1.2); that is, even with the largely increased opportunity for sociological studies in the course, sociological opportunity is now considerably behind agricultural, while in the old course agricultural was still farther behind sociological.

The college, then, within the past two years, has been tending strongly and rapidly

toward agriculture and the related lines of horticulture and veterinary science, and toward the mechanic arts and domestic science. It has also increased the efficiency of the work in economic science; that is, it has been fulfilling in letter and in spirit the laws of 1862 and 1890 to which, as a land-grant college, it primarily owes its life. Another tendency may be noted—one in fullest accord with the theory upon which our public school system is based; that, namely, toward making this great institution accessible to the boys and girls of Kansas. The mass of young people are barred from college by poverty. This evil must be met if free institutions are to survive. This college is seeking to meet it by lowering the students' cost of living at the college. Its dining-hall furnishes meals at cost and its bookstore books and supplies at cost. It desires and expects a dormitory in which rooms may be furnished to students at cost and through which the growth of the college may no longer be limited by the size of the town. It furnishes much remunerative work to students, thus helping them to earn their way through college.

There was some opposition when the regents of the college elevated Prof. Will to the presidency and strengthened the faculty; but at the time, it will be remembered, they pointed out the fact that the time had come when the college should move forward and take a prominent place among the great industrial institutions, and in order to do this they felt that the changes made were imperatively demanded. The result which has followed has proved the wisdom of the regents. Under the present management

the college, by forging its way to a front position among educational institutions, has more than made good the promises made by the board. Kansas has just reason to be proud of her State Agricultural College since Prof. Will assumed the presidency, and we are not inclined to place any credence in the story that has been circulated to the effect that Republican officials, under the direction of the party boss of the State, contemplate removing regents so as to be able to make places for party hacks in the college. The shame of such a high-handed outrage would, we believe, be bitterly resented by the public-spirited citizens of Kansas, and besides, if the dead level of politics in the Sunflower State is so low that the party in power would dare to make such political merchandise of a State educational institution, considerations of wisdom alone would, I believe, deter any such overt act; for in a time like the present, when parties are changing with almost every election, it would be the height of suicidal folly to establish so pernicious a precedent. It would inevitably prove a terrible boomerang which, I believe, shrewd politicians would not invite. The possession of an educator so eminently competent as President Will is an honor to any State; and the institution he has so magnificently built up in the brief period of two years is too important for the great State to permit becoming a spoil of office.

## A MUNICIPAL HINT FROM ST. PETERSBURG

St. Petersburg receives thirty-five thousand dollars a year rental for her ferries, which are owned by the municipality. How much do New York and Boston receive? The golden stream of profit, which should pour into the treasury of the municipality from natural monopolies or quasi-public utilities, is pouring into the

pockets of corporations through the length and breadth of the United States; and through these enormous revenues vast aggregations of capital are enabled to debauch legislators and secure further concessions from government for their benefit at the expense of all the people.

# BOOKS OF THE DAY

## A POET OF THE MORNING.\*

No man can measure the service rendered by the poet of the people, who sings songs of hope and love, faith and heroism, into the too barren lives of our people to-day. Time and again I have passed homes of toilers, and have involuntarily found myself pausing to listen to some simple song sung or hummed by a hard-working mother or maiden, and I have thanked the Infinite One for a Burns, a Hood, a Morris, a Mackay, a Massey, and a Clark. These men, who have spoken to the lowly ones in the language they so well understand, have opened their weary eyes to the glory of the mountain and the beauty of the rose, the violet, and the daisy, while pleading for justice and right. They have sent into the soul courage, resolution, and enthusiasm for noble ideals, while teaching love, gentleness, nobility, and faithfulness. Ah, the poet of the people preaches to millions of earth's children, and sings his words into the souls from generation to generation in a way which bears fruit and makes for progress, righteousness, and a freer life.

These thoughts are suggested by the perusal of a new volume of poems from the pen of J. A. Edgerton, the young poet of the western plains, who seems to me to have caught the spirit of the prophet voices who have been an inspiration to the toilers throughout the generations of the past. "Voices of the Morning" is a promise of much. It is not a perfect work. That could not be; for the author, as is the case with the majority of those who are in a real way helping the world onward, is a busy man. Poverty and a passionate desire to further as rapidly as possible the dawn of a brighter time have called for the best hours of Mr. Edgerton's life. He has only found it possi-

ble to give voice to songs that sound through his soul, in moments which most men take for rest. When this fact is taken into consideration, his verses take on a new interest; and if, as was so often the case with Mr. Whittier's lines, there are occasional lapses in meter, we understand the reason. The thought is always fine, and there is the soul of poetry running through all the work. With time these slight defects in composition might have been easily rectified. Moreover, there is a swing and rhythm to many of these poems which is an essential element in popular poetry.

It is a painful fact that time and again drinking songs and popular lays which are anything but elevating have lodged and lived in the brain of millions of young and old because they possessed a certain rhythm which seemed to sing itself into the brain of the hearer. Now, the function of the people's poet is to sing lays of hope, love, courage, manhood, honor, virtue, and probity into the hearts of the millions; and he must open the eyes of the people to the beauty of the mountains and dells, make them feel and appreciate the finest things of life, and make them lovers of the best wherever it is found. And in "Voices of the Morning" we find these essentials of popular poetry in a marked degree; but, before noticing some of his lines, it will be interesting to know something of the young poet who has caught the spirit of our loved friend, James G. Clark, so perfectly that it seems that the poet's mantle, as well as his broad, loving, and tender spirit, had fallen on the young man who has taken up the song where the silver-haired sage left off.

James Arthur Edgerton was born on the 30th of January, 1869, at Plantsville, Ohio. From the common schools he went to an academy at Bartlett; next he attended the National Normal University at Lebanon, Ohio, and completed his course at the Ma-

\* "Voices of the Morning," by J. A. Edgerton. Cloth. Price, 75 cents. For sale by the author, Denver, Colorado.

rietta College, Marietta, Ohio. Before he was twenty years of age he published a small volume of poems. He early evinced a taste for newspaper work, and in 1890 moved to Nebraska, where he engaged in editorial labors. The condition of the working people in the great West was most deplorable. Freight was high, prices low, and farms were passing on every hand from the hard-working men and women who, after years of ceaseless toil, suddenly found themselves without a shelter for their aged heads. To the young man the conditions around him seemed unbearable. He loved the toilers,—the great common people, who were so near and dear to Lincoln's heart; and it is not strange that he threw his whole life energies into the reform movement. Few men in Nebraska accomplished as much as this youth for the People's Party in that State. He was a tireless worker and held prominent positions in the councils of the party. His public life has been marked by capability, wisdom, and discretion. Since 1896 he has been secretary of the National Committee of the People's Party. Since 1895 he has held the position of chief clerk of the Labor Bureau of Nebraska, but recently has accepted a place on the staff of the Rocky Mountain Daily News, of Denver. He is a member of the Academy of Political and Social Science, the American Statistical Society, the Shakspearian Society of New York, and other leading educational bodies. He has also received the degree of Master of Arts; but these things count for little, and are valued lightly by men of A. R. Edgerton's nature. It is the man, not the title, station, or position, which true manhood recognizes or about which it is concerned. The helper of the race rather than the gilded ornament calls for the respect and admiration of genuine natures. Our poet is nothing if not genuine, and his love for the hard-working people, whose lives at best are very barren, amounts almost to a passion. In this respect he resembles Gerald Massey, James G. Clark, and William Morris during the closing years of the latter's life.

"Voices of the Morning" is addressed to the toilers. "From those who work with their hands, the common people, I come; with them my life has been spent. My heart goes out to them." This expression from

the preface explains in a word his position. He worships toward the dawn, and wastes little time singing over the imagined enchantments of the age of chivalry or other periods of the past. The stars, he tells us, are as wonderful as at the birth of the first man.

There is as much inspiration in the dawn, as much beauty in the day, as in any age that is gone. Fields are as green, skies as blue, life as joyous, death as mysterious. There are as burning questions now as of yore. Why should our age be one in which men dig in the graves of the past? Why not investigate, why not create, for ourselves? We have all the opportunities,—the whole field of the infinite is before us. Why this cry of a dearth of material? Never was material more abundant. We lack the workmen.

There are new demands, new possibilities. The questions of to-day; the home life about us; the struggles, the hopes, the fears, of the present; the glorious promise of the future,—all these invite our attention. The men who labor are coming to the front. The army of the poor is struggling up. We are gaining more sympathy. We are coming more to a feeling of brotherhood. The world wants to be told of these things. The heart chord of this age will vibrate as those of ages gone before,—if we but find it.

We are but at the dawn of the world. With a reverence for what has gone, let us turn unto the new.

I have had a dream of an American literature,—not one aping the older literatures, but one breathing American life, one filled with the new aspirations of the world. I believe that it will come, and that its beginning is close at hand. Near the end of every century has been a great literary awakening. Why not now?

The key-note of the volume is an inspiring little poem entitled "The Future," from which the following stanzas are taken:

The world is young.  
 'Tis but the morning of the human race.  
 The night-like ages that have passed away,  
 Do they seem long? They are the merest span,  
 A moment in Eternity, an hour  
 In the full day of human destiny.

The world is young.  
 The Golden Age lies onward, not behind.  
 The pathway through the Past has led us up.  
 The pathway through the Future will lead on  
 And higher. We are rising from the beast  
 Unto the Christ and human brotherhood.



The world is young.

And God is good; and Truth, victorious;  
And Right and Love and Virtue stir us yet;  
And Christ is living and we follow him.  
See, brothers, see, the night is on the wane,  
And all the hills are blossoming with morn.

The world is young.

A voice from out the Future, trumpet-clear,  
Is calling: "Rise and smite the tyrant down,  
The tyrant Greed, that rules o'er all the  
earth,  
The foe of Love and Good and all things  
high.  
Oh, rise and smite him down and save man-  
kind."

The world is young.

And still the voice from out the Future calls:  
"Think on your children. Save them from  
your wrongs.  
Let not the curse, that falls on you, reach  
them.  
Oh, rise and battle for the yet unborn,  
For they are helpless and depend on you."

The world is young.

The voice from out the Future calleth yet:  
"Oh, leave the Past and turn to me. The  
Past  
You cannot help; but all I am to be  
Is subject unto you, to make or mar.  
Oh, build me noble, full of Love and Truth."

The world is young.

The sun is rising on the Golden Age,  
If we but do our part to make it so.  
If we but fight the wrong, and keep the  
faith,  
And battle for the Future, all mankind  
Will bless us in the days that are to come.

In the above verses the reader will notice how, while singing hope and courage into the hearts of the people, our poet is careful to emphasize the severe and august duty which devolves on every man and woman; and herein we see the difference between the constructive optimist and the dilettant rhymester who prophesies smooth things to please an easy-going and slothful conventionalism. It is a notable fact that the popular singers of other ages have been wont to look longingly backward to a Golden Age in the past, while the tendency of the people's poets in our century has been to point to the Golden Age that lies before. Thus we find Whitlittler singing the new song, in which these noble words are sounded:

O Golden Age, whose light is of the dawn  
And not of sunset, forward, not behind,—  
Flood the new heavens and earth, and with  
thee bring

All the old virtues, whatsoever things  
Are pure and honest and of good repute;  
But add thereto whatever bard hath sung  
Or seer hath told of when in trance or dream  
They saw the Happy Isles of prophecy!  
Let Justice hold her scale, and Truth divide  
Between the right and wrong; but give the  
heart

The freedom of its fair inheritance.

Let common need, the brotherhood of prayer,  
The heirship of an unknown destiny,  
The unsolved mystery about us, make  
A man more precious than the gold of Ophir,  
Sacred, inviolate, unto whom all things  
Should minister as outward types and signs  
Of the eternal beauty which fulfills  
The one great purpose of creation, love,—  
The sole necessity of earth and heaven!

And Charles Mackay voices the same idea under different images, in the following:

I hear a song

Vivid as day itself; and clear and strong  
As of a lark—young prophet of the noon—  
Pouring in sunlight his seraphic tune.

He prophesies—his heart is full,—his lay  
Tells of the brightness of the peaceful day!  
A day not cloudless, nor devoid of storm,  
But sunny for the most, and clear and warm.

He sings of brotherhood, and joy, and peace;  
Of days when jealousies and hate shall  
cease;

When war shall die, and man's progressive  
mind

Soar as unfettered as its God designed.

It breaks—it comes,—the misty shadows  
fly—

A rosy radiance gleams upon the sky;  
The mountain tops reflect it calm and clear;  
The plain is yet in shade, but day is near.

Gerald Massey joins the chorus with stirring words well calculated to enthuse the multitude and arouse the dormant energies of those who have fallen under the spell of pessimism:

Old legends tell us of a Golden Age,  
When earth was guiltless,—Gods the  
guests of men,  
Ere sin had dimmed the heart's illumined  
page,—

And prophet-voices say 'twill come again.  
Oh, happy age! when Love shall rule the  
heart.

And time to live shall be the poor man's  
dower;

When martyrs bleed no more, nor exiles  
smart,—

Mine is the only diadem of power,—  
People, it ripens now! awake! and strike  
the hour.

Hearts, high and mighty, gather in our cause;

Bless, bless, O God, and crown their earnest labor,

Who dauntless fight to win us equal laws,  
With mental armor, and with spirit-saber!

Bless, bless, O God! the proud intelligence  
That now is dawning on the People's forehead,—

Humanity springs from them like incense,  
The Future bursts upon them, boundless—  
starried—

They weep repentant tears that they so  
long have tarried.

And James G. Clark thus adds his voice  
to the message of the new day:

The long night wanes; the stars wax dim;  
The young day looks through bars of  
blood;

The air throbs with the breath of Him  
Whose pulse was in the Red Sea flood;  
And flanked by mountains, right and left,  
The people stand—a doubting horde—  
Before them heave the tides uncleft,  
Behind them flashes Pharaoh's sword.

But, lo, the living God controls,  
And marks the bounds of slavery's night,  
And speaks through all the dauntless souls  
That live or perish for the right.  
His face shall light the people still,  
His hand shall cut the sea in twain,  
And sky and wave and mountain thrill  
To Miriam's triumphant strain.

Mr. Edgerton's poems are marked from  
first to last with this strong faith in the new  
time, the coming age of justice and frater-  
nity, as the following stanzas taken from  
some of the poems illustrate:

There is an emblem in the morn  
Which makes me love her radiant face,—  
The emblem of a day unborn  
Unto the human race;  
For bright across the human night  
I see a sweet and dawning light.

I see afar a happy clime,  
That shines across the coming years.  
Upon a future shore of Time  
A magic land appears.  
Oh, I would sing the time to be,  
The Morning of Humanity.

Far through the future shines the golden age  
Of brotherhood. A new humanity,  
Foretold by poet, prophet, saint, and sage,  
Will work together, when the world is  
free.

And those who toil will be the ones who own.  
The slave no longer then will bow the  
knee.  
The king will then be driven from his throne,  
The people regnant, when the world is  
free.

Oh, when the world is free! Transcendent  
time!

The golden age of dream! The years to  
be!

From better unto better men will climb  
Unto the highest, when the world is free.

From ignorance, prejudice, darkness, and  
gloom,

The injustice and wrong of the past,  
We have risen until we can now see the  
bloom

Of the morn on the hilltops at last.  
The way by the blood of the prophets was  
wet,

But they toiled and died not in vain;  
For the words of those prophets are guiding  
us yet

To the triumphs we yet shall attain.  
The night of the ages is waning to dawn,  
While the race is as yet in its youth;  
Then face to the future, my brothers, and on,  
Till the world is brought over to truth.

The voice of the Saviour is calling to-day:  
"Awaken, my people, arise.

My kingdom is coming. Prepare ye the way.  
Its signs may be seen in the skies.

There's light o'er the night and the morning  
appears;

The new day is coming to birth.  
The world I will save from its crimes and its  
fears,

And my word shall be heard round the  
earth.

The blood of the heroes and martyrs is blest,  
And the paths that the prophets have trod;  
But the living must waken and nevermore  
rest,

Till the world is brought over to God."

Elsewhere he has voiced his conviction in  
these lines:

A voice from out the spirit silence spoke.  
"Oh, sing the love of humankind," it said;  
"Of freedom born of brotherhood; of faith  
In God and man. With sunrise in your  
heart,

Oh, sing that hope is in the morrow; hope  
is in the morrow; speed it on; and join  
The voices of the morning of the world."

It is the function of the people's poet to  
brighten and enrich the lives of those to  
whom he sings. One effective way of  
accomplishing this is to stimulate and feed  
the imagination by enabling it to see the  
glory of nature. I remember, when very  
small, a cousin visited my father's home.  
She never tired of calling my attention to  
the glory of nature, the beauty of the flowers  
carpeting the highways and spangling the  
woods, the rich coloring of the mosses on  
the rocks that fringed the brooks, and the

splendor of the sky at eventide. I shall never forget the pains she took in pointing out the different tints and colors of the clouds that frequently garmented the western sky in indescribable splendor. This cousin opened a new world to me,—a world of delight that has proved a never-ceasing source of enjoyment. Now, this wakening of the imagination to the beauty that is to be seen on every hand, is part of the mission of the people's poet; and this is what our author does in more than one of his creations. Here, for example, are three stanzas from a little wail named "The Mountains."

The mountains, oh, the mountains! They are kings  
That reign in silent majesty, their crowns  
The azure blue and diadems of snow;  
Or they are Titans of the days of Eld;  
Or children of the earthquake; or they are  
The wrinkles on the forehead of the world,—  
The records of a planet's agony.

The mountains, oh, the mountains! I would live  
Forever in their shadows. I would see  
Their beauty daily; watch them every morn  
Grow golden from the yet unrisen sun;  
Or trace their ribbon streamlets winding  
down  
Into the valleys; or would note their  
speech—  
A silent language like that of the stars.

The mountains, oh, the mountains! How they shine  
Above the petty littleness of man!  
For they are ever constant and sublime;  
And man beside them is a pygmy thing,  
Who frets the world a moment and is gone;  
While they remain through all the centuries,  
As glorious as on their primal day.

In a rather long poem Mr. Edgerton reverts lovingly to his childhood in a way that will appeal to the sympathies of thousands of us who have passed along the same pathway as that traveled by the poet in the years that have flown. I select a few typical verses:

My boyhood home! My boyhood home!  
How fondly turns my heart to thee!  
Wherever o'er the earth I roam,  
Whatever other lands I see,  
My thoughts will drift away from these  
Unto one little spot of earth,  
Enshrined in happy memories.  
The hallowed region of my birth.

'Twas there I lisped my earliest words;  
'Twas there I played a barefoot boy;  
'Twas there the fields, the songs of birds,  
The voice of waters gave a joy

That I shall never know again;  
For now the charm has passed away,  
And all has sunk to toll and pain,  
The commonplace of every day.

'Twas there, when earth was crowned with  
June,  
I played beneath the apple-trees;  
And heard the busy, drowsy tune  
Buzzed by innumerable bees;  
Or listened to some happy bird  
That sang of summer all the day;  
Or watched the sunlight, where it stirred  
Upon the meadows far away.

'Twas there, the school-house on the hill,  
To which I loitered day by day,  
The laggard hours contrived to fill  
With little study and much play;  
But there thy lessons first I learned,  
There first I read thy wondrous page,  
And first thy inspiration burned  
In me, my glorious Mother Age.

'Twas there the white church pensive stood,  
Beside its village of the dead;  
Where heaven was pictured for the good,  
And where our earliest prayers were said.  
I hear them yet, the hymns of praise,  
The preacher's homely words of truth.  
Oh, those were pure and precious days;  
And God seemed near me, in my youth.

'Tis there my sainted mother sleeps.  
The grass is green upon her grave.  
'Tis there my gray-haired father keeps  
The home he toiled so long to save.  
I seem to see the old house yet,  
Amid the trees; I seem to see  
Those I have loved; and there is set,  
Within that group, a chair for me.

Oh, tell me not of storied lands,  
Of lovely scenes, or sunny skies.  
There is one spot that ever stands  
More charming still unto my eyes.  
Its woods, its hills, its fields, its streams,  
Still shine to me, where'er I roam.  
Land, mingled with my happiest dreams,  
I turn to thee, my boyhood home.

Courage, pluck, and manliness are emphasized on almost every page of "Voices of the Morning." The poet has known hard conditions, as have the thousands around him; but he will not allow himself to be cast down. A little gem, entitled "Never Give Up," admirably illustrates his dauntless determination:

When weary one night from the toil of the  
day,  
My heart with its burden cast down;  
Alone and unaided on life's barren way,  
And all the world wearing a frown;

I heard the quaint tones, beating measured  
and slow,  
Of the clock, from its shelf on the wall;  
And, as the staid pendulum swung to and fro,  
In rhythm these words seemed to fall:  
"Never give up. Never give up.  
Time will be given you.  
Never give up."

"The Past is gone, with its sorrows and  
faults,  
Then leave it and build you anew.  
The Past is dead, locked in Memory's vaults;  
And living hopes beckon to you.  
For the brave is the pathway of life. Can  
you climb?  
Then turn from the years that are dead,  
With your eyes on the promise that's shining  
sublime  
In the years that are lying ahead.  
Never give up. Never give up."  
The great, misty Future says,  
"Never give up."

The profound questions of life appeal to  
our poet. The disquieting interrogation  
point, which is so much in evidence in our  
time, rises before him. The problem of life,  
with its whence and whither, perplexes him  
as it has perplexed the world's thinkers in  
all ages. In a little poem, entitled "Whence,"  
we are made to understand that there are  
other questions than those that deal with  
the life that now is and the destiny of man  
on earth, which obtrude themselves on his  
thoughts:

I do not know. I seem a child at play  
Before the wondrous mystery of life,  
And know not it is there; except at times  
There comes to me a sense unnamable;  
The veil seems just a little drawn; I see  
An awful glimpse that shakes my inmost  
soul.  
It may be but a tone, a word, a face,  
A strain of music, or a look, a song,  
And all the world goes fading into dream.  
I seem to feel all this has been before.  
There rises up a something in my soul,  
A something of unutterable age,  
As old as life, aye, and as old as death,  
That gazes through my eyes upon the world  
And brings a sense of loneliness, a gleam  
Of fearful knowledge, then it fades away.

The following is from a graceful tribute  
to Henry George:

What can we say of thee, but only this?  
We had a prophet and we knew him not.  
Another age will rate thee at thy worth,  
A great, warm-hearted, fearless, honest man;  
A nobleman who took his rank from God  
And bore it like a king. And, oh, the poor,  
How true a friend they've lost in losing thee!

Who ever plead their cause with tongue and  
pen,  
And gave a plan to help them and the race.  
These things all men can say of thee with  
truth:  
He left a legacy to after years;  
He was a friend of all the world's oppressed;  
He was a foe to shame and tyranny;  
He was a martyr to a holy cause;  
He died, as he had lived, for human kind.

I will close my selections from this little  
work with a few lines from a poem on  
"Jesus:"

All hail the Christ of Nazareth,  
Who came to banish strife;  
He took the bitterness from death,  
The hopelessness from life;  
He gave to faith a mode of speech  
It ne'er had known before;  
But, best of all, He came to preach  
The gospel to the poor.

Although the dawn of glory broke  
Upon His natal morn,  
He came from poor and humble folk,  
And He was lowly born.  
He was a common carpenter.  
He labored for His bread.  
On all the earth He had not where  
To lay His weary head.

He sought to make this warring earth  
More like the world above.  
He sought to bring a state to birth,  
Built on the law of love;  
A state of charity and peace,  
Of good will unto men;  
Where all should share the world's increase,  
And He should come again.

He pointed to the highest good,  
The truest liberty.  
He taught that love and brotherhood  
Alone can make us free.  
If men would follow His commands,  
The clouds would roll away,  
And, breaking over all the lands,  
Would come the grander day.

Mr. Edgerton is only thirty years of age;  
the glory of manhood opens before him,  
and, knowing something of the fiber of the  
man, of the dreams and ideals which haunt  
his imagination, I feel that the excellent  
work which he has already done is but the  
earnest of that which is to come. Indeed,  
his work has evinced a marked improve-  
ment from year to year, and I shall be much  
disappointed if, in the course of the next  
two decades, he does not stand shoulder to  
shoulder with that noble band of people's  
poets who have accomplished more, perhaps,  
than any of us realize, for justice, freedom,  
progress, and a higher and nobler manhood.



# OUR MONTHLY CHAT

## AT THE ROUND TABLE OF THE COMING AGE.

This month our readers will find a rare treat at our Round Table. In our conversations we have the Rev. R. Heber Newton, one of the foremost scholars of the clergy-men of America, who discusses in a most suggestive and valuable manner "The Progress of the Past Fifty Years." In the face of present wrongs and injustice we are liable to imagine that all is going wrong, and that the outlook is becoming darker and darker, but the real fact is that society as a whole is moving upward. This does not mean that we should sleep or become self-satisfied. On the contrary, the present demands more of us than would have been demanded had we lived fifty years ago. The horizon is broader; life's requirements are greater, for man's intelligence and complex needs are greater than ever before. There are grave downward tendencies to be bravely met. There are noble, heaven-kissed heights to be attained. To-day, more than ever, civilization and progress demand that we give all that is best in us for the upliftment and happiness of our fellow-men. Victor Hugo admirably expresses this fact when he says: "Thought is power. All power is duty. Should duty shut its eyes? And is the moment come for art to disarm? Less than ever. The human caravan has reached a high plateau; and, the horizon being vaster, art has more to do. This is all. To every widening of the horizon an enlargement of conscience corresponds. We have not reached the goal. Concord condensed into felicity, civilization summed up in harmony,—that is yet far off."

### MISS ALLEN AND "THE CHRISTIAN."

Our second conversation is by the talented young actress who, through hard, conscientious work and noble perseverance, has succeeded worthily in her vocation. Miss Allen is a lady of culture and refinement, and in the play of "The Christian" she is nightly teaching a many-sided lesson to the vast throngs who crowd the theater. As I say in my editorial sketch, I regard the stage as an instrument for the education and elevation of the public mind which I believe will more and more be utilized in the years

that are before us. In the life of Miss Allen we have a striking illustration of what perseverance and application may attain. Up to the time she was fifteen years of age she had never been to the theater more than twelve or fifteen times, although her father was a well-known actor. When fifteen she was in the last year of her schooling in New York, and her father took her to see "Esmeralda." The play was the first performance she had witnessed which made a deep impression upon her, and Dr. Mallory, after becoming acquainted with her, urged her father to allow her to assume the role of Esmeralda. She graduated in June, and in July was playing the title role. After that she was employed by John MacCullough to play Virginia in "Virgilius," taking minor roles in other plays of the repertoire. She was by no means idle, however. Instead of loitering in the green-room after her small part was finished, she haunted the wings, watching the leading lady, and catching every word that was spoken nightly, until she soon had learned by heart the leading parts. One evening at four o'clock the leading lady was taken ill. Mr. MacCullough summoned Miss Allen, and asked if it would be possible for her to take the leading role that night. She replied promptly that she would try. It was some time before the leading lady was restored, and during the interim the great actor had become so thoroughly satisfied with Miss Allen's interpretations that he retained her as his leading lady. Later she supported Lawrence Barrett in Browning's play, "The Blot on the Escutcheon," and still later was a leading member of the Jefferson-Florence company. Then she came to Boston, and played most acceptably as leading lady at the Boston Museum, after which she went to the Empire Theater in New York, where she has remained ever since. This year she produced her greatest success in the character of Glory Quayle in Hall Caine's "The Christian."

### E. P. POWELL ON "HARRIET MARTINEAU IN AMERICA."

After the clergyman and the actress comes the historian and the man of letters. Mr. E. P. Powell, the scholarly author of several exceptionally able historical and philo-

sophical works, appears at his best as an essayist in his delightful paper on "Harriet Martineau in America." Such papers as this broaden the culture of the reader, and bring him in touch with the lives of the best spirits of yesterday.

#### THE SOCIOLOGICAL ASPECTS OF THE DREYFUS CASE.

A new-comer at our Round Table is the scholarly Boston physician, Dr. B. Sherwood-Dunn, who for many years has practiced with marked success in Paris. Dr. Dunn is a keen observer, and this has enabled him to explain in a plausible and most entertaining way facts regarding the French which help us to understand what to many has been inexplicable. It is an interesting illustration of the rising sense of justice and the quickening of the conscience of the world, that civilization has protested so loudly and so persistently against what it believed to be a cruel injustice that the French Government, in spite of the army and public sentiment, has felt compelled to act on a case which it for a time vainly endeavored to treat as "closed."

#### THE HAWAIIANS.

This month Prof. Osmer Abbott, Ph. D., gives us an instructive and readable paper on "The Mental Characteristics of the Native Hawaiian." Prof. Abbott, after graduating from Oberlin College, went to Germany, where he took the degree of Ph. D. at the University of Jena. For five years he has been a member of the faculty of Lahainaluna Seminary, Lahaina, Hawaii. He is also editor of the *Progressive Educator*.

#### A THEORY OF IMMORTALITY.

The deeply philosophical paper by Rev. W. G. Todd which appears in this number will be read with profound interest by many thousands of persons who are concerned in the scientific investigation of the great question of the ages, propounded by the sage and poet of ancient Arabia: "If a man die shall he live again?" Dr. Todd treats this question in a new and very stimulating manner. It is a discussion which merits careful perusal.

#### BROOK FARM.

This month's installment of our series of discussions dealing with social experiments in America is of special interest. In it Dr. John Thomas Codman, the historian, gives us what is probably the best short sketch of the Brook Farm Association that has ever appeared. Dr. Codman was a member of the colony, and writes with full knowledge

of the facts and with a deep sympathy for the noble-minded men who strove to live up to their ideals. This author's large work on Brook Farm is the only full and comprehensive history of this unique experiment that has been written.

#### THE MYSTICAL TEACHINGS OF JESUS.

The luminous papers by Prof. Jean du Buy, Ph. D., on "The Teachings of Jesus," which have been running in *The Coming Age* for the past three months, have attracted wide-spread interest. They are, in my judgment, among the most important contributions to vital religious thought which have appeared in recent years. They appeal to the innermost self—the heart, if you will—no less than the intellect of thousands of deeply religious people who are no longer satisfied with the husks of formal and creedal theologies. This month Prof. Du Buy discusses "The Mystical Teaching of Jesus." Next month the series will be closed by an exceptionally able paper entitled "The Kingdom of God." As friends from time to time are sending us letters for the professor, I wish to take this occasion to state that he is spending the summer in Berlin and will not return to his home in New York before September.

#### MR. MALLOY'S PAPER.

This month our readers have the pleasure of accompanying Mr. Malloy in his masterly interpretation of another of Emerson's poems. These papers are deservedly popular, opening, as they do, a vein of gold which many lovers of Emerson's prose writings have never suspected was present in his verse. Mr. Malloy possesses the happy faculty of investing an interesting subject with peculiar charm.

#### OUR BOOK STUDY.

Our book study this month is from the ever able pen of Rev. R. E. Blsbee. It deals with a strong book from the always able pen of Laurence Gronlund, and forms an interesting social study. Even those who have little interest in the author's views will find in this paper the kernel of a strong work dealing with a subject which intelligent people are at the present time expected to be familiar with.

#### HENRY WOOD ON UNITARIANISM.

Henry Wood is always interesting and thoughtful. His paper this month is somewhat out of his ordinary line of thought, but it is none the less interesting or suggestive. It is one of the best contributions of the character that I have read in months.

### "DREAMING TRUE."

I desire to call the special attention of all our friends to the remarkable sketch by Clara Kathleen Rogers entitled "Dreaming True." It is one of the most striking pieces of fiction of our time. Indeed, is it fiction? May it not be far more? The author is the author of "The Philosophy of Music," a volume of philosophic thought and practical instruction which has called forth the highest criticisms from leading authors in Europe and America.

### A FEW FEATURES OF SPECIAL INTEREST FOR THE AUGUST ISSUE OF THE COMING AGE.

I. "Forty Years Before the Footlights," by James A. Herne. In our next issue Mr. James A. Herne will give our readers a highly entertaining conversation embodying reminiscences of the past forty years' experience on the stage. Mr. Herne is always interesting, and these reminiscences are bright and will be enjoyed by all thinking people. The conversation will be preceded by an editorial study of some of the actor-dramatist's recent plays.

II. "Music Building for the Young," by Nina K. Darlington. Nina K. Darlington, the most successful teacher in kindergarten music building and the originator of a wonderful system, gives a deeply instructive and interesting description of how the little ones are beguiled into the love of the divine art before they reach the age when most children commence the study of music.

III. "The Universe in Which We Live," by Prof. A. E. Dolbear, Ph. D. In this paper the distinguished physicist and professor of Tufts College marshals in a brilliant and striking manner the wonderful revelations which have come through the means of the telescope, microscope, and spectroscope. It is a paper of absorbing interest and of great educational value.

IV. "The Boston of 1825 and the Boston of To-day," by Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D. D. In this contribution the distinguished Boston clergyman shows not only the many

points of difference, but also how and wherein we have gained and lost during the past seventy-four years.

V. "The Kingdom of God," by Prof. Jean du Buy, Ph. D.

VI. "The Poems of Emerson," by Charles Malloy, president of the Boston Emersonian Club.

### PROF. WILL AND THE KANSAS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

In this number I publish an article, which was written last May, on the Kansas Agricultural College. Contrary to my expectations, the committee appointed at the dictation of the gentleman who occupies the position of political boss in the Republican party of Kansas, similar to that held by Mr. Quay and Mr. Platt in Pennsylvania and New York, and by Richard Croker in the city of New York, did the bidding of its master and removed two of the ablest regents of the Kansas College. This is probably the most disgraceful piece of partisan work that has dishonored any State in recent years. As I have pointed out in my article on the college, the action cannot fail to be a hazardous experiment for the Republican party in a time of political change like the present. For the good of Kansas, for the educational progress of our country, and the cause of the higher education generally, this degrading manifestation of blind partisanship is to be greatly regretted.

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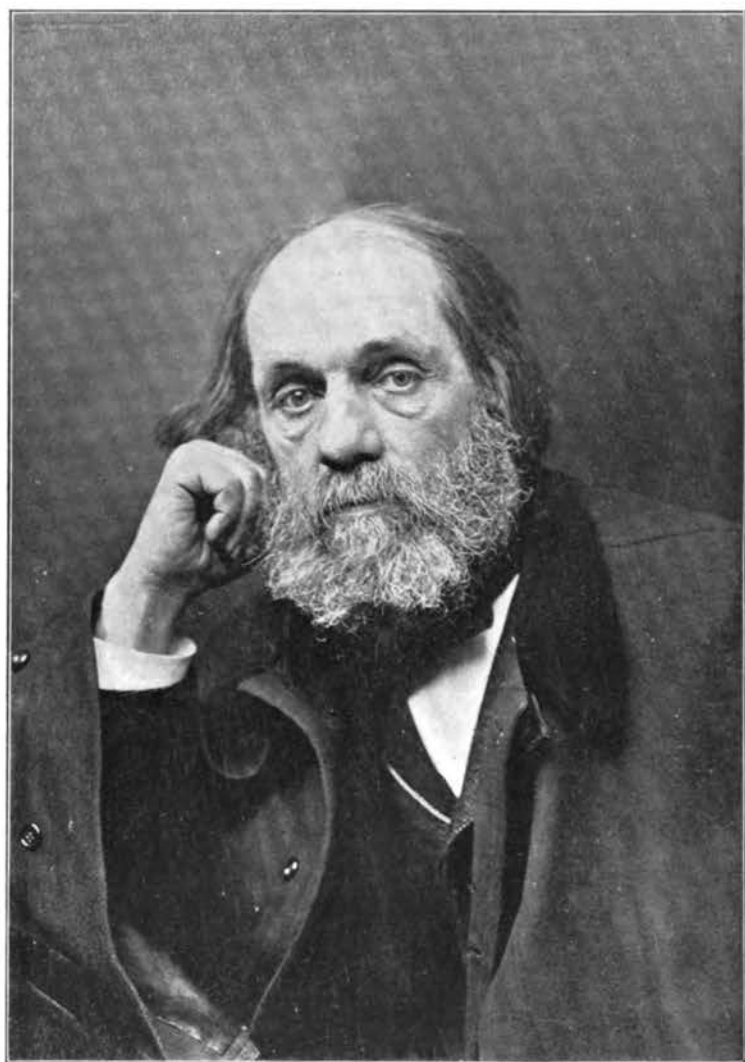
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**JOHN THOMAS CODMAN, 347 Columbia Ave., . . . Boston, Mass.**







*Edward G. Hale*

# THE COMING AGE

VOL. II

AUGUST, 1899

No. 2



## CONVERSATIONS

I.—FORTY YEARS BEFORE THE FOOT-LIGHTS,

BY JAMES A. HERNE.

II.—KINDERGARTEN MUSIC BUILDING,

BY NINA K. DARLINGTON.

### I.—FORTY YEARS BEFORE THE FOOT-LIGHTS

BY JAMES A. HERNE

Q. Mr. Herne, with your varied experience as a stock actor, star, manager, and playwright, extending over a period of forty years, your life cannot be said to have been prosaic or idle; and in reviewing these years I fancy many incidents stand out like silhouettes against the background of the past. I know that our readers would enjoy some reminiscences of your early stage career, a glimpse of the old stock days which are more a memory now than anything else. Will you tell us something of your early experience of the stage?

A. Yes; you younger men cannot appreciate the vast difference between the theater of the past and that which you are familiar with to-day. Even we who have swum with the tide are not cognizant of the radical changes until we review our

early experiences in the old days. I have now been on the stage forty years, but it is not until I begin with my experiences when a boy that I fully appreciate how great have been the changes, because they have been accomplished almost imperceptibly. I would not have the old days back again, interesting though they were, for I believe in evolution, and I know that the drama, on the whole, is moving forward and upward. Yes, I have passed through many experiences, and there are none I love to linger over more than those early years when strutting before the foot-lights was a new experience. I told you before about Jim Webb and his wonderful dogs. Jim was the first one who gave me a chance to speak a part in a play. His motives were not entirely unselfish, as I had to put in enough money to start the

enterprise. The dogs were the great features of the play, however. Webb and his partner, Coney, had two of the most wonderful dogs of the day. I think they were Newfoundlands. They were large, handsome fellows, and Coney and Webb used to travel around and star with them. The stars supported the dogs and the stock company supported the stars, sometimes very indifferently. Coney was very English, a regular cockney. The plays were written around the dogs, you understand. For instance, where the hero would foil the villain in the melodrama of to-day, that pleasing service would invariably fall to the dog in these plays. Whenever the villain was getting the best of everything, and there seemed no hope for the defenseless girl or the Sunday-school-book hero, the dog would appear in time to thwart him. A house would be set on fire, with a child in it. Nobody could get in to save the child. The mother would be wringing her hands and imploring help, when suddenly in the distance, "Bow, wow, wow!" came from the wings; and the next minute the dog would be bounding through the window into the burning house. A moment later he would drag the child forth amid terrific applause.

I remember in one play a rich old father had died after forgiving the hero and changing his will, which had previously been made in favor of the villain. We all knew that the second will existed. The hero said it did; the girl knew it did; the faithful old servant could testify to it. But the will could not be found, and the villain was apparently triumphant. In the midst of an emotional discussion of the catastrophe the girl impulsively turned to the old dog who was knowingly and sympathetically looking up into her face, and to him she confided her sorrow, whereupon he rose, shook his shaggy tail, went directly to a secret drawer in the wall, touched the spring with his nose, the drawer flew open, the dog picked up the will, brought it over to his mistress, and placed it in her lap. Villain thwarted! justice triumphant! unbounded applause!

Many laughable incidents occurred when we were doing those dog plays. Sometimes there were as many as four dif-

ferent plays in a week. The actors, of course, had to get their parts pretty quickly, and the dogs had to have their cues, or else everything went wrong. Sometimes these actors, poor fellows at best, while stumbling around in their lines, would forget the particular cue, and the dog would fail to materialize. On such occasions you would hear Coney yell out from the opposite side of the stage, "Give the bloody dog 'is blawsted cue, yeh beg-ga-a-r-r!" Then you would see the actor's face fairly beaming with relief and would hear something like the following: "This darkness is impenetrable! If I had but a lant-h-o-r-n!" By that time the dog came on, wagging his tail and carrying a lantern in his mouth, while the young man shouted, "Saved!" and the play went on.

I shall never forget my first experience with Webb. He and a man named Smith and myself formed a partnership. We were on the road about five weeks. They were rich in experience for both myself and my uncle, who helped me put up all the capital necessary. At the end of the five weeks my uncle's gold watch brought us home.

Q. Did not the hardships of that first trip and the bankruptcy that stared you in the face on your return dampen your ardor?

A. By no means. I was young in those days and looked forward. I got lots of experience in a short time. Then, Webb was a good-natured fellow. He felt badly for me, and finally got me a position on the Troy stage. That was at the Adelphi Theater. My first appearance there was in the April of 1859. I received the munificent salary of six dollars a week, and was happy. No experiences of my life are more vivid than those which marked my engagement at the Adelphi Theater. In fact, I may say that no part, to the actor, ever rivals in importance the first part he essays,—at least, it was so with the old stock actor,—and no triumph yields so much of unadulterated pleasure as that experienced when the actor receives his first call before the curtain.

Q. You played the legitimate at that time, did you not?

A. Oh, yes. I played a regular wealth of Shakspearian characters. No, I did not play them, either, but I thought I did. I spoke the lines. That was about all. I remember I played Horatio in "Hamlet," Cassio in "Othello," "doubled" Tressel, Buckingham, and Oxford in "Richard III.," played Bassanio in the "Merchant of Venice," and all the young lovers in the customary farces from night to night. I remember very well the consternation of J. B. Roberts, the tragedian, one afternoon when he saw me reading the lines of Bassanio at the afternoon rehearsal. We were to play the "Merchant of Venice" that night.

"Jimmy," said he, turning to the manager in dismay, "look there; that young man's reading Bassanio. My God, he'll make a mess of the casket scene to-night."

"Oh, he'll be all right," said Connor.

"All right,—and reading Shakspeare at rehearsal!"

I was all right that night; that is, I spoke the lines. Of course, I had no idea what they meant; I don't know whether I have now or not.

Q. I believe benefits were in order in those days. Did you ever reap any harvests in that direction?

A. Well, I shall never forget my first benefit, though the harvest was not very large. Still, it was a phenomenal affair, and I played to a crowded house. It was this way. My father was working in a store in Albany, where I was then acting. He was very popular. In fact, he knew everybody and everybody knew him, for he had been in that store for twenty years. About that time the war broke out, and about everybody was going to the war. Business was dead, but I had conceived the idea of having a benefit as soon as the season closed. The outlook was anything but promising; but I was young, and I persuaded the man that owned the theater to let me have the house free. The actors all volunteered their services, so that I felt sure that I would have a pretty good benefit. I got my father to sell tickets for me. The prices were twenty-five, fifty, and seventy-five cents. He had been in the hardware business so long, where they estimated the price of an article by its cost, that he had come to look at every-

thing to be sold much in the light of hardware. He looked at these tickets, and estimated that they could not have cost more than two cents apiece. He thought the prices I asked were outrageous, but he did not say anything about that to me. In no time he had sold out the first batch, and came for a second and then a third supply. I was in the third heaven, and expressed my satisfaction to my father, when he said: "Oh, yes; they are selling like hot cakes. I tell my friends that you are thinking of going to the war, and they all take one or two tickets. Of course, I am selling them for just whatever I can get above cost. Now, they could not have cost you more than two cents apiece, and I am getting a shilling, and sometimes fifteen cents for them. That, of course, gives you a big profit." That information let me out of the third heaven, and if it had not been for the fact that I had the house free and the free service of all the actors, I should have been in debt. As it was, however, we played to a packed house. That was the first time my father and mother were ever at the theater." I gave them a private box, and they enjoyed it immensely. To my mother the whole thing was a fairy-land, but my father was less committal. When I asked him how he enjoyed the play, he replied, laconically, "Well, the fools are not all dead yet."

Q. Tell us something about the old stock company.

A. It differed totally from the modern company,—so unlike, in fact, that persons unacquainted with the old regime can scarcely conceive the difference. It possessed some points of advantage over the present order, but there were also many disadvantages. In its very nature it was static rather than dynamic,—a machine with grooves in which the different actors were to take their respective places, and from this stationary vantage-ground act all the parts belonging to their line, regardless of the eternal fitness of things. Thus, for example, the part of the leading lady might call for a slender, willowy figure, but the first lady might be as stout and rubicund as one of the Merry Wives of Windsor. I have seen leading roles, which called for a man tall and of graceful carriage, enacted by a veritable Fal-



staff in build; and this was one of the least objections. Men and women who were temperamentally unfit even to grasp the sentiments to be portrayed, and were in every way immeasurably inferior to some other members of the company for the impersonation of certain roles, demanded these parts because, according to precedent, the leading man or lady, or the first juvenile, or the heavy man had had the role when the play had been first produced.

The members of the old stock company were, as a rule, hired for a season of forty-two weeks. The company was made up as follows:

Leading Man.  
1st Juvenile Man.  
2d Juvenile Man.  
1st Heavy Man.  
2d Heavy Man.  
1st Walking Gent.  
2d Walking Gent.  
1st Singing Walking Gent.  
2d Singing Walking Gent.  
1st Old Man.  
2d Old Man.  
1st Comedian.  
2d Comedian.  
Respectable Utility.  
General Utility.  
Leading Lady.  
Juvenile Lady.  
1st Walking Lady.  
2d Walking Lady.  
1st Heavy Woman.  
2d Heavy Woman.  
1st Old Woman.  
2d Old Woman.  
1st Singing Chamber-maid.  
2d Singing Chamber-maid.  
Utility.  
Ballet.

Now, every season in the principal cities some of the really great actors appeared for a short time and were supported by the stock company, just as during one season in the eighties Booth appeared at the Boston Museum supported by the stock company of that theater, and as for many years Boucicault appeared annually at the Museum in a round of his plays. This coming of the stars was a great thing for the ambitious and studious actor who really loved his art; and in point of fact there were not many persons on the stage in the old days who did not love their art. It was the most liberal education the ordi-

nary actor received to witness nightly men like Forrest, for example.

Q. Do you think the old actors were as great as those of our time?

A. Oh, yes; greater, much greater, when all things are considered. Why, look at the old plays which they had to handle. They were for the most part thoroughly artificial and, as viewed from our stand-point, absurd to the last degree. They have by no means disappeared from the stage, although the conventional melodrama of to-day is a vast improvement over the old-time play. Yet you have seen enough of these plays to know something of their extraordinary character. Take, for instance, the villain, whose part was taken in the old stock days by the first heavy man. He was in every way the most extraordinary creation known to literature. No girl could resist him, though he might have a villainous countenance and a repulsive leer. He was a past master in deception, false to every friend, and possessing infinite resources. A dark secret in the life of the father, supposed to be known to no living soul but the old man, came into the possession of the villain in some occult manner and was used as a club to terrorize the old gentleman into making him further the prospects and favor the suit of the scoundrel. But this secret insight, this kind of omnipotent and omniscient power of the villain, was taken for granted on the part of the audience, so quickly do we come to accept the artificial when it is persistently presented to us. Then, it was perfectly marvelous how exactly the villain could imitate any person's handwriting. He would often dash off a long letter of several pages with a few strokes of an inkless pen, fold it up, slip it into the pocket of his victim just in the nick of time, when the officers were searching for damning evidences of guilt. We all knew what would follow. The unlucky hero would be caught, red-handed, as it were, and after frankly admitting the writing was his he would call heaven to witness that he had never penned a line of it. His amazing position, however, convinced nobody but his sweetheart, who frantically clung to him, crying, "I will be true to

you, Horace!" The scene closed by the lover being ignominiously dragged off, the villain smiling triumphantly, and the old man thanking God that the mother had died before the son had brought shame upon the family. Of course, it all ended right. In the nick of time the tide turned; the other villain, who had been a good second to the first and was a villain for pure cussedness, informs on his partner, and the jig is up, or the heroine at infinite pains and peril succeeds in unwinding the thread of mystery and unmasks the wrong-doer.

Now, the old stock actors not unfrequently took these idiotic parts and made them live for the time,—made the audience actually forget their impossibility and absurdity. When young people say, as they sometimes do, that if the old actors were alive now they would not be tolerated, they say something that is not true. If they were alive now they would be greater than men occupying the same relative positions on the stage to-day. There were some very great people on the stage in those days, more relatively than there are to-day, and the cause of their being so great lies, I think, in the fact that there was no incentive for a man or woman to go on the stage. They were ostracized from society; the salary was small and very uncertain, so that only those people gravitated to the stage who were impelled by an inherent love of the art to go there. Now all this is changed. To-day it is an easy way of earning a living. Salaries are good; the world has taken them up; cheap magazines have become largely picture galleries for popular actors and actresses,—so that it is not strange that all sorts of people go on the stage. I do not believe that you could get the same number of great actors together to-day that you could then. Take Davenport and other great actors of his time; put them here with their same old genius; let them play the modern drama, and you would see some tremendous work.

Forrest was a great actor. People speak of him as a ranter. He was nothing of the kind. He was a man of marvelous power, a man that God Almighty made an actor, though he could have been a preacher, a statesman, or anything that he

chose to turn his attention to, and in any vocation he would have been a leader. He had a magnificent head and the grandest voice that was ever put into a human body. It was like an organ, and he had perfect control over it, so that it used to roll from him like thunder. He played many characters that went into the passions, but his grandest moments were his quietest moments. He played a lot of trashy things that he hated thoroughly. He knew how to use and control his voice as did few men. He never let it use him. The trouble with young actors of to-day is that they in many cases do not know how to use their voices. Forrest's voice always reminded me of the master tones of a cathedral organ when a genius was at the keys. I think he was the best actor I ever saw. Then there was Booth. He was a tremendous actor; in fact, all the Booths were men of exceptional genius. But there were others, a coterie of great actors in those days who were very human in their acting—very human; and they were men of tremendous character. They possessed more character than do the actors of to-day, take them as a class.

There were also some men who at the start promised very little. John McCullough was an example of that kind. I well remember Lucile Western once remarking that in him we had an example of what pluck, perseverance, and determination would do. He started out without apparently possessing the slightest dramatic talent, but he stuck to his work with bull-dog pertinacity. He fastened his eyes on the top rung of the ladder, and never rested until he reached his goal. He was a picture in Roman characters, and I remember very well when he traveled with Forrest. Forrest was the opportunity which made McCullough's success possible. I never saw so close a student as McCullough was in those days. He simply used to stand and drink in everything that Forrest said or did. Nothing was too trivial; nothing escaped him; and no task was too hard for him to essay. Hence it is not strange that he accomplished something. Such a person is bound sooner or later to forge to the front.

Q. How did the performances in those days compare with those of the present time?

A. Well, I should say that they were less complete from an artistic point of view, because every one went on his own idea of things. There was no director or manager working for a consistent whole and directing and coaching the various actors. What you did on the stage then was your own. That was where you showed whether you were a genius or not. How much of the scene you could dominate and carry away from the other fellows—that showed what you could do.

I remember one amusing incident. I had played with Sothern, and he had introduced all sorts of things. I was apt and I absorbed a lot of things unconsciously,—a lot of things they call gags. Among them was a scene where Dundreary comes on reading a letter from his brother Sam, in which occurs the expression, "I shook dice for the drinks and got stuck." "Well," muses Dundreary, "Sam's dead. Sam has been stabbed. He shook dice for the drinks. He's dead." Then he turns over and reads,—"stuck for the drinks. Oh!" When I played with Owens I commenced introducing these things into the play. You never saw such a wild man. I got on the stage and pulled out this letter, and I commenced to read. I could see Owens in the wings. He swore and ripped and tore, but he could not get me off. Now, to-day such things would not be tolerated.

Q. Doubtless many amusing incidents like the above occurred in the far-away time if you can recollect them.

A. Yes, indeed; they would fill a book. One of the most amusing incidents in my early experiences took place in the Holliday Street Theater, in Baltimore. It affords a splendid illustration of the absurdity of the old method of casting plays. At that time the late Charles B. Bishop was the first comedian, and a great favorite. E. Eddy was the star of the time. On one occasion "Pizarro" was put on the boards, as Rolla was one of the favorite characters in that tragedian's repertoire. Bishop was cast for the Sentinel,—not because it was a comedy part, for as a matter of fact it was a very important and serious part,

but because originally a comedian had played it. Hence it belonged to the comedian for all time. Now, it happened that "Pizarro" was on the boards for the evening of the day on which Bishop was married to Miss Josephine Parker, who had long been the popular chamber-maid of the stock company. Bishop rehearsed his part in the morning, was married in the afternoon, and duly appeared as the Sentinel at night.

The scene is "corridor of prison." The Sentinel is discovered on guard, passing to and fro armed with spear, helmet, shield, and buckler. Alonzo is confined in the dungeon. Rolla enters and endeavors to obtain access to the dungeon. He carries the customary bag of gold, filled with broken china which jingles temptingly, and seeks to persuade the Sentinel. Then come the lines:

*Sentinel*—Wouldst bribe me, an old Castilian? I know my duty better.

*Rolla*—Soldier, hast thou a wife?

*Sentinel*—I have.

Here there was a wild burst of applause from the audience, which took Bishop quite unawares. It was the first time he had ever received a round of applause at that point; but he was not long in realizing its significance, and with it came a sinking feeling as he thought of the next lines.

*Rolla*—And children?

(Bishop in desperation.)

*Sentinel*—Four honest, lovely boys.

Then followed such a roar as I suppose was never before or afterward heard in that theater. The Sentinel disappeared, and Rolla dashed head-first into Alonzo's dungeon, without dreaming of unlocking the door, while a quick curtain brought the scene to an end. Calls of Bishop and Sentinel made the rafters echo for several moments, but it was all in vain. Bishop could not be prevailed upon to appear before the foot-lights until the farce which closed the performance, and in which he and Josephine appeared together. They received a tremendous ovation.

There are many incidents in the acting of Forrest which would be interesting if I

could call them to mind. I remember one occasion when the great actor was thrown into a fury by the blunder of the utility man, who was giving what is termed on the stage a flying message, in the play of "Macbeth." The passage, as you remember, runs thus:

*Macbeth*—The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon! Where got'st thou that goose look?

*Servant*—There are ten thousand—

*Macbeth*—Geese, villain?

*Servant*—Soldiers, sir—

In this case the servant rushed in, exclaiming: "My lord, there's ten thousand geese coming!" while Forrest, under his breath and tearing his hair, cried, "Oh! my God!" And then aloud, "Geese, villain?" *Servant*—(Teeth chattering) "N-n-n-naw, s-s-soldiers, sir."

Any one who remembers how Forrest strove after perfection, and also calls to mind what a terrific temper he had, can imagine how a break like the above affected him.

I remember how I played a practical joke once on McKean Buchanan. You know he was a man of gigantic stature—a regular Hercules,—and he was noted for the terrible blows he dealt in his sword combats. One time we were playing at the Walnut Street Theater, in Philadelphia. I had Macduff to his Macbeth. We had a rehearsal in the morning, during which he said: "Herne, I pride myself on this fight. It is original, and I don't want it shortened by a single blow. I shall have duplicates of these swords in the wings, so that if either of them breaks we can readily continue our fight."

The play progressed to the point when Macbeth shrieks: "Lay on, Macduff; and damn'd be him that first cries, Hold, enough!"

There was a great round of applause, and the gallery boys were in ecstasies. They expected a tragic combat.

"Guard your head!" cried Buchanan.

I guarded it, holding my arm as stiff as an iron rod. Down came the sword like a sledge hammer wielded by a blacksmith, but it broke off short at the hilt. With a roar Buchanan made a rush for the wings to get his reserve sword, but the opportu-

nity was too good to be lost. I followed him like lightning, and before he could reach his sword had stabbed him full a score of times. "I have stabbed you," I said, "fall." He fell on one knee, made a few feeble lunges, drew out his dagger, impotently hacked the air, and finally died; but he never forgave me for that prank.

Some years ago I remember meeting him in Haverhill. I had gone there to bill some plays, and he was to perform that night. Across from the city hall was the only hotel in the place, and I stayed there, of course. That day I met Buchanan, and that night went over to see him act. He had a big house. When we came back after the play I said, "You had a fine house." He said, "Fine, fine. This is one of my strongest places." Well, the next night I went over again, and there was nobody there. I did not tell him I was coming, and after he got back to the hotel I did not let on that I had been over to the performance, but innocently asked, "Well, how did you do to-night?" Evidently he had seen me, for, fixing his large eyes on me, he exclaimed, "Good God, Herne, what a rebuke!" He came near losing his life some years ago in a flood in the Sacramento Valley. He and his family only escaped by climbing a tree and hanging on the branches for three or four days.

Q. Will you tell us something about your California days? It was there that you brought out "Hearts of Oak," I believe?

A. Yes, we brought out "Hearts of Oak" in San Francisco under the name of "Chums," but, as there was a play in the East bearing that name, we rechristened it, at Mrs. Herne's suggestion, "Hearts of Oak." At first it was a flat failure. The people would not come to see it, as it had no plot and was the first of these simple human plays which seek to reflect life without exaggerating or caricaturing it. It was very crude and faulty in many ways, but it did have the human touch which is the one absolutely vital thing in any play that is ever to be a success. Theater-goers, however, had been accustomed to the elaborate plot, the omnipresent villain, and all that sort of thing, and



their eyes were not adjusted to the new play. Yet Mrs. Herne and I had absolute faith in it from the first. We felt confident that, as soon as the people became accustomed to the new point of view, we should win the day, for the simple reason that the true and the real in the long run must supplant the unreal and the artificial. We believed that under favorable conditions we should succeed in the East, but our friends all predicted failure. I was younger then than I am now and could afford to fight harder than I can now, and so we started for the East, stopping at Salt Lake City, where on previous occasions I had been warmly welcomed. Here we played four nights, and the play was splendidly received, as we netted eighteen hundred dollars out of the engagement. Mrs. Herne was the purse bearer. We next started for Chicago, but on reaching that city I found that none of the regular theaters could be secured. It happened, however, that John A. Hamlin, who had been running a variety theater, was open to a proposition. He did not have any money, but he had this property, and I agreed to fix it up in good shape. We were to share the profits. We had anything but a flattering outlook before us for our unknown and unconventional play. In the first place, the theater had a bad name, so that the regular play-going crowds were strongly prejudiced against it. It was in horrible shape. There was not a whole gas globe in the place. The theater was very dirty, and Hamlin had a queer orchestra,—one that you would have supposed would have emptied any theater. Well, we went to work and overhauled and renovated the whole thing. It was a great task, but finally we got it in splendid shape. I had new globes on every lamp, everything cleaned and brightened, and a large manufacturer of perfume was employed to perfume the place. I got a number of fine palms and other plants to line the lobby and to be placed at other advantageous points throughout the building. Then I secured the best orchestra in Chicago. Hamlin soon became enthusiastic. He had an intimate friend, a very prominent physician who enjoyed a large practice among people of means. He succeeded in interesting him, and he went

into the work with all his soul. We went around in carriages and gave tickets to the very best people, while the doctor asked them as a personal favor to attend the opening night. I imagine that many of them did not fancy going to that place, but they did not want to refuse the doctor, and the result was that before the curtain went up carriages were lining the streets for a square or two in every direction. This was something new in the history of that theater. People passing were attracted. Every one wanted to know what it meant, and so a general interest was created on the outside, while those who had come were agreeably surprised. They had heard such tales about the place that they went with much trepidation, but they found it in every way respectable. The orchestra did splendidly, and so the audience was in an excellent frame of mind when the play began, and it was splendidly received. By Thursday night the house was crowded, and from thence on to the close of our two weeks' engagement we were turning people away nightly. It was an enormous hit, and proved the beginning of a long and prosperous run of "Hearts of Oak." We made more than one hundred thousand dollars out of that play. Our success was a revelation to Hamlin. He said one day, "Herne, there is money in this kind of business. I am going to have a big theater." And that is how he came to build the Grand Opera House. He is a wealthy man now, and "Hearts of Oak" turned the tide for him as well as for us. It was a great little play, in spite of its faults, being brimful of human interest; and I have received as many fine letters about it as I have about "Shore Acres."

You know "Shore Acres" had a precarious beginning. In New York it had to conquer its place. Indeed, it was a failure when it was first played at the Fifth Avenue Theater, but after we went to Daley's it proved one of the most phenomenal successes of recent years. In Chicago it was at first a failure. We brought it out at McVickar's, but it did not draw. In fact, the business was so bad that for the last week of the engagement we decided to change the name to "Uncle Nat." I remember a very curious

thing that happened at that time. One old theater-goer wrote Mr. McVickar that he had been accustomed to go to see everything that was played at his theater for a number of years, and about two weeks before he had gone to see a play called "Shore Acres," which he liked very well; but that the night before he went to see another play called "Uncle Nat," and it was a miserable imitation of the other play. The performers, also, were very poor compared with those that appeared two weeks before.

Q. Leaving the past for a few moments, I wish to ask you some questions concerning your present work. How do you think "Griffith Davenport" compares with "Shore Acres?"

A. I consider "Griffith Davenport" a much greater play than "Shore Acres." Not that it will ever appeal as largely to the people, because "Shore Acres" is so simple, and deals with the character of a farmer. Everybody thinks he knows a farmer, although he may never have been on a farm in his life. So when he sees "Shore Acres" he imagines he knows all about it; but "Griffith Davenport" is largely a sociological study, dealing with a great historic epoch now more than a generation past. Hence, it is a subject that to a certain extent is strange to the ordinary play-goer; yet I think it is doubtful whether there is any larger proportion of the "Shore Acres" audience which understands the psychology and sociology of that play than there is of those who understand the art of "Griffith Davenport." But "Shore Acres" can be enjoyed without understanding the psychology or science underlying the thought, and this is not the case with "Griffith Davenport."

Q. I believe you have succeeded to a greater degree than any other American manager and actor in successfully putting small children on the stage. Do you not experience a great deal of trouble in training them in their parts?

A. By no means. I have less trouble with my children than with any others in

the cast. Mrs. Herne says that all children are actors. They are born actors. They act in their cradles. You cannot go anywhere but what the children are getting up plays. The child is easier to teach than the grown person, because it does not realize the responsibility of the thing. To illustrate this point let me take my own case. When I first went on the stage at Troy I read in the morning all of the parts I played at night. I had never known anything of them before, but I was able to do this only because I did not realize the tremendous thing I was undertaking. I could no more do it now than I could fly, because I have come to realize the importance of the thing. Now, that is the way with children.

In the first place I select the child, and then I tell the mother to go home and teach the child the lines, but not to try to teach it to act or to read. Then when it comes to me I mold it a little, but chiefly let it alone. Of course, I teach it where to go and when to speak its lines, but for the rest I let nature take its course for the most part. Children are very easy to handle when you know how to handle them rightly. Another thing: In all my plays, where there are children, they are given real children's parts. We do not have a child speaking the lines of a man of twenty. I have had more experience with children on the stage than any one else. There is no trouble in getting children, and when they are handled properly there is no trouble in making them appear effectively.

Q. Do you not believe that the stage will more and more become a practical educator along lines of real progress?

A. I certainly do. As I have said before in *The Coming Age*, I believe the tendency of the stage is onward and upward, and I believe it is going to become more and more an ethical, economic, and sociological educator,—a real factor in forwarding the many-sided revolution or evolution which marks our present transition period.

## II.—KINDERGARTEN MUSIC BUILDING

### A PIONEER IN KINDERGARTEN MUSIC BUILDING.

#### AN EDITORIAL SKETCH.

Nina K. Darlington belongs to a group of pioneer workers who are laying the foundations for a nobler system of education than humanity has heretofore known. We are only beginning to realize the importance of the message of Froebel. That great prophet and apostle of an educational system which shall enrich and develop life will come more and more to be regarded as one of the master spirits of progress as succeeding generations compare the barren wastes of the old method with the new system, which begins with the opening buds of humanity and appeals to the imagination and interest in such a way as to lure the child into the paths of knowledge and virtue, while increasing the capacity for the enjoyment of all that is deepest and best in life. Froebel sounded the key-note in a revolution destined to extend to every department of educational work. The prophet of one century becomes the inspiration of the next, when, indeed, his ideals and thoughts are not accepted at an earlier period. The past quarter of a century has witnessed wonderful progress in the kindergarten method of teaching; and the spectacle of women of culture, refinement, and deep spirituality taking up this work with that subtle intuitive discernment that finds its fullest expression in woman, and developing the seed germs given by Froebel, is to me one of the most positive of many signs of the advent of a nobler order of existence, through an educational system which calls out the best in the child, at once developing originality, training the intellect without warping or stunting it, and unfolding the spiritual nature in such a manner that the educated child will not only enjoy life in the fullest degree, but will find that enjoyment only along the lines of spiritual progress.

Mrs. Darlington is recognized as one of the prominent spirits in kindergarten work. She has in the rich school of experience constructed a system of music

building for little children that is indeed wonderful in its results. I have never been so impressed with the potential power of education on the mind of the very young child as I was when I saw the result of Mrs. Darlington's work on little children ignorant of music. But even more remarkable than the amount and character of the information which she beguiled them into the possession of was the double fact that all the children thought they were enjoying the rarest sport all the time, and while learning fundamental facts in music they were having their imaginations awakened and quickened on the higher plane and in a thoroughly wholesome manner. How much this means to the child for all after life may be imagined if we call to mind the proportion of pure delight which comes to us over the royal highway of the imagination. Furthermore, its potential value to humanity must be great, for a vast amount of our richest treasures in literature, from Homer to Shakspeare, from Job to Hugo, have been the results of the imagination.

Mrs. Darlington is by nature specially well qualified for the work which seems, as is so frequently the case in our wonderful age of growth and progress, to have been forced upon her. She comes from a family of culture and refinement. On her father's side she is descended from one of the old and prominent Virginia families; on her mother's from Quaker ancestors who for generations have lived in or near the city of Brotherly Love. In this connection it is interesting to know that Mrs. Darlington's oldest child was rocked in a cradle which used to be in the family of William Penn, and since then for eight generations has been in her mother's family. Her strong passion for music doubtless comes very largely from her father, who in his youth had been sent to sea for five years in the hope of dissuading him from becoming a musician. This devotee of music fell in love with a maiden of Quaker stock, but to her, in spite of all the traditions of her religion and family, nothing in life seemed half

so sweet as music when made by her lover. And so the two were wedded, and from this beautiful union came the founder of the most philosophical, because it is the most spiritual, system of music building for the very young. In this connection an observation of Mrs. Darlington's is interesting. In her somewhat extended experience in teaching music to children who have descended from Quaker families she observes, as something that at first glance was rather surprising to her, that they seem very apt at music, and, even in many instances where there is no musical atmosphere in the home, the little ones have quickly developed talent and an astonishing aptitude for all that relates to the science of sound. At first thought this fact is perplexing. It would seem to negative certain well established truths in intellectual development; and yet I think the explanation is simple. The Friends, though discouraging music because it was thought to lead to a worldly and frivolous life, cultivated deep spirituality. In fact, the Quaker mind from this circumstance would be peculiarly well qualified deeply to enjoy and splendidly to express the very soul of music if the frozen crust of conscientious conventionalism was dissolved, so that the imagination could have free play and the musical germs in the soul could find full expression. Once let the individual whose mind is enriched by the influence flowing from generations of deeply spiritual life come into a broader conception of existence, which realizes the ennobling nature of true music, and we should naturally expect surprising results. And this, I think, is the real explanation of the phenomenon which has surprised the teachers of music.

There was, as we can easily imagine, none of the grandfather's aversion to the musician, or the prejudice against music entertained by the orthodox, in the home into which little Nina was born. She grew to womanhood in the refining atmosphere of the best music, and early came under its entrancing spell. It is not strange, therefore, that after receiving a liberal musical education she desired to give her life to teaching the science which she felt meant so much in the proper unfolding of the spiritual nature. From the

first she was very successful, for not only was she a born musician, but her whole heart was in the work, and, as Longfellow truly observes, "the heart giveth grace to every art." As a teacher and as an intelligent musician of rare gifts, she was recognized among the first in her native city.

One thing, however, from the outset gave her much concern, and that was the absence of that preparatory work which would enable the child to come to the piano with at least a somewhat intelligent interest if not enthusiasm for the work. Many of her pupils had no musical atmosphere in their home life, and several of them had little intelligent sympathy or encouragement beyond the teacher's limited influence. Therefore Mrs. Darlington began by giving her scholars some preliminary instruction calculated to arouse an interest which would give zest to their work after they began the rather prosaic and tiresome technical finger drill. Following the leadings of her spiritual promptings, after the need of intelligent preliminary work forced itself on her consciousness, the young teacher took her little class out upon the veranda, hung with roses and fragrant with the exquisite perfume of wild grapes, and there, while the bees were humming amid the blossoms, the birds singing in the neighboring trees, and the wind softly crooning a lullaby in the stately sentinels that guarded the little home, she told them enough of the new world that was all around them to awaken an interest in the science. When she was thus feeling her way along an untraveled path illness came upon her, which compelled her to abandon her vocation. Here, however, as is so often the case in this strange life of ours, the affliction which seemed so hard to bear resulted in an inestimable blessing. As Bedford jail gave the world the immortal "Pilgrim's Progress," so the three years of painful invalidism are responsible for the deeply philosophical and strictly scientific system of music building for kindergartens originated and developed by Mrs. Darlington. It was during these quiet hours of meditation, which marked the long and weary waiting time, that the system grew in the mind of the invalid. She did not recog-



nize it as a system, however. She only considered it as a plan for the further development of the children given to her to teach, and after she was again enabled to take up her life work such marked success followed that general interest was awakened. One day the little, retiring woman was almost startled by a request made by another teacher for instruction in her "system." "I have no system," she replied, in amazement. She had evolved out of her own consciousness the full-orbed plan of instruction. She had studied and mastered no "system." Like Topsy, her method just grew, and it did not at first occur to her that it was entitled to be designated a "system." Soon other inquiries and requests came, and she began to see that her method was something that might prove of benefit to teachers. Therefore she set to work to put in proper form for others what she had so long been unconsciously developing and employing in her own work; and here let me quote a paragraph from an appreciative historical sketch:

Her thought was led to pierce the profundities of musical symbolism, to grasp with utmost clearness technical definitions, to look at the art from its mental side, and to reduce it all to the child's comprehension in her own terms; for Mrs. Darlington began at once what has ever been her principle, to develop the individuality of the student or teacher, and to advocate no copying of her words. She endeavors to educate and develop each individual's powers of teaching and imparting from an original stand-point these ideas embodied in her work, thus fitting them to meet the need of the different individualities intrusted to their care. Thus the science of music for children was evolved.

It has been my fortune to witness the practical application of Mrs. Darlington's system in the teaching of very little ones with no previous training, and the results have been among the most pleasing and surprising revelations I have met with in my investigation of progressive educational work. It is astounding to see how quickly the children learn the notes, which are represented by colored symbols or objects, and with what surprising accuracy they place the notes, after a little practice, when arranging the colored ob-

jects in the proper relation in the scale. For example, Mrs. Darlington has among her games a tall bar, which might represent the trunk of a tree, hung with perches. On the first is placed the little red bird, and so on up the bar. Each bird has its perch. When the child takes the bird in hand the tone it represents is struck on the piano. The child then gives it, after which he places the bird in its proper position on the perch; and from this simple beginning it is led on until, while it continues to play as it imagines with an interested and enthusiastic teacher, it gains more and more of the rudiments of music. But it is not my purpose to dwell on the subject which is so lucidly brought out in the following conversation with Mrs. Darlington on music building for the very young.

#### KINDERGARTEN MUSIC BUILDING.

CONVERSATION WITH MRS. NINA K.  
DARLINGTON.

Q. Mrs. Darlington, as one whose wide experience and marked success in beguiling the young into a love of music, I should like to ask you to tell us something of your method of appealing to the musical sense, if I may use that expression, in the child, and something of the practical and artistic results which follow the instruction?

A. My earnest desire has been to find a more practical, natural, and spontaneous mode of presenting music to the little beginners. I perceived, as older and more complex beings, we were giving to the children that which seemed simple from our stand-point, but which from the little tots' stand-point could not fail to be vague, simply because the rudiments of music are more or less complex. This difficulty, together with the greater difficulty of feeling and thinking as a little child after reaching the adult period, made up the problem that had faced every teacher of music. The question assumed such gigantic proportions in my eyes that I gave up the teaching of beginners and devoted more time to those of older growth. Here again I found how numerous were the mistakes made in the first stages of music study, and felt that the

wider field, the greater need, was in starting the little folks in the right direction, leaving it for older and wiser educators to develop them musically. Truly I have gone back of your question, but I felt I must lead up to my answer by giving you my starting point, namely this, the apparent need, the child thought in music in relation to the adult thought in music, and the deduction which would lead to the discovery of the answer to the problem.

It has long been conceded that a musical atmosphere was helpful to the development of the child's musical sense, even as warm sunlight is essential to the growth of plant life. This is undoubtedly true, but it seemed to me that much more could be done during the early years of childhood in regard to the study of music. These little ones might love to hear the music around them, even as they enjoy fine paintings, but they could not grasp the meaning or the thought involved, because both are above or beyond their comprehension. I further perceived that the little ones understood what they could taste or handle or see more readily than that which appealed only to the sense of hearing. Consequently, in developing the system of Kindergarten Music Building, I endeavored to make the pathway toward the understanding of the divine art an easier road for the little feet to travel along by utilizing what suggested itself through this observation. To do this I made myself as a little child, in other words, became one with them, and studied the natural child in all its naughtiness, playfulness, seriousness, carelessness, and affection. Hence I grew away from the thought which is too often held by the mature mind about the child, that is, in confusing the ideal child, or the child of thought, with the child one meets in every-day life. Take the laughing, happy little one bubbling over with song, mischief, and merriment, and we have the personification of melody in all its brightness and charm. Then, again, in the serious, thoughtful child we find the inner melody frequently represented by the cello and alto parts. And thus to me the little one in music is melody in its many phases, and as such should have its expression in

melodic form before the thought of harmony is expressed, either theoretically or mechanically, through technical drill. In fact, the impressionable musical sense of the little child is oftentimes dulled and even killed by the effect produced from a too early beginning of finger work and exercises at the piano. This part belongs to the later period and should come after melody has been well established and expressed. Why not lead the little one naturally into the magic world of sound and let him discover the rudiments or materials for himself, even as one would take the smallest child into the garden and permit him to find the rose for himself about which you wish to teach him? When this discovery is made, how easy to tell the little student the name of the flower and urge him to express his knowledge of the subject by finding others and lisping the name "rose" of his own accord. This is, indeed, my method of appealing to the musical sense, and I do not find it necessary to "beguile" the young into a love of music, because I find the love already in every little heart; but I do entice them into an understanding of that which goes to make up the wonders in the tone world. As the artist has before him in his model the suggestion of completed work, even so do I, when working with the smallest detail, present in perfect form what the present study leads toward. I present first the complete idea of every subject, and then drop down to the simplest thought. In other words, I take the little tots up on the mount and present the full, perfect view to the little gazer; from thence I drop down to the nearest point and discuss the daisies growing at his feet; thence we together discover the little rivulet beyond, again to the house yonder beside the river, and so on until each detail in its proper place forms the completed idea as given him in the beginning. But with this difference; whereas at first his eyes were open wide and he perceived the vastness of the picture (subject), yet at the finish he not only perceives but understands the whole idea and all it contains of detail and meaning. The practical results which follow the instruction are, first, a rounding out and a development of character which the study of

music is sure to bring; second, the handling of the materials that are used in the tone world as readily as the artist uses palate and brush; third, a grasp, a tangible grasp, of that which is ordinarily considered intangible, for tone is more than notes to him, rhythm more than counting time, feeling more than mere expression marks; yet all these essentials of musical notation are understood and placed where they properly belong, as the representation in writing of the music they know and love. The artistic results are found, first, in the firm planting of the musical idea before mechanical difficulties are attacked; second, in fostering the growth of the latent powers of inner melody before they are chilled by false training or neglect; third, in teaching the child to regard music as a language to which he listens intelligently, and in enlarging and guiding the critical faculties by developing a deep appreciativeness.

Q. I understand that you employ a color scheme in teaching music. Will you tell us something about it, and how you use it to assist in enlisting the child's interest and furthering your work?

A. To Prof. Daniel Batchellor, of Philadelphia, belongs the credit of the "color scheme" in teaching vocal music. In fact, he has successfully used this idea of his, I believe, for nearly twenty years. My first thought was to prepare children for the study of instrumental music, as I understood that kindergarten, in music, meant a more developed thought than what is ordinarily considered the kindergarten age, but as parents insisted upon bringing younger and still tinier tots to me, I felt, for the reasons I have cited above, that color should be utilized, and through association establish a sense of tone. I made use of Prof. Batchellor's idea of color with one exception. Whereas he uses the red violet for the seventh tone of the scale, I prefer the white for several reasons, chief among which are, first, the fact that white is not usually considered a color by children, and this error should be corrected; second, because the number seven means completeness and white as a combination of all the colors suggests a finish of the seven different tones used in the diatonic scale. I also use black as a

representation of tonelessness, for the black never sings, as the little ones well know. I employ the color with the little games used in the method, and the children make use of the various colors to picture the different tones they hear and know. Thus, in the plan for the cultivation of the ear little patterns are made which express individual work, and, strange to relate, more or less of the child's individuality is represented in this pretty pattern work. Thus one of the main points in kindergarten training is well covered.

This use of color helps the little ones to grasp the thoughts I give them of nature's music, wherein all the flowers and trees and brooks and birds unite in singing a song of praise to their Creator. The little red flower sings "do" (and here the tone is always given); the little bird of orange hue sings "re;" the yellow buttercup, "mi;" the green grass and trees are singing as hard as they can, "fa;" the blue sky echoes back "sol;" the lilac, the sad tone, "la;" and to sum up the whole question we have white for "si" the combination of all the pretty colors which the little eyes can see.

Thus we have music singing all about us, some of which we hear, and some is still beyond; but all the world over the same song of praise is being sung that they find also deep in their own hearts.

Q. Do you familiarize the child with the great musical composers, and in this way acquaint the young mind with the noble creators and their best work?

A. Indeed, I do; and we enjoy studying our little verses about the tone poets, which the little folks call "photo verses." Through them we learn of the works of as many of the composers as possible. By taking these photographs home with them to learn their little verses, the children become personally acquainted with the great masters, and the ideas that are grouped about the pictured personalities remain, because the little child retains what is taught in rhyme and through the eye more readily than from anecdote and prose. Let me quote from the questions on these verses, and the answers of a little child of six:

Q. Which one of the works of Mendelssohn best holds its own?

A. The Wedding March.

Q. What do you think of this composition?

A. I like it very much.

Q. What did this German Felix Fingers sing?

A. Songs without words.

Q. What was Mendelssohn's idea of fun?

A. Working hard.

Q. What was his crowning work?

A. Elijah.

Q. What monument of industry shows how he toiled?

A. His mass of work.

Q. Which one of the tone poets was a favored child of nature?

A. Mendelssohn.

Q. Who was flattered much?

A. Mendelssohn.

Q. Was he spoiled by this flattery?

A. No.

Q. Can you tell me anything else about Mendelssohn?

A. He lived in Hamburg. He was a Jew. His sister's name was Fanny.

Q. What was the age of this great artist when he passed away?

A. Thirty-eight years.

Q. Which one of the composers do you care for most?

A. Mozart.

I hear some one exclaim: "What ridiculous questions to ask a child of six!" But do you think this little one, who has learned facts through the photograph verses of the Kindergarten Music Building, will ever forget at least these few points about Mendelssohn? And to this small beginning how much more can be added, until he is as familiar with this great artist as he is with his little playmate next door. Let me quote the answers of a little girl of seven to the same questions. I give them exactly as written by the child.

1. The Wedding March best holds its own.

2. I think this composition is nice.

3. The German Felix Fingers sang songs without words.

4. He wrote the Ruy Blas in just two days. That was his ideal of fun.

5. Elijah was his crowning work.

6. Mendelssohn wrote the romance of Ruy Blas.

7. His mass of work shows how he toiled.

8. Mendelssohn was a favored child of nature.

9. Mendelssohn was flattered much. He was unspoiled by all this flattery.

10. He was thirty-eight when he passed away.

11. He was a master mind of music tone.

12. I like Mendelssohn and Haydn.

Q. Do the small children seem to grasp readily the thoughts presented?

A. The little tots of four surprise me constantly with what they grasp through the use of the interval blocks and little tone birds, and how they remember what the birds tell them. Would you care to see one or two little letters from tots of five and six who entered a class at the end of the season and had not more than four lessons?

Q. Certainly; that would probably answer the question better than in any other way.

A. I remember how the first little one came beaming, carrying her letter which was to tell me what the little birds had taught her.

Wilmington, Del., June 14, 1898.

My dear Mrs. Darlington:

The birds made music in the trees. Birds make song in the trees. We can make it high and low, soft and loud, long and short. The first bird's name was do; the second bird's name is mi; the third bird's name is sol. We sing the tonic chord do, mi, sol. We number the tonic 1, 3, 5. Sound is made in many ways, first, you stamp your feet, and then again, when we raise the voice, thankful for all that makes us refuse, songs we sing like birds in spring, learning sound is a real thing. Good-bye.

M. M.

Perhaps I should say that this was the child's examination. Here is another:

Home, Tuesday, June 29, 1898.

Dear Mrs. Darlington:

The birds told us that they made music in the trees, and when they did it was called sound. We can make a tone high and low, and we can make it soft and loud, and we can make it long and short, which is called pitch and power and duration. The first bird's name was do, and the second was ray, and the third was mi. We sing the tonic chord do, mi, sol. The way we number the tonic chord is, 1, 3, 5. We can sing the tonic chord down into the base, and we can play it down into base. You can play it in the treble, do, mi, sol; or 1, 3, 5. We are bissie as bees in a hive, learning the tonic chord to find; to picture, to sing it, and play it's alive. I hope this will do.

Yours truly, L. J.



Of course, you understand that I do not profess to be giving the children spelling lessons at the same time that I am teaching them music; but I do try to present the rudiments of music in a true and interesting manner, thus enabling the children to gain a good grasp of the science of music and tide them safely over the careless period, until they have learned to work for music's sake, for the pleasure it brings to them, and the pleasure they can give others.

Q. You have given us some admirable letters from very little tots. Could you give us something that would illustrate the results of the teaching with older children?

A. I should like to give you the answers to some few questions, and also to tell you that this very little one whose paper I will give you, after taking one term in Kindergarten Music Building with me, at the first lesson when she had the printed music placed before her, gave instantly, without the slightest hesitation, about twenty notes with their locality on the key-board, both treble and bass; then read the different intervals in a line of music; for instance, saying: "Up a second, down a third, up a fourth, up a sixth," etc. Next she gave me the correct rhythm, which happened to be dual measure, both counting, beating the time, and giving the value of each note with the rhythmic names. From this I let her play at sight a little melody in the right hand, and something in the bass with the left hand. To a teacher who happened to be present I made the remark, "What do you think of this?" and, turning over the pages, gave the little one some duets where both hands were used, first in the treble and then in the bass, playing the other part with her. There was no mistake in time, fingering, or in a single note. The teacher replied: "It is simply remarkable." She knew the child, and that intellectually she was nothing beyond the average, and not at all musical. This is the examination paper of this same little child:

Music is something we hear. The first kind of music was vocal music.

The language of music. Music has a language of its own. When a piece of

music is played on any instrument, it always tells us something, whether of something bright and beautiful, or of something very dull and sad.

Sound is anything we hear, and the little air particles go backward and forward very fast, and that is how it gets to our ears.

A musical sound is something sweet that we hear, and a noise is not.

When you strike a tone on the piano there is a little hammer inside that touches the string that makes this string go very, very fast backward and forward, and that makes a tone.

There are three properties of tone, pitch, power, and duration.

Pitch=highness and lowness.

Power=loudness and softness.

Duration=long and short.

Pitch and power we represent on the staff, and power we represent by five degrees. The staff all alone tells pitch of the tone, and the notes only tell us how long to play or to sing.

The word time is used in three senses, tempo, time of the measure, rhythm.

An interval is the different in pitch between two tones.

Pulses or beats is the regular pulsation felt in music to which we can count, and they do not move at different rates in the same tune.

Accent in music is stress on certain tones. Time is measured by accent.

A measure is the time which passes from one strong accent to the return of that accent.

Q. The practical results of your method would seem to furnish an excellent basic understanding of music, or an appreciation of certain rudimental facts that must necessarily prepare the child for the drill and close application which come later, and these have been presented to the plastic mind in so attractive a manner that it would seem that the child must approach the study, if he has music in his soul, imbued with some of the enthusiasm which is so essential to real success and joy of the soul. Do you not find it so?

A. Yes, you are indeed right in your surmise. I have always found that the study of music in these little classes has aroused sufficient enthusiasm in the children to make them ask for lessons at the piano or other instrument, and their progress with more advanced work is much more rapid than is usually expected. In fact, the teachers who have taken these children thus prepared have in a few

weeks given the little ones music that is ordinarily too difficult to be given under six months' or a year's tuition.

Q. It seems to me that this study is of vital importance for the child, whether he is to pursue musical studies in after life or not, for it enlarges his capacity for enjoyment of that which is purest, most inspiring and elevating in life. It stimulates the emotional nature on the higher plane of being, and must prove a real factor in the development of a well-rounded and normal character.

A. How glad I am that you perceive the necessity of music for the development of character, and that you realize the importance of such study, because it is more far-reaching than the mere acquisition of technical terms and musical knowledge so called. This, with a desire to instill a deep love and understanding of music into every child, expresses my purpose in giving my little work to the

world. I teach the children that harmony means order, when everything is in its right place, then teaching the true from the type. And then from that I want, of course, to show them harmony is another word for heaven, that state of harmony which they all know about; then by expressing harmony in their own little lives at home, in the school-room, or wherever they are, they will find that state of heaven without having to become little angels with wings.

Bear in mind this science of music for children is composed of three component parts, even as the little one itself,—first, the body, which is the same as the material used in the method; next, the teaching thought, which is the same as the mind; and last, the underlying thought or spiritual part; and thus we have trinity in unity, the whole human being, and the complete idea of Kindergarten Music Building.

# ORIGINAL ESSAYS

## THE KIND OF UNIVERSE WE LIVE IN

BY PROF. A. E. DOLBEAR

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

For how long a time man has been upon the earth nobody knows. Not very long ago the time was set at about six thousand years. Now we know that is far from correct, for we possess records that go a long way beyond that period. The land of Egypt, for instance, has been continuously inhabited for a much longer time. The great pyramid was built nearly six thousand years ago, and implies by its structure a degree of skill in mechanic arts such as could only be derived by ages of experience during which tools of many kinds were invented and engineering problems were mastered. Its orientation, its inclined passages, and its purposes show plainly enough that there had been observers of the heavens and records kept for many years; while lately there have been discovered in Assyria old stone books written probably seven thousand years ago. This in turn testifies to the art of writing, the possession of alphabet and skilled workmen. Some of our astronomical literature goes back to very remote times. We find in the book of Job, one of the most ancient books of the Bible, an allusion to the Pleiades and to Orion, in such a way as to imply a common knowledge of the names of groups of stars which have been retained to this day. The old stories, the old books, the old constellations tell us almost nothing about the common notions then entertained concerning the visible universe.

Not until four or five hundred years before Christ was there any expression of opinion or judgment or even guess as to the relation of the earth to the more distant heavenly bodies. Though there were astrologers, they apparently did not concern themselves with anything except attempts to correlate the fate of individuals with the positions and movements of some celestial bodies. Even such marked phenomena as eclipses and flaming comets were not catalogued until that late time, probably because they were considered as portents of calamities to mankind. The poetically-minded seized upon the myths of men and places and phenomena, and expanded them into fabulous history of gods and goddesses now on the earth and now in the sky. No better explanation for events could be thought of than personal design, superintendence, and relationships such as were familiar in the experience of men. Greek speculation in the mind of such a master as Aristotle seems not to have felt much pressure for proof of propositions offered. For instance, he asserts that "that body is heavier than another which in an equal bulk moves downward more quickly." If he had tried the little experiment he would have discovered his error, but that statement passed for the truth until the time of Galileo. There were no laboratories in those days, and if one became desirous of having a given question answered he did not investigate as we to-day would do if possible; his first thought was to find a person to answer it. A Grecian would pull on his seven-league boots and go to Alexandria

or Babylon to find the wise one, and was satisfied with a verbal answer. Questions concerning the size and stability of the earth seldom or never got fairly asked, much less answered. A philosophy much later than Grecian stated that the earth rested upon the back of an elephant. When pressed to tell what the elephant stood on, the answer was "a tortoise;" further inquiry for the support of the tortoise failed to get more than an interrogation point. Not even the oracles would consider fundamental questions of any kind.

In these days, when so many persons are becoming philosophers and are trying to give an adequate reason for their beliefs, it seems passing strange that intelligent persons should have given so little serious attention to what we consider necessary to sane thinking. Perhaps it was because it was not essential for life; yet it was essential for comfort that a person should not be inquisitive and make inquiries which would puzzle the hierarchies. Many a man has been transformed into a cloud of smoke who ventured to do it. Galileo himself barely escaped the penalty of looking behind the scenes and telling what he saw, while poor Copernicus waited until he was dead and his nervous system was out of the reach of his neighbors before he would venture to proclaim what he saw. But these stories are often repeated and everybody knows of them.

#### THE REVELATIONS OF THE ROCKS.

The surface rocks over most of the earth are seen to be full of what we call fossils, and it is believed that they represent the forms of animals and plants that lived long ago.

The ancients must have seen them, but they did not awaken inquiry. A little more than a hundred years ago they were thought by some to be the relics of Noah's flood. Then it was noted that they were to be found in the depths of rocks in places which the flood had not disturbed, and another observer noticed that the kinds of remains differed in different kinds of rocks,—indeed, that one might predict the kind of rocks by the character of the fossils found in them; and then

grew the science called paleontology. The rocks were partitioned off into systems of layers. The carboniferous system, which contained coal plants; the silurian system, that contained trilobites and simpler things; and underneath that was a system of rocks called azoic, because it was believed they contained no evidence of living things,—fossilless. The geologists who studied the rocks and their contents endeavored to compute roughly how long a time these fossil-bearing rocks must have been forming. The thickness of such rocks exceeds twenty miles, and there are fossils throughout. They made their age to be hundreds of millions of years. Presently closer study of the so-called azoic rocks showed that they too were in many places crowded with fossil forms, though simpler and smaller than the rest. The series was misnamed azoic; but the discovery made it needful to add to the length of time that life had existed on the earth, and also made as plain as could be that the succession of living things had been from the simplest microscopic forms in the earliest rocks to the most complex in the latest times, and that the various forms were directly related to each other by the ordinary laws of descent, and dispensed with the idea of the creation of the various species. This was first worked out in a thorough way by Darwin forty years ago. We are not so much concerned now about that discovery as everybody was at that time. Still later investigations made the story more interesting to thoughtful persons. The caves of Europe began to yield evidences that man himself had been contemporaneous with many species of animals which have not been known in historic times. Bones of men and animals were found imbedded in rocks many feet in thickness, implying great antiquity; and implements made by man were discovered buried in banks of gravel and sand by the glacier which covered North America down to the south shore of New England, through Pennsylvania, Ohio, and westward, implying that man was a resident in North America many thousands of years ago.

The hypothesis of animal descent when applied to man made it needful to suppose some intermediate form between him and



the lower animals, and the objectors did not fail to point out repeatedly the absence of what was called the "missing link;" but it has now been found,—a fossil animal with human characteristics. I think all paleontologists are agreed as to its habits and structure. Its place in the series of animal forms makes it needful to assume an immense antiquity to man on the earth. More nearly a hundred thousand years than any time less,—a proceeding which makes it absolutely needful to abandon all the notions we have been entertaining as to man's place in nature and his significance here. Thirty years ago geologists thought they needed not less than a thousand million years to account for the changes and distribution of living things on the earth, and supposed they could have an unlimited duration to draw from; but Lord Kelvin pointed out that the earth is a cooling body, and receives from the sun a definite amount of heat per year, and the laws of heat did not allow that the earth could have been a habitable place for any living thing more than some such time as twenty millions of years. A warm discussion followed, lasting for several years. About four years ago Prof. Perry investigated the problem with additional data, and concluded that a thousand million years was more probable; and so it stands to-day. It was formerly thought that the earth was a molten mass of matter with a crust not more than a hundred miles thick. Now the discovery has been made that the melting point of rocks depends upon the pressure to which they are subjected. The deeper one goes into the earth the higher the temperature, about one degree for each sixty feet; but the pressure increases faster than the temperature, so that, no matter how hot the interior of the earth may be, it cannot be fused, and the earth is solid to the center. Again, the density of the earth as a whole is five and a half times that of water, but the rocks on the surface have a density of less than half that. It follows that the interior of the earth must be made of material denser than rocks; the thicker the rock beds at the surface, the denser must be the remaining interior. There are metals,—iron, copper, silver, gold,—in the order of density, and doubtless

there are immense deposits of them in this most inaccessible place. The testimony of the rocks is, then, of such a character as to make it needful to assume a very prolonged history for man on the earth, and that he is no more a pilgrim and a stranger here than is a horse or lion.

#### REVELATIONS OF THE TELESCOPE.

This instrument is no older than the time of Galileo. It will be remembered that, when it was first turned to the heavens, the moons of Jupiter and the spots on the sun were seen. Those who opposed Galileo's teachings refused to look through his glass to verify his statements. To accept them would be to diminish their authority as well as their self-respect. They died in their sins, but the telescope survived the humiliation. We are not concerned about its history, but about its utility to man and the prospect of its further usefulness. Until about one hundred and twenty-five years ago there were no telescopes that were superior to what we call a field-glass to-day; they would magnify but a few times. Sir Wm. Herschel made the first modern astronomical telescope, and with it saw multitudes of stars that had never before been seen by man. With the unaided eye one may see, under favorable conditions, as many as two thousand stars in the sky. With a good opera-glass one may see a hundred times as many, and with such glasses as the Lick, and the Yerkes at Chicago, a hundred million can be seen. Does any one imagine that all stars are to be seen by our present helps? The word million can easily be spoken or written down, yet I am persuaded that few imagine how great that number is. I have just said that one may see about two thousand stars on a clear and moonless night, when the sky seems filled with them, but if a million were thus visible there would be five hundred stars for each one now seen, or, if distributed as thickly as in our visible sky, there would be needed five hundred firmaments to contain them. These stars constitute what to-day is called the visible universe.

One of the early conquests of the telescope was the determination of the velocity of light. The moons of Jupiter

produce eclipses, and these are seen to take place about sixteen minutes later when the earth is in the opposite part of its orbit than when it is nearest to it, and this distance is twice the distance to the sun, one hundred and eighty-six millions of miles. It takes a thousand seconds for light to cross this distance, and its velocity is therefore one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second, a velocity corroborated by other methods devised since. It is with the telescope we determine the distance to the stars more remote than the members of the solar system, and it appears that our nearest celestial neighbor is over two hundred and seventy-five thousand times farther away than is the sun, and it takes light at its high speed nearly four and a half years to reach us. The light from Sirius takes eight and a half years, from the pole-star almost fifty, and Arcturus one hundred and sixty years, while many of the more distant ones require ten thousand, fifty thousand, or a hundred thousand years to reach us. Think of a star so distant that its light, which we see to-day, left it before the pyramid of Egypt was built. The star might have been annihilated five thousand years ago, yet it would still continue to shine upon the earth for a thousand years; neither is the star now where it seems to be.

When the nature of light, as being a wave motion, was ascertained, it was at once perceived that some kind of a medium was essential for its transmission. We cannot have a wave motion in an absolute vacuum. Sir Isaac Newton recognized this, and declared that it was irrational to imagine that one body could act upon another body in the absence of some medium. The logical need for it was felt before there was physical evidence of it. The action of gravitation, of electric and magnetic phenomena, demands a medium as much as light. When it was proved a few years ago that the velocity of electro-magnetic action was the same as that of light, and that its waves had the same characteristics as those of light, it compelled one to believe in the existence of a medium. The name "ether" was given to it, and we now speak of it with the same confidence that we do of the

existence of atoms and molecules. The properties of this ether have been much studied of late. One of the most extraordinary of these is that the stress we call gravitation must have a velocity in the ether more than a million times greater than that of light,—that is, more than one hundred and eighty-six thousand million miles a second. The proof of it is that the movements of the planets would be different from what they are observed to be if gravitative action was less than that figure. And the movements of double and triple stars show that gravitation controls them as it does the moon and planets. Such a velocity is not comparable with any velocity exhibited by any kind of matter with which we are acquainted. Shooting stars come into our atmosphere with a velocity of about twenty-five miles a second. Some comets have moved about the sun with a velocity of nearly four hundred miles a second, yet have not had their speed reduced by friction as they would have had if the medium they moved in was like a gas, even if it were very rare. It is concluded, therefore, that the ether is frictionless, and, as light comes to us from such distant bodies, that the ether must fill all the space within the visible universe, also that it cannot be made up of particles like ordinary matter. Phenomena would be different from what they are observed to be if it were otherwise constituted. In most particulars the properties of the ether are so different from the properties of matter that it will not do to call it matter; it is something else.

But this ether must extend beyond the confines of the most distant star. As I have said, light requires a medium, and, if a ray were to reach a boundary to the ether, it could go no farther and would be reflected back into the space it had left. Now, the sun has been shining for at least a thousand million years, and its light has been spread in every direction in all that time. If, in five hundred millions of years, the light had reached a space unoccupied by the ether, it would have been reflected back and light would be coming to us from every part of the sky; but there are spaces between the stars from

which no light comes, and one can only conclude that the space filled with ether is vastly greater than the space which includes what we call the visible universe.

More than this, it is with the telescope that we determine the angular distances between the stars. The constellations present the same configuration to us as they did to the early observers thousands of years ago. They appear to be as immovable as if they were bright fixed points on the great concavity of the sky; but nice measurements seem to show that on one part of the sky the stars are really separating from each other, while on the opposite side they appear to be closing up, just as objects in a landscape appear to separate as we approach in a railway train and close up as we retreat from it. The visual angle increases or decreases as we approach or recede. The amount of this change is slight, but quite sufficient to satisfy one that the earth and whole solar system are drifting in space at a rate of twelve or fifteen miles a second, and in the direction of the bright star Lyra. At this rate it would take about fifty thousand years for us to reach a distance equal to that of our very nearest neighbor, but to reach Lyra will require three hundred thousand years. Hence, no one need feel any apprehension lest a collision should bring disaster to the earth.

There is one star in the sky which is unique, and is called "the runaway." Its rate of motion is something like two hundred miles in a second, but that is not the unique thing about it. It is this, that this high speed could not have been given to it by all the gravitative action upon it of all the bodies in the visible universe; neither can all of them acting together stop it. Its whence and its whither are unfathomable, and the implications are that outside of our universe there are other universes, that the profundity of the heavens surpasses the depths of space in the range of our telescopes, and that the possibilities of what is beyond our ken exceed the possibilities of all within it.

The telescope, then, has immensely increased our knowledge of the distances, sizes, and movements of the heavenly bodies, and shown us that the earth is but a small specimen among a multitude of

others having similar motions and governed by the same laws. If early men thought the earth was the center of creation, and the sun and stars were to serve it with light and heat, and astrologically determine the fate of men and nations, we are now sure that nothing of the kind can be true, and what happens here can be of little consequence to any but ourselves.

#### REVELATIONS OF THE SPECTROSCOPE.

If, fifty years ago, any one had prophesied that one might discover the composition and physical constitution of the sun and stars almost as well as if he were provided with samples for chemical analysis, he would have been considered as "non compos." It was so improbable, so contrary to all human experience, that no one would have given heed to him, and at best the proposition would have been called a wild speculation. Yet that proposition became a reality in 1859, the time of the invention of the spectroscope. A beam of light sent through a prism is not only deflected, but the rays are separated in the order of their wave lengths into a spectrum. The light from lithium is red, that from sodium yellow, that from copper blue, and so on. Each particular element when burning gives out lights of particular wave lengths which, when separated by the prism, serve to identify that element. Nice measurements of the exact positions and wave lengths of the rays from the different kinds of substances, the elements, have enabled one to identify any or all of them. The ray of light bears in itself the story of its origin. This yellow light can originate only in atoms of sodium, and this green light only in iron, and so on. Whether the light comes from a gas jet on the table or from a furnace a mile away is immaterial; distance has nothing to do with it. So, when the spectroscope is turned to the sun, behold, it shows the presence of sodium, of iron, of calcium; and nearly all of the different elements we are familiar with upon the earth are to be found in the sun. Between forty and fifty of these have been identified there, and the study is being continued. A dozen new elements have been discovered on the earth, and helium

was discovered thus in the sun before it was found on the earth.

So refined and sensitive is the spectroscopic method, that the millionth of a grain can be detected. The light from the moon is shown to be precisely like the light from the sun, and thus proves it to be merely reflected sunlight, as is also true of the light from the planets; but the light from comets shows them to be self-luminous and largely gaseous masses, and mostly what are known as hydro-carbons. When the light from the stars is thus analyzed, it shows them to be somewhat like the sun, made of the same elements, in different proportions and in different physical conditions as to temperature, density, and so on.

With the unaided eye one may see a few light cloudy patches in the sky. When the first telescope was turned to these they were seen to be clusters of stars so near together that the eye could not separate them, but other similar cloudy patches could be seen which were quite invisible without the glass. As more powerful telescopes were made; many of these were seen to be only more remote clusters, and it was thought probable that all such cloudy patches, which were called nebulae, would be seen to be resolvable into stars if telescopic power were great enough. With the spectroscope that problem was solved for us at a glimpse, for many of them were shown to be only huge masses of gas, hydrogen being particularly abundant in them. There are thousands of such gaseous masses in the sky, in various stages of development, from a mass of pure gas with only one or two elements to those containing several, and these in varying degrees of condensation, thus corroborating in a most satisfying manner the hypothesis of Kant and Laplace, giving to the nebular theory of the solar system almost a demonstrative validity. This hypothesis was that the solar system, including the earth and the moon, was a growth; that the material which constitutes this system was once a huge mass of gas occupying a space of greater diameter than the present diameter of the solar system, about six thousand millions of miles; that gravitation had brought these particles together, first so they could com-

bine into chemical molecules, thereby producing heat by impact and condensation, these in turn combining into larger and larger masses forming solids or liquids, and finally gathering up into rotating globes, the earth being one in the series. Of course, this process took a relatively long time to complete, and I have already said that the geological evidence testified to immense antiquity for the habitable globe. I think that every astronomer accepts this as the only rational explanation we have of the history of the solar system, —a growth, an evolution from cosmic dust, once a fiery cloud. And this process of condensation can now be observed in the sky in hundreds of directions, and other suns and solar systems are being formed as was this one.

The condition of the sun at the present time is thus easily explained, for its slight density, its high temperature and enormous atmosphere, reaching out more than a million miles from its surface, signify that condensation is now going on there in the same way as it has in the past, and a square rod on its surface radiates as much energy as Niagara has. The same elements and the same physical activities in the past as in the present are sufficient to explain present forms and conditions.

Again, the spectroscope as an attachment to the telescope enables one to note at a glimpse whether a shining body is moving toward or away from us, and measure approximately its rate if above a mile or two in a second, and so corroboratory evidence is provided of the motion in space of the solar system to which I have already alluded, and also the individual movements of separate stars. One of the most interesting of these determinations is that the rings of the planet Saturn are rotating at different rates, the fact of the inner ones moving faster showing that the rings cannot be solid, for in that case the outer ones would move at a higher rate for mechanical reasons. This condition was suspected before, but Prof. Keeler, now of Lick Observatory, has proved it with the spectroscope and has had a gold Rumford medal awarded to him for his discovery.

Attempt has been made with the spectroscope to discover whether or not the



earth, in its astronomic movements of rotation on its axis and revolution about the sun, makes any disturbance in the ether, whether it drags the ether with it as a moving railroad train drags the air or not; but all the evidence so far seems to show that the ether is not disturbed in the slightest degree. It appears as if the earth moved through it as a coarse mesh sieve will go through water, not displacing it in any appreciable degree.

#### REVELATIONS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

The microscope is almost as common as the photographic camera, and it would be difficult to find a person who has not used one and is not acquainted with some of its uses; but the microscope was not much used as an instrument of science investigation until this century. Its popular use has been to reveal the forms of such small and almost invisible things as diatoms, blood corpuscles, and the minute living things in water, and so on. Its scientific use has been the measurement of the sizes of many of them, and the study of the structure and function of cellular tissue of all kinds. Some years ago there was much rivalry among persons who could afford it to obtain microscopes of high power to enable one to see something too minute for his neighbor's glass. This made business good for the makers, and resulted in improvements in its form and convenience as well as in increase in magnifying power in a measure.

It has been found that the higher powers are of little service in good work, and most of the work done with it has not required more than five hundred or six hundred diameters. There are various reasons for this, which I will not dwell upon.

The highest power which has been available for the most acute and experienced eye has rendered just visible a point the hundred-thousandth of an inch in diameter. That shows simply as a point without distinguishable parts.

If one should wish to see a molecule, say, of water, and should inquire for a microscope to enable him to see it, he would learn first that the molecule of water was only about the fifty-millionth of an inch in diameter, and therefore is five

hundred times smaller than the smallest thing visible now, and no one would undertake to make a microscope lens twice as good as the best now, much less one five hundred times better. Again, he would learn that a single molecule of anything would probably be more transparent than the clearest air or water, and so could not be seen if it were in its proper microscope slide; and, third, inasmuch as motion of a body is magnified as much as the body itself when looked at, and as every molecule is moving at an enormous rate, vibrating millions on millions of times per second, one could not see the molecule if he had it in exact position and had a microscope sufficiently powerful otherwise to see it. So there is no hope for mankind being able ever to see such a thing as a molecule. The microscope has its limits a long way inside this.

If we assume the diameter of an atom to be one fifty-millionth of an inch, we may readily compute how many such there must be in a particle just large enough to be seen with the highest power, say, the hundred-thousandth of an inch. It will be the cube of five hundred, which is one hundred and twenty-five million,—a greater number of atoms in the smallest thing visible with the highest power of the microscope than all the stars in the sky visible with the most powerful telescope.

Perhaps the greatest interest in microscopic study is in what is learned of the minute living things like the amoeba and those dreaded things called microbes. The latter are often less than the thousandth of an inch in length, but the mischief they sometimes play in the human organism renders them formidable. There are many species of them, and it is believed that many diseases, such as fevers, consumption, and diphtheria, are due to special forms of them in the body. The microscope shows that microbes are present in enormous numbers in the earth, in water and the air. In the purest air we can get at the surface of the earth there are often millions in every cubic inch. We cannot escape from them all if we try. Physiologists are now teaching that there is a constant strife in the body between the cells that properly compose it

and the microbes that are taken into it in food and drink and air. Many of these, however, are not harmful, possibly may be helpful by destroying others which would be deleterious. Many diseases can now be earlier identified by the microscope than by the symptoms which have hitherto been relied upon.

Among biologists a greater interest centers about the amoeba, a little particle of jelly, a minute bit of living protoplasm. It may be less than the thousandth of an inch in diameter, but is capable of movement, of change of form, of assimilation and reproduction. It appears to have a wicker structure, which was interpreted as being peculiar to living as distinguished from dead matter. A few years ago two Germans discovered that minute particles of certain mixtures of oil and compounds of potash exhibit the qualities of amoebae. They move about, change their forms, apparently feel about them, will surround and absorb into themselves particles of some materials and will not touch others, have a circulation from within outward and back, and have apparently the same wicker structure as the amoeba. These have not been observed to reproduce themselves, but three of the four distinguishing characteristics of living things are duplicated in this artificial protoplasm, as it has been called. These observers and some others are persuaded that living protoplasm does not differ from this artificial, except in the presence of some molecular ingredient which when present will give all the reactions of living things. This they are trying now to discover. Some persons are satisfied that this can never be done,—that life is not to be produced by chemical mixtures of any kind. Such assume without proof that all matter is dead, a proposition not easy to prove. I will return to this question further along.

#### REVELATIONS OF CHEMISTRY.

Everybody knows something about atoms and molecules, of combinations and reactions, and changes of state, etc. Everybody knows of Democritus and Lucretius and other ancient men who discoursed on atoms, but if a modern chemist be asked his reasons for believing in the

existence of atoms he will not allude to any of the reasons of the old philosophers. He will say that none of them gave a reason that a chemist is bound to respect. The so-called elements are but different kinds of atoms, which at will can be identified and isolated, their dimensions measured and their weight determined with a high degree of accuracy. Thus an atom of oxygen is nearly the fifty-millionth of an inch in diameter, an atom of hydrogen is smaller and an atom of carbon larger. The number of such atoms of any particular kind in so small a volume as a cubic inch is astounding. If there be fifty millions to the linear inch, then the cube of fifty millions will be the number in a cubic inch, and this is one hundred and twenty-five thousand million million. It is a question of simple arithmetic now to determine how many such there are in the earth. Multiply the number of cubic inches in the sphere eight thousand miles in diameter by one hundred and twenty-five thousand million million. One may go on and tell how many there are in the sun and moon and the one hundred million stars, and more, he can compute how many such there can be in the visible universe. The little sum has been done, and is represented by the figure "7" followed by ninety-one ciphers.

If, as I have said, one cannot mentally grasp such a number as one million, yet a school-boy can handle such numbers accurately and may trust them if he trusts the multiplication table.

Every one of these atoms of a given kind, as hydrogen, has precisely the same characteristics as every other one, else hydrogen could not be identified; being minute and elastic, they vibrate at an enormous number of times a second, and thus produce waves as will a sounding body. These light waves have been measured and found to be only about the fifty-thousandth of an inch long. If we divide the velocity of light per second, one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles, by the wave length of light, we find how many times the atom vibrated that produced it, a number like five hundred millions of millions a second. That represents the individual motions of each atom

that gives out light in a flame or spark or in the sun. Of course, the amplitude of motion of such a small body is smaller than the body itself, but if these were all smoothed out into a straight line it would reach nearly a hundred miles, or, to say it in another way, the velocity of vibration of an atom is in the neighborhood of a hundred miles a second, which is comparable with the highest astronomical velocities, and seems more wonderful than any of the latter. The similarity of all atoms of a given kind is closer than any artificial things that man can produce, — buttons, pins, shot, or anything else. Herschel said they seemed like manufactured things.

At present there are known about eighty of these elements, but the new and refined methods now in use have added a dozen or more within four or five years, and it is probable that there are more. Some are abundant on the earth, others very scarce. Aluminum, oxygen, silicon, iron are very abundant, while a pound of rubidium would cost a fortune, and there are many who wish that gold was more plentiful in their neighborhood.

Two or three hundred years ago there were men who devoted their lives to the attempt to transform one element into another, as of lead into gold. All sorts of experiments were of course tried, and out of their efforts new compounds were discovered as by-products; but there were some who pursued chemical research without any hope of such golden reward. One such, named John Beecher, says of himself: "I seem to myself to live so sweetly that may I die if I would change places with the Persian king."

The stability of the atoms as shown in chemical work served to convince all later chemists that there was no degree of probability that one element could be transformed into another. This judgment has been based on the fact that nobody has ever succeeded in doing it. The processes employed hitherto have been heat, mixtures, and fluxes of all sorts.

In a text-book on physics lately issued the statement is made that it is not to-day thought to be quite so impossible as heretofore it has been thought, for the spectroscopic evidence in nebulae shows either a

transformation of one element into another or the creation of new elements as nebulae condensation goes on. And now comes a New York man who is said to have engaged room at the Paris exposition to be held next year, for carrying on the process of transforming silver into gold, — not by mixtures and heat and fusion; but by extreme cold and great pressure. We shall see what we shall see!

The ability of atoms to combine with each other in different proportions has been attributed to a special force called chemical affinity. The late discovery of means for reducing temperature to three or four hundred degrees below the freezing point has enabled chemists to experiment under conditions not before possible, and thus it has been discovered that at low temperatures atoms will not combine, proving that chemical affinity is not an inherent property, but a conditional one. On the other hand, the electrical resistance of metals decreases with fall of temperature. At ordinary temperature copper is about six times better as a conductor of electricity than iron, but the difference between them becomes less and less as temperature falls, and the indications are that at four hundred and sixty degrees below zero both will be perfect conductors, having no resistance at all. In this case as in the other it appears that what we have called properties of matter are only conditions of matter dependent absolutely upon temperature.

Others of its properties may be emptied out of it. Thus, the color of gold is yellow, of copper red, of iodine purple, of silver white, but the colors represent selective action and imply another body to shine upon the body showing color. If there were but one atom in the universe, no matter whether of gold or copper or anything, it would have no color.

Hardness, too, refers to the degree of cohesion of two or more particles. If there were but a single one the term hardness could not be applied at all. So, nearly every quality we have attributed to matter turns out to be a relative one.

When carbon and oxygen combine an immense amount of heat is generated. A pound of coal will yield heat enough, if all spent in doing work as in an engine,

to raise the pound of coal four thousand miles high. Other kinds of atoms will yield more or less than that quantity. Take some carbon, sulphur, and saltpeter separately in the hand,—they appear inert and helpless. Mix them mechanically with the finger, and we have gunpowder, a little of which is sufficient to wreck a building. The process of mixing the ingredients did not impart energy to it. It must have been inherent in the atoms, but a mass of matter with inherent energy can hardly be thought of as inert. A spinning-top may stand still on its point, but no one would think of calling it inert when by a gentle touch it will behave in a surprising manner. Yet, we have been in the habit of speaking of matter as dead and inert, incapable of doing anything of itself, and only moving when some outside body acted upon it.

The food we eat supplies us with energy. Bread and butter can be used to run a steam-engine, but it is costly. Bread and butter are composed of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, and a few other elements combined in such a way that their atomic energy has not all been spent. It has only very lately been noted that uncombined atoms have more energy than any combination of them, and in chemical combinations they run down in energy, from the most complicated and unstable molecules of protoplasm which contain more than thirty thousand atoms to the simplest and most stable molecules containing less than a dozen atoms, like water or alumina.

I have already spoken of the number of elements, the uniformity of similar atoms, and the dissimilarity of properties in the different elements. Now, let one imagine that the dissimilarities are due to differences in form of the atoms, some being minute cubes or spheres or disks, or other geometric forms, as one might make various forms out of iron,—tacks, nails, screws, rings, bolts, etc.,—such things would still have the same fundamental properties in common; density, elasticity, magnetism, and the like would be the same for each unit, indeed, the same as the original material out of which they were made. This is not an idea applicable to real atoms. They differ so funda-

mentally in all these that one cannot entertain the notion that atoms differ only in form. Furthermore, I have remarked that atoms have individual energy, and such atoms as would be represented by forms alone would have no energy.

We conclude that the differences among atoms must be deeper than this. It was once imagined that atoms were minute spheres endowed with so-called properties, and matter might exist with a different set of properties or none at all. Now we know that such spheres would not exhibit such properties as real atoms exhibit. For a time we were quite without any probable idea as to the nature of atoms. We are better provided now.

Everybody has seen a small whirlwind,—a vertical spindle of whirling air moving slowly along the ground. It soon is destroyed by the friction of the air. If the air were without friction such a whirl would be indestructible. In like manner, the smoke ring of a locomotive rises wriggling in the air. It has form, dimension, elasticity, attraction, momentum, energy, but the friction of the air soon destroys it as it does a whirlwind. Indeed, it is a whirlwind with its ends brought together and so forming a ring. If the air were without friction the smoke ring would be an indestructible ring possessing several such qualities as the atoms of matter possess. Imagine such a smoke ring to be made smaller and smaller, now a foot in diameter, now an inch, now the thousandth, and ultimately the fifty-millionth of an inch. As no change has been made except in dimension, the original qualities will all be present; and now assume that, instead of being made of air, it was made of the ether which is frictionless, it would be then an indestructible body, possessing form, attraction, elasticity, momentum, energy, indeed, most if not all of the properties we now find in atoms. If such vortex rings of ether in the ether differed from each other in thickness, in rate of rotation, and the like, they would exhibit different degrees of attraction, of momentum, of elasticity, and the like, and these differences would be permanent ones. This, briefly told, is the only hypothesis of the nature of atoms which we have. It is this or nothing. There is no other



that has any degree of probability. It cannot be said to be absolutely proved, but there is such a body of corroborative knowledge that it is fast becoming the conviction of physicists that it is a close approximation to the reality.

I would advance a little way into a region more subtle than any of these mechanical phenomena. As a matter of fact, we always find life and mind associated with what we please to call matter. These have been generally thought to be so different in nature from matter that they cannot be treated in the same category, not subject to the same laws or interrelated as are the other physical energies. It would be easy to show by quotations from a multitude of investigators that this opinion on life has been almost altogether abandoned, and it is now considered as definitely related to physical and chemical forms of energy as these are related to each other. As to mind, the contention is yet strong against any such assumption. The reasons assigned are philosophical or religious. For the first, it is pointed out that it has not been proved or made probable by any investigations, and also that the phenomena are so radically different that it seems altogether improbable that they can ever be shown to be necessarily related. From the religious stand-point it is argued that such an assumption implies that death ends all, and that the beliefs and hopes of mankind in immortality have no basis at all, and that such an idea should not be entertained by any one until he is compelled by infrangible evidence to adopt it.

Now, in the past philosophers of all sorts have sought to widen the difference between mind and matter. The latter has been degraded by the terms applied to it. It has been called gross, base, inert, dead, and with these has gone the assumption that one could not expect to get out of mechanism what was not in it. If matter be inert, something else must move it. What is that something else? Force. What is force? It is what moves matter. That is the vicious circle. Now, we know that every kind of motion exhibited by matter can be traced back to other matter, not to abstract force. An inert thing can do nothing. Kick a stone,—it kicks back

just as hard. If it will not roll up hill it will roll down hill. If it be inert, how can it? If the lump of coal has energy sufficient to raise it four thousand miles high, is it inert? A sleeping man may lie still, but no one would think of him as being inert, and so one must think of matter. Its atomic properties have not been considered in thinking what are its possibilities. If we have but lately discovered that matter is not inert and dead in that sense, there is left the possibility that it may have in like manner other qualities which have not been reckoned with.

Indeed, let one assume what we call evolution, and he cannot defend it unless he can show that physics is in partnership or acts in conjunction with other agencies which he excludes from the process. If it be so, then physical laws cannot be depended upon absolutely. If not, then they control the whole domain, and the properties of matter are not so limited as has been assumed. Physical science has concerned itself hitherto only with its mechanical relations, but if the properties of the ether inhere in matter, and if there be life and mind in that substratum, there then appears to be good reason for holding that every atom is alive, is accumulating experience, and the outcome of experience is consciousness.

If matter be made of ether, then the latter must have existed before the former, and if the ether does not respond in mechanical ways to energy as matter does, then the source of energy must be behind the ether, and is not necessarily related to it as matter is to ether.

The logic of all this is that matter is not such a simple thing as has been assumed, but has qualities derived from what is inherent in that mysterious ether which is its substance.

Every one to-day knows more or less about the change in beliefs that the advance of knowledge has made needful,—changes in human history, in all the sciences, in relations of things, and the origin of things; and it is seen that every one of the old opinions held in common was wrong.

The opinions held to-day by so many would have seemed to our grandfathers as improbable or as absurd as any could

very well be,—the age of the earth, its geologic and astronomic history measured by hundreds of millions of years instead of a few thousand, the number, distances, and movements of the stars. Instead of a blue canopy of sky at no very great distance over our heads, we find the real universe surpasses in magnificence the ability of the mind to conceive, while the world shrinks almost into nothingness in comparison. Instead of being the center of things, it is but a particle of dust in an enormous celestial cloud, and mankind shrinks in importance in the scheme.

Yet, to be able to measure and weigh and determine the physical characteristics, the velocities and direction of movements of such celestial bodies is to rehabilitate man, and give to him a degree of significance which implies that he is at one with the Intelligence of the universe; for the laws he discovers are universal laws, and it is certain that, if an astronomer could be carried blindfolded to Mars or Jupiter, with his telescope he could tell where he was in less than an hour, and, if to Sirius, one glimpse through the spectroscopic would enable him to pick out the sun and solar system from all the millions of bodies in sight.

On the other hand, among small magnitudes, think of the minuteness and incredible number of atoms in a microscopic drop of water, more than all the stars in the sky, each one retaining its identity through all sorts of processes, each one being a reservoir of energy which can be exchanged in certain ways and not in others, thus rendering possible crystalline and colloidal forms, and the source of the energy of all living things. The biological insight given by the microscopic study of living things, especially muscles and nerves, gives a new meaning to matter, to life, and to mind, so that the older views are no longer tenable, and as already said the kind of matter found on the earth is also the kind in the sun and stars. If gravitation be here, it is there for the same reason. If heat and electricity and light and life and mind be inherent in

matter here, it must be so there for the same reason, for the universe is all of a piece. The chemist and the biologist in Vega or the pole-star discovers the same laws, the same series of changes, the same significance to phenomena as do our chemists and biologists, for the properties of space and time and number and magnitude and matter are similar everywhere. Lastly, the same body of ether binds the whole, and reacts in a uniform though altogether mysterious way.

The doctrine of evolution as commonly conceived relates to plants and animals, including man, their genetic relationship, and the changes they have undergone, and so far is correct enough; but the study of the physical universe reveals the same factors, the same laws, and series of changes elsewhere. Our universe is primarily a physical universe,—phenomena have become more and more complicated, and there is an order in possible phenomena. Gravitation existed before heat, heat before chemical affinity, chemical affinity before molecules, molecules before crystallization, crystallization before protoplasm, protoplasm before organization, organization before consciousness, and all these were once but latent in a cloud of atoms, as the energy of coal is latent in the lump.

The process of becoming something different is evolution, and so long as matter is loaded with energy and the ether is an illimitable and exhaustless source of energy so long will changes continue and differ only in degree.

Each new step in knowledge has made needful a change in philosophical and religious beliefs. These changing beliefs seldom come for a generation after the compelling knowledge has arrived, and much that I have mentioned is not a generation old, and when the potencies of matter are once grasped it will be no longer thought of as "dead," but as the very embodiment of life; and the visible universe will have a new meaning, and all the old interpretations will be abandoned like the Ptolemaic astronomy.

## THE BOSTON OF 1828 AND THE BOSTON OF TO-DAY\*

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D. D.

I have in my possession the proclamation for a Fast Day in 1828. The contrast between the Boston of that day and the Boston of this is like the contrast between two planets. No railway came into Boston. Ninety-nine hundredths of the people of Boston did not know what a railway was. No steamboat touched at a Boston pier. The village, which was little more, was fed by supplies which were received by sloops and schooners from Maine, from Rhode Island, from the Hudson river and the Chesapeake. There were not twenty coal fires or furnaces in the town,—I think not five. There were not twenty-five blocks of connected buildings in the town, except the continuous row of what was the main street, which we call Washington street.

There was one Latin school for the fitting of boys for college, and three or four other public schools where boys could learn the three R's, and where girls were admitted from October to April. The girls had a vacation from April to October. There were perhaps twenty-five churches of different Christian communions, one of which was the small Catholic Cathedral in Franklin Place. Three of them were Episcopal churches, and the others were about evenly divided between people who would call themselves orthodox and those who called themselves liberals. All the people, with very few exceptions, were of the old New England type and origin. Everybody spoke the native dialect. I do not suppose that there were a hundred people in the town who could not read and write if they were more than six years old.

As I have passed from one of these points to another you have noticed that

they were in absolute contrast with the Boston of to-day. In many respects the Boston of to-day has made immense advance on that large village. In many respects we have lost ground. If I had a city to build, every house should have windows, light, and air on each of its four sides, as almost every house in Boston had then; nor should any house be higher than any house was then. Here, on the one side, is a loss; but we have the compensation of the trolley, the bicycle, and the local trains. Thus, I can go out to Charles river at Riverside and can have a row on the water for an hour, and be back in the Boston streets two hours from the time I started. I could not have done this then. Such considerations are essential in discussions of morals and of spiritual life, because life in the open air is so essential in such things.

Practically, in those days everybody knew everybody. People are tempted to say now that nobody knows anybody. This is not true. But the exaggeration ought to be considered and squarely met.

People talk what they call politics more than they did then, but I do not think there is as much public spirit. I observed some time since that a leading newspaper, in announcing a subordinate appointment at the poor-house, said in a large headline: "He gets so many dollars a week." The same paper announced the appointment of a United States judge in the same way. What seemed to the editor the important thing was not that this judge would hold the most distinguished judicial office to which a nation could appoint a man, but that he would "get" so many thousand dollars a year. Now, I do not think that public office was so regarded then. I remember perfectly the first time I heard it intimated that a member of the legislature came to Boston because the State paid him two dollars a day. It was thought an absurd jest,—as

\*The substance of the following interesting paper was delivered as an address in Boston, commemorating the New England Fast Day, which is still held in reverent memory by more than one of the sturdy men and women of the older generation, who regretted its being abolished to give place to Patriots' Day.

absurd as if you said that a young girl went to her first ball because she wanted a macaroon or a cocoanut cake. Or it was as if you said that Charles Lowell or Charles Devens went into the Civil War because, as my newspaper friends would say, he would "get" so many dollars. I mean that I think things rested on public spirit more than they appear to do now.

Religiously, I think that the change in those seventy-five years, from Boston, the largest village in New England, to Boston, the largest city, has been a great improvement. It is true that everybody then did his own religious thinking, or said he did, and that now only half the people say this. The other half squarely say that they have turned over that matter to other people, as I turn over to an insurance company the insurance of my house. This is the position assumed by people who defer to the decisions of the Roman Catholic Church, and they make up, I suppose, about one-half of our population. This complete change in the drift of the religious habits of the people is, perhaps, the most marked distinction between the Boston of 1828 and that of to-day. It seems to me a very great misfortune in the religious status of Boston that her people should be divided so absolutely into two camps, not fighting with each other, but ignorant of each other. At the same time, I am sure that the century, whether in its final theology, on the one hand, or in its study of God's rule, on the other, has created a generation of men and women who are much nearer to God in their thought and life than their fathers were. It is easier for them to draw near to God, easier for them to feel his immanent presence, and to feel that he draws near to them.

There were very few Jews in Boston in 1828, and they had no regular place of worship. The negroes were the descendants of those who were emancipated in 1780 by the adoption of the State Constitution. They were very few in number.

The population of the district now covered by Boston was probably about eighty thousand in 1828. The same district has probably eight times as many people now; say, six hundred thousand.

An increase very much larger is the

growth of the property held in common by these people. Thus, there were then five school-houses owned by the municipality, the outside cost of which was perhaps one hundred thousand dollars. The same city now owns more than seventy school-houses, the least of which is, I suppose, worth in money more than all of them were at that time. Public libraries, public hospital buildings, the machinery of the fire department, an expensive system of water supply and sewers, have all been added since then, and belong to all the citizens. A man puts his name on the voting list, and he owns his share in this immense estate. So, when an Italian or Russian emigrant lands at East Boston with his wife and children, we virtually say to him that, if he will stay with us five years, he shall at the end of that time be a joint proprietor with us of a magnificent joint property, of which his share, were it equally divided, would be six or seven thousand dollars. No community in the world makes such promise and fulfills it. There is little wonder if the man stays, with his family, and does not take them to the Klondyke.

It is easy to see, from so slight a sketch as this of the Boston of to-day, that our Fast Day reflections involve considerations for the future which did not cross the mind of John Pierpont, for instance, as he preached in 1826 or 1828 on the Fast Day appointed by Governor Lincoln. He had to entreat the public-spirited men before him to reform the school system, and they did it. Every man and woman who went to school in Boston knows to how much purpose they did it. You and I have to watch the immense machine which the fathers have created, and to see that it is much more than a machine. Life instead of routine is what we need there. And this means education in place of instruction. We want to do more than to teach the fact that eight quarts are called a peck, and that four pecks are called a bushel. We want to lead up the boy to be a man who can find facts for himself, and use them in the common service; and we want the school, when the time comes, to help the girl as she changes into a woman, to teach our children that each lives for all, and that the State and



the city live for each. That is our central business.

There are other special departments of the administration of public affairs where the private citizen has every day a public duty. There is the administration of the police force. It is a department of government which has grown up since 1828 out of nothing. It has to this hour no formal code of law; and perhaps the greatest task which some young statesman could take in hand would be the codifying of the decisions and the regulations which describe its range and authority. I always like to make the officers of the police force understand that I consider their business and mine to be the same. "Who taketh away the sin of the world,"—that is their motto, as it ought to be mine in my calling. It is as much yours, in your calling, to see that men are not led into temptation; to see that they are led out of it if they have been led in.

In 1828, as in 1899, they were battling with their liquor problem, as we are now. It is interesting in English history to see that when in 1742 George II.'s ministers forced on unwilling London the open bar,—the "gin palace," as they call it to-day,—England was as much surprised as New England would be to-day if Governor Wolcott should establish public opium dens because he wanted the revenue he could collect from them. The famous Lord Chesterfield says it was the only time he voted with the Bench of Bishops, who unanimously opposed the creation of that novelty, the dram-shop. Chesterfield taunted the ministers. He said: "You will learn to curse the day when both your political parties sold out their power to brewers and distillers." Chesterfield's prophecy has proved true in England, where both parties have to obey the liquor interests of England. And the heads of both parties would say the same to me here. To limit, as effectively as we can, the number of open bars, to keep them under the closest supervision possible, is the duty of the hour,—a duty quite as much under the eye of the individual citizen as it was in the days of Dudley and of Winthrop.

I am rather proud to say that, under the arrangements of our church, the questions of methods in public administration are carefully studied in our Citizenship Class from week to week. If we only publicly proclaimed in this way that these things are under the eye and discipline of religion as much as the Feast of Tabernacles ever was, as the sacred music of shawms and trumpets and sackbuts ever was, that proclamation would be worth a great deal. But in fact we do much more. To give a careful hour's thought to the best method of administration, in health, in education, in the relief of poverty, in the establishment of homes, is to direct the conversation of the week, the duties of the week, let me say, the prayers of the week.

"As God lives and as I live, I will do something for others. God grant that, as I live, the state may take care of me." "All for each and each for all."

We come back to the vow and promise of the fathers.

"What is the chief end of man, my dear child?"

"The chief end of man, sir, is to live to the glory of God, and to enjoy him forever."

The little fellow did not know what the words meant, perhaps. He had been hired by his mother to learn them, by the gift of a stick of cinnamon or a block of maple sugar from her pantry. But he had learned them and he could say them. He is to be a man. If he is to be a man he must live to the glory of God; not for his own greed or comfort or renown, but to the glory of God,—that God may reign, that God's kingdom may come. Where God places him he must stand, though he die, a sentinel on duty. What God orders he must do, a picket in the advance, though no other man do it. For, as God lives, this Boston in which he repeats this catechism, this New England which was founded by men who sought God here, shall be true to their foundation. This Boston shall be the city of God. This New England shall be a kingdom where He alone is king. His wish is our duty. Our success is that we enjoy him forever.

# PSYCHICAL RESEARCH: LIMITATION IN SPIRIT RETURN

BY LILIAN WHITING

There are probably more subtle and complicated conditions that invest the communication between the seen and the unseen than the two arbitrary ones of genuineness and fraud. That these two divisions exist is, of course, a matter of general acceptance. But of late the possibility that we cannot relegate all the phenomena to one or the other of these divisions has haunted me, and on the principle of Dr. Holmes that we talk in order to find out what we think rather than to tell what we think, I have wished that we might have a little speculative discussion on this matter to elicit something of that wisdom which is said to lie in the multitude of counselors. It is but justice to Mr. Charles Dawbarn, of the Pacific Coast, to add that my nebulous thought on this matter has been focused and precipitated by a most interesting paper from him, in which he discusses with great clearness and sincerity the limitations that attend all phenomena, and suggests his own theory of these limitations.

In this article Mr. Dawbarn says:

The most experienced spiritualist is often dismayed and disheartened at the limitations that haunt his phenomena. For instance, when Shakspeare is announced as his visitor he invariably discovers that the wit and wisdom of the spirit will not overshadow the unlearned conversation of his neighbor, John Smith. This same sad fact applies to the return of any and every spirit, whatever his renown for special knowledge and talent in earth life. The invisible scientist may apparently influence some uneducated medium to talk with a learned twang that is abnormal, but the science exhibited rarely reaches the text-book level, and never equals that of the learned specialist.

Now, here is a definite arraignment, and one which must be conceded as very largely true in the experience of every investigator. No one of us who are studying the new revelations of psychic law is, I take it, a special pleader in any way.

There can be but one common aim,—that of discovering and accepting the truth, whatever that truth may be. If it were true that the entire phenomena which have stirred the modern world since the initial "rappings" that came to the Fox sisters over a half-century ago had another explanation of the source than that which has come to be ascribed to it,—if it were true that the event we call death so entirely changed the plane of consciousness that no communication between that state and this was possible,—then by all means let us come to the clear perception and the entire acceptance of this theory. Even then, as our present state has definite limits, we need not be as those without hope. We know that, some time within a hundred years from our first entering on this part of life, we shall inevitably pass on to another part; and, while we all feel the theater of the present to be infinitely enlarged, uplifted, and ennobled by the interpretation with the state just beyond; yet, even were it utterly devoid of this,—were life restricted exclusively to the physical world,—still as spiritual beings now and here we would admit it to be even then full of the richest significance, of noble dignity, of infinite opportunity. So, could we for a moment imagine (I confess it is difficult) an absolute barrier shut down between the two states of life,—an impenetrable one which forbade to us any intimation of the friend who had passed out of his physical body,—even then life would have its duties, its dignities, even its hopes and beliefs. For myself, I stood face to face one June morning nearly three years ago with this hypothesis. I do not mean that I accepted it. I confronted it. Previously to this date I had accepted the idea of unseen companionships and influences as naturally—perhaps with almost as little thought—as I had the companionships and influences of the friends in this life. The whole idea was

to me as unquestioned as that of the reality of the atmosphere or of the universe. It was equally a part of my consciousness in an unanalyzed and unquestionable recognition. From my cradle up the intimations of forces and influences in the unseen were as much in my daily experience as were such intimations in the world of the senses, and, indeed, the preponderance was on the side of those in the unseen,—only that all this was so absolutely a part of the familiar and perpetual experience that I had never thought of separating the one from the other. Both together made the wholeness of daily experience as day and night make the twenty-four hours.

Suddenly the question of the reality of communication over this gulf of death confronted me, as sooner or later it confronts us all, and its truth or untruth, its reality or its unreality, became a most important question. Even then I felt so deeply the rich assurance of the Eternal Goodness of the living and glorious realities of the spiritual life, that I could not say that the possibility or impossibility of communication with a friend presented itself as the most important question, but as a most important one. For, while it was a question that seemed entirely to include all possibilities or personal happiness during the remainder of life here, yet we all in these hours of deepest experience realize that there are other interests than those of personal happiness,—that we may, as Carlyle has said, “do without happiness and find blessedness.” At all events, there is no person who may not find opportunities for usefulness, and he would be unworthy of the gift of life if he did not value these and pray to fulfill them to the utmost of his ability. Still, these very opportunities of being useful to others, of contributing to the progress of his day, are very largely increased by the interpretation of that world of finer force with this one in which the causes in the higher are felt as effects in the lower. And supremely above all mortal reasoning or desire rises the supreme greatness and goodness of God the Father and of Jesus the Son,—the overwhelming reality and importance of the Christian life, the marvelous significance of the example and the teachings

of Jesus,—and one seems to hear a voice that says, “Be still, and know that I am God.” In this supreme consciousness, the question of communication between those in the seen and those in the unseen reveals itself as one detail only in the great wholeness of life, almost as a letter coming or not coming from a friend might be a detail in a week’s experience. If the letter comes one is glad; if it does not come, why, one knows that his friend lives and loves him,—that his friend is fulfilling the duties of his place; and if the letter does not come to-day it may to-morrow. Almost in this way did the question—which is, after all, the supreme question of comfort and help, or of desolation and darkness while here,—almost in this way does the matter prefigure itself. In a little book entitled “After Her Death, the Story of a Summer,” the expression of all these experiences and the wonderful results in unquestioned replies which came to me from my beloved friend in the unseen,—in this little book all this poured itself out and I will not dwell upon it here, the allusion being only to indicate the vital nature that the problem has assumed to me. Nor was it the less vital in that I still felt my absolute faith in Christ and in immortality untouched and unimpaired by either the reality or unreality of specific communication between the two worlds. “It is He who made us and not we ourselves; we are His people and the sheep of His pasture.” The deepest experiences of life must always lift the soul to God with renewed consecration.

Is it not true that there could be no greater error—one might well say calamity—than to hold the truths of religion as commonly represented by the Christian Church, in all its various sects and denominations, as something on one side, and the possibility or certainty of spirit intercommunications on the other side, as antagonistic, rather than as mutually complementary truths. One has little patience with any formula that places the “Church versus Spiritualism” or postulates as antagonistic “Christians and Spiritualists.” If a “spiritualist” is not a “Christian”—heaven help him! And if a Christian is not a spiritualist, then the only conclusion is that; if spiritualism (to

use a rather objectionable term to carry the idea) is true, then the matter of the Christian becoming also the spiritualist, coming to include the truth of intercommunication with the other truths of the Christian life as taught by Christ and as taught by the church, is simply a question of time. For all that is true will some time be accepted by every one. It is a matter of evolution. As Phillips Brooks said of the psalmist who wrote the line, "In thy light we shall see light,"—as Dr. Brooks said: "To him everything is comprehensible and capable of being understood only as it exists within the great unfolding presence of God." Now, if the fact of intercommunion between those here and those who have passed beyond death really exists, then it is a truth, one truth among those essential and sacred relationships that the soul of man bears to God, or that the spiritual man, temporarily clad in a physical body, bears to God and to Jesus the Christ. While the question of this intercommunication is of the profoundest interest and importance, it is yet always and essentially secondary to the supreme truth of our spiritual relation to the divine. For, that is the larger question and includes the lesser one. I can live—you can live—all through this part of life without specific communication with even our nearest and dearest who are in the unseen, but you cannot live, nor can I, without the perpetual intercourse with the Divine Spirit,—without his leading, his care, his love. The former is desirable; the latter is essential. Yet, there are those of us who believe that the lesser is included in the greater, that the desirable is also inwoven with the essential, and that the Lord is equally the giver of both in his divine ordering. And this brings us back to the consideration of Mr. Dawbarn's conclusions. He says:

Almost everything claimed for the spirit of the dead can apparently, with just as much propriety, be claimed for spirits of the living mortal. One heals in the name of spiritualism. Another healer who denies "spirit return" is quite as successful. The prophet and test giver may be only a psychometrist; while clairvoyance and clair-audience are undoubtedly uncultivated faculties inhering in every mortal. And when at last we come to the fact that after many

years of most careful investigation the Society for Psychical Research acknowledges that it has found traces of independent intelligence, through the mediumship of Mrs. Piper, that can only be explained by "spirit return," we are still left face to face with the old mystery. In these acknowledged cases of spirit return we have the same old limitations and imperfections, till the weary skeptic exclaims, "At best there is but a grain of wheat to a bushel of chaff."

It is true that a large proportion of the experiences which come through communication from those who have passed through death can be duplicated by experiences of communication with those still in the physical body. But I think we can already safely affirm as a demonstrated truth, that these two forms of experience are not mutually exclusive, but mutually complementary,—that the one is just as natural as the other. To-day A in Boston has conscious telepathic communication with B in San Francisco; to-morrow B has passed out of his body and A has with him the same telepathic intercourse. Is not the one as natural as the other? Once given the truth that the spiritual man is the real man, and that whether in or out of the body is a mere detail, and do we not have a clear grasp of the conditions involved? And the onus of mystery is rather on the side of telepathy in the physical world, for there the flashes of spirit to spirit have greater barriers than when, on one side, these barriers are removed. For, we must remember that the physical body is that which hides rather than reveals us to each other. As the poet says:

We are spirits, clad in vells:  
Man by man was never seen:  
All our deep communion fails  
To remove the shadowy screen.

Now, Mr. Dawbarn came to the conclusion which he presents in these words:

The new personality thus destroys memory, but retains the effect of every mortal's thought life. The acts are all that tell the tale on earth to-day. It is the thought vibration that holds the register in the life of to-morrow. This law necessarily applies to every mortal, and to every grade of thought that can produce a vibratory reaction on the soul of man, thus becoming a state of consciousness.



And then he says:

(a) Death changes all vibrations to such an extent that the spirit organism becomes invisible to mortal eye.

(b) Therefore death also destroys all memories of earth life.

Now, if the accumulation of evidence was exclusively that of the nature of the limitations described by Mr. Dawbarn in the first paragraph that I quote from him,—if there were, invariably, nothing in any communication outside the actual or the possible knowledge of the sitter,—then I should, for one, accept Mr. Dawbarn's theory which he states with scientific accuracy and wide comprehension. It does provide an explanation tenable for a large proportion of the phenomena. It does not in the least explain all, and a proportion of actual phenomena entirely negatives the theory of a loss of memory.

As Mr. Dawbarn alludes to communications made through Mrs. Piper, I may venture to state that, in a personal experience with a series of frequent sittings with her extending over some fifteen months, I had communications involving a clear and accurate memory of the life on earth, a memory that not unfrequently made statements of matters unknown to myself, but which I afterward verified and which proved an almost unbroken consciousness continuing from the life here to the life in the ethereal world. Much of this could not possibly be thought transference from my own mind, because things I had never known were told, and things I did know were not told. As an instance of the latter was this,—and to make my story clear I must simply say (what has already become semi-public) that the special friend from whom these communications came to me through Mrs. Piper's hand was Kate Field. The circumstances of her death are still fresh in the public mind. She had gone from Honolulu to the island of Hilo in pursuance of her work, and, seized with pneumonia, embarked on a local steamer to return to Honolulu. On this steamer there chanced to be (Is anything a chance?) Prof. and Mrs. Todd, who—on their way to go in a yacht to Japan to observe a total eclipse—had stopped at Hawaii for a few days. Within a few

hours the physician, Dr. Adriance, saw the fatal nature of Miss Field's illness, and Mrs. Todd very kindly went to her room and remained with her offering every possible service and attention. Miss Field and Mrs. Todd had never met before, and Miss Field was already in periods of unconsciousness, and she passed on to the other life within a few hours. This, then, was the situation. Now, in one sitting with Mrs. Piper it occurred to me that it would be an admirable proof of identity if Miss Field would tell me Mrs. Todd's name. So I questioned. Mrs. Piper was in deep trance and her hand—evidently guided by Miss Field—was writing. I asked Miss Field to tell me the story of her passing out, immediately before and after. Mentioning her weariness and last work, she then wrote that there was a period of unconsciousness, and that when she awoke (in the new life) she was standing in the room where her body was laid, and that her mother was beside her; and she told me the words that her mother said, beginning, "Kate, my child, have no fear; come with me."

Let me state here that it is only within the past three months that, in reading old letters of Mrs. Field's to her daughter in my work of writing Miss Field's biography, I have discovered that Mrs. Field always addressed Kate as "my child," rather than as "my daughter." At the time of this communication—in the late weeks of 1896,—these letters had not come into my possession, nor did they come until some months later, and only since last October have I opened and read any of them. But to return: I must say here that certain details described by Miss Field of the room in which her body lay were afterward verified to me in letters from Mrs. McGrew, of Honolulu, to whose house Miss Field was tenderly carried from the steamer and where, two hours later, she died.

Naturally, I thought she would give me the name of Mrs. Todd, which was strongly in my own mind.

"Who was the lady with you, darling, on the steamer in those last hours?" I asked.

"I do not know," was written. All urgency on my part was fruitless to get

the name. Finally I said, "Why, Kate, it was Mrs. Todd, do you not remember?"

"I never heard the name in my life that I know of," she replied, the hand of the medium writing.

Then I said, "Mabel Loomis Todd," who assisted Col. Higginson in editing the poems of Emily Dickinson, and who afterward edited her letters,—don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes," she wrote, "I remember those books well; but I did not know that she was the lady with me."

This all seems to me very natural. In those last hours she was continually relapsing into unconsciousness, aroused only momentarily at intervals, and she probably did not in the least in those dying hours connect the identity of the lady with her with some books which I am quite sure she had not read, but only knew of. For, during the time that the poems and letters of Emily Dickinson were appearing, Miss Field was deeply absorbed in political interests in Washington, where she was editing her able review, and all the literary part of her paper (Kate Field's Washington) was relegated to other hands. Politics and affairs absorbed her attention.

The fact that she did not write out the name of Mabel Loomis Todd, as I anticipated, tended to establish that the knowledge in my own mind was not the source out of which the communications came. Conversely, a great deal was written—taking the sittings in the aggregate—which I did not know, but which I afterward verified. Some of the most striking and convincing instances of this nature do not lend themselves readily to narration,—they are too involved with a myriad of personal details; but one that was very relatable in its nature I have chronicled under the title, "The Date in the Ring," in the third series of some little books of mine under the general title of "The World Beautiful." To me these experiences prove in an absolutely unanswerable way, and beyond possibilities of doubt, that memory survives the change called death.

Yet, believing this, it still seems to me that there is important truth involved in Mr. Dawbarn's suggestion that this great

event of the separation of the spiritual man from the physical body involves such signal changes of the rate of vibration as often—though I think not always—greatly to affect the memory. Yet, again, the memory, even while here in the body, is a variable thing. An eminent woman of letters now living says that her memory plays her such tricks that she is liable any time to forget the most familiar things. A friend recently showed her some literary matter that included a stanza from "In Memoriam," and, although poetry was her especial province, she inquired where that verse came from, and this regarding a stanza so peculiarly unlike any others in the English language as are those which compose this poem of Tennyson's. And the story of Emerson at the funeral of Longfellow, when he said, "This gentleman was a sweet and noble soul, but I cannot remember his name," is familiar to all. Nothing is more treacherous than the memory, and "whether in or out of the body," as St. Paul says, does not perhaps very greatly determine its power to register accurately.

Regarding the limited nature of the communications, which is so prevailing a feature, and which is the rule to which the higher and more remarkable communications are certainly the exception,—regarding this, shall we accept Mr. Dawbarn's theory that the cause is loss of memory?

Mrs. Browning, writing of this special thing, says:

We have to learn—we in the body—that death does not teach all things. Foolish Jack Smith who died on Monday is on Tuesday still foolish Jack Smith.

Mr. Dawbarn would say in reply to this that he was not instancing "foolish Jack Smith," but Shakspeare, Newton, Plato, Washington, Lincoln, or Gladstone. Then, might it not be, if insane communications came labeled with a great name, that it was merely one of the "foolish Jack Smiths" playing some trick? Such things occur in this life,—why not just beyond? Spirituality is a condition, and one not miraculously achieved by the mere event of death. There are as many persons who die who

have not yet made high attainment as there are those who live who have not attained unto high things. There have been communications of a very high intellectual order written through the hand of Mrs. Sara A. Underwood and embodied in her book, "Automatic Writing," and it was natural that the scholarly culture and scientific achievements of such persons as Mr. and Mrs. Underwood should attract a corresponding quality of companionship from the unseen.

All in all, the more one studies the whole field of psychic law and intercourse between the seen and unseen worlds, does it not seem that the conditions are full of subtle and complex variations which cannot be sweepingly relegated to the too arbitrary divisions of genuineness or fraud, but which are simply a series of mental phenomena existing in both the physical and the ethereal world? "Mediums sometimes cheat," admitted Mrs. Browning. "So do people who are not mediums." The friend in the unseen often forgets certain things. So does the friend in the seen. Do we not, then, find that all the variations of phenomena that perplex us in dealing with those who have passed out of the physical world have their prototype in all our dealings with those in the physical world? For myself, at the present status of whatever study and research I have been enabled to make, I find this true. I find that all intercourse, either by letter, telepathy, or viva voce, with all my friends or acquaintances, or with strangers, on the present plane of life, presents a similar and a corresponding range of phenomena to that which I recognize in all forms of communication with those who are on the plane of life just beyond. I find in myself, and in my associates in this world, curious lapses of memory, unaccountable moods, inconsistent mental attitudes, inexplicable attractions and repulsions,—all the variation of phenomena, indeed, that I encounter in intercourse and association with my friends in the unseen world.

What then? Does not one take heart to enter on renewed effort with this realizing sense of the continuity of life; that all advancement made to-day is felt to-morrow; that all achievement made this year is so much gained for next year; and

not only in this specific way, but also that every advance made uplifts one more and more into the region of intenser life, of nobler purposes, where progress proceeds in an accelerated ratio. On this upward way are encountered unseen companionships of the loftier order. The potent influence of the friends we do not see has been erroneously relegated to the mystical realm, rather than recognized as one of the most actual and practical factors in daily life. "Who knows the pathways?" says George Eliot. "We are all of us denying or fulfilling prayers; and men in their careless deeds walk amid invisible outstretched arms and pleadings made in vain." The best results of all true culture are in that they so refine and exalt the real nature of the individual that he becomes more susceptible and more sensitive to these unseen influences that are around him to lead him upward in spiritual life.

"What would this life be," said Mrs. Browning, in one of those wonderful letters included in the two volumes edited by Mr. Kenyon and published by the Mac-Millans,—*"what would this life be if it had not eternal relations? Nothing would be worth doing, certainly. But I am what many people call a 'mystic,' and what I myself call a 'realist,' because I consider that every step of the foot or stroke of the pen here has some real connection with, and result in, the hereafter. 'This life's a dream—a fleeting show?' No, indeed. Everything is worth doing, everything good, of course,—and everything that does good for a moment does good forever. I believe in a perpetual sequence, according to God's will, and in what has been called a 'correspondence' between the natural world and the spiritual. . . . What comes from God has life in it, and certainly, from all the growth of living things, spiritual growth cannot be excepted."*

The unbroken community of life is the one supreme fact that makes for all achievement that is of value, and for all progress and happiness; and how this truth is concentrated in the one line from Robert Browning:

No work begun shall ever pause for death.

## THE POEMS OF EMERSON

BY CHARLES MALLOY

## SEVENTH PAPER

## "CELESTIAL LOVE."

Emerson divides his great poem on "Love" into three parts, namely, Initial, Demonic, and Celestial Love. These differences in the adjectives do not indicate a difference in the noun. Love is always the same, but we give it different names, according to its objects. If we should pause to ask, What is love? we should soon become aware that the word cannot easily be defined. Indeed, it cannot be defined at all, and yet this word is always upon our lips. If we say that love is an emotion we have done but little toward defining it. That only puts it into a category. An emotion is a mood or a state of the mind. That, too, is loose work, and gives us but little additional ground. But this emotion is simple, homogeneous, not made up of parts; and no analysis can divide it into factors or elements the presentation of which shall give you the material for a concept. If we could take it to pieces and see what it is made of, we might exhibit the pieces as a definition. If one has experienced this emotion, he will then know what the word means, in one or more of its applications, according to the character and extent of his experience. As another category, we may say that love is an event and not a thing, in the metaphysical meaning of the word "thing." It is at best an action or a phenomenon of a thing, if we may assume the soul as the thing or ground out of which it arises. Love is thus an event. When the event is past love is gone. If the ground for this event remains, it may take place again, or many times, but as an action that can never become a thing or a ground for its recurrence and perpetuity. The soul is the substratum. We are in the habit of hypostatizing ideas and speaking of them as things. "This," says Stallo, "is one of the structural fallacies of the intellect." A thousand errors in our philosophy have their origin in this

habit. It is certainly worth while to keep thoughts and things apart in what we say. There is no such thing, then, as love. We give this name to a mental state, or perhaps to a capacity of the soul for such state. The fortunes of this capacity are varied and fluctuating, and the history of it is the bliss and, alas, the tragedy of human life. But we must still continue to use the name as though it had a concrete correlate under it. The soul is there, and its power for the production of emotions is an equivalent. Love, then, let us say, has many objects, and it takes its adjectives from these objects. One occurrence of this event of love cannot attach itself to another, or others, and form a molecule, and a combination of such molecules form a mass at last. No such coherence of elements as in the case of matter is possible. An act of love stands alone, both so far as it is the act of one soul or as it is the act of another soul. Many may agree in a particular form of love, or with reference to a common object, but no consolidation or sum of love ensues, save in the numerical form of discrete factors. Strictly speaking, therefore, we cannot speak of a world of love; and a thousand individual instances of love may not equal one, if the one is of superior quality. So far as the amount is concerned, the highest love outweighs all that lies below it. This, let us say, is the arithmetic of the kingdom of heaven. It was as the representation of a higher love that the widow's mite weighed more than the shekels of the rich, which were gifts of a lower love, where quantity did not count against quality.

Emerson, in his wonderful essay on "Experience," makes a new use of the concept of "Succession." Many objects detain us for a time, then seem to fade and become inert. We do not love them any longer. This is seen in the superannuated playthings of the child, and all through life we outgrow our playthings.



This makes life very sad oftentimes. The things we work for long and hard lose their zest and go by like the playthings of the child.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," says a poet. This has passed unchallenged for almost a century. I am afraid it is not true. Beauty is a joy forever, but a particular thing, though beautiful at one time, may lose its beauty and become tame, tawdry, and offensive. Intellectual parallax takes place. The thing is the same, but the mind moves on. How plainly we discover this in our relation to books and pictures. And houses, alas, how pretty we think them for a time, and then how tired we get of them, especially if they are pretty. It isn't safe to build a pretty house. We shall hate it in a little while.

This may look a little irrelevant to our subject. The history of love in this poem is the history of change continually, from its first phase to its last.

The poet's divisions into initial, demonic, and celestial love are somewhat arbitrary, and will not be accepted as having anything like scientific validity. The phenomenon attempted to be classified under each division breaks over its special boundary and distributes itself, to some extent, into the others; and so the divisions do not completely divide. It is well enough, perhaps, for a poem, and that is all it pretends to be for.

Initial love, as the name implies, is the form which is conspicuous in childhood and youth. Love at this period is selfish and tyrannical. It seeks only its own. In the second period man goes beyond his first paradise and seeks wealth, honor, fame; and in this pursuit trade, politics, war, and various forms of adventure engage him. He turns his back to some extent upon family and home. Eminent success often spoils his home. He outgrows it in his mad pursuit of an ever-retreating horizon. How sad the case of Lincoln, who, when he became president, had lost his beloved Springfield forever. So to a great degree with Washington; so with Cromwell; so also with the great Galilean. In his larger world his pleasant Galilee was gone.

This phase also is selfishness and egotism, and more or less of fruit that is ashes in the mouth.

The last phase is celestial love.

This word "celestial" is a favorite word with Emerson. In the poem, "Monad-noc," he has the following lines:

As in the old poetic fame  
The gods are blind and lame,  
And the simular despite  
Betrays the more abounding might,  
So call not waste that barren cone  
Above the floral zone,  
Where forests starve:  
It is pure use;—  
What sheaves like those which here we  
glean and blind  
Of a celestial Ceres and the Muse?

In Emerson's poem, "Bacchus," it is the celestial Bacchus that is meant, not the literal Bacchus. The grapes and the wine of the poem are not physical but spiritual or intellectual grapes and wine. "Oh, celestial Bacchus," he exclaims, in the essay on "Inspiration," meaning a divine intoxication, such as would bring thoughts or intellectual power and achievement.

Thus he speaks of Cupid in "Initial Love:"

Shun him, nymphs, on the fleet horses!  
He has a total world of wit;  
O how wise are his discourses!  
But he is the arch-hypocrite.  
And, through all science and all art,  
Seeks alone his counterpart.  
He is a Pundit of the East.  
He is an augur and a priest,  
And his soul will melt in prayer.  
But word and wisdom is a snare;  
Corrupted by the present toy,  
He follows joy, and only joy.  
There is no mask but he will wear;  
He invented oaths to swear;  
He paints, he carves, he chants, he prays,  
And holds all stars in his embrace.  
He takes a sovran privilege  
Not allowed to any liege.

The following lines are from "Demonic Love:"

Close, close to men,  
Like undulating layer of air,  
Right above their heads,  
The potent plain of Demons spreads.  
Stands to each human soul its own,  
For watch and ward and furtherance,  
In the snares of Nature's dance.

But the Demons are not faithful and true, and lead men into a world of trouble:

And ever the Demonic Love  
Is the ancestor of wars  
And the parent of remorse.

But God said,  
"I will have a purer gift;  
There is smoke in the flame;  
New flowerets bring, new prayers uplift,  
And love without a name."

And now comes the "Celestial Love:"

Higher far into the pure realm,  
Over sun and star,  
Over the flickering Demon film,  
Thou must mount for love;  
Into vision where all form  
In one only form dissolves;  
In a region where the wheel  
On which all beings ride  
Visibly revolves;  
Where the starred, eternal worm  
Girds the world with bound and term;  
Where unlike things are like;  
Where good and ill,  
And joy and moan,  
Melt into one.

These are strange, mystical sayings. One must read the "Bhagavat Gita" to understand them. Emerson himself, if asked their meaning, would perhaps have said to the novice as he did to me, "I want you to read the 'Bhagavat Gita.'"

Higher far into the pure realm,  
Over sun and star,

would not avail if these words were taken literally or in their physical meaning. There is no "higher far, over sun and star." It is high and low everywhere according to local gravitation. Each part of the earth has its own, and so every sun or planet. There is no general high and low. This antithesis is not applicable to the cosmos as a whole, and, besides, there is nothing in space or place which could give a better love. The soul is its own place, and the place for love. This is a metaphor for spiritual elevation. Celestial love is above the love initial, the love demonic, above the vices and limitations, the egotism, the emphasis for self, which debase the preceding phases of love.

Into vision where all form  
In one only form dissolves.

Says Emerson in the essay on the "Intellect:" "The universe seen by God is not a mass of facts, but a transparent law. The law dissolves the fact and holds it fluid." There are moods when we do not ask for facts or events, but only laws. What can paltry empiricism add when one is given a vision of eternal truths? What is transparent in the nature of things, why ask an event for it? And what do we want of forms when we have learned their secret? Forms are forever changing. "Form of forms," the dread power behind forms,—there only can the intellect find rest.

In a region where the wheel  
On which all beings ride  
Visibly revolves;  
Where the starred, eternal worm  
Girds the world with bound and term.

These are metaphors for equality, co-ordination, identity, and are companion concepts for the great predicate describing celestial love, namely, universality. How can love be celestial if it is not alike for all? And how remote are the special applications which characterize initial and demonic love. The "starred, eternal worm" is the milky way, which like a serpent winds itself around the world.

Where unlike things are like;  
Where good and ill,  
And joy and moan,  
Melt into one.

Life is short, and in a story so large as the history of sentient life good and ill, and joy and moan, are but touches along the wires, and do not mar the music. The man who has faith in celestial love refuses to see evil. What a lesson was the life of Emerson in this!

Higher far into the purer realm,  
Over sun and star,  
Over the flickering Demon film.

"Where unlike things are like" in their relations to the soul and their value to the world as a whole. In this high vision

Past, Present, Future, shoot  
Triple blossoms from one root,

and are one event at last. How easily we see history thus condensed. What has

been and what is fall into a moment, and are now. Divisions vanish if we but look high enough.

Substances at base divided,  
In their summits are united,—

a formula borrowed from logical generalization.

There the holy essence rolls,  
One through separated souls.

There is nothing in the "Bhagavat Gita" so beautiful as this for the great concept of identity. We have in this another symbol for the Oversoul—unity for man.

And the sunny Eon sleeps,  
Folding Nature in its deeps,

is unity for the world. Eon—an age, an eternity. It will readily suggest the second river in Emerson's poem, "Two Rivers:"

So forth and brighter fares my stream,—  
Who drink it shall not thirst again;  
No darkness stains its equal gleam,  
And ages drop in it like rain.

And every fair and every good,  
Known in part, or known impure,  
To men below,  
In their archetypes endure.

This is a Platonic idea. It will be seen to have a sort of truth as expressed in the proposition, quite within the philosophy of Emerson, that all history brings us pre-exists. Why ask for verification in particulars if we can accept this general truth? The conditions for an event are that event. Everything goes back to unnumbered antecedents, and is before it comes as truly as when it comes. In this way

Every fair and every good,  
Known in part, or known impure,  
To men below,

may be said to endure, potentially, in archetypes or preconditions. Celestial love has decreed its advent "in the fullness of the time."

The race of gods,  
Or those we erring own,  
Are shadows flitting up and down  
In the still abodes.

"The still abodes." This is a beautiful expression for thought or consciousness. This is sometimes called the world of ideas.

"The race of gods" are but our conceptions. They are "known in part, or known impure." Let us hope that they become more and more acceptable to the intellect from age to age. For the intellect is given the wonderful function of judgment upon its own productions. Truth never comes to us pure, but largely mixed with error. What a commentary upon this perception do we find in the history of philosophy and religion. Our mental atmosphere, like our physical, is one part for use, and four parts meant to temper the one.

The circles of that sea are laws  
Which publish and which hide the cause.

Here we have an expression for the sphinx:

Alway it asketh, asketh,  
And each answer is a lie.

Read these lines from the poem, "The World Soul:"

Alas! the Sprite that haunts us  
Deceives our rash desire;  
It whispers of the glorious gods,  
And leaves us in the mire.  
We cannot learn the cipher  
That's writ upon our cell;  
Stars taunt us by a mystery  
Which we could never spell.

This fatal limitation is felt in art, in literature, and, oh, how painfully in character! And "the circles of that sea" publish only a little and by slow degrees.

But,

Pray for a beam  
Out of that sphere,  
Thee to guide and to redeem.

As if such prayer were answered, this is what follows:

O, what a load  
Of care and toll,  
By lying use bestowed,  
From his shoulders falls who sees  
The true astronomy,  
The period of peace.

Periods are brought into the year by astronomy, by adjustment of the earth to

the sun. The gentle airs of spring, the roses of summer, the fruits of autumn, all come by astronomic changes—by movements millions of miles away. This is a grand symbol. The mind is a world like nature. The periods or phases in consciousness depend upon adjustment of our thoughts and feelings. How shall we escape perturbation, disorder, unnecessary intrusion of care and trouble. Shall mere fashion, custom, lying use be allowed to throw all our stars into confusion? Do we ever think how much our labors are increased by too much deference to the eyes of other people? Let us be just and kind and true, but not too much the slaves of mere conformity. Self-reliance and self-respect,—certainly celestial love will bear us out in these virtues. Let us not give our time to cares which are worth nothing.

"The mighty heaven," said Proclus, "exhibits in its transfigurations clear images of the splendor of intellectual perceptions, being moved in conjunction with the unapparent periods of intellectual natures."

Counsel which the ages kept  
Shall the well-born soul accept.

There are various ways in which we may read a meaning into these lines. "Counsel which the ages kept," let us say, is the wisdom of bards and sages, gleams of which have always been given from time to time, and by which "well-born souls," that is, souls adapted to their reception, have been instructed, as prophets and teachers to those below them. The world is never without these well-born souls.

As the overhanging trees  
Fill the lake with images,—  
As garment draws the garment's hem,  
Men their fortunes bring with them.  
By right or wrong,  
Lands and goods go to the strong.  
Property will brutally draw  
Still to the proprietor;  
Silver to silver creep and wind,  
And kind to kind.

Generally we can see that the man's fortunes are in the man. The exceptions owing to accident do not break the rule. It is simply a game of cause and effect. A man's strength is tested by his weak moments. A man often loses all by his

inability to say, "No," under the stress of great importunity, sometimes by a friend; and again, strong men are sometimes weak by too much haste to be rich, or by undue susceptibility to the illusion which flattering schemes offer. A patient, careful tenacity almost always succeeds. Property often gains property. The proprietor has only to wait. Carlyle speaks of a class whose occupation consists in owning land. What does celestial love demand in the premises? Obviously, let the poor man see inevitable law and be merciful toward the rich; and let not the rich forget that his property is not entirely his own. He cannot afford to violate laws deeper and more far-reaching than the laws of property, and hope to stand safe in the eyes of "Celestial Love," which is another name for Celestial Law.

Not less the eternal poles  
Of tendency distribute souls.

Those who belong to each other gravitate toward each other. That is law. Of course, accident may prevent the relation which pre-exists in mutual fitness from being actual in history, but that does not annul the law. The law is best illustrated when attempts are made to contravene it, when fortune tries to fit the unfit together. Celestial love sees the truth in each case. Other love is often blind. In the chapter called "Demonic Love," in this poem, we find the following lines:

The erring painter made Love blind.—  
Highest Love who shines on all;  
Him, radiant, sharpest-sighted god,  
None can bewilder;

Mediator, royal giver;  
Rightly seeing, rightly seen,  
Of joyful and transparent men.

Emerson here seems to identify celestial love with celestial thought. Both go beyond the conventional limits.

There Past, Present, Future, shoot  
Triple blossoms from one root.

If we give a little patient thought to the concept of causation, as we find it in our metaphysics of to-day, we shall discover good logic lying under this strange line. When we think of ancestors we are



amazed to find how many we have, and what old families we belong to,—fathers, mothers, grandfathers, grandmothers, then great, great, great grandfathers and grandmothers, extending on in the dim distance, striking out into lateral streams all the while. It would be a comfort if we could stop with the monkey, but this fearful heredity shoots beyond the monkey so far and so low as to shame the monkey, and we do not hit a sure head of the family even in the distant trilobite. Heredity goes back not only in lines, but in webs. This is science, not poetry! How is it with events? We say everything has a cause, and we have the famous infinite regress. But nothing ever happens with only one cause. On the contrary, the most insignificant phenomenon has innumerable causes, going back in a million lines to the beginning of the world. We take comfort a moment in this fictitious terminus, but question immediately if there be a beginning. When is a thing possible? We answer roughly that a thing is possible when it takes place, and not before. If it does not take place as expected, then a part of its complex cause is wanting. Tyndall was flouted for his apparently wild conceit, as he looked into the past, that the melancholy which oppressed him found causes in the old fire mist with which we begin the "nebular hypothesis." But Tyndall, to the good metaphysician, has the last laugh, only his

thought did not go back far enough; and unnumbered such histories as the cosmos has since traversed lay in the darkness beyond the fire mist, yet, alas, no beginning. The past, present, future are one stuff. Here comes in Browning's line:

Fool! all that is at all  
Lasts ever, past recall.

Everything real was always on the ground. Substance and law! These are pretty good names for the Eternal. How trivial in a picture so large is any love but universal love, and the one predicate for celestial love is universality.

Substances at base divided,  
In their summits are united;  
There the holy essence roils  
One through separated souls;  
And the sunny Eon sleeps  
Folding Nature in its deeps.

"All things hang on me like precious gems upon a string," says the "Bhagavat Gita." "There is one mind common to all individual men," Emerson says. "Every man is an inlet to the same, and to all of the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate. What Plato has thought he may think; what a saint has felt he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man he can understand. Who hath access to the universal mind is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent."

## HOW SHALL THE CHURCH TRIUMPH?

BY DR. JAMES HEDLEY

At a meeting of the Congregational Club of Cleveland and vicinity, the question, "What is needed to make the church triumphant in the twentieth century?" was submitted for consideration and discussion. Why put such a question? Why not say, "What will best conduce to the continuance in the twentieth century of the present triumphant attitude of the church?" Are we to imply that the church is not triumphant in the present century? Is something lacking, and, if so, what? If the church is not losing much of its power and authority with

the masses of the people, would such an inquiry be necessary? That religious truths have lost force with many professing Christians, and with countless thousands outside the church, cannot be denied. Faith in and love of the church, as well as faith in the supernatural, are not as potent factors in determining the thoughts and actions of men and women as they have been in former times. There is not as much reverence for the once awe-inspiring character of miracles or for the sacred things of Bible history. The activities and duties, the moral obliga-

tions of to-day, the social and fraternal relations of man to man have more weight with the world, and are given more attention than the spiritual or rather religious things which pertain to man's welfare, either temporal or eternal. To hosts of minds earth and time are very near and pressing, while heaven and eternity are a long way off and in no urgent need of serious consideration. People go to church with much of comfortable satisfaction with themselves. The cry, "What must I do to be saved?" does not create in them anything of alarm or anxiety. Problems of theology do not disturb them, and there is much breaking down of doctrinal walls for the building of which many men of old gave their lives. There is much doubt if not denial abroad in the world.

The attendance even upon the services of the larger and more prominent churches is not numerically strong. The Northwestern Christian Advocate, on a fair day last winter, caused a census to be taken of the attendance at four hundred and forty-seven Methodist Episcopal churches in the chief cities of the country, to wit, New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Brooklyn, Indianapolis, and Des Moines. The average size of the congregations of these churches was only one hundred and eighty-two at the morning service. These churches belong to the strongest and perhaps most zealous Protestant denomination of the country. In the Forty-second Ward of Cleveland, with a population of seven thousand people, there is a Congregational church. Quite frequently on the most beautiful of summer days the attendance at the morning service is barely one hundred. If attendance is to be accepted as an evidence of interest, of prosperity, of a triumphant attitude, it must be admitted that according to these showings such evidence is wanting. What is the reason, if any, for this state of things? What changes, if any, are needed to bring men into a more earnest and reverential attitude toward the claims of Christian teaching, or, if one should put it differently, to make the church a potent and triumphant force with the masses in the twentieth century?

Marked changes in the thoughts and attitudes of great multitudes have

causes. All history proves this. A great common interest enlisting the minds, hearts, and consciences of men will gather them in countless numbers about that interest, and that, too, in spite of previous differences and antagonisms, as in the case of our war with Spain. What causes, if any, in the conduct of the church, its ministers, and its people have produced the existing conditions in religious beliefs and affairs?

To the ordinary individual, who may do but little deep thinking, the minister is the church, and he as a man, and not the church as an idea, molds the minds and hearts of most of those who hear him. What has been the character of much of the preaching to which congregations have listened? What the sort of service provided during recent years of which my own mind has been able to take some cognizance?

The thoughts of the Christ were simple, clear, definite, and positive, and they were aflame with a faith ever unquestioning and unswerving, and a love which rejected no man. Whenever the Master presented a theme, its truths were made transparent as glass. He finished the theme. He disposed of it to the conviction and help of his listeners, and this was done with no attempt at profound intellectuality, nor did he obscure his thoughts under a net-work of theories and inquiries perplexing if not repellent. What he stated came without apology, without quibble, without reservations; everything he uttered concerning God or himself, concerning spiritual things, and concerning the attitudes and duties of men toward God and spiritual things, was singularly sublime in its simplicity, its directness, its faith, its positive assurances, and its absolute freedom from speculation, question, or doubt. These methods caused men to listen with an attentive and an assentive ear, and to believe on him. In speaking of anything he said, "It is; it was; it shall be; God said so, God is; heaven is; Thou shalt," and "Thou shalt not," and "Ye must believe."

What parallel between him, the preacher of the old days, and the preacher of these days do we find? Is the preaching of to-

day simple? Does the "wayfaring man" find it easy to understand? Is it not characterized largely by an ultra-intellectual complexity, and by overmuch philosophic speculation? Does it not smack of the theologic university, and reflect the mind of some splitter of metaphysical hairs, rather than the teachings of Christ and the commands of God? What parallel is there between the spirit of the "Sermon on the Mount" and that of most present-day themes? The pulpit and the religious press of to-day consider questions on this wise: "Is Evangelicalism declining?" "A defense of the individual cup," "Another chance for the Lambeth conference proposals," "Should we give thanks to God for victories over Spain?" "Existence in the interval between death and the resurrection," "Is the Bible an inspired Book?" etc. Books are being written by religious (?) professors the chief features of which are their attacks on the New Testament. In pulpit and volume the very vital essence and scope of Christianity is being sifted and shredded, examined and weighed, suspected, questioned, and doubted. It may be pertinent to ask if there was ever an idea or an institution that triumphed, won and held men under treatment as recklessly surgical as that?

The mere intellectuality of the modern pulpit is very much in evidence. Is intellectuality enough? Can it win souls or make men honest? Cardinal Angelot had intellect, but he stole corn. Lord Bacon had intellect, but he went down Tower Hill a prisoner convicted of receiving bribes. Many churches may fairly be said to have joined the ranks of the esthetic and culture clubs. I have listened to literary essays in all parts of the land, read or delivered in churches, which delighted my esthetic taste. It was helpful intellectual friction. It did not draw me nearer to the Christ; it did not make me go away saying, "I will be a better man."

A community dominated by intellectual culture is not necessarily a religious community; its attitude toward the church is not often spiritual. The minister must needs see to it that he does not, by the exclusively esthetic and literary character

of his preaching, draw his people away from religious reflection and spiritual ideals. The pastor of a Congregational church in Iowa complained bitterly to me of the "culture" atmosphere of his city. He, believing it to be his duty to warn his people of the dangers of mere intellectuality, did so, and at once aroused a storm of indignation and opposition, and some of his members began at once to devise ways and means to replace him. These "members" would have had more sympathy with and love of the honest pastor in question, had their minds been given less to "culture" and more to Christ.

In a city of Michigan I heard last winter a remarkable mentalico-scientifico thesis from a gifted preacher. A member of the church, whose pew I shared, said at its conclusion, "You have been given a sample of what we are receiving from Sabbath to Sabbath, and it is not helping us spiritually." A bright Christian young woman of Boston, after hearing a brilliant address along speculatively philosophical lines, said to the preacher who had delivered it, "Just what do you believe any way?" Much of the meat of this matter lies there. What do we believe? What do we stand by?

A preacher may be intellectual, and at the same time possess fervent piety and religious faith. The intellectual man, fixed in his faith and impelled by a high spiritual purpose, will achieve greater results than can be attained by the illiterate; but the illiterate will triumph as a winner of souls to Christ, if he be dominated by faith and spiritual fervor, while the preacher of cultured graces, faithless and unspiritual, will fail.

There were some great preachers of old who were simple and unlettered fishermen, but their hearts burned with faith's pentecostal fires. It is not contended that ignoramuses and fools can do the best work in advancing the interests of the Master's kingdom, but better a fool on fire with righteousness and faith than a philosopher the light of whose faith and righteousness but dimly shines, if it shines at all,—infinitely better for the safe passing of the chariots of God.

In many instances the pulpit is given over to the reiterated discussion of the

literature and claims of science. Many preachers seem to believe it necessary to readjust the Word of God to suit the various and varying theories of scientists. The Bible is being made a very flexible book, and it is bent this way and that way, in the endeavor to make its declarations flow smoothly through the channels of the "conflagration theory," the "special creation theory," or the "evolution theory" of the origin of things, and the divergent theories of the final disposition of mankind. Is it essential to Christian faith and hope, and to eternal salvation, that God should be made to agree with Darwin or Huxley or Spencer, or some other equally popular scientific authority? Is it not enough that we should accept as final such declarations as, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth?" and "In my Father's house are many mansions?" There is too much explanation and apology from the pulpit, and this has influenced the thoughts of the sitters in the pews, and the result is doubt and question. The skepticism of the time has taken stronger hold upon the convictions of the people than any explanation, refutation, or attempted harmonization the preacher has been able to give. It may be questioned whether any human mind can reconcile or harmonize to the clear perception and acceptance of men those things which belong to the domain of reason with the things which belong to the domain of faith.

If the church is to maintain a triumphant attitude, it must stand in pulpit and pew where Martin Luther stood when, toiling up the Sancta Scala at Rome, he thundered, "The just shall live by faith."

The church to-day in many instances is being given over not only to "culture" and science, but to various phases of art and light entertainment. Many churches are devoted in the main to social, musical, oratorical, and even dramatic forms of delectation. We have much "eloquent" preaching, and we have much advertising of "eloquent" pastors in the public press. Much of the "eloquent" preaching of the day has not for its aim the moral and spiritual help of the people through a brave and honest hurt of them. The end sought is the delight of the people. The

preacher would have the people go away saying, "The sermon was beautiful; very entertaining; I enjoyed it." The man in the pulpit, banked by flowers and drowned in organ thunder, with a frame of architectural magnificence about him, is the picture too frequently impressed upon the eye and cherished in the memory, and not the pale, naked Christ of Calvary. We have much rhetoric and little reverence; plenty of temperamental fervor, but small spirituality and less faith. Sentiment and music usurp the place of the soul's conviction. Arias by sopranos and tenors, violin and cornet solos, and even full orchestral performances rendered by men and women possessed of no sort of religion, are very much in evidence.

The appetite for such things grows by what it feeds on, until the taste, vitiated, reaches the epicurean stage, when nothing short of the most pungent condiments will satisfy or even attract, and the preacher is driven to his wit's end to devise new methods of drawing the people to the house of God (?).

The pastor of a prominent church of Cleveland complained of the small attendance upon his Sabbath evening sermon; he provided a cantata, and the auditorium was crowded. Upon the occasion of a recent visit of General Booth, of the Salvation Army, to the same city, a prominent banker, a member of a fashionable church, said: "Booth has the secret of winning and holding the common people; his way is the true way; I am convinced that magnificent buildings, 'classical' music, and high-salaried, eloquent preachers are not in the right way, and have not the secret." It will not do to say that the people must be given what they demand; that is the plea of the theater; it should not be the plea of the church.

All this sort of thing is growing, and to the hurt of the church. The mind which can accept without recoil a game of bean-bags, a spicy farce, a solo by a godless singer, or a cantata with dramatic accessories in the house of God, does not feel any great shock at the announcement of base-ball on the Sabbath-day. If the church is to stand at all, it must stand with Christ and not with the world. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."



In a certain Protestant church of Cleveland, the usual Sabbath Weekly Bulletin, giving the names of the several church officers, its order of worship, notes of the different societies, and announcements of Bible lessons, was distributed to the congregation present on an August Sunday. At the foot of the second page was displayed the business card of a dentist, and the entire last page of the Bulletin was devoted to the advertisements of various business men,—a banker, hardware dealer, baker, grocer, tailor, druggist, butcher, shoe-dealer, and a manufacturer of wire fences. The butcher in question keeps his shop open on Sabbath morning, and the dentist, according to his own statement, pulls as many teeth on Sunday as upon any other day of the week. Some of the merchants in question are members of the church in which the Bulletin was distributed. How can this be reconciled with either the letter or the spirit of the fourth commandment? How justify it in the light of Christ's attitude toward the money-changers in the temple? Do these things conduce toward the development of a spirit of reverence for the house of God and its mission? Is the house of the Lord intended as a means of grace to the soul, or as an adjunct to present-day commercialism? Are we reaching a point where the truth as it relates to the duty of man toward God and his day is not desired? The brave little preacher who said, "The man who evades the dog-tax by any equivocation whatsoever falls short of his duty toward man and God," was not retained by his congregation. Did Mrs. Partington voice the conviction of multitudes when she said, "I do so love to hear a populous minister dispense with the gospel?" Is there not something of that feeling in the church to-day?

In a recent number of the *Talent*, a lecturer's journal of New York, Rev. J. K. Fuller, of Barton's Landing, Vt., speaking of the attitude of congregations toward clergymen, said: "How many a public teacher, seeing the awful vices of a community, the jealousies and strifes, dare not, though his heart is bleeding, denounce in fitting phrase and vigor these unseemly and destructive evils. To do so would render the teacher's stay in the

community so uncomfortable, and would so jeopardize the income upon which his family subsists, that he is forced to refrain. "There is something strange," he adds, "in asking a man to advise with a people, and then to stone him if he do not advise to suit their views of sin and folly."

Mr. Fuller's case is by no means an exceptional one. Many such instances might be given did the space accorded this article permit. That the pharisaic attitude of many congregations toward their pastors is largely responsible for the present non-triumphant condition of the church cannot be denied.

Is there not much of peril for both pastor and people in much of the pulpit oratory of the times? Does it not frequently ruin the idol of popular admiration himself, and render him and his hearers blase and irreverential toward spiritual things and the prime object of the gospel, which is the winning of souls to Christ? If the people come away from a sermon saying, as the people said after hearing Cicero, "Our orator has done well to-day," and saying naught else, the cause of the Master has suffered; but if they come away with the love of Christ in their hearts, and the thought of those who after hearing Demosthenes said, "Let us go and fight Philip,"—with that attitude toward sin,—the preacher is an evangel of him who alone is "chief among ten thousand."

Recently I asked an old friend, who for forty-five years has been a faithful member of a Methodist Episcopal church, what impressed him most as the pressing need of the church to-day. He replied, "Spirituality, reverence, and vital Christianity." In a moment he added, with marked sadness, "The church to-day is too much given up to foolishness."

If it be true, as a distinguished lawyer of Cleveland recently said, that "not more than eight per cent of the inhabitants of this city attend the churches," is there a cause for which those who do attend are to blame? Is there something too much of exclusiveness in the character and conduct of the churches? Why does the church as a "fisher of men" draw the few and not the many? Would the church attain the desired triumphant attitude by

returning to the simplicity, the faith, and the fervor of its earlier days? Would it not? Are the common people barred out by anything of exclusiveness? If I am correctly informed, a clergyman of Cleveland some months since donned the garb of a laborer, and one Sabbath morning attended a fashionable and wealthy church. After long waiting, he was given a seat in the rear of the auditorium, and at the close of the sermon was accorded no attention, and was not asked to come again.

His experience was different from that of Mr. Wyckoff, as given in his recent Scribner articles. He has been studying the lives and observing the habits of men who work for wages, and has taken careful note of the attendance of working-men at Protestant churches. He found as a result of his observations, covering several weeks, particularly in Chicago, that the laboring man was made welcome, was given a good seat, and usually was asked to come again. He found, however, that very frequently he was the only representative of the poor present. The reason for the non-attendance of working-men at the wealthy and fashionable churches, Mr. Wyckoff gives in a reply of a laborer to his inquiry as to the cause of his failure to attend: "Look here; it's all right you asking me to go to church, but I ain't going. I used to go regular when I lived to home, although I ain't no church-member. It was different out there, for most everybody went, and chipped in what they could, and everybody sat where they liked, and it wasn't one man's church more than another's. I ain't going to no one-horse mission chapel that the rich has put up so they won't be bothered with the poor in their own churches. You say they treat you well when you go to church on Michigan avenue. I don't doubt it. What reason would they have for not treating you well? But all the same they take you in for charity, for you couldn't pay for a seat in one of them churches. No, sir; the rich build their churches for themselves, and they keep them up for themselves, and I ain't never going to interfere with that arrangement."

Wherein lies the fault? Is it with the church or with the common people, or

both? What of the common people? Are they willing to give as much as they ask? Will they attend the churches? That they do not attend them as they now are, and that they are not always welcome, seems to be true.

In a nation like ours, with its broad and flexible democratic spirit, where everything is sought to be accomplished by the will of the majority, by popular sovereignty, how much will be accepted at the hands of the church by the common people for their spiritual healing and uplifting? According to the testimony herein given, not very much as the church now stands. It is my conviction, based upon many conversations with representatives of the masses all over our land, that they stand ready to accept and to the uttermost, providing things are put differently. The church cannot go on with its intellectual complexities, its estheticism, its scientific and theosophical leanings, its speculations and its splittings of hairs, its discussions and questionings in high places as to the authenticity and inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures, its multifarious forms and methods of light entertainment, and above all, its distinctions growing out of money and social divisions, and triumph in the twentieth century. It will never win and hold, bless and save the common people by these methods; and without the common people the church will fail, if it does not fall. Simplicity, sincerity, faith, fraternity, and the elimination of class distinctions and of the money line, with the plain, brave, positive gospel of Jesus Christ as the be-all and end-all of the church, in its every relation to mankind, must be paramount, if the church is to triumph in the twentieth or any other century. To do these things will put the church in touch with not the exclusive few, but the inclusive many. The church must make the hopes and fears, the toilings and sufferings, the rights and wrongs, the welfare, temporal and eternal, of the masses of men its chief business. It can win, hold, and save the common people, if it is willing to make the effort. It can induce the great common army of mankind to change front in its present-day attitude toward the will of the Master and

the Word of God. It can set the millions of the poor right, but to do this it must set itself right. It is a fact of history that the masses seldom change front of themselves except to their hurt, as in the red days of the French Revolution. Multitudes left to themselves may not always be right and safe, but right and safe leading will make them so. Multitudes may have "no heads," as Matthew Arnold insisted, though perhaps he did not understand, but they have hearts and consciences, and these will go hellward or heavenward as they may be led. A McGiffert could not lead them, could not touch the hearts and consciences of multitudes, and cause them to burn with the divine fire of duty and righteousness, but a Martin Luther or a John Wesley could, as once they did.

In ancient days the seven wise men of Greece were asked what state of government they considered the most perfect. When six of them had spoken, Solon arose and said, "That state is the best where every offense committed against even the meanest subject is accounted an insult to the whole community." The church must make itself the friend and champion of the meanest brother, not on some back street or in some obscure wayside mission, but in the great temples where the "elect of society" now gather,—everywhere, and upon a broad and common footing. In this way Christ shall be served. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." In this way the emancipated but untaught multitudes can be convinced that the church of to-day is as much the friend of the common people as was He who walked the earth two thousand years ago. The triumphant church will be a missionary church, and nothing else. Its exclusive business will be missionary business, and it will be conducted in great edifices, and by good and able, indeed, the ablest men. In that day men will love the cross as old soldiers love the flag.

How shall the masses be reached? Mr. Wyckoff's working-man touches one of the roots of the matter when he says: "Everybody chipped in what they could,

sat where they liked, and it wasn't one man's church more than another's." This working-man affirms that the money question is a hinderance, a bar to his church-going, and that the absence of freedom of choice as to sittings is another bar. Again he says: "The rich folks build their churches for themselves, and keep them up for themselves." It will not do simply to enter a denial of this. Denial neither satisfies nor convinces. The working-man meets the situation again when he says: "I ain't going to no one-horse mission chapel that the rich has put up so they won't be bothered with the poor in their own churches." He has discovered that there are distinctions and "separations apart," and these things hurt his pride and offend the honest antagonism of his manliness.

Are the church edifices of Solomonic splendor stone walls between the Almighty and the common people? If so, may not the stone wall be removed? Why not employ the money expended in the erection of one temple, where but five hundred can be seated, and where but one hundred and eighty-two now go to be seated, for the construction of an unpretentious but comfortable tabernacle capable of seating five thousand? A grand edifice with limited seating capacity can be maintained only at large financial cost; this necessitates large revenue which, by a system of pew rentals or pledges, must be met by a few, since only the few can pay liberally to the support of most of the present-day churches, because the many are in moderate if not poor circumstances. Necessarily, there are marked inequalities in the amounts given. This inequality is a serious matter. It is the bone of contention with Mr. Wyckoff's working-man. He wants to chip in what he can. To assure a mechanic who earns two dollars per day, or a laborer whose wage is one dollar per day, that his "mite" weighs as much, if not more, in the scales of the Lord as the millionaire's dollar, does not comfort him, does not convince him, does not remove from his mind the belief that his giving does not weigh with the church as that of the rich brother, or prevent him from insisting that the "rich

build their churches for themselves." He feels that the rich brother is "preferred stock." It annoys him, it hurts him. To give a little because of his inability to give much exposes his poverty, and he shrinks from such exposition. Frequently, therefore, he gives nothing. He is of the opinion that his suggestions or counsel would not be considered worthy of attention as against those of the richer brother.

A certain young man of my acquaintance, who gave ten cents per Sabbath to the support of a certain church, on one occasion advanced an honest conviction concerning certain matters which called for a general expression. He was promptly snubbed with the remark that, "some who are giving mighty little to the support of this church are making themselves too officious in dictating its policy." The young man now gives nothing; he does not attend the church at all. On the Sabbath-day he prefers the groves, the fields, and the company of his dog. He is one of many.

A great free tabernacle, where "everybody could sit where he liked," where millionaire and mechanic, lawyer and laborer, professor and he of but little learning could attend on an equal footing, and where the rich would not be permitted to give more than the poor, would go far toward removing the sore spot of Mr. Wyckoff's working-man's criticism. Ten cents or even five cents should be the limit of the amount demanded or accepted per Sabbath, share and share alike, irrespective of wealth or position. Every attendant at the "tabernacle of the five thousand" should be asked to pay this small sum. It would not be necessary to ask; all would give and give gladly. Your working-man is a royally good fellow when it comes to what he calls "holding his end up." This plan would find welcome with the common people, and would

solve the vexing problem of how to raise the money for the current expenses of the church. This problem is the eternal ghost of most of the present-day churches. A tabernacle and five thousand as against a temple and five hundred, with dimes from the one and quarters from the other, would mean five hundred dollars instead of one hundred and twenty-five dollars for the advancement of the Master's kingdom on earth.

The church must change front. Its horizon of faith must be wide enough to encompass and accept God and Christ and all thereby implied, and its love must include and receive all manner of men. The preacher must begin to be wise. He must as nearly as he can be a reflection and a disciple of Him whose chief business while on earth was to minister to the welfare and the happiness of all mankind. He sought out the poor and the lowly. When worshiped of men he was the humblest. When beaten of men he was the gentlest. The perfection of his manners has never been equaled. The beauty of his life has no counterpart in all the earth. He never made a mistake, and yet his life was filled with action, swift as the stroke of the wing of the lightning. His mind made every subject plain, and every theme transparent as glass. His heart went out to all manner of men, and drew all manner of men unto himself. His conscience knew the right, and it never failed him. He was an expression of eternal good. Love filled him. Therefore was he wise. If the preacher of to-day be wise, this Preacher of old will be his example and his inspiration. Like the Preacher of old, the preacher of to-day will go out after not the "four hundred," but the four hundred million. He will do this if he be wise, if he loves the church of his Lord, and desires to have it stand a triumphant power in the twentieth century and in all the centuries.



## AN INDIAN CHIEF IN LITERATURE\*

BY B. O. FLOWER

## I.

"The Queen of the Woods," by the late Simon Pokagon, chief of the Pottawattamie Indians, is a work of peculiar interest. It is a romantic story of Indian life, chiefly biographical, but invested with poetic charm and characterized by an artless simplicity and a directness of style which are refreshingly delightful. An added interest lies in the fact that it was written by a full-blooded Indian, a chief descended in direct line from some of the greatest and most widely famed warriors of other days, when the Pottawattamies were a mighty people whose courage, daring, and strategic sagacity were second to none of the tribes of the great Algonquin peoples.

Simon Pokagon was a remarkable man, possessing the passionate love of nature and of freedom which characterizes his people; but, unlike most of the red children of the forest and plains, he early became a lover of books, a student and a dreamer as well as a hunter. When between twelve and fourteen years of age he entered Notre Dame School, at South Bend, Indiana, where he diligently pursued his studies for three years. From thence he went to Ohio, where he spent one year at Oberlin College, and subsequently two years at Twinsburg. During these six years of faithful study he acquired an excellent knowledge of English, French, and Latin, and enough Greek to enable him to read his New Testament in the original tongue. He was a man of deeply religious nature, unusually thoughtful and serious, though in his letters there was frequently displayed a vein of dry humor which would have done credit to a Scotchman. The terrible curse of liquor on mankind in general, and its fatal influence on so many promising youths among his own people, led him to become

an ardent champion of temperance. His influence over his people from the time he became chief, in 1841, was uniformly good. He was a positive moral influence, a leader whose first thoughts were always of duty and right.

I became acquainted with him in 1893, through the publication of his little prose poem entitled "The Red Man's Greeting," which was printed on white birch bark and bound with ribbon into a neat little booklet. From that time until about two weeks before his death, the latter part of January of the present year, we corresponded at short intervals. His letters were always thoughtful and pervaded with a spirit of noble altruism which not unfrequently suggested the old stoic philosophers. In many of his later letters he spoke of his forthcoming story, which, he explained, was largely made up of the record of his own life, of his meeting, wooing, and winning the fair maiden he ever loved to call "O-gi-maw-kwe Mit-i-gwa-ki" (Queen of the Woods).

"It is the story of my life, with many things about the traits and habits of my people and the wild animals and birds of the forests, with some things about nature, so related as to make a true story which Pokagon thinks will be instructive and do some good," he explained in his quaint way in one of his letters. So the book, which unfortunately did not appear from the press until after the venerable chieftain had passed into the unseen, may be taken as the story of his early life, woven in the loom of memory and doubtless brightened here and there with threads from the rainbow-tinted shuttle of the imagination. But it is more than a unique and interesting story of life written by a red man, for the closing chapters contain a solemn and impassioned appeal to the conscience of the two races to outlaw the liquor curse. This message is specially interesting, from the fact that it came from the pen of the aged chieftain as he unconsciously stood on the very threshold

\*"The Queen of the Woods," by Simon Pokagon, late chief of the Pottawattamie Indians. A biographical romance, with frontispiece and sketch of the author. Cloth. Pp. 256. Price, \$1.25. Hartford, Mich., C. H. Engle, Publisher.

of eternity. It is, in fact, his farewell word to the children of the Great Spirit who remain behind.

## II.

In the opening chapter of the story Pokagon describes his intense longing for a return to the wild and pathless wood, which came over him when he had been four years in school. We can easily understand how strong must have been the resolution of the lad of fourteen, who broke away from all he loved best in life to gain an education from the race who had despoiled his people of their native land, for his early years had been passed largely amid the exciting life so dear to the Indian. Referring to his childhood days, and describing a friend and companion of that period, the author in his charmingly simple style says:

In those days I took great pleasure in hunting, fishing, and trapping with an old man by the name of Bertrand. There are many white men yet living who were personally acquainted with that remarkable man. He was a person well calculated to please and instruct a boy in his knowledge of the habits of animals, and of places and things with which he was personally acquainted. He was of medium height, uncommonly broad-shouldered, and well developed in body and limb. . . . He always appeared in the best of spirits, having the most hearty laugh of any man I ever knew. As old as I am now, I would walk twenty miles to hear such a laugh. His skin was dark for an Indian, notwithstanding he claimed to be one-quarter French. When speaking of himself he always talked as if he was a white man. On public occasions among our people, owing to his strength and courage, he was regarded as a sort of police force. I recollect one day during a feast some women came running to him in great excitement, telling him some half-breeds had brought fire-water with them, and were giving some to little boys. He started for them on the double-quick, and before they realized what he was doing, he seized all their bottles and broke them against a rock. There were three in the party, and they all rushed for him with sticks and clubs. He knocked each one down in turn with a single blow of his fist. As they lay on the ground, a white man present said, "Bertrand, you struck those Indians awful blows." The old man straightened himself up, saying, "Yes, me tells you me did. Indians hav no idea how

hard a white man can strike." For that timely reproof he was given a place at the head of the feast.

He prided himself on speaking English, which he always tried to do if any were present who he thought understood the language.

Among his white neighbors he was always referred to as "the 'Injun' who murders the English language."

Spring had glided into summer. The schools were out. It was some months before he would have to return to the desk, and so the red-skinned boy sought out his old friend, Bertrand, and bargained with him to take his mother and himself to some virgin spot where game and fish were abundant, and where, in true Indian fashion, they might enjoy a vacation period. The arrangements were speedily consummated, and the old trapper, the mother, and boy were soon on a river near by, bound for a spot which, according to the guide, was an ideal place for hunting, fishing, and resting. The book abounds in incidents of Indian life which, the old chief affirms, were actual occurrences which came under his personal observation. Here, for instance, is a little episode which occurred during the trip up the river:

About noon, as we were quietly making our way up the stream, we caught sight of an osprey with folded wings plunging headlong with the roar of a rocket into the water a short distance from our boat, and while yet the water surged and foamed where she went down, she arose to the surface and tried to rise in air, but could not, floundering about in a zig-zag course toward the shore. We gave chase with the boat, and as we overhauled the struggling bird we saw, to our surprise, that she had clutched her claws into the back and near the head of a pickerel so large that she could not raise it above the surface of the water, and was trying in vain to loose her hold. The old man seized his dip-net, scooped up both osprey and fish, and dropped them into the bottom of the boat. He then grasped with all his might into the gills of the fish, while I seized the osprey with both hands about the wings. We then pulled the unhappy pair apart,—while the old dog continued to whine as if a tom-tom was being beaten in his ears. "Vell, vell," exclaimed the old man, "I kakkalate dat meby dis chase, and the funny catch, do make you feel gooder than to be at school good many years." He then dropped the fish into the bottom of the

boat and asked, "Sime, what one of these two do you feel badest for and willing to let go,—dat bud or de vish?" I replied, "The bird, of course." He then asked my mother the same question, who replied likewise. He then said, "Dat be right; it's not in uman natre to veel bad for vishes, so we will keep de vish, and eat 'im to-night, and let de bud go." I then asked, "Can you explain why we feel more sorrow for the bird, when in fact she got fast in trying to kill the innocent fish?"

He replied, "I tink meby I can. You know, Sime, dat de vish hab no love at all; da eat um up one anuder,—eat um their own shilren,—and we like to eat um vish, but no like um osprey." He then grasped hold of the bird's tail-feathers and pulled them out, saying, "Now let 'im go; des quills am good for your cap like um eagle quills."

Pokagon possessed the poet's soul. His imagination was always on the alert. The beauty of nature and the peculiarities of wild life never escaped him. This fact is well illustrated in the following sentences describing the landing of the little party at the spot where they were to camp:

Just as the sun was going down, we reached our landing place. The shore on either side was fringed with rushes, flags, and golden-rod, and grasses tall between; and scattered here and there wild roses breathed their rich perfume, scenting the evening air.

The passionate love of the beautiful, which feeds the poetic imagination and is at once a source of pure delight and food for the soul, is reflected in many charming and quaint passages which suggest at once the dreamer and the child, as, for example, the following:

It was a beautiful, quiet morning. All nature slept, until the morning feathered bells rang out, "Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!" Slowly, but surely, the curtain of night was lifted from the stage of the woodland theater; above me, one by one, the stars hid themselves, the moon grew pale, while all the warblers of the wood opened their matinee, free to all, chanting from unnumbered throats, "Rejoice and praise Him! Rejoice and be glad! Rejoice! Rejoice!" Just as the sun tinged the topmost branches of the highland trees, a white fog-cloud appeared above the winding river as far as the eye could reach. It looked as though the stream had risen from its ancient bed, and was floating in mid-air. As in wonder and admiration I gazed upon it, a gentle breeze

bore it away far beyond the valley from which it arose; and yet it still retained all the curves and angles of the stream until it passed beyond my sight.

While enraptured there I stood, beholding the beautiful scenery hung by nature's hand, and listening to the woodland choir, loud the alarm birds (blue-jays) screamed out their hawk-like cries. Abruptly the concert closed, and all was still!

#### THE YOUNG CHIEF MEETS HIS FATE.

It was during this joyous breathing time, when the youth who for several years had been so closely applying himself to the mastery of English, French, Latin, and Greek, and the acquiring of other knowledge, was enjoying that freedom in the heart of the forest which the Indian loves so well, and which is to the poetic nature a source of unequalled pleasure and inspiration, that he came under the spell of love, as will be seen from some fragmentary paragraphs which form a part of a naively written tale of the old, old story of love's birth, growth, and fruition:

Near the summer's close, while living there, a little maiden every now and then appeared across the stream, with waist of red and skirt of brown, with raven tresses floating in the breeze, following up, but never down the stream. She was always singing, as she gayly tripped along, in mimicry of the music of the birds. . . . At times a snow-white deer about the maiden played in circles like the lamb; and again, after she had passed along and out of sight, like a dog hunting for his master he would follow on her track. At first I felt impressed that she must be from the happy hunting-ground beyond; and how it was that she could mimic woodland birds, and throw her voice across the stream, and so deceive my ears, was to me a hidden mystery.

My anxiety greatly increased to learn all I could about the woodland maid and the deer of white, and so I concluded to cross the stream as soon as I could construct a boat for that purpose. On the following day I went to work with a will, made a small bark canoe large enough to carry one, and launched it at close of day in a bay close by. The next morning before the break of day I dressed myself with moccasins and pants, all of deerskin made, wearing a birch-bark cap with quills and feathers trimmed. Thus attired in native style, with bow and arrows armed, I went forth, and in my new-made "tchí-man" crossed the river deep and broad. As I neared the other shore all was still. No

breeze disturbed the glass-like surface of the stream; every leaf was motionless and quiet as the morning air. No artist hand could paint the beauty of the inverted shore as in the water it appeared, fringed with trees, brush, grass, flags, and flowers, with sky below deep down as heaven is high. Carefully I rowed my frail bark under some overhanging willow brush that fringed the shore, and there, almost concealed, with deep anxiety watched and listened, that I might catch with eye or ear the little maiden's first approach. Nor waited long, for soon I heard the bobolink dancing on the wing, rising and falling with its tune of flute-like notes that seldom fail to reach the lover's heart. It ceased, and then the robin poured forth its thrilling roundelay of love just above me. Hark! I faintly hear some muffled footsteps near, and peering through the leaves of green I see a pair of moccasins trimmed with colored quills, moving with gentle tread toward me; and now a skirt of brown, and next a waist of red, half covered with tresses long and black that almost touch the ground. Another step, and now before me stands the maid, so close that I can see her bosom swell at every breath. A single rose with opening buds alone adorns her hair. Perfect she appears in make and mold of body and of limb. Her ruby lips stand just apart, exposing teeth of perfect make and white as snow. Her dark eyes full of soul beam forth surprise. She sees the newly made birch canoe—the boatman sees. Softly, on tip-toe, she turns about, moving noiselessly away. With struggling heart pressed in my throat, I step from out the boat upon the open shore, saying, "How do you do?" Then I said with trembling voice, "Nic-con" (my friend). With modest smile, almost suppressed, from her dark eyes, she greeted back, "Nic-con," with voice so winning and so bland my heart-strings vibrated with her tones. I now felt more at ease, for well I knew that she was flesh and blood, and understood the language of my tribe. Quietly and slowly I stepped toward her, when backward she withdrew, saying by look and deed, "Please, sir, no nearer come." I stayed my steps, and she again stood still, but watched me with suspicious eyes. Backward a space I stepped, as if to take the boat, and asked, "Fair girl, who art thou?" Reluctantly and low, with downcast eyes, she said, "Lo-ni-daw." I then asked, "Where dost thou live?" "Beyond the hill," she replied, pointing to an abrupt headland toward the rising sun. I then asked, "Who is thy father?" Soberly she replied, "He is dead." "Dost thou live alone?" I asked. Shaking her head, she said, "No, I live with my mother." I then asked, "Have you any brothers and sisters?" Shaking her head, she replied, "No." She then started off, walking faster and faster until she gained a run, passing out of sight among the trees.

Just as I stepped into "tchl-man" to cross "se-bin," I glimpsed the snow-white deer coming up the stream, bounding toward me through bush and brake, through golden-rod, flags, and rushes tall. I now could hear and feel each pulsation of my heart. Nor will you think it strange when I tell you that the white deer, or albino deer, as white men call them, are very rare, and when seen in the forests among those of natural color (red) the contrast is indeed striking. They have been called by our people, for time out of mind, "the sacred deer of white;" and we are taught from early childhood that if we should shoot at one we would be sick, and if we should kill one we should surely soon die.

On the following day again I crossed the river, climbing the headland beyond which the maiden said her mother lived. Coming to an ancient trail, that plainly showed it had been lately used, I slid down near it, among the tall ferns, and there concealed myself, hoping the maid and deer might pass that way. Soon her voice I heard; but it sounded now more like the soft and tender notes of the mourning dove in the distance, and again, more like the jay in imitation of the hawk, and again like the squirrel's sneezing, scolding bark, awakening the solitude with her varied chants and broken songs. Soon she came in sight, with hasty steps, passing along the winding trail.

I followed down the trail until I reached a valley deep below, where underbrush almost concealed a wigwam tent of colored rushes made, that glistened like the rainbow among the trees; while all about hung mats of different shades, shapes, and sizes, adorned with various colored quills and feathers.

Cautiously I stepped up to the rainbow-colored tent, and there, listening awhile, heard some one in a whisper say, "Hark! Hark!" No other sound I heard within. Cautiously as the mousing cat I walked around the tent, but found no place to enter in. At length with trembling hand I pulled a cord that I thought might be the latch-string of some matting door, when, lo, to my surprise all sides of the wigwam rolled up in a scroll! and there, in open, broad daylight, before me sat the maiden and her mother.

Though at first rightly regarded as an intruder, he was at length invited to take a mat, the tent was let down as quickly as it had been rolled up, and the following conversation ensued:

The mother, with a curious smile, almost suppressed, now asked, "Who art thou?" I



replied, "Pokagon." She then asked, "What! not old Chief Pokagon of the Pottawattamies?" I replied, "No, I am his son." "What! not young Simaw?" I answered, "I am he." Then said, "Did you know my father?" Anxiously she inquired, "What! not the son of Chief Pokagon—Leopold, as white men called him?" "Yes," I said. She then replied, "He was a noble man and chief. He loved right and hated wrong. My husband was chief under him many, many years. They went together to see the great white chief at Washington." She then advanced a step toward me, saying, "Bless you, my dear boy, Simaw! I have swung you in tik-in-a-gan (hammock), and carried you on my back time and time again. Bless you! I lived with your grandmother when you were born. And you are my boy, Simaw. The Great Spirit bless you. Does your mother yet live?" "Yes, certainly," I replied. "Where?" she asked. "Just across the great Sebe," I replied. The maiden now drew near, followed by the deer, and stood beside her mother. She gave me the most winsome smile I ever saw. The mother saw it, too, and said, "This is my daughter, Lonidaw." Again she smiled, more winsome than before. A strange feeling came over me. I felt a sacred thrill of joy, unknown before, rush through my frame, reaching my very soul; to which my heart responding said, "The maid is surely mine." The mother again asked, "And do you say she is still alive and camping just across the Sebe?" "Yes," I replied, "but we may leave for home to-morrow." She then exclaimed, "My soul! I must see her before the sun goes down. We will go home with you at once." "All right," I said, "but my boat is small and will float but one." "Well, then," said she, with a smile, "Loda and I will swim across."

#### THE WOOING OF THE MAIDEN.

The visit to the mother, the parting, the return of the youth to his school,—all these and more are set forth in that simple and direct manner which gives to this work a peculiar charm. Shakspeare tells us that love goes to love as school-boys from their books, and so we find the Indian boy in the West illustrating anew the observation of the great dramatist:

When the springtime came, and the deep snows began to melt away, I started for the land of the Ottawas to find the dear romantic maid. Four days northward I held my course alone, along an ancient trail, through tangled cedar swamps, and over hills through dense pine and hemlock woods, where winter's snows still lay deep upon the ground. Each night my bed was moss and

evergreen boughs, such as I could gather from the wilds about me. Undisturbed, save by the distant howl of wolves and hooting owls close by, I passed the nights in fondest dreams, in company with the one whose loving image was deeply impressed upon my heart. Arriving near where I supposed Lonidaw lived, I met two boys with bows and arrows armed, each carrying a string of wild pigeons and squirrels around their shoulders tied. After looking their game over and asking them many questions which I thought might please them to impart, I finally inquired if either of them knew where an old Indian lived, by the name of Kaw-be-naw. One of them, a white boy, promptly replied, "I guess meby we do. He's dat boy's oldest granddad." I then asked the other boy, who was Indian, where his granddad lived. The little redskin walked inquiringly about, looking me carefully over, and finally said, "Did I not see you and your mother way down the river last summer?" "Are you little Nonnee?" I asked. With a pleasant smile he answered, "Me guess meby me be." I then shook hands with the little fellow, telling him I was indeed glad to see him; then asked, "Is this Sketer, the white boy that taught you to talk like smokemon?" "Me guess meby he be; and me learn him to talk like Injun." I then shook hands with the boy professor, telling him I had heard him spoken of as a good English teacher. Then I said, "You have not yet told me where I can find your granddad." He replied in a don't-care manner, "Oh, down dat trail meby little way." I walked on in the direction he pointed. I had gone but a few steps when I was halted by hearing, "Pogon, Pogon! Hold on, stop! me want to talk more wid you." He then came to me on the run, saying, "Meby you you would like to see um Loda? We are going down to her wigwam to let her see um pigeon and squirrel." He then said, "Say, Loda talk much about you, she do—good many times. Come," he said, taking me by the hand, "go down there wid us; then meby we go wid you and see granddad. I tell you we will have lots and lots of fun. Say, Loda has been and got a puppy dog named Zowan; sure as you lib, she has. And say, her deer am just as mad as him can be." "Where did she get him?" I asked. "She got 'im last fall, she did; but no bring home until de deer's horns fall off. Me tells you, Pogon, you otter see de deer go for dat dog. He bite 'im de deer's nose all de time to pices, and make 'im bleed and blat like sixty." "Well," I said, "does that please Loda?" "Me don't know; meby not," he said, "for she put her arms about his neck and pat 'im on the jaw, and say, 'Do be good deer; meby Pogon come bine by, and if you be bad to him, me will sell you to smokemon showman.' Come, do go down and see um

fight." While Nonnee was urging me to go to see the fun, Sketer would chime in every now and then, with a laughing grin, "Come, go down wld us and see um fight."

We reached the wigwam. It was snugly built with poles and logs, and painted bluish-white with clay. As I walked up to the wigwam, the boys, all excited, rushed in front of me, opening wide the door, exclaiming, "See the squirrels and the pigeons!" Nonnee then said, "Loda! Oh, Loda! we find Pogon back in the woods, and make him come down here wld us to see the fun with the puppy dog and the deer." There I stood, just outside the door, with my heart fluttering like a wounded bird; and she just inside, so pale I doubted if it were her. I finally stammered out, "How do you do, my friend;" retiringly she repeated back the greeting which I gave, then said, "Come in." In I walked, and asked, while shaking hands, "Is your mother in?" She replied, "No, she is in the sugar camp making maple molasses, but will be soon home." The walls within the room were lined with mats of different make and size with colors gay, while from the ceiling hung baskets great and small of curious make, adorned with artificial leaves and flowers, inwrought with shreds of bark and various-colored quills. In one corner of the room bundles of rushes, sweetgrass, and flags were snugly stored away, richly perfuming all within the room. In the mean time, as I surveyed the curious place, the boys had overhauled the puppy dog,—a great big fellow, nearly grown,—and thrust him into my arms. Holding him there, I said, "Lonidaw, where is the white deer?" Smiling, she replied, "Behind the house; he is sick at heart." Sketer now spoke out, "Him ant sick, but mad about this puppy dog bein' here,—dat's what ales de deer." Nonnee now stepped forward, pulling the dog out of my arms, at the same time addressing Loda, saying, "Come, let's take him out where de deer be, and let Pogon see de darndest fight him eber seed." Both boys continued to clamor, urging her to let them fight, until she stepped outside the door, and called out, "Nonnee, Nonnee, come out here." The boy went out. She talked with him there quietly for some time; I never knew what she said. He came back into the house, whispered to Sketer, when both picked up their bows and arrows, together with their game, and started out. On his way out Nonnee said, "Oh, Loda, granddad wants you to fetch him some salt when you come over." Then turning to me he said, "Me guess meby me tell granddad you be here, and he will come right ober and see you. He talks lots about you, he does." I said, "My boy, you tell your granddad that I will come over and see him; for if he starts we may miss each other on the way, and not see each other at all."

The darling of my heart and I were now left alone. I knew it was a golden chance, and, summoning all my courage, I said, "Lonidaw, my heart has mourned to meet with you ever since we parted at the river's side last summer-time. I have sought you for four days, through rain and shine, through ice and snow, not only to tell you that I love you, but also to say that I am anxious you shall be my bride." Pale and surprised, the maiden looked at me, but not a word she said. And going on I said, "Lonidaw, I am no ogler, but boldly speak my honest heart's desire. If you cannot now consent, tell me, fair girl, if there is room for hope." Statue-like she stood, and for a time as dumb. At length, most pathetically, she said, "You call me girl, and well you may, for so I am; but alas, sir, my mother says a hunted race like ours should never wed." I replied, "Dear one, I have lived for years with the pale-faced race; they have always used me well." "Yes," she said, "I learn that you have, and you can talk well with them in their tongue, and read their books, but I am but a wild child of the woods, wild as the birds that gather round to hear me sing the songs they chant, as I pass along our woodland trails. I can only speak my mother tongue. With my mother and our people I am happy; but, should we wed, I fear you would soon tire of my native woodland ways, and crush this childish heart of mine." "No, no, not so," I said. "I would forsake the white man's land, and live the life that you have led. Your people should be my people, and we would live as our fathers lived before the white man came among us. . . . Thus did I plead my cause to gain her native heart. Her mother came at last, surprised to find me there. Each hand of mine in hers she grasped, and with a twofold shake, a hearty "How do you do, my friend?" she said, inquiring all about my mother's health and what had brought me there. No answer did I give. At length the daughter, weeping, told how I had been pleading for her heart and hand. As I listened to her plaintive voice, and gazed upon her child-like face of innocence, tears came trickling down my cheeks, and down her mother's, too. Silence for a while reigned supreme within the room, broken by our sighs alone. At length sympathy gave way to reason's sway, and we three talked on and on, of joining heart and hand, until the morning dawned, and then the mother said, "I only give consent because your grandmother, when I was left an orphan at my birth, took care of me, and brought me up with your own dear mother, who was born the day before. Yes, it is because your mother and I in infancy nursed and fondled the same breast together, and in childhood shared each other's joys and fears together. And in your face I trace the pleasing lines your mother and her mother always wore."

Hence, I give consent, for I owe to your family a debt of deep gratitude no other gift can fully pay. But, Simaw, you must not forget that the Great Spirit will watch your treatment of my only child, who was in sorrowing exile born. Yes, remember, too, his eyes are the sun by day and the moon and stars by night; hence, remember this—you cannot hide yourself or your acts from God."

#### THE WHITE DEER DISAPPEARS.

The white deer figures conspicuously in the story. Here we see him for the last time:

At sunrise as we were sitting on a rug of rushes and sweetgrass made, Lonidaw sitting close beside me, with the dog in front, her mother opened wide the door to let the sunlight in. There, just outside, facing us stood the sacred deer; but he was a mere skeleton of his former self. Motionless he seemed to stand, with head drooped low and hair upturned, with wounded nose and frothing mouth, with lolling tongue and wilted ears, with sunken eyes and antlers gone,—there he stood, the very personification of jealousy.

Springing to my feet in haste, I said, "Is that your deer or his ghost?" "Do not leave me," she said, "but let us walk in front of him, hand in hand, for he must learn to control that jealous heart of his; if not, when his antlers are grown again, he may kill us both." So we joined hands, and, with Zowan walking between us, we boldly marched out and stood in front of him. He shook his head, turned about, stepped a few feet away, there a moment stood, then turned around, facing us with the most forlorn look I ever beheld; "the green-eyed monster" trembled in despair and walked sullenly away, as if he hated all things and himself. He never after could be found—though hunters oft, in after years, would tell how they had bent their bow to shoot a deer of red, when, lo, their hands were stayed, and to their great surprise Lonidaw's sacred deer of white before them for a moment stood, then vanished out of sight.

True love is much the same the world over, and the dream of spring becomes a joyous reality. Pokagon and Lonidaw remained true lovers after the marriage ceremony was performed. Their lives flowed on together, bright as the crystal stream which ripples over polished pebbles and by banks carpeted with virgin moss and fringed with ferns, in the depths of his own loved forest. Children came, a red-skinned boy and girl, who promised to crown age with added pleasure, as they wonderfully enriched the early years of

married life. But how often the cloud comes up quickly when all seems to promise a fair day, and one after another bolts fall, bringing undreamed-of misery and dismay. The boy had inherited the appetite for liquor which had proved the death of his mother's father; and when he went forth to gain wisdom from the white man he went down before temptation and filled a drunkard's grave. For a time the little home was darkened, yet the daughter remained, and life began to take on the old-time joy for Pokagon, when a double tragedy bereft him of all he most treasured. His daughter was in a canoe, when two drunken white men came down the stream. Before she could guide her frail birch-bark craft to the shore the larger boat crashed into it, and before her mother's eyes the beautiful child, just opening into womanhood, went down into the cold waves of the Sebe river. The shock unbalanced the mother; brain-fever ensued, and after a lingering illness she followed her children; but not until she had drawn from the lips of her husband the pledge that so long as he lived he would fight the curse that had destroyed their children and blighted and blasted their little Eden.

#### ALONE IN THE WORLD.

In bitterness of spirit Pokagon returned to his empty wigwam from the new-made grave, and then returned again to the little mound, vainly questioning again and again the wisdom of these awful losses. Why should the boy have been lost, why the beautiful and innocent girl be drowned, why the suffering of the noble mother, and why should she be called away and he be left alone in the dark? Ah, those old, old questions can never be fully answered until to each of us comes the voice in the night time, and we pass behind the curtain. Then, from the high altitudes and with a far broader vision, we shall see a wise and benign purpose underlying all. Such is my faith, such the feelings that have long lived in my soul.

#### THE OLD CHIEF'S MESSAGE FROM THE THRESHOLD OF THE DAWN.

The closing chapters of the book contain the impassioned appeal of the old

chief to the white man to destroy the liquor traffic. Some worldly-wise friends remonstrated with Pokagon for inserting these chapters. They said, "It will injure the sale of the book;" but the old chief replied, "I would rather say that I have written this story of my life that I might present this appeal to the people before I leave this world. No, no, my friends, I will not leave out my farewell message." And a farewell message it proved to be, for, as I have observed, the last pages were running through the press when the summons came to the stalwart soul to go up higher. I have only space for two or three extracts from the appeal of the venerable chief to the conscience of Christendom, but they will serve to illustrate the thought, spirit, and style of the address:

Being fully convinced that sorrow and desolation follow everywhere in the footsteps of strong drink, I recalled the dying request of my dear, lost Louldaw, and again sealed the sacred contract within my heart, that I would raise the war-whoop of alarm against that old dragon, not only in behalf of my own race, but in behalf of the white race as well, so long as life should last. But the solemn thought came home to my soul, What can I do in my poverty,—I, a child of the forest? Already I am broken down by loss, care, and anxiety, feeling that the wigwam of my soul is unlocked; that the latch-string has been pulled; that life's latch has been lifted, leaving the door ajar. But a few more days, and like the dragon-fly that lies entombed in mud and mire through winter's reign, when springtime comes rises to the surface of the water, and, bursting the shroud that confines it, flies away, so shall I go forth out of the wigwam of mortality to join my fathers and my mothers in the land beyond; yet I am determined, while crossing the threshold of life's open door, that I will raise my voice, though feeble it may be, and cry out most bitterly against that beast to whom the red man and the white man are alike a race of slaves.

Pokagon believes with all his heart that if some dire contagion should sweep our land, as disastrous to health and life as the alluring cup, that those wild scenes which were enacted in London during the great plague there would be repeated here. Business would be paralyzed; social gatherings cease; no church bell would be rung in all the land; many would forsake home and flee to the mountains; others to the high seas; and all that human effort could do would be done to prevent the deadly disease. My dear white friends, Pokagon is fully con-

vinced, yes, he doth know, that this fire-water of hell should give you greater cause for alarm than any disease that has ever visited our shores. It not only destroys more lives by a hundredfold, but it is also the father and mother of want, disease, shame, crime, and death. The microbes of the social plague invade alike the homes of the rich and poor, of the learned and the unlearned, and all unsought swarm like maddened wasps about the trusting bride, the young mother and the infant at her breast, impregnating all alike with the virus from its alluring cup of murder. In view of such outrage against virtue, chastity, and Christianity, Pokagon cannot and will not hold his tongue, but must cry out for all good men and women everywhere to put forth all their powers to crush out the deadly plague and dry up the awful stream of misery and death at its fountainhead.

If you will not try to console and help them, do not, I beg and pray of you, be less humane than savages or beasts of prey, that always fight for and protect their young of tender age. Somebody's little children are crying all about you in rags and want because of the curse of rum. Do, I beg of you, draw them nearer unto your breast, and awaken in your hearts if possible, though feeble it may be, the mother's love as she draws the nursing infant to her breast to hush its sobs and dry its tears, and then tell Pokagon if you will not volunteer to march under the noble flag of total abstinence, that it may finally, in triumph, float from sea to sea, and from the Gulf to the Great Lakes. It can and must be done.

My native brains are indeed puzzled to understand how it is that the incoming white race, by their intelligence and skill, have invented instruments whereby they can measure the heavens above, and declare of what substance the stars are composed; who have provided means whereby they can travel at ease in palaces, sweeping above rivers and through mountains, outstripping in their course the flight of birds in their migration; who have provided means whereby they can enjoy parlor life while crossing oceans in the teeth of the wildest storms; who have perfected inventions whereby they can rise above the eagle in his flight, or descend into the depths of the sea where fish can scarcely swim; whose subtle brains have devised means whereby they can talk as though face to face around the globe; whose ingenuity can successfully bottle up speech, whereby generations yet unborn may listen to the voices of their forefathers; from whose brains emanated that marvelous invention by means of which a button, pressed by the finger of a child, causes mountains to be rent asunder and torn down, or the granite bottom of the sea uplifted and



broken in pieces. All these wonderful achievements the white men have accomplished, and yet they dare have the effrontery to declare to all the world, by words and deeds, regardless of their marvelous works, almost divine, that they are not able to provide means whereby they can destroy the great devil-fish which their own hands have fashioned and launched upon the sea of human life, whose tentacles reach out to do their wicked work alike into wigwams and palaces, into schools and colleges, into halls of legislation and courts of law, and all unsought crushes in its coils the heart of the young bride, the wife, the mother, and the little child. Now, if it be true that the dominant race lack the power to bind down and destroy that monstrosity born of their own race, then it must also be true that the moral science of good government, for the best good of all the people, has not kept pace with their remarkable discoveries and improvements.

It is well for the agriculturist to study chemistry that he may understand the property of the soil, and prepare it for the golden grain. But he who would so prepare his land and plant it with the best of seed, and then allow the grass and the noxious weeds to choke out the young and tender plants, would be considered foolish, with all his wisdom. Our country is one vast field for our cultivation; science, with a lavish hand, has given us ample means to dress and take care of it, and yet, to the shame of this nation, cigarette weeds, whiskey weeds, and all manner of vicious weeds are running it over, demoralizing alike the young men and the little boys. Fathers and mothers, Pokagon asks you in the name of the sons of the forest; he asks you in the name of the Great Spirit of his fathers and yours; in the name of humanity and Christianity, and by all that is sacred and dear to mankind, is it not your duty to destroy those deadly weeds root and branch? Ancient and modern history, written and traditional, both declare most emphatically that, in order to attain to the most perfect type of civilization for the best good of all, the people must be equally developed, morally, mentally, and physically. And yet it must appear to every candid-thinking man, as he beholds intemperance sweeping our land like a prairie on fire, scorching all that is fair and lovely, that the lack of moral education to map out proper legislation is the most lamentable defect of the present age.

In the mighty onward march of research and progress, Pokagon has no desire to tighten the reins, to curb physical or scientific development; but in driving the triple team that moves the great car of civilization, he would cautiously urge forward that one that lags behind, that all in concert might keep step side by side, until the goal

is reached. The most humble prayer of Pokagon is that the great and learned who now occupy this loved land of his fathers and mothers may in the future labor as zealously to search out the science of good government for the best good of all the people, as they have in the past to search out the science of the physical world around them. Let knowledge and righteousness march shoulder to shoulder, onward and upward, until the mountain top is gained, where the perpetual sunshine of social purity will cleanse the hearts of all, breaking asunder the galling chains of intemperance, letting the oppressed go free.

This work possesses an interest peculiar to itself. Its author has written of Indian life and love with that insight which the Indian alone possesses. His appreciation of nature, his habits of close observation, and his love of the beautiful have given the work a certain charm which the child-like simplicity of style serves to heighten. Pokagon was undoubtedly the best educated North American Indian of our time. It is certain that he was the only full-blooded representative of his race who could read and write the English, French, Latin, and Algonquin languages with proficiency, and also possessed, as has been observed, sufficient knowledge of Greek to be able to enjoy the New Testament in the original. He contributed able papers to such representative magazines as the *Forum* and *Chautauquan*, and at the time of his death was preparing a paper for *The Coming Age*. He was a man of great moral strength. His appetites and passions were always under the control of an awakened conscience. There was also something of the woman's tenderness and sweetness in a nature that could be stern when wrongs were to be denounced. He was a poet, orator, and philosopher. In his orations there not unfrequently flashed forth much of the fire and impassioned eloquence which for generations had marked the great chieftains of the Algonquins, and which not unfrequently suggest the old prophets of Israel when they fearlessly denounced wrong and injustice. With his death there passed from view one of the noblest children of the red race,—a man whose life, thought, and deeds proved how closely akin are the noble natures of all races, ages, and times.

## THE KINGDOM OF GOD

BY PROF. JEAN DU BUY, PH. D.

I have had occasion in my previous papers to quote words of Jesus which contained the phrase "the kingdom of God." But I have thus far not explained the phrase, although many hold that the phrase "the kingdom of God" forms the fundamental conception of the whole teaching of Jesus, and therefore ought to be discussed first. Be that as it may, whether that conception contains the foundation of the whole teaching of Jesus or not, I think it is not made so clear in the four gospels as that one could safely make it the basis of a systematic presentation of the teaching of Jesus, and subordinate every other teaching of Jesus to it. On the contrary, there exists a great danger that one who should try to do that might misinterpret the meaning of the phrase, and then unconsciously distort the different words of Jesus, in order that they might be in harmony with his own interpretation of the phrase. This being the case, I consider it the safer way to interpret all the other teaching of Jesus first, as I have endeavored to do, and to postpone a discussion of the phrase "the kingdom of God" to the end.

As we now begin to study Jesus' teaching concerning the kingdom of God, we shall notice that the three gospels of Mark, Luke, and John always use the phrase "the kingdom of God," but that the gospel of Matthew almost everywhere uses the phrase "the kingdom of heaven" instead. I said the gospel of Matthew uses the phrase "the kingdom of heaven" in the place of the phrase "the kingdom of God." That the two phrases are interchangeable can be readily seen by us if we compare parallel passages in the gospel of Matthew, on one hand, and in either the gospel of Mark or the gospel of Luke, on the other, or if we read the following word of Jesus in the gospel of Matthew: "Verily I say unto you, 'It is hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven.' And again, I say unto you, 'It is easier for a camel to go through a

needle's eye than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.'" The apparent meaning of the phrase "the kingdom of God" is that of a kingdom whose king God is; and the apparent meaning of the phrase "the kingdom of heaven" is that of a kingdom which is located in heaven. But the real meaning of the phrase "the kingdom of heaven" is exactly the same as that of the phrase "the kingdom of God;" for the word "heaven" in that phrase stands for the word "God,"—exactly as people will say to-day, "Heaven knows," when they mean "God knows," or as the prodigal son in Jesus' parable said to his father, "I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight," when he meant he had sinned against God and against his father. Therefore, in order to avoid the misunderstanding that Jesus thought of "heaven" when he spoke of "the kingdom of heaven," I shall always use the phrase "the kingdom of God" in this paper.

I said the apparent meaning of the phrase, "the kingdom of God," is that of a kingdom whose king God is. We have many a word of Jesus in the gospels, especially in the gospel of Matthew, in which he speaks of entering into the kingdom of God, as if the kingdom of God is a society which one can enter. We have also a number of words of Jesus in which he speaks of those who possess the kingdom of God, as if the kingdom of God is something that the individual can possess. And we find in the gospels, finally, a few words in which Jesus seems to speak of the kingdom of God as of a wonderful state of things here on earth that will obtain at some future time and be brought about in a miraculous way. We may call these three different interpretations of the phrase, "the kingdom of God," respectively, the social view, the mystical view, and the supernatural view.

As to the supernatural view,—the view that the kingdom of God is a wonderful state of affairs here on earth that will exist at some future time and be brought about

in a miraculous way,—we have to discard that view altogether, because it is in plain contradiction to a number of apparently authentic words of Jesus. The burden of Jesus' whole teaching concerning the kingdom of God is that the kingdom of God is something that is present, and not future. Jesus declared, "If I by the Spirit of God cast out devils, then is the kingdom of God come upon you," and he said of certain people that they possessed the kingdom of God. And when Jesus said, "The kingdom of God comes not with observation; neither shall they say, 'Lo, here!' or 'There!' for lo, the kingdom of God is within you," or "in the midst of you," as some translate the original Greek of this word, two things are plain from this word of Jesus,—first, that, according to him, the kingdom of God will not come in any visible and sudden way, and, secondly, that the kingdom of God is present already, be it present within spiritual individuals, or as a body of spiritual individuals present in the world.

The supernatural view of the phrase, "the kingdom of God," having thus been discarded, the question of the meaning of that phrase narrows itself down to the alternative of either the social or the mystical view. The question to be decided, then, is: Did Jesus mean by the kingdom of God a society which one can enter, the body of men and women who acknowledge God as their king; or did he mean by it something that the individual can possess, something that exists within spiritual individuals?

From the words of Jesus which we have it is hardly possible to answer that question definitely. In order to show the material from which we have to form our opinion concerning the question, I will now first quote those words of Jesus in which he speaks of entering into the kingdom of God, and will then quote other words of his in which he speaks of those who possess the kingdom of God, and will finally discuss Jesus' parables of the kingdom of God.

We may say the following words of Jesus give us the conditions of entrance into the kingdom of God:

"Except ye turn, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven."

"Not every one that says, 'Lord, Lord,' shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that does the will of my Father."

"Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven."

"Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, because ye shut the kingdom of heaven against men! for ye enter not in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering in to enter."

"The publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you."

"If thine eye cause thee to stumble cast it out: it is good for thee to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye, rather than having two eyes to be cast into hell. And if thy hand cause thee to stumble cut it off; it is good for thee to enter into life maimed, rather than having thy two hands to go into hell."

"No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."

"It is hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven."

"Children, how hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God! It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

If we sum up now the conditions of entrance into the kingdom of God, as laid down by Jesus in these words, we shall see they are the following, that we have to turn in our lives; to become like little children in character; to do the will of the Father; to be free from every form of hypocrisy; to part with everything that may cause us to fall, although we may love it as much as our eye or our right hand. We have to possess a singleness of purpose and to free ourselves from slavery to wealth. Men and women who have led a most immoral life will enter into the kingdom of God if they turn in their lives.

We are familiar with all of these commands of Jesus. What we have just been calling the conditions of entrance into the kingdom of God are the conditions which every one has to fulfill who wants to live

a spiritual life. It therefore seems from these words of Jesus that his phrase, "entering into the kingdom of God," is a figure of speech, and that it does not mean joining the invisible society of spiritual men and women, but beginning to live a spiritual life as an individual. In other words, these sayings of Jesus seem to justify the mystical view of the phrase, "the kingdom of God," over against the social view.

But among the words of Jesus which I have just quoted there is one which shows clearly that Jesus meant by entering into the kingdom of God the same thing as by entering into spiritual life. I refer to Jesus' word: "If thine eye cause thee to stumble, cast it out: it is good for thee to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye, rather than having two eyes to be cast into hell. If thy hand cause thee to stumble, cut it off: it is good for thee to enter into life maimed, rather than having thy two hands to go into hell." It is obvious that the two phrases "entering into the kingdom of God" and "entering into life" are used as equivalents here,—a fact which forms a strong point in favor of the mystical view of the phrase "the kingdom of God."

As to Jesus' words in which he speaks of possessing the kingdom of God, he said, according to the gospel of Luke, to his disciples, who were poor men, "Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of God," while, according to the gospel of Matthew, he said in a general way of the humble, "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," and in each of the first three gospels he said of those who are like little children in character, "Of such is the kingdom of God," meaning that the kingdom of God belongs to people of a childlike spirit.

To state it once more, Jesus declared of the humble and of people of a childlike character that they possess the kingdom of God, and he called his disciples happy because they could possess the kingdom of God, although they were poor men. If we ask now, "What is it that the humble and those of a childlike spirit possess, and that men can possess, however poor they may be?" the answer which our previous

knowledge of Jesus' teaching furnishes us is that it is those results of living the true life of which I have spoken,—peace, joy, and spiritual power. That it is which spiritual people possess, and to possess that peace, joy, and spiritual power Jesus seems to call here possessing the kingdom of God. This is the mystical view of the phrase, "the kingdom of God,"—the view that Jesus meant by the kingdom of God something within spiritual individuals.

I will now take up Jesus' parables of the kingdom of God for discussion, in order to learn from them, if possible, the meaning of the phrase, "the kingdom of God," and in order to see whether they can be better understood with the social or with the mystical view applied to them. I can find seven genuine parables of Jesus concerning the kingdom of God in the gospels, namely, the parables of the mustard seed, of the leaven, of the treasure in the field, of the costly pearl, of the drag-net, of the tares in the wheat, and of the seed growing gradually. The first six of these parables arrange themselves naturally into three groups,—the parables of the mustard seed and of the leaven forming one group, the parables of the treasure in the field and of the costly pearl forming a second group, and those of the drag-net and of the tares in the wheat forming a third group. The two parables of each group are meant to convey the same thought. It seems Jesus liked to express a thought in two different ways when he spoke in parables, in order that people might understand the point he was trying to make, and not mistake accidentals of his parables for essentials.

If we now look for the essential thought of the two parables of the mustard seed and of the leaven, we shall see the essential thought of these two parables is that the kingdom of God spreads in as remarkable a way as does a growing mustard seed or as does leaven. The essential thought of the two parables of the treasure in the field and of the costly pearl is that the man who has found the kingdom of God will value it as highly as people of the world value a treasure or a costly pearl. The essential thought of the two parables of the drag-net and of the tares in the wheat



is that the kingdom of God contains good and bad elements, exactly as a drag-net contains good and bad fish, or as a wheat field contains wheat and tares. Finally, the essential thought of the parable of the seed growing gradually is that the kingdom of God grows as mysteriously as does a growing seed.

Let us now apply to these parables both the social and the mystical view of the phrase, "the kingdom of God," and see which of these two views will give us a truer interpretation of the phrase, and one that is more in harmony with the bulk of Jesus' teaching. If we apply to the two parables of the mustard seed and of the leaven the social view of the phrase, "the kingdom of God," they would mean that the invisible society of spiritual men and women spreads in as remarkable a way as does a growing mustard seed or as does leaven. If, however, we apply to these two parables the mystical view of the phrase, then they would mean that the spiritual life of the individual spreads in as remarkable a way as does a growing mustard seed or as does leaven. Which of the two views we should apply to these parables we cannot see from them if we take them by themselves.

I will leave it to my readers to take up in the same way first the two parables of the treasure in the field and of the costly pearl, and then the two parables of the drag-net and of the tares in the wheat, and to attempt to interpret them first according to the social view and then according to the mystical view. The results of my own efforts in this direction are that I think the two parables of the treasure in the field and of the costly pearl, if taken by themselves, may be interpreted either according to the social or according to the mystical view, that is to say, as stating that a spiritual man will value above everything else, according to the social view, his membership in the invisible brotherhood of the true children of God, or, according to the mystical view, the spiritual life within himself. But, regarding the two parables of the drag-net and of the tares in the wheat, I have to say that I cannot understand them in any other but the mystical sense, that is, as stating that in the inner life of the

spiritual individual there will be found not only good but also bad elements, and that for the reason that we cannot be perfect, but have, during our whole lifetime, to wage war against the different forms of selfishness within us. To my mind, these two parables cannot be interpreted according to what I have called the social view; for, if the kingdom of God is the invisible brotherhood of the true children of God, then there could not be any bad individuals in that company.

Finally, the parable of the seed growing gradually, it seems to me, can have only a mystical meaning, namely, that the spiritual life within us grows as mysteriously as does a growing seed, however much we may do in trying to become spiritual; yet, if we are earnest in our endeavor, we shall have the consciousness that we are growing mysteriously in our spiritual life, that we are growing we know not how, as Jesus puts it, exactly as a seed grows mysteriously through the forces of nature. This mysterious force which makes us grow more and more spiritual, far beyond our own endeavors, Jesus held to be the very spirit of the Father. And Jesus says of the man who has entered into spiritual life, and submitted himself to the working of the Spirit, that he is born of the Spirit, that he is born anew, or born from above, as another translation reads. All that one can say of such a man is that he is born of the Spirit, that the voice of the divine spirit speaks through him; but how it is that the divine spirit can manifest itself through a man we cannot tell. As Jesus puts it, "The wind blows where it lists, and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knowest not whence it comes, and whither it goes. So is every one that is born of the Spirit."

The working of the spirit of the Father in a spiritual man is so mysterious that it is utterly incomprehensible to unspiritual people. One has first to be spiritual before one can have any insight into the working of the divine spirit. "Except a man be born anew, he cannot see the kingdom of God," is the way in which Jesus expressed that experience. It was for this reason that Jesus spoke of the mystery of the kingdom of God, and said of unspiritual people regarding his parables that

"hearing they hear not, neither do they understand." And it is for this reason that I call that view of the phrase, "the kingdom of God," the mystical view which holds that Jesus meant by the kingdom of God something mysterious within the spiritual individual.

We have just seen that, to my mind at least, some of Jesus' parables can be understood only if interpreted according to this mystical view. And that means that we should probably interpret all of Jesus' parables according to the mystical, and none according to the social view. For Jesus, who was so clear in everything he said, desired most likely that all of his parables should be interpreted in the same way.

I stated above that Jesus says of the man who has entered into spiritual life that he is born anew. Indeed, such a one is a citizen of two worlds, as it were,—he knows the life of the world, which he has left; and he knows the spiritual life, which he has now entered. If that man is a learned man, then will he be the better able to explain to others the contrast between his old life and his new life, and, by doing so, to win them for the new way of living. This is the way in which I understand Jesus' words, "Every scribe who has been made a disciple to the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is a householder who brings forth out of his treasure things new and old." Whatever Jesus may have said against a one-sided intellectuality and in favor of childlikeness of spirit, if a highly intellectual man turns in his life, and becomes like a little child, in spirit, that man will be the greatest power for good in the world.

While from those words of Jesus which we have thus far discussed it is hardly possible to say definitely whether the mystical view of the phrase, "the kingdom of God," is the correct one, whether Jesus meant by the kingdom of God something within spiritual individuals, we find in the gospels two or three words of Jesus which seem to furnish us with a key to a right understanding of that phrase. One of these words of Jesus is the petition, contained in his model prayer: "Father! Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in

heaven, so on earth." Whether Jesus expressed that petition in exactly this form, or whether he merely said, "Thy kingdom come," and tradition explained this petition in the words, "Thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth," the latter words are to be taken as an explanation of the petition, "Thy kingdom come." According to this explanation, the coming of the kingdom of the Father means that men do the will of the Father. Wherever men do the will of the Father there has the Father's kingdom come, there has the Father been enthroned as king, be it in the heart of the individual or in the life of a community of men.

Another word of Jesus which gives us a key to a right understanding of the phrase, "the kingdom of God," is the following one: "If I by the Spirit of God cast out devils, then is the kingdom of God come upon you." The meaning of that word is that the kingdom of God has come wherever the spirit of the Father works through a man, as it did through Jesus. For, indeed, wherever the spirit of the Father works through a man, and uses that man as its instrument, there does the Father rule as king. The kingdom of God, therefore, according to this word of Jesus, is not a society which Jesus wished to establish, but means the kingship of God, or, better still, the rule of the Father over the wills of men. The Greek phrase which is usually translated "the kingdom of God" would be better translated "the kingship of God," or "the rule of God." And thus we see the complete harmony between Jesus' teaching concerning the kingship of God and all his other teaching, both his ethical and his mystical teaching; the kingship of God means on the ethical or human side that the individual submits his will to the will of the Father, and it means on the mystical or divine side that the spirit of the Father manifests itself through a man,—which are the two things, or rather, which are the one thing, to the bringing about of which Jesus devoted his life.

I have finished my presentation of the teaching of Jesus, and will now, before closing, state what Jesus said concerning the spreading of spiritual truth,—both

concerning the reception of spiritual truth and concerning the duty of disciples.

As to the reception of spiritual truth Jesus did not deceive himself at all. He knew very well that only a minority of people would seriously try to live up to the words of a spiritual teacher, and that for the reason that the living of a spiritual life requires much more of a man than the average man is willing to undergo. This thought is expressed by Jesus in his beautiful parable of the sower.

In another parable of his, in the parable of the great supper, Jesus gives us in detail the reasons why men are unwilling to listen to a spiritual teacher; they are so preoccupied with material things, with their business, with their family life, with eating and drinking, that they find no time to think of spiritual life.

This parable also implies the thought that often we shall find the poor, the unfortunate, and the outcasts much more willing to listen to spiritual truth than others of whom one should rather expect it. Who will listen to a spiritual teacher, and who will not, we cannot tell beforehand. Often of two persons who are living together, or who are working side by side, one will do so and the other will not. "There shall be two men on one bed: the one shall be taken, and the other shall be left. There shall be two women grinding together: the one shall be taken, and the other shall be left." It is true this word of Jesus, in the connection and in the form in which it is given in the gospels of Luke and Matthew, refers to what will happen upon the return of Jesus on the earth. But, if we look aside from the debatable question of the return of Jesus on the earth, and look for the spiritual significance of this word only, we shall then find that it seems to express that sad truth that often, of two persons who are living or working together, one will listen to a spiritual teacher and the other will not.

Since we do not know, however, who will listen to spiritual truth, and who will not, we ought to offer the truth to every one. This should certainly be our principle. When Jesus warned his immediate disciples, "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast your pearls before the swine, lest haply they trample them

under their feet, and turn and rend you," he cannot have intended to state it as a principle that his disciples should be extremely careful to whom they offer his teaching. But we ought to look at this warning of Jesus as the exception, as meaning that there is one class of people to whom we should not offer our most sacred possessions, namely, those of whom we are convinced, from previous experience with them, that they would only ridicule what is most sacred to us.

With this one exception, we ought to offer the spiritual truth to every one. Again and again Jesus emphasized the duty of his disciples to offer the truth to all the world. According to the gospel of Matthew, Jesus called his disciples "the salt of the earth" and "the light of the world" when he said: "Ye are the salt of the earth. But if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men. Ye are the light of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a lamp, and put it under the bushel, but on the stand. And it shines unto all that are in the house." By this word Jesus meant to say that, as salt exists for the purpose of seasoning and as a lamp is lighted for the purpose of giving light, so did he teach his immediate disciples for the purpose that they should spread the truth over all the world. Thus Jesus wanted to impress his disciples with the seriousness of their duty as disciples of his.

I said Jesus wanted that his disciples should proclaim his teaching to all the world. We know from Jesus' own words that he must have taught his immediate disciples a good deal in private. But we know also from his own lips he did so, not in order that his disciples should keep his private teaching as a secret, but rather in order that they should proclaim it to all the world as soon as they would master it themselves. These thoughts were expressed by Jesus in the words: "What I tell you in the darkness, speak ye in the light; and what ye hear in the ear, proclaim upon the housetops."

The ultimate aim of Jesus' disciples should be the same as that of Jesus him-

self, to "catch men," that is, to win men for living a spiritual life. Jesus promised his immediate disciples that, if they would associate with him for a while, he would then train them in the work of catching men, saying: "Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men."

All the teaching that Jesus gave he gave freely. And he asked his immediate disciples to do the same thing, his idea apparently being that one should not sell so much spiritual truth for so much money. But he coupled his advice to give freely with the words, "The laborer is worthy of his food," meaning that the spiritual worker, although he should not sell so much truth for so much money, yet could expect that he would be supported by those whom he benefited through his teaching. Paul, alluding to this last word of Jesus, wrote in one of his letters with reference to himself: "If we sowed unto you spiritual things, is it a great matter if we shall reap your carnal things?"

There is one peculiarity connected with the giving out of spiritual truth,—the more of spiritual truth we give out the more we receive ourselves. There is this difference between the giving away of material things and the giving away of spiritual things, that the more we give away of material things the less we have, but the more we give away of spiritual things the more we have ourselves. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you, and more shall be given unto you," said Jesus, thus stating this remarkable law of giving which can be observed with regard to spiritual truth. And in the gospel of Luke we find that same spiritual law stated by Jesus in this strong and highly pictorial language: "Give, and it shall be given unto you: good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over, shall they give into your bosom. For with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

It is true it may be said of every teacher that through the giving away of his teaching he will not become poorer in his knowledge, but on the contrary richer, and that because his practice of teaching will give him a better insight into his

subject. But, when Jesus said that a man by giving out his spiritual knowledge would receive more knowledge himself, he referred, I am convinced, not merely to that better mastery of one's subject, but meant also that the very spirit of the Father would manifest itself in that man more and more.

The need for spiritual workers is great, as great to-day as it was at the time of Jesus. As it was compassion for the multitudes who needed spiritual guides that drove Jesus to devote his life to teaching them the way of true living, so should compassion for the multitudes cause us to-day to devote our lives to the same object. The following words of Jesus are as true to-day as they were nineteen centuries ago: "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few,"—at least the laborers of the right kind. While the farmer's harvest can be reaped only at certain times of the year, the spiritual harvest can be reaped at all times, and is only waiting for the right kind of workers. That is the meaning of Jesus' words: "Say not ye, 'There are yet four months, and then comes the harvest!' Behold, I say unto you, 'Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, that they are white already unto harvest.'"

One of the chief reasons why there are so few spiritual workers of the right kind is that the life of such a worker requires a great deal of overcoming of self. It requires, for instance, that we overcome our inclination to be associated only with highly respectable people, and that we become willing to mingle among sinners in order to help them as spiritual physicians. And the life of such a worker may also require of us that we give up having a permanent home, and go from place to place, wherever we feel we can be of the greatest service. That is what Jesus did, who said with reference to himself: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the heaven have nests; but the Son of man has not where to lay his head." But if we undergo the painful discipline of overcoming of self, then shall we, contrary to our own expectations, discover that there is no greater delight for man than to do the work of a spiritual worker. That was also



Jesus' experience, to which he testified in the words: "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to accomplish his work."

The first requirement, however, that has to be made of a spiritual worker is that he be absolutely sincere and free from all hypocrisy. It is remarkable that Jesus, when speaking of false prophets or false teachers, does not mean by that phrase teachers who proclaim erroneous teachings, but rather teachers whose life is not in harmony with their high teaching, who do not practice what they preach, but use religion only as a hypocritical cloak. "All things whatsoever they bid you, these do and observe. But do ye not after their works; for they say, and do not," said Jesus of such false teachers. Let me state it once more because Jesus said so much about it, and because it is of such vital importance,—freedom from all hypocrisy and absolute sincerity is the first requisite of a spiritual teacher.

But the spiritual teacher should not only be sincere in so far that he practices what he preaches; he should also be sincere in so far that he speaks out fearlessly his convictions. It should be his purpose in life to find out and to proclaim fearlessly the truth concerning spiritual life, as Jesus did, who stated the object of his life when he said: "To this end have I been born, and to this end am I come into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." The spiritual teacher should try to induce men to live a spiritual life; but he should not try to win members for a particular sect. Jesus spoke very strongly against this tendency in religious workers when he said: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees: for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte. And when he is become so, ye make him twofold more a son of hell than yourselves."

The spiritual teacher should work, then, for the increase of spirituality in the world, and not for the strengthening of existing sects. A man of strong convictions cannot speak out his convictions frankly, and at the same time teach what an existing sect wants him to teach. "No man can serve two masters," as Jesus said. If the man speaks out his convictions

frankly, he will undermine any existing sect for whose intact preservation he may try to work. On the other hand, if he puts the conservation of the teachings of a sect first, he will then have to muzzle his convictions, and to become insincere. The right and only practical policy is to teach one's own convictions independently. That is the way in which Jesus solved for himself the question whether he should ally himself with any existing sect. He answered that question in the negative in the following highly pictorial word: "No man sews a piece of undressed cloth on an old garment. Else that which should fill it up takes from it, the new from the old, and a worse rent is made. And no man puts new wine into old wine skins. Else the wine will burst the skins, and the wine perishes, and the skins. But they put new wine into fresh wine skins." A man who tries to teach his peculiar new teachings in the name of an old existing sect will undermine that sect, will not be able to give his own teachings in a straightforward way, and will besides only cause the dissatisfaction of those who hold to the traditional teachings of that sect. He will cause the dissatisfaction of these people for the reason that, as Jesus puts it, "No man, having drunk old wine, desires new. For he says, 'The old is good.'"

Thus the spiritual teacher who has strong convictions of his own should teach his convictions independently. But, on the other hand, he should not be destructive in his method, but always constructive. The teacher who is destructive in his method may clear away superstitions, but he will not be able to arouse people to live a spiritual life. But we should always bear in mind that it should be the aim of the spiritual teacher to point out to men the way toward the true life, and we should therefore always be constructive in our teaching. Jesus was never destructive in his teaching, but always constructive. And he stated this to be his policy when he said: "Think not that I came to destroy the law or the prophets. I came not to destroy, but to fulfill," by which he meant, to supplement, to complete the teaching of the Jewish religion.

It was Jesus' policy, then, to teach his convictions independently, and yet always to be constructive. And I trust I have followed Jesus' policy in my presentation

of his teaching. I know that I have been radical in my interpretation of Jesus' teaching. But I trust that I have always been constructive.

## WHY I AM A DISCIPLE

BY REV. J. H. GARRISON

This is the question which the editors of *THE COMING AGE* have asked me to answer. In doing so, let me premise a few things. What I am to state is why I am a Disciple of Christ, for there be disciples these days of various types. I am not a disciple of Confucius, Mohammed, Buddha, or even of Mrs. Eddy. I am a Disciple of Christ.

Furthermore, I am expected to tell why I am simply and only a Disciple of Christ, instead of being a Disciple of Christ *plus* something else. In other words, *THE COMING AGE* wishes me to give some reasons for my association with the religious reformation inaugurated by Thomas and Alexander Campbell, in western Pennsylvania, in the first decade of this century, whose advocates, now numbering over a million in the United States, are known as Disciples of Christ, and their churches as churches of Christ or Christian churches. To this task I apply myself.

1. I am a Disciple of Christ, because I believe in the plea for Christian unity which that religious movement has urged from the beginning of its existence. I believe our sectarian divisions and rivalries have been one of the supreme obstacles in the way of the progress of the kingdom of God on earth. I am not saying that these denominational divisions were not, under the circumstances, natural, if not unavoidable, and that they have not accomplished great good. On the contrary, I think they have emphasized important truths, and filled up, perhaps, what was a necessary stage in the development of the church. I believe, however, that the time has come when we should "put away childish things," heal our divisions, and make a united advance against the powers of evil. A united church may be a leader in moral

and social reform as a divided church cannot well be. Because I believe in the unity of Christians, I am, not by birth, not by early religious training, but by the deliberate choice of maturer years, a Disciple of Christ.

2. I am a Disciple of Christ, because I repudiate the authority of human creeds. I do not believe that any body of men, no matter how good and wise they may be, have any right to formulate a statement of religious doctrine, and bind it on the consciences of others, and make it a condition of Christian fellowship. From the very beginning of their history the Disciples of Christ rejected the authority of creeds, and refused to be bound where the Word of God left them free. Their motto was and is, "Where the Scriptures speak, we speak; and where the Scriptures are silent, we are silent." Human creeds have been a hindrance to freedom of investigation and progress in religious thought, and have been the cause of schism and strife in the church, and of the excommunication of as loyal hearts as this world has ever known. Because I believe in having all the liberty with which Christ has endowed us, I am a Disciple of Christ.

3. I am a Disciple of Christ because that religious body, while rejecting human authority in religion as binding on the conscience, has a definite and divine creed that needs no revision, namely, the Messiahship and divinity of Jesus Christ, whom Simon Peter confessed as "the Christ, the Son of the living God." Jesus said, in reply, that he would build his church on that rock. This is the great rock-truth on which the church rests today, and against which the waves of infidelity and agnosticism beat in vain. This is the Christocentric view of Christian-

ity, which makes Christ the center, and every other truth in the Christian system must take its place in reference to him. The change brought about in the religious world by making Christ the center, instead of some doctrine or ordinance or form of ecclesiastic government, is similar to the revolution which took place in astronomy when the geocentric theory gave place to the heliocentric, and the sun, instead of the earth, was regarded as the center of the solar system.

4. I am a Disciple of Christ, because I am unwilling to wear a party name, and prefer the common family name which identifies me with Christ rather than with any sect in Christendom. A party name has the appearance, at least, of limiting one's self to a section of the truth that is championed by the party wearing that name. I believe with Paul that "all things are ours," and that we ought to be willing to receive truth with equal readiness, whether it be from Luther, or Calvin, or Wesley, or Newman, or Spurgeon, or Campbell. I claim the liberty to accept "all truth" uttered by all these men. Why, then, should I take the name of any one of them?

5. I am a Disciple of Christ, because the Disciples have set themselves to return to the simplicity and purity of the Gospel as it was preached by Christ and his apostles, and to get rid of all the con-

fusing metaphysics and scholasticism which have done so much to obscure the truth and hide the beauty of the religion of the Nazarene. We would get away from the jargon of Unitarianism, Trinitarianism, Sabellianism, and all the other isms, to the plain, simple story of Christ's life and sacrifice for dying men, and his willingness to accept all who accept him and his truth. We would restore the same simplicity also in church organization, so far as the hierarchy is concerned, and get back to the simple order of things in which all God's children were equal in rights and privileges, while some were appointed leaders because of their fitness for leadership.

6. Finally, I am a Disciple of Christ, because it offers freedom and scope for continuous progress in Christian knowledge, without being hampered by any ecclesiastical authority claiming the right to say "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." I believe there are vast realms of truth yet to be discovered in the domain of religion, as well as in other departments of human thought and life. I want the liberty to accept all truth from whatever source. I find this liberty among the Disciples of Christ. We have not yet apprehended, but we press on toward the goal, acknowledging no Master but Christ, and claiming all who love him as our brethren.

## THE POEMS OF RICHARD REALF\*

BY LOUIS E. VAN NORMAN

If the legendary Orestes can be said to have a nineteenth-century counterpart, the poet, Richard Realf, may be cited as that counterpart. The Greek warrior of the mythical age killed his mother, Clytemnestra, because she was unfaithful to her hero-husband, Agamemnon, and spent the rest of his days fleeing from the pursuing Furies. The American poet of civil war days almost killed his better nature because it was faithful to him and plagued him for his lapses from virtue. The rest

of his life was one long effort to escape the persistent, vengeful pursuit of a fury than which, we are told, hell has no worse—a woman scorned. His days were all judgment days from his strange marriage in Rochester to the hour when, in the Oakland Hotel looking out upon California's Golden Gate, he took his own life.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices  
Make instruments to plague us.

A strange and checkered career was Realf's. Queer turnings, contrasts, and inconsistencies characterized it. He was born of good but peasant parentage, in a

\*Poems, by Richard Realf—Poet, Soldier, Workman; with a memoir by Richard J. Hinton. Funk & Wagnall's Co., New York, Toronto, London, 1898.

monarchical country and period. Was he an avatar of high-bred but democratic generations gone by? Or how is it that his life shows such patrician stamp, such lofty mold, and that he came, the fiercest of militant democrats, to the great western republic to join in the fight for a political and social ideal conceived and brought forth under the most radical conditions of democracy? Of course, he had in a measure caught that spirit of passionate political and social revolt so brilliantly championed by Byron, Shelley, and others; it was an age of intellectual and social revolt. But Realf's temperament was, on the whole, a mystery, a medley, a composite.

This is no place for a biography. The writer merely wishes to touch upon a few of the more salient points in a marvelous life, and attempt thereby to interpret some of the strangely beautiful and often exquisite poetry which has been left us by Richard Realf.

Richard Realf,—workman, poet, soldier, as he put it, or, in the graphic phrasing of his biographer, singer, soldier, suicide,—began to rhyme very early in life. He "lisp[ed] in numbers, for the numbers came," but he did not sing a true, original note until after he fell and suffered from his love-life. Then, under the heaviest blows of the sledge, the anvil gave forth the divine sparks. His first poetical efforts were collected in a small volume entitled "Guesses at the Beautiful." This collection is valuable only for the promise it gave of better things. The verses are immature and crude, but show great possibilities. Like the diamond, his muse needed cutting and polishing. Realf's mature poems have been widely scattered. They may be found in magazines, newspapers, and in one or two smaller anthologies. A large proportion of them was never published until the present collection was brought out with a memoir by the poet's life-long friend and literary executor, Richard J. Hinton. Col. Hinton was the poet's companion and trusted confidant, and he has written a graphic and faithful but very sympathetic biography. Some of the things he made plain were so done under compulsion, as if a

woman's claim to Realf's literary property had not been disproved within its issue, a vexatious lawsuit would in all probability have resulted.

What surprises one on a first reading of the volume, that is, one in the least cognizant of the main facts of the poet's life, is the number of the poems. Realf was but forty-four years old when he died. There were three or four years during which he disappeared from the world's view, and these years, according to his biographer, were unfruitful. He wrote nothing worth preserving until he was nineteen years old. For five years he was a soldier in active service, and he was nearly always in storm and stress. Yet he produced a great quantity of verse, which, though uneven in quality, shows signs, especially in the lyrics and sonnets, of a mastery of English rhythm that, under the maturing influence of time and the technique of study, would, in all probability, have made Realf the equal of Tennyson or Shelley in the music of his verse. Take, for example, the poem entitled "Indirection." These two stanzas will show what is meant:

Fair are the flowers and the children, but  
their subtle suggestion is fairer;  
Rare is the rose-burst of dawn, but the  
secret that clasps it is rarer;  
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain  
that precedes it is sweeter;  
And never was poem yet writ, but the mean-  
ing outmastered the meter.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter  
is hinted and hidden;  
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the  
sculptor is bidden;  
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite  
tissues of feeling;  
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory  
that crowns the revealing.

These stanzas are certainly fine, and will bear comparison in rhythmical flow with any other poem in the language, and the poem furnishes a key to the esoteric or subjective mood of the poet. It shows us the seer-like soul of the real Realf. He was also "Vates," seeing behind the gross materialism of a "practical" age to the finer meaning which underlay the substance. This seer side is shown frequently in his correspondence. In a let-



ter describing his army life, written while in front of Atlanta, in September, 1864, he says:

That we degenerate in politeness of speech and manner, that we grow somewhat abrupt and rude, is quite true; indeed, I do not see how this could well be otherwise. But these matters are by no means essentials, and do not concern the purity of the soul. Standing on these battle-heights, front to front with the dark mysteries of life and death, it is no marvel that we account of little value the slight veneering of conventional proprieties. But I repeat my heart's conviction when I say that, in all the attributes which form the basis of true manhood, courage, not of the flesh but of the soul, endurance, patience, fealty to conception of truth, and sometimes pity and tenderness softer than a woman's, the men in the armies of the Union will compare favorably with any selection of people that can be made.

In a letter to James Humphrey Noyes, during the correspondence which preceded a proposition to enter the Oneida Community, he says:

Under all and running through all the changeful circumstances of my eventful life, I have felt and heard—I have not always obeyed—the everlasting imperative, "Thou shalt work in well-doing," leaving me hardly any rest by day or by night, because I could not translate it into my conduct in the manner of a visible gospel of truth and love. . . . Do you indeed doubt the existence of a certain class of souls that cannot satisfy their natures with the common modes of life, in whom a hidden principle drives them, so to speak, to seek better and nobler modes of life, in whom the longing after the infinite predominates, and by whom all other ties must be loosened and sacrificed, if need be, to the growth and development of the soul?

At this point I cannot forbear quoting from that other fine effort, "Insufficiency," in further illustration of this point:

I think our ideal aims will still elude  
Our eager wishes,—that we still shall miss  
The elemental blessedness which is  
Incorporate somewhere in our human-

hood,—  
That still the unsolved riddles of the  
Sphinx

Will vex us with an inward agony,  
That still within our daily meats and  
drinks

Will lurk an unknown poison, until we  
Learn more of reverence for the soul of  
Man!

O friends, I fear we do but desecrate  
The sanctity of Being,—do but fan  
The cruel fires of slowly dying hate,  
Instead of kindling hero-lives to dare  
Greatly for Man's hope against Man's  
despair.

Our plummets are too short to fathom well  
The deep things of existence. Unto pride  
And unto bitterness it is denied  
To know the sacred temples wherein dwell  
The oracles and angels. We want first,  
For the interpretation of the land,  
Love, whereby Faith, the seer of Truth,  
is nursed;

And sympathy by which to understand  
The faces of our fellows. What we need  
Is dew on our dry natures, sustenance  
For the starved spirit, not the outward  
greed.

We lean too much on palpable circumstance,  
Too little on impalpable souls, to attain  
God's morrows for our yesterdays of  
pain.

The last lines of the third stanza of the poem, "To Abraham Lincoln," also show his musical command of words.

Meanwhile, because thy recompense is pain,  
Weary not thou, invisible lips shall kiss  
The trouble from thy heart and from thy  
brain.

In all the days of thy self-sacrifice,  
Thy blessed hurts being still thy amplest  
wage,  
Thou Archimedes of Love's leverage.

The sonnet beginning, "I think that love makes all things musical," is perhaps equal to the best work of Petrarch or Keats. "Hasheesh" is a strange, weird poem, and furnishes a key-note to one of the controlling phases of his experiences. In the visions the poet sees, while under the influence of the drug, he is "stabbed with splendors that hurt like pain." He loved, but he always lost, the drop of bitterness in his cup was always very bitter.

Over the universe something ran  
Which trod the gold and the amethyst  
Out from the mornings and the eves;  
Something withered the grass and  
leaves;

Out from the vastness something hissed;  
And something within me moans and  
grieves,

Like a lost soul's wail for something missed.

Most of Realf's poetry possesses the true lyric touch. His songs are almost all really cantabile. This is especially char-

acteristic of his war songs, "My Sword Song," "Io Triomphe," "The Hymn of Pittsburg." Perhaps, with the exception of Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn" and some of Lowell's strophes, the great war soul never sung itself so nobly on American soil. "My Sword Song" begins:

Day in, day out, through the long campaign,  
I march in my place in the ranks;  
And, whether it shine or whether it rain,  
My good sword cheerily clanks;  
It clangs and clanks in a knightly way  
Like the ring of an armored heel;  
And this is the song which day by day,  
It sings with its lips of steel:

"O friend, from whom a hundred times  
I have felt the strenuous grip  
Of the all-renouncing love that climbs  
To the heights of fellowship;  
Are you tired of all the weary miles?  
Are you faint with your swooning  
limbs?  
Do you hunger back for the olden smiles,  
And the lilt of olden hymns?"

The fifth stanza of "Io Triomphe" is as follows:

Brothers, beneath our brimming tears  
Lies nobler cause for singing  
Than ever in the shining years  
When all our vales were ringing  
With happy sounds of mellow peace,  
And all our cities thundered  
With lusty echoes, and our seas  
By freighted keels were Sundered.

The poet's strange and apparently erotic life, his varied conjugal and sexual experiences, have never found expression in his poems, nor, says his editor and biographer, in any of his letters. "In no one of them (his letters) have I ever seen an unclean word or unwholesome suggestion. A pathetic tenderness is a prevailing and purely personal trait. The passionate expression, whenever perceptible, is held in restraint by the cleanest of poetic illustration." And yet his poetic nature was like the genius of Rousseau,—in the words of John Morley, of the "kind in which the elements of character remain mute, futile, and dispersive particles, until compelled into unity by the creative shock of feminine influences." It was the influence of a woman which marred the poet's life, instead of molding it into di-

viner form. The poem entitled "A Golden Tress" recalls an unfortunate love affair of his youth with a lady of the family of the poet Byron. The second stanza is the heart of the poem:

I found to-day a golden tress  
Of one who has been dead for years,  
And such a sudden loneliness  
Fell on my heart and on the spheres,  
I well-nigh feared the Christ of faith  
Had gathered all his sunshine in  
And left us nothing but the wrath  
Of our sad selfishness and sin.

Realf fully realized how much of his life had been misspent. In "My Lost Tones" he sadly sings:

There is many a ruined shrine that lies  
In the paths which I have trod,  
And much that's buried from human eyes  
And only known to God.

By the side of his self-sought death-bed three sonnets were found, of which the last was the following:

So he died rich. And if his eyes were  
blurred  
With big films—silence, he is in his  
grave.  
Greatly he suffered; greatly, too, he erred;  
Yet broke his heart in trying to be brave.  
Nor did he wait till Freedom had become  
The popular shibboleth of courtier's lips;  
He smote for her when God himself seemed  
dumb  
And all his arching skies were in eclipse.  
He was aweary, but he fought his fight,  
And stood for simple manhood; and was  
joyed  
To see the august broadening of the light  
And new earths heaving heavenward  
from the void.  
He loved his fellows and their love was  
sweet,—  
Plant daisies at his head and at his feet.

There is a strain of "sadness and longing" running through all Realf's poems, showing how sadly he missed and yearned for the life of companionship and affection which other men enjoyed, but which the fates always denied to him. In that strong and terrible poem, "Death and Desolation," he speaks of

The sunshine glorifying all the hills;  
The children dancing 'mong the daffodils;  
The thrush-like melodies of maidens' lips,

for others but never for him, and then  
gives voice to this bitter wail:

Years—years.

So long the dread companionship of pain,  
So long the slow compression of the brain,  
So long the bitter famine and the drouth,  
So long the ache for kisses on the mouth,  
So long the straining of hot, tearless eyes,  
In backward looking upon Paradise,  
So long tired feet dragged faltering and slow,  
So long the solemn sanctity of woe.

Years—years.

It is most sad,  
This crumbling into chaos and decay.  
My heart aches; and I think I shall go mad  
Some day—some day.

A pathetic little poem, addressed to  
"The Children," ends with this stanza:

I have trodden all the spaces  
Of my solemn years alone,  
And have never felt the cooling  
Of a babe's breath near my own.  
But with more than father passion  
And with more than mother pain,

I have loved you, little children:  
Do you love me back again?

A stanza from "Salvete Milites" will  
show Realf's power of imagery:

Ah, those were lofty days when, straight  
through our mincing and canting,  
The Soul of the Nation flashed, and gripped  
the hilt of its brand,  
And drained its aloes like wine, and strode  
forth, kindled and panting,  
Hewing, in forest of Lies, clear space for the  
Truth to stand.

The volume closes with the poem en-  
titled "The Human Statue," which opens  
with these words:

We all do carve us statues evermore,  
And some are sculptured with most living  
skill,  
And some are rude and lowly; while some  
seem  
So strangely fair in their deformity  
We weep, and loathe, and cling unto them  
still;  
And thus are shaped life's subtle essences,  
And thus all things do symbolize the soul.

## A NEW SERMON

BY J. A. EDGERTON

I come to preach on the text of love  
From the gospel of brotherhood;  
To help as I may in finding a way  
That leads to the higher good;  
To picture the light that is shining bright  
On the Future's upturned face;  
And to whisper a hope whose breadth and scope  
Is as wide as the human race.

It is this: That the hour is almost here  
When the races shall rise as one  
And shall all join hands from the thousand lands  
That are kissed by a common sun;  
When the cannon's roar shall be heard no more  
And the war flags shall be furled;  
When the lily-white banner of peace shall float  
O'er a union of all the world.

For God is weary of war and hate;  
And the time has come at last  
For the race to wake and the chains to break  
That bind it unto the past;  
To list to the Christ who died for men;  
And to hearken unto the call  
Of the voice of the common divinity  
That stirs in the hearts of all.

We are near to the dawn of the century.  
In visions I turn my gaze  
To the heights sublime that the race shall climb  
To better and grander days.

As earth whirls on from dawn to dawn  
Through the seasons that are to be,  
There is some sweet day that is on its way  
When the whole world shall be free.

There are glimpses of glory in paradise,  
But they all are not so bright,  
As our own dear earth will be, if we  
Can open the reign of right;  
If we as brothers will help each other  
And work as best we can  
In the glorious labor of lifting our neighbor  
And helping our fellow-man.

Have you heard of the wonderful isle that lies  
Across the sea of Time,  
'Mild balmy breezes and summer skies  
In a happy and sunny clime?  
It was glimpsed of old for the poet's page  
By the lamps of prophecy.  
It was known by the name of the Golden Age  
In the ocean of the To Be.

The Future's gates are swinging wide,  
And over the waves afar  
The light of that island above the tide  
Shines beauteous as a star.  
If the pilot of Love shall guide the helm,  
Though the breakers roar and rage,  
We shall ride in the ship of the Golden Rule  
To the port of the Golden Age.

In that happy time each man shall be  
To his brother a friend in need;  
And his sister shall stand in equality,  
From her age-long trammels freed.  
There shall be no greed, there shall be no war,  
There shall be no wrong, or hate;  
And the ruling power on that golden shore  
Shall be known as the Social State.

And each shall work for the good of all  
And all for the good of each;  
And all of the world shall be joined as one,  
With a common tongue and speech;  
With a common worship, a common good,  
And a common liberty,—  
Such the bright estate that lies in wait  
In this isle that is o'er the sea.

Can we reach it? Yes; if we turn from the past  
And build on a wiser plan;  
If we dare old customs aside to cast  
And stand for the rights of man;  
If we dare to crucify self and rise  
O'er our brutishness, greed, and sin;  
If we dare to work for our fellow-man  
And to follow the voice within.

For this I would preach on the text of love  
From the gospel of brotherhood;  
Would spread the light of the realm of right  
That leads to the higher good;  
Would link in union the whole wide world  
And the peoples together bind;  
And help as I may on the upward way,  
For the love that I bear mankind.



# DREAMS AND VISIONS

## A RECORD OF FACTS

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

### SHADOWS CAST BEFORE

BY C. BROOKES SHROYER

Much interesting testimony has been offered within the past few years to prove the existence of a knowledge obtained otherwise than through the medium of the senses, and many more instances of prescience will be brought to light as the fear of incredulity and consequent ridicule disappears under the strong light of scientific truth.

Desiring most of all that the doubt, obscurity, and ignorance which have hung like a pall over things "supernatural" shall be lifted, and that superstition shall thus be obliged to seek another refuge, I do not shrink from the narration of certain incidents that have been a part of my personal experience, or that have come under my observation.

I shall leave to others speculations as to the cause of these experiences, as also the explanations of the reason why they come to some members of the human family and not to all, and will content myself with citing briefly some of the psychical visions (if I may so designate them) that have long been a part of my existence.

In narrating these instances, I have endeavored to repeat conversations just as they occurred, and, if I am thereby obliged to quote my own words rather oftener than is sanctioned by modesty or good taste, my apology must be that I have resolved to tell a "plain unvarnished tale," regarding myself altogether in the light of a third person. I hope, therefore, that my readers will rather respect the motive which urges me to present exact testimony

than carp at a style that has on that account become disagreeable.

#### I.

In the year 1894, as I was walking up the steps to a house on Main street, I saw a long, black crape floating from the door-knob. Entering the house, I inquired concerning the family, but found all well within. The crape, however, was still plainly visible as I passed out, though I felt intuitively that it was not there for one of the family then residing there.

Three weeks after, while passing the same house in a street car, I saw a crape hanging from the door-knob, and a light breeze carried it back and forth, just as I had seen the visionary crape. Calling the next day, I learned that my friend had rented a furnished room to a gentleman and his wife, the former of whom had taken sick and died, and was buried from her house.

#### II.

One evening in the month of March, 1895, I called at the house of a friend, and had no sooner seated myself than I saw a messenger hand her sister a telegram containing the intelligence of the death of B., a nephew from the State of Indiana. A few days previous they had received a letter from the nephew saying he was better than he had been for some time.

This was on Monday evening, and on the following Wednesday morning a message conveying the information of his

death was brought to them in the manner I have described.

### III.

In the spring of 1863 a very dear friend of our family came to our house to have a cataract removed from one of her eyes, as I had promised to assist in taking care of her.

The first night, just as I had lain down on the couch in the sitting-room for a much needed rest, I was called to help turn the patient in bed. As I stepped out into the hall leading to the stairway, I saw her husband, who had been dead nearly twenty years, walking toward me as though he were coming to meet me. So real was this vision that I called him by name. I went on up-stairs, not speaking of this to any person, lest I might worry the patient, who was dangerously ill. Upon leaving the sick-room, I became more composed, and a voice spoke plainly, "She will not die, but J. will,"—this being the name of the relative with whom she was making her home. This little incident left a great feeling of depression upon my spirits, which I could not understand, as I was not at all attached to him. J. died the following spring, and all of his burdens and responsibilities fell upon my shoulders.

### IV.

In the spring of 1893 I was invited to spend an afternoon at one of the Hilltops with some friends previous to their moving into the new home which they were then building, and which they expected to have finished by June. The house which they occupied was leased, and the lease did not expire till July. Just as my friend was telling me that she and her family would move the latter part of July, I beheld that which moved me to say these words to her: "Mrs. W., you will leave this house much sooner than you expect. I see your landlady in great distress; she is appealing to your husband to give up the house. Her hands are clasped to her head, and she is letting us see that her husband is delirious. You will move some of your furniture, but you will store the rest till your new house is finished." I wish to say that the owners of the house

in question were strangers to me. I had never seen them, and they were, at the time referred to, living in St. Louis. A short time after that Mrs. W. called at my house and told me that they were moving into one of their flats in the city, to stay until their house was completed; that the owner of the house had come to Mr. W. imploring him to let her have the house immediately, as her husband was very sick and she had no place to take him.

### V.

In the spring of 1895 the house in which we had been living was sold, and we had rented apartments while looking for a more suitable residence.

One night, after we had been living there about a week, I became restless and could not go to sleep. The door was closed between the bed-room and parlor, but I saw, suddenly, a long black casket standing in the middle of the parlor floor. I knew immediately that the death would be that of a very tall person. I then told my husband that a death would soon occur which would make a great change in our family life, as I was filled with a feeling of care and responsibility. This vision occurred to me on Wednesday, and on the following Saturday we were notified of the death of his (my husband's) brother-in-law. They lived a short distance from the city and we did not know he was sick. His death broke up their home, and my husband's mother and sister came to live with us.

### VI.

Mr. H. called at our house one evening in 1896, and while we were chatting on different subjects, I suddenly seemed to behold him on board a steamer in mid-ocean. I then told him that he would go abroad to perfect himself in organ music. He was at that time employed as book-keeper for a large firm, and he told me that he had no idea that any such good luck was in store for him.

I did not see him after that till February, 1899, when he suddenly appeared at my door and told me that he had returned from his trip across the ocean,—that he had been to Germany, and had been studying music, in consequence of

a legacy left him by an aunt from whom he had no expectations. All of which account, even to the inheritance, verified the impressions which I had communicated to him in 1896.

## VII.

In the latter part of June, 1897, Mrs. P. called at my house, and, while sitting in conversation with her, I was moved by what passed plainly before my inner sight to say to her: "There will be great excitement at your house about a fire. I see the hose-reel at your side door, and crowds gathering about the premises." They occupied a corner house. "I see firemen running up your stairs and going upon your roof, yet I see no fire, but lots of water." On the Fourth of July the house adjoining theirs caught fire from a sky-rocket, and as there was no other way of getting on the roof, the firemen were obliged to go through Mrs. P.'s house, and while dragging the hose up-stairs, it burst, flooding their stairs and hall.

## VIII.

My daughter and I were seated at the window watching the people pass and re-pass, when I said, "A quick message is coming to this house that will tell us of a sudden death." That night, a few minutes after eight o'clock, a telegraphic dispatch was sent to my son-in-law, stating that his brother-in-law in Washington had died of heart disease that afternoon at half-past four o'clock.

## IX.

During the flood of 1897 the firm with whom my husband is employed was forced, like many others, by the rapidly rising waters to seek dry quarters. Some ten days after the water was fast receding and every preparation was made to begin the next day thoroughly to cleanse the store and offices, move goods back, and get ready to resume work on Monday.

Between three and four o'clock on Thursday night I woke up with a terrible fright; my first impulse was to hold my husband back to keep him out of danger. So sure was I that something dreadful was going to happen at the mill that there was no more sleep for me. I woke my hus-

band and told him that some one would certainly lose his life at the mill before they were settled. "I wish you did not have to go to the mill at all. I see them carrying a man out on a stretcher." Whether it was my warning that kept him from the mill I cannot say, but for the first time in thirty years he remained away from his business. At a quarter past four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, employer and employees had everything in readiness for the resumption of work, and were standing about the pavement, when a porter took a lantern and walked back into the building to see that everything was all right; he was still on the stairs when the inside walls and the floors of the second and third stories gave way and fell into a heap of ruins. That was the last they saw of the poor faithful porter until they brought his lifeless body from the buried ruins. Several of the other employees were injured, but not seriously.

## X.

In the summer of 1897 I was driving through Walnut Hills in company with my daughter and son-in-law and their little girl. An old lady also accompanied us, and in my anxiety to keep the laprobe over her I forgot all about the fur wrap which my daughter had put me in charge of while stopping to allow her little daughter to change her seat to the front with her papa. Presently I missed the wrap, and we drove back immediately over the route to the place where the carriage had stopped to let the little girl change her seat. Naturally, I was very sorry that I had dropped the wrap, for I saw immediately that its loss had spoiled my daughter's afternoon.

While seated at the dinner table on our return home, I said to her: "You will get your cape; a man and a little boy saw it drop from the carriage. Advise its loss in the daily papers, and the wrap will be returned to you." My daughter acted upon my advice, and on Tuesday morning she received a postal card directing her where to call and prove the property to be hers. She did so, and was told by the lady who received her that her husband and her little son were walking across the road and saw the cape drop from the car-

riage, but, receiving no answer to their call after the rapidly moving vehicle, they returned with the article to the house to await a claimant.

## XI.

One morning, between the hours of two and three o'clock, I was awakened from a sound sleep by what seemed to be the ringing of the door-bell, and I heard a voice say: "Does Mr. S. live here?" A man wearing a suit of blue clothes, with a cap on his head, was standing on the door-step, and the impression was conveyed to me that he had come to notify my husband that something was wrong at the mill. The next day I related to my husband what I had seen and heard, and we often referred to the incident, wondering what event it would presage. One night, about six months after this, the bell rang so violently that it woke both of us out of a sound sleep. I said to my husband: "It is for you. You must go and see what is wanted." The bell sounded a second time even more loudly than at first, and my husband started up and went to the window. It was a merchant-policeman, who stood on the steps, dressed in his suit and cap of official blue, and as my husband leaned out of the window, I heard the question asked, "Does Mr. S. live here?"—just as I had heard it six months before. A freight car had jumped the track and run into their building, tearing out the corner and dumping its contents into the cellar. The merchant-policeman took Mr. S. in the "notification wagon," and brought him home within an hour. This was between two and three o'clock one morning in the year 1898.

## XII.

About ten o'clock one Wednesday morning in 1898, I was standing in my kitchen near the gas-range, when I heard a voice scream in a frightened tone, imploring my husband to come up-stairs quickly. The voice sounded as though it came from above, and I felt that I wanted to look up to see what was the matter. I was alone in the house, and, for a few moments, was greatly excited and frightened, and was seized by an impulse to run. However, I overcame my tremblings and fears as the

conviction possessed my mind that my husband must hurry to save the life of some one who was in great peril. I could hardly wait for my husband's return to tell him, and feeling the necessity of speaking to some one, I told it to a neighboring friend. At ten minutes after ten o'clock on the following Saturday morning my husband was standing on the pavement in front of the mill, when the store-boy looked out of the window and called to him in an excited voice to come up to the roasting-room, which was on the fifth floor. The "roaster" had been caught in the shaft, which was making fifty revolutions a minute. His assistant was so overcome with fright that he did not know which belt to throw off, and the unfortunate man had braced himself against the cylinder, while his clothes were being rapidly torn from his body. As soon as my husband entered the room, he threw off the belt, and M. dropped to the floor, and was thus saved from a horrible death.

## XIII.

One evening a gentleman called at our house upon a lady who was spending a few days with us. I answered the bell in person, and, having seen the gentleman seated in the parlor, I left the room. After apprising my friend of her visitor I said to her: "If you ever sign the paper that man asks you to sign, you will regret it as long as you live." However, not heeding the warning, she mortgaged her house to let him have seven hundred dollars, and has never seen him since. That meeting was our first, as I had never seen the man before; neither was I previously aware of the fact that he wanted money from my friend, as she did not confide the fact to me.

## XIV.

One Sunday, while riding in a street car with a neighbor, I turned to her and said: "If I tell you what I see, will it frighten you?" She gave a reply in the negative, and I said: "I see you standing beside a new-made grave." She answered, "If you are thinking of my nephew in the country, you are mistaken, for I received word of him that he had taken a buggy-ride of twelve miles yesterday, so I know he is



much better." "I cannot help that," I replied; "the message is, 'Get ready for a new-made grave.'"

On the following Tuesday a telegraphic dispatch was received, which read: "Have the grave dug. I shall bring H. in to be buried on Thursday."

#### XV.

Upon leaving a neighbor's house, I saw her in much trouble, and she seemed to be looking, first in one way then in another, to find relief, not knowing which way to turn. However, it was but a transient trouble, and in telling my neighbor of the vision, I bade her remember that the trouble would pass away soon.

A month after this the same woman came to my house in great anxiety of mind. She had lost her hearing and had

been told by her doctor that the ear-drum was punctured, and her hearing lost, never to return. She was almost devoid of the power of hearing with the other ear, and when she heard this she was nearly frantic. It meant the loss of her position, as she would no longer be employed if her hearing was gone. She fretted about the matter for several days, and then came to see me. When I saw her so troubled, I bade her remember what I had told her before, and to believe that which I felt intuitively,—that the doctor was mistaken.

At my advice, she consulted an ear specialist, who assured her that he could soon cure her of her deafness, as it was caused by the closing of the eustachian tube.

The specialist easily effected an entire cure, and the trouble was soon past.

## A NEGLECTED HINT

For a number of years I have felt a presence about me that is seeking to guide me, and that has shown me at various times and in various ways what was right and best for me to do.

The first time I felt this presence was in my early teaching career.

I had just completed a successful year as teacher of mathematics in a high school and had been offered the position for the coming one. Before I had written my acceptance I received a letter from a board of regents asking me to accept one in a normal school under their control.

I thought the offers over that night before retiring. Somehow I felt it would be better to accept the position in the high school again; but the salary in the normal was more lucrative, and the position was a greater honor, I thought. I therefore wrote a letter of acceptance to the regents, and intended to decline my offer in the high school the next day.

That night I dreamed that a dark-haired woman, with a pure, uplifted expression, stood before me. She spoke in a low tone of voice and told me not to accept the position in the normal,—that I would not be successful if I did, as I was not capable of doing the work.

The dream troubled me so much that I did not mail my letter the first thing in the morning, as I had intended. I thought I would let the matter stand for a day or two.

The next day, as I was walking down the street, an old friend accosted me. "I understand you have been offered a position in a normal school?" I replied, "Yes; but I am not sure it will be best for me to accept it. What do you think about it?" "Think about it!" he answered. "I think you are most fortunate. Accept it, of course, by all means."

I did so, but not with a very light heart.

I began to teach in September. I found that the work laid out for boys and girls in the high school was somewhat different from that of the normal.

I studied and worked as hard as I could. The president of the school visited my classes often, and in a few weeks I found I was not doing my work satisfactorily to him.

In December I was asked to resign. The reason given was "incapability."

E. Y.





*Miss Anna Dringale*

# ORIGINAL FICTION

## AN UNSWORN WITNESS

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE

The Barrens looked desolate enough in their winter nakedness, a long, monotonously level plain, against which the gray gloom of the distant horizon showed pallid and unbroken save for an occasional thicket of stunted blackjack trees. The Barrens, or blackjack lands, that picturesquely named portion of Tennessee known to geologists as the Highland Rim, a step above the valley and a step below the mountains, lay desolate enough in the grasp of winter. And across the desolation "old Bone Morrow" was coming home to his shack in the blackjack thicket "drunk again," the neighbors said, who looked from their cabin windows to see him go staggering along the sloppy footpath through the rattling winter stubble.

True, there were not many neighbors to look, for the settlement held but a handful of folk, who tilled a few barren acres in summer and in winter found a job in the iron furnace further on toward the mountain. Old Bone Morrow had lost all shame, all desire to be decent, or to better his condition. Everybody said so,—everybody knew it was so. But that which nobody knew was when he gave up. Gave up what? Why, gave up the struggle with fate. Gave up hope. Gave up trying. Do you know what it is to reach that point? Nothing matters after that,—nothing on God's green earth. Have you ever seen a bird in the claws of a cat? How it struggles and fights, and flutters and cries out against the unequal enemy. And at last it drops its wings, ceases to cry, ceases to fight. It is not dead. Oh, no; the cat will tease it some yet. But the bird's wings are broken; it would better be dead.

So it is with the great free, bounding human soul, as it starts out to meet the morning. Then comes a false step, and the soul finds itself in a trap. But what of that? All life is ahead, and all strength, all ambition. The net will break with a big effort, or wear away, and the soul be free again. But the net holds. It is the soul that breaks, that wears itself out with struggling. And at last, some time, it sees away ahead of it those who started out with it upon the wings of the morning,—ahead, with glistening garments and hands outstretched to touch the silver stars. It looks down upon itself, soiled with the struggle of trying to be free of the net, old, gray, beaten, not fit for the company ahead of it. And suddenly the soul understands that the net is too much for it. To be free now would mean nothing, nothing. The day is too far spent to avail anything. There is a broken wing, too, ambition, that can never be lifted. It gives up the struggle and drops down deeper, deeper into the net, that drags it on, on into the endless dark. Yet, it tried, it fought with all its might. And it gave up all in one single instant, just as old Morrow did.

It wasn't the drink; that came afterward, after the net had dragged him down. He didn't drink, as some do, to drown memory either. It is only happy memories one tries to drown, and Morrow had not been too blessed with those. The drinking was merely a part of the whole degradation. When he gave up he ceased to care, and so he drank because with the loss of all else, hope, pride, faith, he gave himself up to the beast



that was in him, and the liquor was merely a taste of the beast.

Put up a plea for a man like that?

Yes, if you please. Damn the net if you will. Its name is circumstance. And aside from the unchangeable laws of God Almighty there is nothing so fixed, and fell, and certain as is the fruit of circumstance.

First, he was born a thief, or, rather, he was a thief before he was born. His father had stolen a woman's faith once; and had stolen a poor man's home,—a friend who tripped into the net, and that ended him. Many crimes had sired him, begotten him indeed,—licensed crimes, however, so what's the sense of howling about it? His mother—ah, his mother! He remembered the neighbors had put her in a decent gown and laid her in the new pine box the county sent in which to cart her away to the potter's field.

For himself then came the struggle. When other boys were playing ball he was carrying a man's load. When other boys were lying on white beds, with mothers keeping guard upon their slumber, he was hunting a warm place among the slag and ashes of the furnace fires. He was a laborer in the iron mines before other boys his age had learned that life held heavier burdens than the bat they carried to the ball ground summer afternoons.

He was "a rough man," they said, at twenty. Yet, one frail woman loved him,—loved him, and believed that in him, deep down under the roughness and the furnace dust and grime, throbbed and burned a true man's tender loyal heart.

And because of her he had kept the struggle going, kept his soul pure and his life clean; though many a time, when work was scant and the furnace shut down, he had read starvation in her face. And when she died, with the love in her eyes, brighter than the furnace fires at night, he still had kept the struggle going,—for her sake, who had left him with three children to be fed.

To be fed! That was the most he could hope to do for them. Just to put life enough between their teeth to keep their half-clad bodies going. He had had no chance: how could he make opportunity for others. Nobody had ever said to

him, "Don't, because it's wrong," or, "Do, because it's right." The nearest to a moral lesson he had ever come was, "Don't, or you'll be beat," or, "Do, or you'll be beat." To dodge a beating, then, was the highest aim his youthful soul had touched upon. And after that, when a man, the lesson was pretty much the same. "Don't, else God will damn you." "Do, else hell will get you." And now he was trudging home, half drunk, old before his time, shoulders stooped, hair grizzled and gray, eyes blurred, tongue thickened,—the very embodiment of despair.

His stalwart figure against the gray horizon was giant-like in seeming, and the tottering step across the desolate open might have been the step of one who had walked to the end of the world and was ready to lie down among its desolations and die. Yet, that he did possess the finer feelings of sympathy and of consideration might have been guessed when, passing a low, weatherworn cabin, the last before his own, which stood just beyond the shacks and cabins of the other furnace folks, he accosted a woman passing from a wood-pile to the cabin, her arms laden with wood.

The cold drizzle struck upon her bare head against which the straight, thin, black hair clung in a sticky, close way, as hair uncared for will. She had a hickory tooth brush, or mop, between her lips, and in the ears small golden hoops dangled from the fleshy reddish lobes. Her eyes were small and black and sunken, with coarse thin brows, and about the snuff-stained upper lips a dark slight furze was forming.

The face, however, was strong, rather than hard; as though, under the ignorance and narrowness which circumstance had fostered, something kind might have taken root in the original soil.

But the original soil had long disappeared under the war of weathers through which the garden of the soul had passed. The "might have been" had long since yielded to the inevitable "must." She was watching the half-drunken man coming home across the Barren,—home to the little children in the shack beyond the woman's cabin.

Her chin was tilted slightly, to avoid contact with the pile of stove-wood, and something like a smile hovered about the lips as old Morrow tottered nearer. "Drunk again!" said the woman, with something like a relish,—“drunk again, great land o’ mercy, an’ tarin’ drunk this time.” The man came nearer. Suddenly he stopped, leaned against the gate, and lifting his big red hand pointed to something, a slight, shivering human something crouched back behind the wood-pile. “Take—the—caalf—in,” said the drunkard.

The woman regarded him in silent stupor for a moment, then broke into a round, ringing peal of laughter. The man tottered on to the shack in the blackjack thicket, and the woman went into the cabin, where a young girl sat before the stove paring a bucket of potatoes for supper.

“What’s the matter, maw?” said she.

“Old Bone Morrow wants the caalf fetched in,” said she,—“wants the caalf fetched in. Ye better stir yerself, Phrony, an’ git the parly ready fur hit. Clean up the chany candlesticks an’ jab some candles in ’em fur the caalf ter see by. An’ ye better put a extry cheer ter the table fur hit, because if this here caalf o’ ourn have got to be fetched in we-uns have got ter treat him like a gentlemine. An’ he have got ter be fetched, sure, ’case ol’ Bone Morrow have so ordered of hit.”

Again she broke into a peal of laughter, and reaching to the tall shelf above the stove took down a round tin box into which she whipped the tooth-brush, stirring it around until the yellow tobacco dust was heaped high upon it. “Take the caalf—in,” the yellow dust was safely landed in her mouth, and the sound of her laughter half smothered in a low chuckle.

“I don’t see nothin’ so funny in that,” said the girl, sharply. The woman regarded her in silent amaze for a moment; then said, shortly:

“Maybe you don’t see nothin’ comical in Ol’ Bone Morrow tippin’ across the Barr’ns ever evenin’ like he was tippin’ over spiled aigs nuther.”

“I certain’y don’t!” said the girl. “To me it’s all mighty sad an’ sorrerful; them

little children waitin’ up there, without any maw, an’ without any knowledge o’ joy in any ways, save fur the hope o’ the’ paw comin’ home in his right mind. That’s the’ joy,—all the joy they’re got, or ever did have, or ever will. Just that thar one hope. It ain’t nothin’ ter laugh at.”

“Uh-huh!” she gave her ragged teeth a vigorous rub with the hickory mop. “He’s a pore lone widower, Ol’ Bone air. Maybe you-uns air thinkin’ o’ goin’ over thar a-comfortin’. It ’ud come tolerable handy, I reckon.”

“Maw!”

The knife fell with a jangle into the tin bucket, a freshly pared potato slipped from the industrious fingers and rolled across the bare floor. The red mounted the girl’s fair forehead, the hot, red blood of shame. The old woman chuckled. The girl took up the knife quickly and fell to her task, with head dropped forward and eyes downcast. Tears trembled upon her cheeks, but the woman did not see them as she went on with her banter mercilessly.

“Tolerable handy, I reckon. A nice, young gal to look after things an’ make love ter ’em is mostly what these widow-ermens wants. But don’t fetch him here, Phrony; don’t fetch him here. If we-uns have got ter give the caalf a room, I don’t see noways in the world how we can pervide fur Ol’ Bone ter have one, too. Fur if the caalf comes in I reckon the cow’ll expect ter come in ’casionally, too. Unless ye aims ter feed it on a bottle.”

She chuckled again, and spread her wet garments about her until they began to smoke, and the odor of the damp steam to fill the room. The girl had conquered her anger; though she was not ready to give up the battle.

“I don’t see nuthin’ funny about it,” she insisted,—“nuthin’ funny about the little childern, an’ nothin’ funny about nuthin’. If Bone Morrow have got the heart to feel fur a pore little young caalf, left out in the sleet an’ storm an’ sech, he ain’t all bad, an’ I’ll testerfy ter hit till I drap dead, spite o’ all. So thar!”

The rain slackened after a while, and the sun broke for a moment through the clouds as though to smile upon the girl’s

generous thought. She was poor herself, desperately poor; even with a mother and father, sober and strong-limbed and broad-backed and industrious, life had been hard,—a bare living hard to get. She understood what it meant to the little slender-bodied orphans in the shack across the Barren.

Her father came in after a while, and sat down to his supper of stewed potatoes, bacon, and coffee. He ate ravenously. After a day's work in the red heat of the iron furnace nature demanded food, quantity, not quality, and the man ate more like a dog than a human being.

But he was not a dog. His first words proved the heart of him, under his grime and sweat, as large and soft and tender and quick as the heart of the master of the iron works himself, under linen and broadcloth.

"I see in Ol' Bone Morrow's window as I come by," said he. "The little gal ware a-dishin' up the supper."

"Ware Bone sobered up ter eat hit?" said the old woman, between bites of cornbread and fried bacon. "He ware tolerble drunk when he come past here; wanted me ter fetch the caalf in."

"He had the little boy in his lap whenst I looked in," said the iron worker. "An' he seemed tolerble pleased an' quiet."

"Waal," said the old woman, "Phrony here have took on considerable about they-uns since Bone come by an' ordered the caalf ter be took in. I misdoubted she would go up ter offer her sarvices ter he'p Bone take keer o' his chillern. Now, yer see, Phrony, ye ain't needed. Yer pap says he ware pleased an' quiet. Never mind, don't you be dispaired; some one else'll be comin' 'long some time. Bone Morrow ain't the only widower man in the world."

"I ain't said nuthin' about Bone Morrow," said the girl, sharply. "Nor about nobody else, ter be hectored by you-uns. I say a man as thinks of a poor little caalf left out in the weather ain't all bad. I say that over again. An' if he air happy along o' his little children, an' kin feel ter take 'em in his lap an' pleasure 'em a bit, he ain't all vilyun, not if he do drink liquor. An' that's two good deeds I have

set ter the side of Ol' Bone Morrow, an' I'll stand ter them two good deeds, if all the kentry ups an' sets down on me fur it. So thar!"

Two virtues; she noted them. And well she might, though little dreaming how upon those two slender threads, and the strong cable of her own dauntless courage, the life of the man in the shack was to hang.

For with the coming of the darkness a messenger came speeding across the Barren,—a girl, with wild eyes and pallid cheeks, who stumbled across the door-sill into the room with a terrible message.

"Oh, Mis Miller! Ol' Bone Morrow have done gone an' kilt his gal. His own gal, Mollie. She air layin' thar acrost the floor with the blood slippin' all over her. I see it. I see it. An' my maw she have slipped in the blood an' hurt her foot. Oh, my Lord!" He had killed her; his own fair, faithful little Mollie. How or why nobody could quite tell. The oldest boy had gone to a neighbor's for a pail of water, and the baby, Bennie, had fallen asleep on his father's bosom. It was the gun had awakened him; and all he could tell was that "somebody hollered, an' Mollie war all red with bleed."

A neighbor testified that she had stopped at the door a moment to help the boy lift the water-pail off the shelf, that her woman's curiosity had tempted her to listen, that she had heard the girl saying, "Oh, father, don't." That she had heard him swear, had seen him with the gun in his hand, heard him say, "I've been promisin' it a long time." She had gone home to tell "her man" about it, and he had bidden her "keep her ears and her gab at home."

Later, they had heard the shot and had run over, to find the girl lying beside the table, and the gun in the father's hand. It was there when the neighbors came in. And when the sheriff got there Old Bone still held the murderous, accusing thing in his clasp as he lay fast in a drunken sleep across the bed. He was sober enough when he awakened next morning in jail, and heard all about it. And he had cried aloud when some one told him Jim Miller's daughter was staying with the two little ones left in the cabin, and that she

had sent him word not to worry about them; she would take care of them "till he came back."

"Till he came back,"—that it was had brought the tears. Some one believed him innocent of the intent to commit murder.

The grand jury failed to see it as Phrony Miller saw it, however, and Old Bone was committed to jail to await the sitting of the criminal court.

There was no hope for him from the first. The fact that he was drunk weighed nothing with the jury, nor yet with public opinion. For public opinion in the hills of Tennessee may be crude, but is not lacking in that wisdom which is born of truth and justice and courage. And that wisdom grants a man the right to drink, "swill liquor," if he so elects; but having so chosen he must abide the consequences of that choice, all of which he is familiar with when he puts the bottle to his lips. Having committed a murder while drunk did not release him from the punishment. "Because," they argued, "he ware not obleeged to get drunk."

So the jury sat in their places, clad with grim gray jeans and wearing faces that were grimmer and grayer still, listening while the defense offered a plea for Old Bone Morrow,—*"Accidental killing."* It might have been, but they could not prove it. The neighbors had not been friendly to Old Bone, had sometimes attempted to get his children away from him, and he had not encouraged either their visits or their friendship. Moreover, they were afraid of him, for he was sometimes violent when drunk. So there was no witness to testify that he was kind to his children, and upon this alone hung his meager hope for life.

The trial promised to be brief. The jurors stalked into the court-room on the second day of the trial, their big boots, with the yellow, dry clay of the blackjack Barrens covering them from heel to toe, striking the floor with an emphasis that argued the solemn, earnest, and fearful determination of every man among them to do his whole, sworn duty in the sight of God and man. Tenderness? Vain for the defense to attempt any little tricks

of oratory here. No need to go feeling for the hearts under that gray jeans and unbleached cotton. Mercy? They were not without it. But justice first with the mountain juror. Bare, honest, uncorrupted, incorruptible justice. No need to argue the case of their own little ones. They would have condemned one of them just as fearlessly had they so sworn to do. Justice for the murdered, and justice for the accused. The attorney had not studied the natures of his constituency all those years for naught. He understood that he must prove to those men that to hang old Bone Morrow would be an act of injustice, that the deed was an accident, else they would hang him with all the unsullied faith that they had merely done their duty as they saw it, believed it, and were sworn to do it.

And there was so little upon which to base his plea. He had gone over the ground carefully. And this second day of the trial he was to make his plea.

Old Morrow sat in the dock, pale now, but grim and unyielding as the fate that was closing about him. His big legs were crossed one over the other, his big hands were crossed, too, with the iron handcuffs about his strong red wrists. The chain rattled whenever he moved a finger, startling the judge upon the bench, and thrilling every soul that heard with that faint, indefinable dread that somehow, somewhere, some time, by some terrible turn of fate, the same sound might herald the condition of something near and dear to them,—the one fear that can temper the sternest justice.

The attorney rose in his place at last; such a case, such hopelessness, had never quite come within his reach before. No need to go over the prisoner's career,—that would be but to tighten the rope about his neck. No need to argue to that jury concerning the man's opportunities, when not one among them could do more than write his own name. No need to plead the ugly blood behind the man-aced old man in the dock, since a common cur, the offspring of common curs, was to them as useful and as desirable as the keen-eyed greyhound or the quick-witted collie. Even in the matter of a blooded horse, why, a horse was a horse.



And, while one might trot faster than another, the slower animal would doubtless match his racer-rival when it came to strength.

So the attorney skimmed lightly, lightly, over these things. He even touched gingerly upon the feeling of humanity that might be disguising under the gray jeans and red clay of the Barrens, knowing there was no disguise about it, and that the humanity of them and in them cried aloud, like the blood of Abel, for the girl slaughtered in drunken irresponsibility. Clearly, Old Bone's feet touched very close upon the gallows as he sat there in the country court-house looking every inch the hardened wretch his crime had pictured him, while his attorney told of the good that was in him. And when he finished there were but two things that had in any way appealed to the twelve arbiters who held his life in their hands.

One was the story of a calf that old Bone wanted taken in out of a January storm of sleet and rain. He had not forgotten to be human even toward the dumb beasts, and that when he was drunk. The other was a picture of him as a man had seen him from an open window, sitting before his fire with a tow-headed little tot upon his big knees. The tot's hand was lying against the grizzled beard that swept the old man's breast, and his golden hair nestled, contrastingly, against the graying locks of the father.

And that when he was drunk,—many could testify to the drunken condition of the man that fatal evening.

He remembered some things himself, or claimed he did. The little fellow had begged to see the gun that hung above the door, and with which a rabbit had sometimes been shot upon the Barrens. The girl Mollie had begged the gun be let alone, but he was willing to humor the boy, having long promised him. He remembered that he had taken it down, sat down, the boy upon his knee, to open the cock, show how the cartridge slipped into its place and the hammer worked. He remembered the girl had said, "It's loaded, father," and then he must have fallen asleep as the boy did. For when

he knew anything else the girl was dead and the gun in his hand.

It might have been so; but there was one who had heard the girl's pleading, and that one had slipped the noose for old Bone's neck.

But the story of the calf held; the jury held to it for reflection. Not one of them would have hanged a man unjustly. The prosecution made tatters of the calf story,—the attorney grew merry, indeed, trying to imitate the bleating of a calf and the drunken intercessions of the prisoner.

"Look at him, gentlemen of the jury," he cried, pointing to the handcuffed old wreck. "Look at him! look in his eyes and see if they are wells of pity. Look at these hands, with their bands of iron ornaments. Do those fists look as if they were most fitted to carry young sucklings to fold or to speed the bullet to an innocent heart? Look at that back, broad and strong as the best of you,—a back that should have carried a man's burden, that should have stood between that motherless girl and danger of all kinds. Instead of that, see him sitting over his own hearth night after night plotting her destruction,—watching, it may be, and as has been clearly proved true, for the opportunity that would come for putting her beyond the power to annoy him with her gentle pleadings, reminding him, it may be, of the mother in her grave."

The prisoner stirred, started, and was instantly calm again. Only, his strong fingers drew together in a vise for a single instant, but nobody saw it. "Hang him!" shouted the prosecuting attorney. "Hanging's too good for him. I tell you, gentlemen of the jury, the time has come when it is necessary to call a halt to these accidental crimes. Too many helpless women and children have to suffer by these accidents, so called. Your reputation for justice is at stake, the reputation of the State of Tennessee is at stake. Humanity, justice, decency itself call for this man's punishment. The people of the great State of which you are free and honored citizens expect you, each man of you, to do your duty, and send this child-murderer where he belongs. And here comes the defense,

with what? A calf story. Does he think he is dealing with babies? No, gentlemen of the jury, we know what you are. We know just what that calf will weigh in this case, when it is given to your consideration. It will weigh precisely the same it weighs at the butcher's; thirty pounds fresh meat, and worth—ten cents a pound. In other words, you will weigh that calf as so much beef,—that is all."

The jury smiled; whether at the wit of the learned attorney, or at his lack of it, could not be guessed from their faces. But there was a grave pause, a silence as profound as the majesty of death itself, when the judge rose to charge them.

How much, how much lies behind the charge of the honorable, upright judge of the weaknesses and errors of his fellow-men humanity alone can understand.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, in a voice calm and musical and unruffled as though he had been listening to the twitter of mocking-birds building their nests in the rhododendron bushes, rather than the struggle for a man's life. "If you find from the evidence, beyond reasonable doubt, that the defendant was drunk in his cabin, in the County of Franklin, in the State of Tennessee, and that he was taking a gun down from the wall to exhibit it to his little boy, and that the deceased, fearful of the condition of the defendant, and afraid of an accident to either the defendant or the child, interposed, insisting that the gun be left alone, and that the defendant being drunk and unreasonable became incensed against the girl and in a sudden fit of passion shot her, with the intention of killing her, or of inflicting great bodily injury, you will in that case find the defendant guilty of murder in the second degree. But, if you shall find that the defendant has been habitually unkind to his children, and has neglected and mistreated them, and that the deceased repeatedly argued with him concerning said unkindness, and that he had made threats, or was waiting an opportunity to kill the girl, and did kill her when a supposedly safe, for himself, opportunity was presented, then you will find him guilty of murder in the first degree, and fix the penalty accordingly.

"But and if from the evidence you find the defendant was not a man of violent and dangerous disposition, even when drunk, but that he was habitually kind to his children, so that there is reasonable cause to believe he would not injure or maltreat one of them, and the evidence is such to show they were fond of their father—" Through the deathless stillness of the court-room sounded the patter of small feet. A figure was coming straight down the center aisle; a little faded blue jacket, trousers not a foot long, bare head with a tangled mass of uncombed sunshiny flax; rough little shoes with a leathern lacer dangling untied about a worn blue stocking through which a small, round, clay-stained knee was showing; blue eyes that looked straight ahead; lips that smiled above a slender bare throat from which the unbuttoned blue jacket had fallen away as the boy made straight for the prisoner in the dock. His hat was gone, and his tiny hand clenched fast with something precious held between the little dirt-rimmed fingers.

Not a breath stirred; the judge stopped in his charge while the unconscious boy, the untied shoestring and the unbuttoned jacket testifying to the missing care, climbed naturally, unconscious of the great doom hanging upon his movements, to the prisoner's knee. He slipped his baby fingers caressingly across the iron handcuffs until his hand reached the big red fist, which he slowly pressed open, deposited the treasure, the offering, he had brought, and with a little gurgling laugh quickly bent the big fingers back again to hide the gift. It was all he had to bring,—three small, half-wilted peanuts, from the shells of which he had carefully washed the dust. "—and that the gun may have been discharged in the careless handling of the defendant who had fallen asleep,—should the evidence so prove to a reasonable degree, and there was no intent to murder or to injure the deceased, then is the deed accidental killing, and you will find the defendant not guilty."

As the jury shuffled out of the court-room for consultation the prisoner shoved

the boy to a higher seat upon his lap and began with his manacled hands to tie the rawhide shoestring. The chain rattled at his wrists as his fingers moved to the unfastened button at the boy's throat. Clearly, it was his common daily task. The boy had allowed no one else to dress him. The consultation in the jury room was brief. There had been so little to say, and to their credit they had not for an instant been warped in their judgment or blinded in their perception of the real facts of the case.

Oratory to them was nothing; possibilities amounted to but little more. They had simply looked for facts, without which they would hang no man, and in the absence of which they would declare no man innocent. Proofs, not circumstantial possibilities, are what the mountain juror demands. These proofs sometimes come strangely disguised, but they are satisfactory.

"Gentlemen," said one, the oldest among them, and the hardest, "it mayn't be law an' regerlation, but hit's fact an' justice; that thar boy, that thar little unsworn witness, have proved this here case for me. So fur as I've got a vote ol' Bone Morrow goes home with that kid. Thar ain't no mistreatment thar, sho's you born. That's all I ware waitin' ter find out."

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have, your honor."

The boy had fallen against the prisoner's breast; his blue eyes looked smilingly into the face of the foreman, but he

felt his father's heart suddenly stop still. And then he heard, without understanding its magnificently weighty import, "Not guilty."

The moonlight lay silver fair upon the Barrens, as he trudged home, the boy in his arms. The dogwood was in bloom, and the sourwood putting forth its long sprays of bell-like blossoms. The hazelnut bushes nodded familiarly as he brushed past them, and a muscadine vine clutched at his sleeve. But he saw nothing,—only a light at his own humble window as his poor blighted home stood out before him.

He strode forward; his foot was on the doorstep when the door flew open, and a girl, a sweet-faced, warm-souled girl of the hills, met him on the threshold. "I knew you'd come," she cried. "I've been lookin' all day fur you; an' yer supper's all cooked an' waitin'. I'll be goin' now, but I'll look in to-morrow an' see after things some. Don't you worrit now; you'se had a sight o' trouble, I know."

He slipped the boy to his feet, and with one hand about him lifted the other and laid it on the girl's head. The first tears he had shed for many weary days rolled down his cheeks, as he said, "God bless you."

She was crying, too, as she hurried home through the stunted growth of the Barrens; but in her heart a bird was singing. "We-uns have got ter help one another in this world," she said aloud, her face lifted to the skies. "We-uns have got ter help one another, else we are no better than the beasts be."

# WHO HATH SINNED?\*

## THE STORY OF A SCIENTIST

### CHAPTER XVIII.

We observed that after Ruth's illness and recovery she ceased to express any opinion in Adiel's affairs. She never inquired about the divorce proceedings, and when her reticence was remarked by her mother, she said:

"I have questioned the wisdom of my conduct toward Adiel after he arrived at the age of manhood. I have questioned whether it was right for me to go to him and consent to and encourage his marriage,—whether it would not have been wiser to let them feel the responsibility of their own mistakes instead of my assuming a burden which at last proved too heavy for any earthly friend to bear. When they were too old to be controlled, they were old enough to manage their own affairs or suffer all consequences.

I have no feeling of bitterness toward Violet, I can see that it would have been impossible for her to have continued her life with him. That she was an equal and voluntary partner in the original sin which has cost us all so much sorrow did not lessen my son's sin, and I feel that he was noble to realize that fact and make reparation by marrying her. It may have been adding sin to sin, but we did not see it so."

Thus when Ruth could recall all, and see with a clearer vision than science can explain, I ventured to mention Violet. There was no shrinking from the name, nothing repulsive in the memory.

"Oh," she said, "in my wild grief I once thought Violet a foreign element in our blood that entered by contact like any other disease. After she left him I believed she had served as an inoculation against similar diseases. But during my long illness I have often thought of her very differently. I have recalled that

night we saw her sleeping while I waited and watched for Adiel, when I believed her altogether heartless or indifferent. Now, in my softened sorrow, I can see her kneeling down beside her bed committing herself to God, before she slept, knowing she was helpless to save her husband, and trusting in Him, and then lying down to sleep peacefully as a child, while I, with no thought but of my boy, forgot how vain my watch was unless He kept him. Ah, I have learned much since then in my suffering. I can only think tenderly and compassionately of Violet now, and pray for her happiness. She was tempted and she sinned (Who has not in some way?); but, whatever her part in the sin, she suffered,—how much, God and her heart only know.

"I believe now the way to aid my son most is to raise myself spiritually to the highest point of which I am capable, and in so doing I may be better able to lift him up. Our children are given us to teach us our relations to our Heavenly Father. We see them wander from us (not us from them) in spite of our love and care. We use all our efforts to bring them back, leaving them free-will, knowing unless they return through that path it is but mockery for them to pretend to love or honor us. Like the prodigal, they must realize this by coming to themselves, forsaking the swine, and returning truly repentant home. How joyfully we meet them."

### CHAPTER XIX.

The time came when a decided change came to Adiel, now that all worry and responsibility were removed. He remained at home and became the same gentle boy that had once attracted young and old of both sexes. His simplicity of manner, his bright, hopeful disposition, tinged now



with a shade of sadness, made him dearer than ever to us. Our only anxiety was for his health, for that was broken,—shattered irreparably, it seemed.

Ruth's joy was touching, as her sorrow had been. The sweet, silent, reverent spirit, scarcely of this world, always greeted us cheerfully, but we saw that she knew what must come, and she was fortifying herself to bear it. She never spoke of it. We read it in her eyes as she turned them upon him when he was unaware of her searching gaze. To him she was hopeful, and he, so like her in many respects, was equally brave. That he understood his condition as well as any of us we did not doubt, but never the slightest allusion to it escaped him. We observed, however, that he made no plans for the future and, as if unconsciously, spoke of his life as of the past.

Now, in these peaceful days after Adiel's reformation became apparent, we came into a realization, as it were, of true life. The air came more freely into our lungs in this relaxed condition, and I saw now how Mr. Heine had lived, and thrived, and grown powerful on air and water, good bread and fruit. Ruth had often predicted this time would come to us.

"The time will come when all people will be more and do less," Ruth said, "and in being good, true, and faithful they will radiate a sphere of goodness that will do a silent work which active deeds have failed to do; right thought, and right speech, and right action bring a peace that is felt, but which passeth all understanding; when perfect harmony is attained perfect health and happiness are assured."

As for music, she would say:

"The time will come when instruments will be so constructed that unseen forces of nature will render the air tuneful. No longer will men and women strive for fame manipulating a material instrument, to attain perfection upon which is a labor so arduous as oftentimes to wreck the health, both physical and mental, of the performer, and the constant daily practice of which is hurtful to all in the neighborhood. As the aeolian harp turns the breeze into melody, so will sublimer instruments representing entire orchestras and bands transmute into grand harmonies the sub-

tlar ether. All natural things are but correspondences of the spiritual, and the spiritual being developing on a higher plane will be able to come into rapport with still diviner melodies and listen to the invisible choirs of heaven."

Ruth has been like a wonderful bud that unfolded new leaves, rich in color and fragrance, at intervals during her life. A character that unfolds according to divine law and order is always so, not blooming in girlhood and withering in womanhood.

Mentally, she had now attained a state of wholesome mature development. So great was her perfection that any scientific book I gave to her served as a key to unlock some door in her own treasure vault. It was a singular phenomenon. I read a book, learned from it, speculated, and made scientific tests. She took it as a key, applied it to a lock within her own mind, found her own treasure, and brought it forth.

She also realized before Adiel had gained control of himself that one cannot be transformed suddenly from evil to good; his evil had become his life, and it would destroy him to be suddenly changed; one must be gently removed from his evils. As Christ taught, the tares should not be torn up, but should grow with the wheat until the harvest, when he should send his angel reapers. We felt that the angels were at their work, for one by one Adiel was overcoming his faults.

What have I learned? I have learned what science can and cannot do. Her control stops with the shore, the material body; the great ocean of the spirit, trackless, pathless, and unexplored, lies beyond the realm of science. It is foolishness to believe we can enter there with scalpel or medicine. We have learned what diseases are controlled by science, and it is true, as one great scientist observed, "we know nothing about the spiritual man. We deal with the material man, and in dealing with that, I have found no spiritual man; nothing to indicate that man is more than any other animal except his shape and form. Dead, he is nothing else to me, and all science cannot find his soul." "For who knoweth the spirit of a man that

goeth upward, and that of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?"

Spirit deals with spirit. God only can find and save the lost soul-sick sheep that strays upon the mountains or in the wilderness. The scientists find and cure the ninety and nine that graze upon the lowlands of material life.

Adiel's was a case of spiritual temptation and combat, which God only could help. All that the greatest of scientists could do for him had been done, and Adiel represented that one of a hundred having a high ideal, and whom material aid could not reach. He wanted to be saved, soul and body, and to the great Healer only could he go. But his will and understanding were not united; that is, he understood what was right and loved it, but he was not strong enough in will power to do it. Like St. Paul, he might have said, "That I would not I do, and that I would I do not." His mistaken conception of life, his weak and wicked associates during those early formative years, had poisoned the purest part of him and remained like a taint upon him. God only could purify him.

I had many talks with Mr. Heine before I learned how deep had been his own personal experience. I talked freely to him of Ruth's development upon a new threshold of existence.

"She has," I said, "arrived by simple faith and love at a point where she can project herself in thought or spirit to any given point. The unconscious mind being dominant over the conscious, the spiritual over the natural, the subjective over the objective, so that she is unconsciously in the subjective world at times and may arrive at a state where she can be in both worlds consciously at the same time."

"No," he said, "she has not; and never will be able to do that. I have listened to you with interest, as your experiments and observations confirmed my own experience. The power of thought, of mind over mind and mind over matter, attracted my attention in early life, and was verified as I told you in too many instances to doubt it. But I am going to give you one instance that I never have mentioned to mortal man. It was in the sixties. One morning I was sitting in my father's din-

ing-room. He and mother were there. I was laying plans, as was my custom, for making more and more money. You know I have always been a money fiend. I wanted the power that came with it, and there were few waking moments that were not used in planning or executing some project to increase my fortune. I needed several thousand dollars. Like a flash there came over me a strange influence, and a voice whispered distinctly, 'Why not murder your parents and get all they have? Poison them; it will never be found out.'

"I see you start and recoil. There is no experience in my life more vivid, no lesson ever given me by teacher more minute in explanation and detail, coupled with plans to cover my tracks, as to what poisons cannot be traced after death, and so forth. It made a deep and lasting impression upon me, more lasting from the fact that within a few days the papers reported a diabolical murder, where the nineteen-year-old son had killed father and mother, brothers and sisters, for the sake of possessing himself of the entire estate. I felt sure the devilish thing that passed through our breakfast-room that morning, bent on foulest murder, had passed on and found lodgment with the Kansas lad, who is to-day serving a life sentence in prison, all his father's property being spent to save him from the gallows. To me it whispered, 'Use the poison,' because I was a chemist, to the boy it urged the axe, because that was his only weapon. Time and again have I felt these suggestions, or caught the message of a devilish thought wave as it passed me on its errand to another who was prepared to receive it. Just as the telegraph operator who can read the language of the receiver catches all the messages that pass over the wires to other people and understands them, while the man who is ignorant of the science of telegraphy sits beside him wholly ignorant. I never see a railroad superintendent ignorant of telegraphy sitting silently beside the receiver while his clerk who does understand it pricks up his ears at the first signal, but what I think of this one great incident of my life. 'Halloa,' I heard the chief clerk say one day to the superintendent when the tele-

grapher was out,—‘strike on!’ And he sat down and caught the flying message, and intercepted and spoiled the plot of the strikers by giving the railroad officers the messages they were sending each other over the wires. Had I known how to counterplot the devil that time, when his message passed through our dining-room, I would have saved that murderer, I am sure; but I only saved myself, and learned that such things are,—that we wrestle not only against flesh and blood in this world, but against the prince of the power of the air, and that a knowledge of this unseen prince and his power is of as vital importance to man as of the rulers and laws of his country. Birds of the air are material evidences of this, and the carrier-pigeon is but a physical, objective symbol of this subjective truth. The thought line must be true, laid from one prepared to send to one prepared to receive. Electric force is a universal force, but only those with lines and all proper appliances can communicate, and then only after they have learned the subtle language of the air.

“The whole visible world is to teach us lessons of the invisible world. Man may lay his wires between himself and heaven or hell. They have different languages, but there are those in hell who can deceive the very elect unless they know how to try them. There is a free-masonry among these forces, and the truly initiate know how to enter the doors of the temple.

“A comprehension of the spiritual world is necessary to give us true knowledge on this point. Each man on earth is as certainly conjoined to some society in the spiritual world as he is associated with society in the natural world, and he has the same freedom to choose that society. If he wills evil he attracts evil spirits, and if he wills good and loves the Lord and his neighbor he is surrounded by good spirits or angels. Evil spirits on one side and angels on the other hold him balanced between hell and heaven. If he receives the suggestion of the evil and makes it his own thought continually, the angels withdraw from him, and he is surrounded by the evil who are congenial to him. Who then can tell how great Adiel’s temptation and how terrible his combat?”

From these conversations I learned how intimately the thoughts and feelings of Mr. Heine and Ruth were related. It was as though Ruth had spoken with a stronger voice to me when Mr. Heine advanced these theories and experiences.

## CHAPTER XX.

“The law of heredity is most startling and appalling to me,” said Ruth. “After I studied it, I stood with awe before my child. There has never been an evil thought in my brain that I have not remembered with dread and apprehension lest it appear in him in his temptations, thus fulfilling the law of the visitation of the sins of the parents on the children. It was not until I understood that no one is held responsible for hereditary evils, but only for his own voluntary evils, that I grew reconciled on this subject. When he has been out and alone, so changed in appearance by intemperance that no one from my description could have identified him, the promises of God to his faithful to which I clung alone have saved life and reason.

“Had I believed wisely and lived according to the commandment, then had no such sin descended to my child. Had I been satisfied to live in the simplicity of poverty even, rear my child amid the birds and flowers on bread and water, he might have been pure and good. But, no! I soothed him with the fatal soothing draught, in order to write on and on, to lift myself out of one hell to another. The great city beckoned me, and my dreams must be fulfilled.

“I should have gone quite mad had I paused here, but I read the story of Joseph sold into Egypt by his brethren. Oh, wicked deed, I cried, but I read further and found that ‘God had sent Joseph on before,’ and made him servant to the king until such time as the Word of the Lord should try him, and the king set him free in time of famine. How was this? God did not approve their crime, and they suffered sorely, and then I thought of the words of Jesus, ‘All things are possible with God.’ He had in his Divine Providence turned their crime into a means of their salvation, because Joseph was faith-

ful and true. And I know that in no other way but in the multitude of his mercies could all these things be turned into a purifying fire, instead of the fires of hell. So I prayed and trusted and waited upon the Lord that he should bring it all to pass,—that I should see my darling raised up out of the fires of temptation by the Lord's right hand. I knew Adiel must remain in prison till he saw and understood his jailer. He was hungry and thirsty, and naked and poor, and all the time I was giving him material aid, for it was all that he believed he needed, but in aiding him to do evil I was doing evil. When the proper time came God's angel broke the bars, and he learned where to find a well of living water and the meat that perisheth not.

## CHAPTER XXI.

One morning in early June Mr. and Mrs. Noel, Ruth, and I sat in the cheery second-floor front room. We had received a letter from Louis, who was absent on business.

"Ruth," I said, "you are well enough to tell me that long promised story, without which I have a gap of two years in your life, two years that I only heard from you through brief letters to your parents, and also tell me how you met Mr. Heine."

She drew her chair before the window, and sat looking over the waters with that impenetrable gaze for a few minutes, and then she said:

"Now is a good time to tell you. I doubt if I could have ever done so before. I have used my strength always to go forward, not backward, in living over the past, but here, with all changed as in another world, I may tell you where I dwelt those years.

"You can remember with what hope and joy I left my native town to go to that great city where John was established, as he said, in business. One glance at him when he met me told the whole story of his career since we parted, and my heart sickened, but I could not return to my parents in my grief and shame.

"The business he was established in was copying for lawyers and law reporters. It

was after the great panic, and lawyers were reaping a rich harvest from the wreck. John had got acquainted with many lawyers and reporters, who were glad to avail themselves of his services, but his dissipated habits rendered him unreliable, and made the completion and return of his work uncertain. He was well aware of my skill with a pen, and had sent for me to do his work—just as I had already done since our marriage. I took hold resolutely, and he gave up all idea of work. He had taken Adiel and myself to a wretched neighborhood in the manufacturing district, amid smoke, dirt, and squalor, near the river. I could not pause to tell you what I felt or suffered in that wretched tenement building. He went out and secured the copying for me and spent all the money I was paid for it, and lay sleeping off his stupor during the day, and when night came and I should have slept he would sit up and read or smoke in the same room, seeming to fear to be alone. We had only two rooms, one used for bedroom and sitting-room, the other I used as dining-room and kitchen. The place was dark and dingy, and Adiel would cry piteously to be taken away to the birds and trees, saying,

"Mamma, I can't breathe here."

"Never was a black slave more fettered than I, alone in this dreadful district, unacquainted with that part of the city, afraid to walk a square alone if I had been. I worked, and sometimes starved, while my earnings went for whiskey and tobacco; I feared my child's health would give way. I knew my own was going fast. Adiel was my only comfort; but for him I should have died, and I would tell him so, baby as he was, and he would wipe my tears away and pretend to be quite happy. But as months rolled on, and I saw no end but death,—a miserable death,—I resolved to lift my child from such a living tomb if it separated me from his father.

"One day I rocked him to sleep, and having put him on a lounge, I knelt down and poured out my soul in prayer. You remember when I told you of my prayer for papa I said I had prayed but one real prayer before that. Those two were prayer in its true sense.



"Like Hagar, I cried, 'Thou God seest me!' I knew he saw my faith and I cried for deliverance, and I challenged him for a fulfillment of his promise based upon my faith. I knew the hour had come when he must hear me. For some reason the work had given out. John always returned empty-handed now and made excuse, 'May be to-morrow.' He had spent all, sold everything available, and I saw hunger and starvation for my child. He was hungry when I rocked him to sleep, promising him a piece of bread or cup of milk when he awoke.

"Before I was off my knees there was a hurried knock at the door, and before I could speak a young Irish girl rushed in and said,

"Oh, please, ma'am, won't you come quick, Mrs. Brady's baby has a fit."

"I had prayed with my soul, and received my answer even in this message of the child's illness. I felt his angel was at the door, and I left my child and followed.

"Brady was a foreman in a stove manufactory or a molder, something which paid him fine wages. The child was their only one. John had told me this, and had stopped at their door to speak with them; and I had heard Adiel say that his father had taken him there a little while one morning. All this went through my mind as I followed the girl.

"The mother held her child, and several women were praying round her.

"Hot water, quick!" I said, taking him and stripping off his clothes. The hot bath revived him, and I had him rolled in a blanket when the doctor came. The doctor was Dr. Heine. I noticed how curiously he looked at me. He praised my intelligent action, and said in broken English to the mother:

"The lady has saved your child's life."

"When I would start home the poor mother begged me to return after tea. 'No, no,' she said, at last, 'don't stop to get supper; please come to me, for he might have another spasm.' Alas, she little dreamed why I should not get supper. I went out as she pleaded with the doctor to come again that night.

"It was only a short distance from my

rooms, and I was hastening back lest Adiel wake and be frightened to find himself alone, when I met a woman with traces of wonderful beauty on her face and form. She was only a little older than myself, and what attracted me most was a beautiful little boy near Adiel's age that clung to her.

"What is the matter?" she said. 'Is Brady's house on fire?"

"I told her the trouble and she walked on with me, and to my amazement went into the same house with myself, where she had rooms on the first floor.

"Adiel grew restless and I feared he would wake,—no bread, no milk to fulfill my promise; but the prayer was answered,—it would come.

"The same girl entered the door with a great basket of food, good food, too, such as I had not been able to purchase for many a day, and a jar of milk. I silently thanked God, and the girl insisted that I should not bother with supper, that she would come and spread my table and wash my dishes, if I would sit till bedtime with the sick child. I promised, and she left. I kneeled down beside my child again, thanked God, and woke my boy with my kisses.

"Who brought it, mamma, dear mamma?" he cried, when I opened the basket.

"God sent it, my darling, by a very good girl, and mamma must leave you with her till she goes to see the little boy, and you will be very quiet, very still,—not talk about ever being hungry, or about papa and mamma, to this girl."

"No, mamma, no; I never do, because I don't see people."

"The girl came, and I left Adiel in her care and returned to Brady's.

"I met Dr. Heine again, and he questioned me closely; and I told him how I had maintained myself and child, and must do so until my husband got work.

"The next morning I got a long inventory to copy, and I resolved to keep the money and not to let John have one cent. I would dare do this for the first time, because my child should never be hungry again. There was never any lack of work after that, and it was never sent by John. It turned out that Dr. Heine had learned

from Brady of John's intemperance, and the work was always sent by messenger to me and the cash sent in the same manner.

"The old doctor took occasion to call and bring me some work himself, saying his son knew many people and could command all the work I needed. It was then I took courage to ask him who the beautiful woman was down-stairs.

"She is the wife of one of the meanest men in this city. She sews, does anything she can. Her name is Getty. He earns something most of the time, but spends it. She is a very good woman, and her father was rich and powerful once. You should know her. She would be a little company for you."

"Sure enough, we got quite well acquainted. She had lived in Washington City before and at the time of her marriage, but had drifted since her father's failure and death, and she had no one left but one brother, who would not countenance her husband and would not help her, because when he did so her husband would not work. At the end of two years I left there, and you found me living in rooms at Dr. Heine's house.

"I am sure that all the various ways that were found by which I could earn money were of Mr. Louis Heine's devising. Though I never saw him, I heard of him, and knew that he came to his father's house where we lived; but whether he avoided me purposely I never knew.

"Dr. and Mrs. Heine would coax me to come to their pleasant parlor, and play and sing to them sometimes. It was soon after the very first time that I did so that one of their friends wanted to purchase a piano, and I was asked to select it. I refused, saying I was not competent, that I knew only what pleased me in the tone and action, but could not judge of the value or durability of an instrument. They prevailed, and I received twenty-five dollars commission on the sale.

"You see," said Dr. Heine, "my friend pays no more than if you did not get commission; it would go direct to some one else."

"I think within six months I chose that many pianos and organs and got twenty-five dollars on each piano, and from five to ten dollars on organs.

"This, I believe, brings me to your first call at that place, when you took Adiel out for a walk and returned to find John discharged from his position. The rest of the way you have followed me step by step. I kept the facts from my parents, and they never heard of my life in that dreadful place until now.

"As I contrast my present surroundings with those it seems a dream, but the wildest dream is that the baby boy that comforted me then is the man who grieves me so now,—poor, dear child,—and that he who wrought so much sorrow then has lived again in my precious boy."

We turned the subject quickly; Ruth kissed her father and mother, and all grew cheerful by her example.

One day, soon after this recital, I handed Ruth a note from Mr. Heine. She read it aloud:

Dear Mrs. Davis:

Are you strong enough to take a journey, the object of which is to confer a lasting favor upon

Yours,

L. Heine.

To which she answered, "With pleasure, yes."

It was decided that her mother and I should go with her.

Ruth was commissioned to go to a certain city with *carte blanche* upon Louis's banker, and in her pocket a sealed letter which she should open after she reached the hotel he designated. We made the trip in forty-eight hours, and Ruth, inspired by her mission, was stronger than when we started out. We rested a short time, had breakfast, and Ruth opened the letter. It ran:

At No. 7 B— Place lies a dying woman, I am informed. Her name is not mine, but she was once my wife. Do not spare money to bring ease in her suffering. I leave with you the holy care to help her make her peace with God. If it will be any comfort to her, tell her I forgive her all.

We consulted how we should approach this woman. The locality was one of wealth, the name prominent on 'Change. I would reconnoiter, and went out alone. When I reached the place I found the house darkened, and to my ring an untidy servant came.

"Does Mr. Chambers live here?"

"No, sir."

"Does Mrs. Chambers live here?"

"Yes, sir, but she is sick; the doctor says she is worse this morning."

"I am a physician, and am sent to see her."

I was led through the darkened, dusty hall-way, up the stairs, and into a room that had once been luxurious, but now neglect and disorder rendered it miserable and unwholesome. On the bed lay the wreck of a beautiful woman. I spoke to her,—told her I was a physician, and that she must have a nurse. She rolled her head from side to side.

"No, no; no one to see me die like this."

I sent immediately for Ruth, who established herself as nurse, for I knew it was but a short while she would need any one. She lived four days, and Mrs. Noel and Ruth took turns in ministering to her wants. Besides the servant who had admitted us there was a good cook; but there was no housekeeper, no one to superintend the wretched house that had once been a handsome establishment. No one interfered with us. A physician called, and I introduced myself and Ruth and Mrs. Noel as friends of the patient.

"Sad case," he said, "very. They have lived a gay life ever since they came here;

but whiskey with him and drugs with her have brought separation and misery, and finally death for her. She has been here with these servants for several weeks alone; was taken ill only a few days ago, when, knowing she must die, I communicated with her former husband, Mr. Heine, who has furnished her much money of late."

She never rallied even sufficiently to talk to Ruth of her life on earth, or of a hope in a future state of existence. The drug had lost its stimulating effect, and reaction came, defying all effort on our part to rouse her. She drifted out upon the dark sea, senseless.

We buried her there. Not one living creature of all among whom she had once mingled triumphantly as a brilliant beauty,—not one came to hear the words that were read above her before we lowered her into the grave, not even her husband, whom the papers reported to be traveling abroad, but who was in reality not an hour's ride from her.

As we never expected to see that grave again, we remained until it was suitably marked with a plain but costly stone, inscribed with her name, "Marguerite," and the date of her birth and death. The wife of two living husbands had the name of neither upon her tomb.

*(To be continued.)*

# HEALTH AND HOME

EDITED BY

MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

## DR. DEWEY'S METHOD OF CURE

It has always been the accepted theory of physicians and laymen that the sick must be nourished in order to repair the waste caused by disease. Recognizing the inability of the stomach to digest food, numerous invalids' foods have been placed upon the market, and consequently we see advertised many preparations of milk, malt, beef, and predigested foods. Edward Hooker Dewey, M. D., in his book, "The True Science of Living," strives to prove the unscientific theory and harmful effects of enforced feeding the sick. He bases his theories upon long experience and observation. He became convinced that disease was largely a condition arising from avoidable causes, and that the cure is largely a part of nature's handiwork. He says: "Drugs are subject to chemical changes that are exact in every process after they reach the stomach; is it not possible that at times it is so dry, as in a case of fever attended with intense thirst, that it is unable to become changed into a chemical laboratory? Is it not unable, in fact, to perform chemical operations? In this light does dosage seem to have any right to be classed with the exact sciences?" Dr. Dewey argues that for the same reason the stomach is unable to digest food, and that enforced feeding only retards nature's cure. He cites a typhoid-fever case. The patient's tongue was very foul, and she had an intense aversion to food. Every dose of medicine or drink of water was rejected for a period of three weeks, and it was not until the twenty-fifth day that suggestions of beef-tea failed to excite aversion. Without enforcing

food and dosing the tongue gradually cleared, and he let nature have her way; and on the thirty-fourth day the patient had entirely recovered. Here was to Dr. Dewey an object lesson. (1) Vital power supported without food. (2) Mental and physical strength increasing with the decline of symptoms. (3) A cure without the aid of remedies, and a cure that was eminently complete in every way. (4) No unusual wasting of the body.

This cure set him to thinking as never before. During his eleven years of practice he had always permitted his sick to be fed when there was not special aversion. He had observed that the sum-total of food taken by every severely sick case was infinitely small in proportion to the indicated need, and always too small to account reasonably for the support of vital power, and that there was always a continuous waste of the body during the entire period of aversion or indifference to food. He noticed, however, that during the period of aversion to food there was a continual gain in mental strength that could not be accounted for by the support of digested and assimilated food. He became convinced that the severely sick could not digest food of any kind, and that enforced feeding retarded nature in effecting a recovery, regardless of the fact that there was a concurrence of opinion among physicians that aversion to food in acute disease was one of nature's blunders that required the intervention of art, consequently requiring enforced feeding with tempting and so-called predigested foods.



Dr. Dewey gives the following table of the estimated loss of the several tissues of the body in cases of starvation, taken from Yeo's "Physiology:"

Fat .....	97	per cent.
Muscle .....	30	" "
Liver .....	56	" "
Spleen .....	63	" "
Blood .....	17	" "
Nerve centers .....	0	" "

While Dr. Dewey had observed during his entire practice, which included service in the army, that, no matter how emaciated the body might be, the brain, the heart, and the lungs never sustained any apparent loss, the cause had never been satisfactorily explained. This table made it perfectly plain to him how vital power was supported in the absence of digestive power. He says: "First, we notice that ninety-seven per cent of fat disappears in the starved. That is a matter of business sense in the start, if it is drawn upon as nourishment by the brain, for how easily we may get it back again, and what vast multitudes there are who are heavily inconvenienced by vast masses of it, which are sheer deadweight to be carried about with hurried respirations. Now, if this is nourishment for the brain and always available, need we be in hot haste to force food into unwilling stomachs, as advised by an eminent Philadelphia physician, on the third day of a severe attack of pneumonia or fever, if disease is also a depressing force of digestion? We can always spare fat, when there is excess, without loss of strength. The prize-fighter has to go into training that the fat may be brought down and the muscles brought up to the 'fighting weight.'"

Regarding the giving of nutrient enemata he says: "With an ample supply of fat for weeks of fasting, if it may be considered a store of predigested food, is it reasonable, is it conceivable that in the light of this table, even without other evidence, the excretory membrane of a receptacle can be changed into an absorber and transporter of artificially digested food, when its aversion to the service has to be stilled by laudanum?"

Then, regarding the loss of tissues, he continues: "The muscles lose thirty per

cent. Well, we can easily get that loss back when digestive power is restored, and then we do not have so very much occasion to use the voluntary muscles when we are sick. The liver and spleen seem to be heavily drawn upon; but we are never aware of special trouble from them on this account in time of sickness. The blood loses seventeen per cent. Perhaps the brain, also the heart and lungs, which are not down as suffering a loss in starvation, can be kept nourished with this per cent below the normal of nourishing power, or perhaps it may be in a normal condition for the required degree of service."

The deductions drawn by Dr. Dewey were:

"(1) Nature takes the appetite away always with an emphasis equal to the severity of the disease, and with special emphasis if the digestive tract is the center of attack.

"(2) There is the progressive loss or wasting that goes on unhindered by any kind of feeding while aversion to food exists. In this connection I will inform you that some four years ago, when I had become as fully satisfied as I am now that the stomachs of the sick are unable to digest food, and without having seen this table had by experience arrived at the conviction that vital power was better sustained without food than with it, I was moved to write a short article for publication on 'Feeding the Sick,' which contained this statement, and also the suggestion that there is an increase of strength, in accord with the decline of symptoms, in all acute attacks that recover, that becomes marked even before any food is taken. This article contained these, to me, original ideas, as well as some others, and where should I offer it for publication where it would not be buried alive? To the Scientific American I offered my first-born, a mere condensed outline of a much longer article that I had been long at work over, expecting that it might be worthy of the columns of some high-class monthly. It was promptly accepted, published, and was widely copied. For more than two years it floated among the papers as a thing of life. It attracted the attention of an assistant surgeon of the United

States Navy, a stranger, who joined issue with me on the question of progressive waste regardless of all feeding. He admitted the waste, but was very certain that, by the use of various foods, predigested and otherwise, the waste could be somewhat lessened. Of course, he could not prove that such was the fact, nor I that it was not."

Dr. Dewey states that, when death occurs before the skeleton condition is reached, it is always due to old age or some form of disease, worry, despair, or injury, and not to starvation. He cites numerous cases where not a particle of food had been taken for from four to six weeks in which the skeleton condition was far from reached. Calvin Cutter, the very popular physiologist of years ago, permitted himself to go through a course of typhoid fever lasting five weeks without taking any food whatever.

"To get down to closer work," he writes, "you must first clearly understand that the digestion of a meal in the most perfect health is such a tax on vital power as decidedly to enervate both mental and physical energy during the active period of this process. What must it be, then, when this digestive power is weak through heredity, debilitated in the ailing, and prostrate in the very sick? It is not de-

nied by physicians that the most perfect defense against disease is the rich blood of vigorous, perfect digestion, and for the present the defense against the deadly microbe while we await the germ killer that will permit life to go on with more indifference to this blood-making power.

"No one gets the slightest sense of refreshment from a meal without appetite in time of health. Much less must it be so when vital power is taxed by extra labor, if handling a meal that must be digested very slowly, through impairment of this power, and yet more slowly when the chemistry of decomposition is incited, as in the case of cholera morbus.

"Now, readers, I have placed before you the table which I have called, 'Nature's bill of fare for the sick.' Admitting that it is nature's sole reliance for the support of vital power, you are struck by the marvelous provision by which the brain, the seat of all power, can keep itself duly nourished, no matter how sick the stomach, no matter how changed the conditions of normal digestion, by the absorption and appropriation of those tissues that can be easily spared, and in exact proportion to the need,—never calling for the minutest atom in excess! Is there anything more marvelous than this in all nature?"

MRS. C. K. R.

## THE BEST PHYSICIAN

### II.—HOW THE CHANNEL IS CLEARED.

The choked brook is helpless until the rains come and flood it, and soak and stir up and wash out the debris; then its natural action is again free. That is what needs to be done for the human channel. A flood of warm water sprayed into this channel will do for it what the warm rains do for the brook. Purgatives may force a way through the clogged intestine, but leave the decayed incrustations on the walls unchanged, and the aches and pains, the inflammations and the decay go on. Chemicals may dissolve it, and also dissolve the walls that inclose it. Flooding the stomach dilutes what is there, and enables it to pass through more easily, but

does not remove the hardened refuse that has been gathering for years on these walls through which it passes. It is the flooding of the colon—the part of the large intestine where the walls are incrustated—that softens, which breaks up and washes away all that which the natural action of the channel was unable to do.

Now, this means new life, and a new world to the tortured body; it means a cessation of aches and pains and inflammations, a healing of burned and poisoned tissues, and a reduction of the body to its normal size. For this packing has stretched the membranes to make room for the refuse, and now there is no use for the extra room.

But this work is not a cure; it is but a relief measure. It clears the way for ac-

tion. As soon as this clearance is made at the outlet, the stagnation that the impeded circulation has caused through the body, creating congestions, is ended, and motion begins in all the channels,—the liver, the heart, the lungs, the head. All become conscious of a new freedom; the blood, which is the water of life in the human body, flows with a freer, stronger motion; it no longer has to struggle to flow at all. It is not so slow getting through the heart, the head, the lungs; the liver, that it gathers more impurities than it can carry, and the congestions disappear with the removal of the impurities. The heart, being freed from its cramped and clogged condition, grows strong, and its great driving-wheel turns steadily and smoothly; the head grows lighter and clearer, and thought has a chance to be heard; the lungs joyfully expand to their full extent, sending the purifying, blessed air, life of our life, to the neglected corners it has not been able to reach; and the liver, that highly respected but tremendously abused liver, sets its machinery at work in a way that makes a man feel hearty and

happy, and to declare that life is worth living. No scope in the world will clear a man's vision like a well-regulated liver. Stagnant bile is answerable for more pessimism and false views of life, more ill-temper, and miserable homes, than any one dreams of. A good deal of a man's religion is in his liver, if he only knew it. A well-regulated liver will do you more good than all the ministers in Christendom.

When the vital organs are thus relieved, and their outlets opened to permit the carrying away of the refuse material, the millions of tiny ducts that lead to the skin and open on the surface are relieved from their clogged condition, for in the general stagnation every avenue has received more than its share, and been unable to handle it. These little tubes, that breathe in air, as well as throw out waste, are now clear, and the congestion caused by the closing of these tubes is relieved. Here is where our colds begin, and skin humors.

But all this is relief work, and we are now ready for the next step, which is the cure.

MILDRED NORMAN.

## CULTIVATE HOME LIFE

It is proverbial that habit becomes second nature. The child that is permitted to run the streets, live in the parks, and spend the remainder of its waking hours at a neighbor's house instead of home, grows up to be a restless gad-about.

Children should have their pleasures,—a childhood whose memories will sweeten all the bitter things of after life; but the cultivation of the virtues must not be neglected, chiefest among which is a love for home. Plant flowers, and give them the care of a rose or a lily, or a bird, anything that develops the love nature and a sense of responsibility. The value of this is thus twofold, aside from the pleasure of ownership. A child should not own an animal whose nature it does not understand, and which it is not willing to care for properly.

Many a life has been spoiled by the long summer vacation visit. Young girls away from home, treated as visitors, contract habits of idleness and selfishness that often unfit them for useful housewives. After marriage they imagine they should have the same freedom and privileges as in girlhood, and grow restless and unhappy if they do not have them, and if they indulge their inclinations domestic unhappiness is sure to follow.

A vacation with father and mother at some country place, if they cannot afford to go to the mountains or sea-shore, where little duties like caring for their room devolve upon them, is far safer. Indeed, our young people are "seduced by fashion, and blindly adopting nominal pleasures lose all real ones." A youth of gayety without serious purpose leads to a life of sorrow and an old age of regrets.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

M. L.—All starchy foods must be thoroughly insalivated by mastication before entering the stomach. If the food is soft and cannot be masticated, then it must be held in the mouth until the saliva has thoroughly impregnated it, for the reason that the ptyaline in the saliva is the only thing that will digest starch. There is no secretion of the stomach that can do it. If it is not digested, it ferments and causes great trouble.

Dora.—I cannot give you a remedy to prevent your hair from turning gray. It is said by those whose business it is to study the nature and growth of the human hair that worry, headache, hot rooms, too much ammonia used in washing the hair, and the

free use of champagne will produce gray hair at a very early age, even when it is not hereditary. They claim a good suit of hair is hereditary, as is also a bad one, and my observation confirms this assertion. I believe no hair invigorator can produce a beautiful growth of hair, if a poor one has been inherited from either parent.

Mrs. J.—I cannot undertake to tell you just how much you should eat at a meal. I will repeat, however, what I have already said in a former issue, that most people eat too much. About one-third they eat goes to nourish the body, and the remaining two-thirds endanger their lives to take care of it.

## MENU

ARRANGED BY DR. MARY DODD, HYGIENIST

## SUNDAY—BREAKFAST.

Raspberries. Juice. Eggs. Rolls.  
Corn mush.

## SUNDAY—DINNER.

Baked potatoes. Stewed lamb.  
Peas. Squash. Raw tomatoes.  
Dessert—Currant roll.

## SUNDAY—SUPPER.

Blackberries. Rolls. Mush.

## MONDAY—BREAKFAST.

Stewed apples. Rolls. Raw apricots.  
Cream biscuit. Mush.

## MONDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes. Peas. Raw tomatoes. Somp.  
Dessert—Cantaloupe (served first).

## MONDAY—SUPPER.

Fruit. Bread. Mush.

## TUESDAY—BREAKFAST.

Raw apricots. Rolls. Rolled oats.  
Stewed Cherries.

## TUESDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes. Corn. Corn bread.  
Dessert—Currant roll, with raspberry and currant juice dressing.

## TUESDAY—SUPPER.

Apple sauce. Fruit juice.  
Scone. Rolls.

## WEDNESDAY—BREAKFAST.

Corn mush. Rolls. Raw currants.  
Stewed plums. Eggs on toast.

## WEDNESDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes. Stewed onions. Peas.  
Lettuce. Tomatoes.

## WEDNESDAY—SUPPER.

Fruit. Bread. Mush.

## THURSDAY—BREAKFAST.

Apricots. Stewed apples. Rolled oats. Rolls.  
Creamed potatoes.

## THURSDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes. Cauliflower. Stewed tomatoes.  
Egg plant. Watermelon.

## THURSDAY—SUPPER.

Mush. Raw fruit. Rolls.

## FRIDAY—BREAKFAST.

Apricots. Stewed gooseberries. Rolls.  
Rolled oats. Corn cakes.

## FRIDAY—DINNER.

Corn. Corn bread and butter. Potatoes.  
Canned peaches. Blueberry pie.

## FRIDAY—SUPPER.

Apple sauce. Scone. Rolls.  
Currant and raspberry juice.

## SATURDAY—BREAKFAST.

Raw apricots. Stewed cherries.  
Rolls. Cream biscuit.

## SATURDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes. Creamed codfish. Peas.  
Cucumber, with sliced onion and lemon.  
Dessert—Gooseberry cobbler.

## SATURDAY—SUPPER.

Fruit. Bread. Mush.



# EDITORIALS

## PROFESSOR HYSLOP'S EXPERIMENTS WITH PSYCHIC PHENOMENA

The recent avowal of James H. Hyslop, professor of psychology, ethics, and logic in Columbia University, after a long and careful investigation of psychic phenomena, that his research has compelled him to regard certain facts as indicating continuity of life after death, has naturally called forth much discussion. Prof. Hyslop's enforced change of conviction adds another brilliant name to the long and illustrious list of profound thinkers and critical scientists who have been compelled, from loyalty to truth, to lay aside prejudice and preconceived opinions,—a list which embraces Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, Sir William Crooke, Prof. Oliver Lodge, F. R. S., Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan, Camille Flammarion, Prof. William James, and scores of others no less eminent in the world of science. Most of these thinkers commenced their investigations believing that the hypothesis of fraud or hallucination would explain the alleged psychic experiences and appearances. All of them, however, have been forced to admit the genuineness of the psychic phenomena, and most of them have been driven to admit that the spiritistic hypothesis is the most rational yet suggested to explain certain phenomena.

The conversion of Prof. Hyslop is particularly interesting from the fact that he was long engaged in exposing frauds which were being palmed off as genuine psychic or spiritistic manifestations; and in order to be thoroughly equipped for his work he became an adept in legerdemain or sleight-of-hand. Hence, in him we have (1) a psychologist who has been thor-

oughly trained in the rigid methods of modern critical science, and (2) one who, in order to expose fraud, acquainted himself with the various methods through which unusual phenomena might be performed. His method of procedure also has been ultra-conservative at every step. He has refused to take anything for granted, and has applied the telepathic hypothesis so long as it could be sanely employed, before entertaining the spiritistic; but, having no theory to prove, and simply seeking to follow the truth no matter where she might lead him, he has not rendered himself ridiculous by inventing a hypothesis more unthinkable than the facts to explain which it had been invented, nor has he allowed himself to follow the example of certain investigators who, having determined to escape the spiritistic hypothesis at all hazards, have insisted on an extension of the telepathic to lengths wholly unwarranted, and which necessarily presuppose a certain occult power on the part of the medium which enables the subconscious self of the psychic to come in such perfect rapport with the subconscious self of the sitter as to be able to explore the hidden depths of the human mind, and (1) bring to light facts which have long gone from the consciousness of the investigator, and (2) to ascertain facts which have never been brought to the knowledge of the sitter. Prof. Hyslop is too careful a scientist to be willing to stretch the telepathic hypothesis to such absurd and unthinkable lengths, though he held to this hypothesis as long as it was tenable. In a recent number of the New

World he states that the investigator "is morally bound to use the telepathic theory as long as possible before resorting to any other to explain the phenomena."

It was my privilege to hear Prof. Hyslop's Cambridge Conference address, delivered on the afternoon of the 4th of June, in which he outlined the result of three series of sittings he had held, under the auspices of the Society for Psychical Research, with Mrs. Piper. He prefaced his interesting remarks by saying that he should not attempt to describe the frauds he had encountered during his years of investigation, as that would require far more time than he was allotted, and next he referred to the indifference he had at one time felt toward the work of the Society for Psychical Research owing to his own experience as an investigator. When some years ago he was urged by a friend to attend a meeting of the society in New York, he agreed to go merely out of deference to his friend, and not because he felt any special interest in what he expected to hear. But, once there, he was so impressed with the rigidly scientific method employed, and the palpable desire of the society to arrive at the truth regardless of any theory, and its readiness to expose fraud wherever found, that he became deeply interested. He joined the society, and entered with Dr. Hodgson and others into the serious work in hand. For a long time after he became convinced that there was such a thing as genuine psychic phenomena he held tenaciously to the telepathic hypothesis, but recently he had encountered facts which could not be rationally explained on this hypothesis. He furthermore described in detail his sittings with Mrs. Piper, showing how the results precluded all possibility of fraud, and led step by step through the telepathic hypothesis up to a group of facts which compelled him, as similar phenomena had previously compelled Dr. Hodgson, to accept the spiritistic hypothesis as the most tenable explanation yet suggested.

After the preliminary remarks, more than an hour was given to a detailed statement of the results obtained at different sittings. Example after example of remarkable phenomena which might be ex-

plained on the telepathic hypothesis was cited, and numerous others which could not be so accounted for without an absurd and unscientific extension of that theory. I hope shortly to present our readers with an extended account of these sittings, and therefore at the present time will merely cite one or two characteristic examples; but before doing so it is well to note the fact that Prof. Hyslop and Dr. Hodgson had taken every precaution to prevent the medium from knowing who the sitter was. Prof. Hyslop at first wore a mask and disguised his voice, but after his father's full name, Robert Hyslop, had been signed to a message, and his own name given, he laid aside all these disguises. In one of the first messages received, purporting to come from his father who, by the way, had died in a small town in Indiana some time previous, references were made to a conversation held with his father during the last visit of the professor to the home of his father, and the message went on to say that he (the father) was nearer right than his son in regard to death, and that the "thought theory" advanced by the latter must be discarded. He also asked him if he remembered the talk they had about Swedenborg.

Now, the facts, briefly stated, are as follows: In 1896 Prof. Hyslop went to Indianapolis to deliver a lecture, and, being not far from his father's home, ran down to spend the night with him. During the evening they discussed the question of another life. The old gentleman, being a member of a small and rigidly orthodox fellowship, held that the soul lived after death, but the son inclined to the materialistic hypothesis. During the conversation the question of psychical phenomena came up, but Prof. Hyslop insisted that the theory of thought transference would explain all that were not due to fraud or hallucination. The old gentleman, however, was not convinced. Prof. Hyslop never again saw his father.

Most of the facts given above were exactly as the son remembered them, but the last part of the message he felt convinced was a mistake. He not only had no recollection of his father ever mentioning the name of Swedenborg, but was

confident that he knew little or nothing of the great Scandinavian seer, as he was a strict believer in the truth of his own small sect, and the few religious works he possessed were of the most orthodox nature. These, together with the Bible and the religious family paper, had been his principal reading.

It is Prof. Hyslop's method, however, as it is that of Dr. Hodgson and other members of the Society for Psychical Research, to prove so far as possible the truth or falsity of every alleged fact that purports to come in a supernormal way. Hence the professor communicated with his step-mother. In her reply she stated that the father and son had discussed Swedenborg, the fact of which was impressed on her mind owing to the circumstance that she had never before heard of Swedenborg, and after the professor had left she asked his father who it was they were talking about.

Now, it will be observed that, while the first part of the message might be rationally accounted for by the telepathic hypothesis, the last half could not be so explained, as the fact had entirely gone from the consciousness of the professor. One more illustration, similar to several that were adduced by the lecturer, will serve further to emphasize this point.

In a message the father described a cap he had worn, and asked his son if he knew anything about it. The professor knew nothing, but on inquiry found it had been made for the father after the son had paid his last visit. Hence, here was an instance where facts were mentioned which

had never come to the knowledge of the sitter.

These incidents illustrate the character of the recital made by the eminent psychologist during a long address, in which every circumstance germane to the matter in hand was given with that frankness and impartiality which are only present where a speaker has no object save the truth, and under no circumstances is willing to omit or minimize things which seem in any way to discredit his personal views.

I understand that the greater portion of the summer will be given by Prof. Hyslop to verifying a large number of alleged facts which have been communicated to him, and about the correctness of which he has no knowledge. The growing interest in psychical research among the most intelligent and scholarly classes of Europe and America is largely due to the careful and painstaking work of the Society for Psychical Research. Of the value of this work I incline to the views expressed by the late William E. Gladstone, who said to Mr. F. W. H. Myers a short time before his death that "it was the most important work which is being done in the world—by far the most important." In my judgment nothing will so effectively check the rising tide of materialism, largely due to the astonishing advances made in the realm of physical science during the past century, as such results as are following the work of the eminent scientists of Europe and America who have banded themselves together to explore the psychic realm in a thoroughly critical manner.

B. O. F.

# THE PASSING DAY

EDITORIAL COMMENT BY B. O. FLOWER

## GOVERNOR THOMAS'S NOTABLE VETO OF THE MEDICAL TRUST BILL

No veto message of the past winter has meant more to the citizens of a commonwealth than that of Governor Charles S. Thomas, of Colorado, in which he refuses to sanction a law which would have made thousands of the most law-abiding and justice-loving citizens of Colorado law-breakers. The message is one of the most masterly State documents of recent times, and, inasmuch as it discusses in a cogent way a question of great importance to all lovers of freedom and that healthy progress and scientific advance which can only come in the largest way when freedom and the sacred rights of the individual are respected, I give below copious extracts from the message, and regret that space prevents the publication of the entire instrument. After citing the features of the bill, and stating that he had been importuned by a large number of physicians who were personal and political friends to sign the measure, the governor expresses his regret at not being able to meet the wishes of these friends, and then proceeds to give his reasons, which in part are as follows:

I regard the bill as unjust, oppressive, and obnoxious to the general welfare.

Whatever may be the design of the bill, it will not protect the public health. If statistics are to be relied on, the death-rate in Colorado is as low as it ever was, and lower than in some of the States which have enacted measures of legislation similar to this. The department of surgery excepted, medicine is not a science. It is a series of experiments more or less successful, and will become a science when the laws of health and disease are fully ascertained and understood. This can be done, not by

arresting the progress of experiment, and binding men down to hard and fast rules of treatment, but by giving free rein to the man who departs from the beaten highway and discovers hidden methods and remedies by the wayside. It is through these means that the public health is promoted and thereby protected, that the members of the medical profession are enabled to minister with success to human ailments and bodily suffering. Nearly every advance in the treatment of diseases, in the methods of their detection, and in the prevention of their occurrence, has been made by physicians in disregard of the regulations of the order; and the great body of their brethren, after denouncing and enduring, have ultimately accepted the unquestionable results of these researches and discoveries, and made them respectable by adding them to the category of the recognized and the regular. But for this the leech, the lancet, and the pill-box would still be the regulators of the public health, and licenses to practice would be confined to those, and those only, who used them. This is but to say that medical progress in general has not been made by, but notwithstanding, the great body of its professors.

The bill invests the council and the board with autocratic and oppressive authority. The first shall, by order of not less than seven members of the second, deprive practitioners of their certificates and of the right to continue their business. They may do this whenever, in their opinion, a "physician shall be guilty of practices or conduct likely to deceive or defraud the public." What these practices may be the board alone may determine, and its decision seems to be final. An advertisement, criticism of the board or one or more of its members, the application of an unusual remedy, testifying against the defendant in an action for malpractice, challenging the infallibility of something hoary with age and crowned with failure, these and similar deeds might well be cited as sufficient to set in motion the machinery of the Star Chamber. A land like ours,



which founds its policy upon justice, should tolerate no such tyranny as this, and I will not believe that any profession needs such an aid either for its protection or its support. If men may be thus subjected to correction or punishment, if their livelihood can be made to depend upon such oppressive conditions, the independence of the individual must disappear, and servitude in its worst form will inevitably follow. If the public health cannot be protected otherwise, it were well to leave it to its fate; for disease is at least preferable to the unrestricted power of punishment and confiscation.

The true intent and purpose of the bill is to restrict the profession of medicine to the three schools therein mentioned, and then limit the number of practitioners to suit the judgment of the composite board. People desiring medical or surgical service may employ its licentiates or die without the consolations of the healer. This is but to say that a medical trust is to be established which shall regulate demand and supply by absolute control of the product which forms its basis, the general assembly furnishing the appliances whereby the trust shall become effectual.

The details of the proposed law are restrictive, repressive, and unjust. No physician, however learned, reputable, and zealous, can practice his profession without enlisting in one of the three recognized schools. No individual discovering some potent remedy, and desiring to profit by his discovery, may prepare and vend it without passing the ordeal of board and council. Even then he cannot proclaim the glad tidings of his sovereign remedy through the press to those who need it without incurring the penalties of expulsion and imprisonment. No druggist in any emergency may administer relief to human kind without going to jail unless he does it gratuitously, and even then he must be very sure the emergency exists. No individual living away from the centers of life and far distant from a licensed physician can afford to be sick or meet with an accident, for none save the anointed may safely be his good Samaritan. He may bleed to death for lack of immediate surgical attention, or expire for the want of that medical care which the unlicensed might easily give. Nevertheless, the giving of it becomes an offense that the public may be protected.

The title of the bill, as it relates to the public, is a misnomer. This is a common subterfuge; all measures designed to promote a specific interest or protect an existing evil are ostensibly labeled "for the benefit of the people." The fact that the people do not seek the protection, ask for the benefit, or suspect the existence of the alleged danger, is wholly immaterial.

It might be contended that this bill will regulate but not prevent the development of

medical investigation. This is undoubtedly true; but investigation, to be beneficial, must be unfettered. Innovation and experiment will always languish when held in thralldom by the censorship of a powerful commission founded upon a rigid and exacting statute.

No one will believe that this union would have been made had it not been essential to the passage of the bill. If the allopath is to be believed, the homeopath is a charlatan and the eclectic a fraud. If the homeopath is to be credited, he has saved society from the narrow dogmatism of allopathic ignorance, and if the eclectic is heard he tells us that he has garnered to himself the wisdom of all schools, and nothing but the husks remain. Neither deems it consistent with professional ethics to confer or consult with the other, and each believes his own to be the one branch of medical science worthy of the name. Homeopathy fought its way to recognition against the bitter and implacable antagonism of the regular school, established itself in the face of bitter abuse, ridicule, persecution, and invective. Its disciples suffered all the pains that hatred, contumely, and authority could inflict upon it. A bill like this a half-century ago would have sent them in shoals to the common jail and branded them with the outlawry of society. They now unite with their hereditary and still unreconciled adversaries to deny to others the claim they have so successfully vindicated for themselves, and to assist them in the effort to extinguish all forms of healing save their own. Such conduct may be just; it cannot be generous.

It may be that the public health is protected by such a union. It may be that each school has become convinced of the virtues of its present associates, and that among them is the alpha and the omega of medical and surgical lore. Society, however, does not forget, and it may, therefore, be pardoned, if it sees in this fusion of the schools something beyond the philanthropic desire to protect the public health.

The fundamental vice of the bill is that it denies absolutely to the individual the right to select his own physician. This is a right of conscience, and is that which enables the citizen to worship God as he may desire. It is indeed the same right manifesting itself in a parallel direction. It is part of the law of the land, and no civil power is strong enough to deprive the citizens of its exercise. He may indeed select a healer of doubtful reputation or conceded incompetence, but that is his affair just as much as is his choice of a minister or an attorney. His action may prove injurious, possibly fatal, to himself or to some member of his family. It is better so than to delegate to any tribunal the power to say, "Thou shalt not employ this man," or "Thou shalt not employ this one." That this bill produces such a result indirectly makes it the

more objectionable. It is not the outspoken and aggressive assault upon individual liberty that men should fear, but the indirect or resultant blow that is masked and falls unexpectedly.

The privilege of choosing one's own physician is a positive essential to the public health. Confidence of the patient in the healer does more to restore him than all the drugs that ever medicined man. Give the sick physicians of the greatest ability without that trust which links the one to the other, their acts are apt to fail them. Give the sick physicians of mean capacity, if the bond of sympathy exists between them, its influence will find expression through the remedies suggested. Yet this bill assumes to thrust the coarse machinery of the criminal law into one of the most sacred relations of human life, to drag the chosen physician, if unlicensed, from the sick-room to the prison cell, and to substitute for him some one who, however exalted and honorable, may not command the confidence or secure the sympathy of his patient.

These comments are not extreme, for it must be remembered that those who believe in and patronize the various arts of healing that are ostracized by this bill form a very large part of every community. Nor are they confined to the ignorant and superstitious portions of society. They number in their ranks thousands of the most refined, intelligent, and conscientious people. They recognize in many modern methods of giving relief to the sufferers a religious or spiritual element that appeals to their best and tenderest sympathies. They recognize a subtle psychic force in mental healing, a power to overcome disease by the operation of mind and personal influence, which no argument can shake or ridicule disturb. Others, equally intelligent and discerning, put their faith in the osteopath, the magnetic healer, the hydropathist, etc. The benefits they claim and the cures they narrate are not imaginary. Shall the government enact by statute that these people shall not longer enjoy their beliefs or put them into daily practice? Shall it officially declare these people to be criminally wrong and the three schools legally right? By what authority does it so declare?

A distinguished physician of Massachusetts has recently declared with great force that "the commonwealth has no right to a medical opinion and should not dare to take sides in a medical controversy." It would be as consistent to take sides in theological or philosophical discussion. The one would be condemned by all men; the other is equally foreign to the province of government. It may regulate but cannot prohibit the calling of the citizens; it may prevent the commission of wrongs, but cannot de-

prive the individual of the right to choose his own advisers.

The medical profession is a noble one. It has done much to cure ailments, to alleviate suffering, and to prolong life. Its ranks are filled with men of lofty ambitions and spotless character, who have given and are giving their lives to the development of its mission and the uplifting of humanity through its ministrations. Its pages are luminous with great names and great accomplishments. Its strict conservatism has doubtless saved it from the commission of errors; it has also retarded the progress of its evolution. Many of its members have urged me to withhold my signature to this bill, because they realize that the attempted enforcement of its provisions must result in failure and stimulate a reactionary public sentiment against the schools responsible for its enactment.

The bill, it is stated, had been drawn up with great care, and was intended to be a model for other States. It aimed at (1) the shutting out of the osteopathic physicians, who have recently occasioned great disquiet among the old schools of medicine, by reason of a growing popular favor, due to the many remarkable cures effected after older methods, in the hands of well-known physicians, had completely failed; (2) the removing from the people of the right of employing other healers who enjoy a long practice, not through advertising or resorting to artificial methods to secure patronage so much as on account of the large number of cures which they have wrought, a goodly percentage of which had been effected after the regular profession had failed to relieve the sufferers. Had Governor Thomas heeded the importunities of those who, as he justly points out, were striving to establish a medical trust, he would have taken from tens of thousands of the most cultured, refined, thoughtful, and law-abiding citizens the right to employ the only kind of physicians in whom they had any confidence,—a confidence based in many cases on cures effected after those who demanded the medical monopoly had signally failed. He would have compelled these people to accept when sick the revolting alternative of employing physicians in whom they had no faith or confidence, and whose system of practice they

believed to be false, or else that of attempting to make the healers in whom they had confidence criminals by asking their aid. The Governor of Colorado has won the sincere gratitude of high-minded, justice-loving citizens everywhere for his brave

stand and his masterly unmasking of the false pretenses of those who are seeking to establish in medicine what the church, over three hundred years ago, sought by the strong arm of civil power to accomplish in the domain of religious thought.

## GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF NATURAL MONOPOLIES THE NEXT FORWARD STEP

The revelations which have recently been brought out, under official investigations, touching the actual operation of the Standard Oil Trust and other giant monopolies, together with the incidental revelation of how the railroad companies have from time to time acted in secret with the great trusts in such a manner as to injure or destroy smaller competing enterprises, are serving to emphasize the truths previously set forth in writings by such thoughtful students as Henry D. Lloyd and other fearless but careful writers who have discussed these great questions during the past two decades. Hundreds of thousands of people, who have too long thoughtlessly accepted the sneering denials and denunciations of a corporation owned or controlled press, now for the first time understand how the conventional papers and party organs have lulled them to sleep, while the enemy has fastened shackles on a nation of seventy million people. What will follow? The people are thinking, and the trusts are defiant. In our opinion the hour has passed for compromises, and we believe that the action of the trusts, no less than the trend of events, has destroyed forever the competitive system. The people have at last been forced to see that competition is at best a wasteful warfare. It is idle to seek to reanimate the corpse. Our duty—our sacred, solemn duty—is to see to it that the corporations or combinations cease to be made a curse to the people individually and collectively, in order that a few may acquire wealth beyond the dreams of oriental potentates. We are at the parting of the ways, and our course should be clear-cut and boldly defined. We should demand and insist that the people as a whole reap the benefits to be derived from

combinations, and the first step in this direction is clearly the municipal, State, and national ownership and operation of all natural monopolies. The integrity of republican government, no less than the protection, happiness, and prosperity of the people, makes this forward step imperative. This, of course, is by no means all that the present demands. To our mind democratic institutions and the uninterrupted progress and elevation of the individual call for the enactment of the initiative, referendum, and imperative mandate, a system of scientific and just taxation, reform in the currency, and other positive steps which would look toward securing a wider meed of freedom, a greater degree of justice, and a more wholesome atmosphere in national no less than individual life. But to accomplish these great reforms persistent, intelligent, but temperate educational agitation is necessary. The handling of the trusts, however, is a matter which calls for more immediate action owing to the rapid augmentation of wealth and its unscrupulous employment for the subverting of the genius of our government, the defeating of the ends of justice, and the enfranchisement of the bread-winners. It is not enough to join in the cry of, "Down with the trusts!" Any programme, to be effective, must recognize the benefits of combination, and, instead of seeking to reinstate a wasteful competitive system, must aim carefully to preserve all the benefits of the new order, merely seeing to it that all the people receive these benefits instead of a class, and that in so doing republican government is bulwarked and strengthened rather than imperiled through the presence of a plutocracy in its midst.

## A TELEPHONE THAT CAN BE HEARD A HUNDRED YARDS DISTANT

One of the latest marvels of invention, or rather practical extension in the line of a previous discovery, is the new loud-speaking telephone recently invented by M. Germain, of Paris. By the means of this instrument, according to *La Nature*, the human voice, whether used in singing or speaking, can be heard a distance of over fifty yards. The inventor is also perfecting a receiver to be connected with a phonograph, which shall be so operated as to register a message received when no one is present. The loud-speaking telephone has been tested to the entire satisfaction of those present. The reproduction of the voice is said to be full and clear,

and of the same quality as that of the speaker, something very important in the reproduction of singing. Many of our readers will doubtless remember Mr. Bellamy's description of the method in which, during the twentieth century, persons were enabled to enjoy the discourses of ministers delivered in far-away cities, hear actors and listen to music, though numbers of miles intervened between themselves and the scene of the exercises. This invention and others which are being perfected bid fair to actualize in our time many of the wonders foreshadowed in "Equality."

## SOME FACTS TAUGHT BY THE DREYFUS CASE

A wonderful illustration of the growth of the conscience of the world was afforded in the Dreyfus case. When the government, the press, the army, and public sentiment were overwhelmingly opposed to a rehearing of that celebrated case, even after the most astounding revelations were made, pointing to the probable innocence of the condemned officer, the aroused conscience of the outside world proved so effective in its influence that

France was constrained reluctantly to take up the case. Her shameful treatment of Zola, after he had manifested a measure of heroism and loyalty to justice which few great men of modern France have exhibited, clearly revealed her own wishes in this matter; but the conscience of the outside world, as the deep tones of a monster bell, sounded a fateful warning, and, happily for the republic, France heard and heeded it.



# BOOKS OF THE DAY

## FATE OR LAW.\*

In "Fate or Law" Mr. Rodman has given us a delightful story dealing with metaphysical thought. It is a worthy companion to Henry Wood's "Victor Serenus" and "Edward Burton." It is a simple story, written in charming style, dealing with the life that now is. Like Mr. Wood's stories, it is largely concerned with the metaphysical philosophy of health and life, which, in spite of the persistent attempts of conventionalism to crush, is rapidly gaining ground in the leading thought centers of America and Europe. The atmosphere of "Fate or Law" is pure, fine, and stimulating. It appeals entirely to the higher impulses, and at no time, even by suggestion, does it awaken thought on the lower plane of being. It is cheerfully and wholesomely optimistic in influence,—a book that will be enjoyed by lovers of simple tales of the common life.

The story deals with a crippled boy whom the leading physicians of Boston pronounce incurable. His spine is affected, and he is incased, by order of the doctors, in a steel jacket. Into his darkened life, however, comes a vision of health. As a boy time and again he sees himself a well man, and the strange vision of a beautiful face, which frequently crosses his mental horizon, proves an added stimulus and brightens many dark hours. The strong impression that he will some day be well, in spite of the decrees of the physicians, not only sustains the boy, but fills him with an intense desire to be able to enter life well equipped intellectually when he reaches maturity. Hence, he brings the enthusiasm born of a great purpose into his studies, and makes marvelous progress. He also feels impelled to live up to the highest. Among the poems he dearly

loves none proves more helpful than Holmes's "Chambered Nautilus," and he frequently finds himself uttering those noble lines beginning

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll.

The youth develops into an inventor. He is employed in a factory for a time, but later, having perfected an important machine, he seeks his fortune in Boston. He is apparently unfortunate in the selection of the person to whom he confides his invention, and finds air castles dissolve in the moment when he had hoped to be assured of their reality. However, he patiently pursues his labors. One day into the home of the mother, who has been forced to take lodgers, there enter two girls from New Hampshire, who have come to Boston to fit themselves for self-supporting lives. One is a physician; the other is a singer. The moment the crippled boy sees the younger of the girls he recognizes the face in his vision. From thence on the story concerns the two very largely, their hopes and fears, the periods of depression and the hours of joy. An aunt of the young man starts him in a business which prospers from the first; and this aunt also, who had been cured of paralysis through a metaphysician, is the cause of the hero being entirely restored to health. And, more than that, with the restoration comes the elevation in life and ideals which a high, fine, vital spiritual philosophy inevitably exerts over a mind which comes vitally under its influence. We see the young man putting the new faith into his every-day life, and consequently developing into a high-minded, noble, and loving nature, ever moving onward and upward, lured on by an exalted ideal.

The story, as I have stated, is simple and unpretentious, yet it possesses a charm which is ever found in a tale of real life,

\*"Fate or Law; the Story of an Optimist," by Warren A. Rodman. Cloth. Pp. 218. Price, \$1.25. Boston, Lee & Shepard.

love, hope, and victory, when told in a direct and natural manner. I am acquainted with the author, and I understand that the prophetic vision and the healing dwelt upon are facts which have actually come under the cognizance of Mr. Rodman.—facts which are not strange, as cases quite as notable have come under my own observation. "Fate or Law" cannot fail to exert a wholesome influence on any reader. It will be specially helpful to young people whose minds are receptive to high, fine ideals and elevating thought.

#### BETWEEN CAESAR AND JESUS.\*

Prof. George D. Herron's latest work, "Between Caesar and Jesus," is a volume well calculated to make Christians pause in solemn reflection. It is a prophet's voice of warning and appeal. In many respects Prof. Herron reminds one of Savonarola. He has the same intensity of spirit, the same earnestness, the same devotion to what he conceives to be the true Christian ideal. He brings into his work the same fervor, fire, and courage which marked the crusade of the great Florentine priest, statesman, and martyr. Prof. Herron finds in civilization to-day a great ethical tragedy being enacted. On the one hand there is a social awakening.

There has come to men the vision of a life and destiny which belong to the race as a whole—a race life and destiny in which all individuals are to share, yet which is altogether more than the mere sum of individual lives and destinies, just as a college is more than the faculty, students, and educational machinery that happen to be present in any given year. The new conscience is teaching the individual that his life is a function of this race life, and that he can fulfill his individuality only through fulfilling this function. . . . This conscience is the precipitation of the ideal and initiative of Jesus: it is the effectual working of the leaven which he put into mankind eighteen centuries ago. Slowly it has been leavening the Greek world of mind and beauty; slowly the Roman world of law and power; slowly the Teutonic world of individuality and organization. Out of the whole slowly issues the universal democracy, which is sacredly to unfold every individuality, and reverently receive its contribution, from the dog and the ape to the poet and the statesman, the artist and the saint.

\* "Between Caesar and Jesus," by Prof. George D. Herron. Cloth. Pp. 278. Price, 75 cents. New York, T. Y. Crowell & Co.

This is the bright side of the picture; but the quickened conscience which demands that each shall give his best work for the uplifting of all, that unselfishness may be enthroned in the temple of life, is brought face to face with a civilization which "no longer represents the conscience of the individuals who must find therein their work." A chasm exists between the conventional business world and the eternal demands of all that is divine in man. Herein is seen "the ethical tragedy of the present moment."

Prof. Herron next discusses in a very clear and convincing manner the essential injustice under which all the people suffer, through unjust taxation under a rapidly augmenting system by which monopolies, organized and operated for the enrichment of the few, are practically enslaving a whole nation, making every individual pay tribute on watered stock and fictitious values, while with a moiety of their ill-gotten treasure they are enabled to secure the help of government officials, control political boards, and either frustrate the enactment of laws or nullify statutes in the courts. The chapter in this work, entitled "The Ethical Tragedy of the Economic Problem," is one that should be read aloud at every Christian fireside in America, and would, I believe, arouse tens of thousands of our people from the death-like lethargy into which they have fallen and cause them to band together for the rescue of justice from law-bulwarked bandits who are now acquiring untold millions of dollars by indirection, as, for example, through gambling in stocks, or through the equally ethically criminal procedure of capitalizing the stock of great natural monopolies or trusts, which control life's necessities, so far in excess of the money employed as to render the earnings which the people are compelled to pay shameful extortions that would not be tolerated for an hour if practiced less openly.

Dr. Herron's book is an appeal alike to the sober reason and the awakened conscience of his readers. As a clergyman and Bible student, he naturally dwells with peculiar emphasis on the moral aspects of the question, citing the views of many of earth's noblest thinkers, from the days of the apostles to the present time, further to emphasize the thought in hand. The following

quotations will serve to illustrate the spirit of the work and the style of the author:

The majestic Ambrose was the greatest statesman of the church before Hildebrand, if not the greatest statesman who has made the church his sphere up to this day. He was himself a Roman patrician of the highest blood and dignity. Yet no man ever taught so explicitly that the common ownership of natural resources is the only Christian justice. He sometimes does this at once in the name of Christ and in the terms of the ancient Roman law. One could easily imagine that he gave Henry George and Rousseau their theses. "The soil," he says, "was given to rich and poor in common. Wherefore, O ye rich, do you unjustly claim it for yourselves alone?" "Nature gave all things in common for the use of all; usurpation created private right." Compare this with Mr. George: "The curse of poverty is due to the fact 'that, impiously violating the benevolent intentions of their Creator, men have made land private property, and thus given into the exclusive ownership of the few that provision that a bountiful Father has made for all. Any other answer than that, no matter how it may be shrouded in the mere forms of religion, is practically an atheistical answer.' Or, compare Ambrose with Rousseau: 'The first man who, having fenced off a piece of ground, could think of saying, 'This is mine,' and found people simple enough to believe him, was the real founder of civil society. How many crimes, wars, murders, miseries, and horrors would not have been spared to the human race by one who, plucking up the stakes, or filling in the trench, should have called out to his fellows: 'Beware of listening to this impostor; you are undone if you forget that the earth belongs to no one, and that its fruits are for all.'" To the rich, against whose oppressions his voice was constantly raised, Ambrose said: "You clothe the walls of your houses and leave the poor unclothed; the naked wall at your gates, and your only thought is of the marble with which you shall overlay your floors; he begs for bread, and your horse has a golden bit. Costly apparel delights you, while others lack food. The very jewel in your ring would protect from hunger a mass of people."

The chapters of this book were originally delivered to immense audiences in Chicago, on successive Mondays, at the noon hour. They created great enthusiasm, and were hailed by many as the utterance of a prophet who had been touched by the divine afflatus, as were Savonarola and Mazzini. Naturally such brave and outspoken words as Dr. Herron's have awakened alarm in the citadels of slothful con-

ventionalism, and the old spirit of intolerant hate has more than once flamed forth from the strongholds where those influences are at work which have long been accustomed to bribe the church and schools into silence, while pursuing courses marked by criminal rapacity and shameful injustice. But day by day the great fact becomes clearer and clearer that we as a nation are rapidly coming to the parting of the ways. The great choosing hour is at hand, and the conscience battalions, no less than the champions of the materialism of the modern mart, are ranging for the struggle. Of the end of the conflict Dr. Herron has this to say:

I believe that this ideal of life, which Jesus has lifted into eternal view, which is the ideal of all the dreamers or creators of the ages, is not only practicable and predestined to be realized; I believe that any other ideal is impracticable, and is a collision with human destiny and with God. This ideal is not only no mere dream, but the lack of it makes the whole of human history and experience a monstrous dream of the night. Following this ideal as our social vision, we shall find ourselves at last in the universal communism and liberty which are the outcome of obedience to the law of love.

The chief criticism that I have to make in regard to this notable little volume is that the author does not, in my judgment, strike the optimistic keys often enough, nor does he lay enough stress on the thousand and one agencies which are working to hasten a brighter day. If he could throw off a little of the depression which weighs down his sensitive nature, and is so liable to steal over all earnest men and women who give their lives to the cause of the poor and oppressed, he would, I believe, see that there are innumerable agencies in active operation which make for the new day and that render the early advent of a juster order inevitable; while on the other hand even the high-handedness of the gamblers and the operators of the trusts is serving to educate tens of thousands who have heretofore resolutely refused to listen to the voices of the prophets. It is a mistake to dwell too much on the dark side of the picture. It is of the utmost importance that reformers avoid death-dealing pessimism, on the one hand, and slothful optimism, on the other.

## MUNICIPAL MONOPOLIES.\*

I hope to be able to make an extended study of this extremely valuable work in an early issue of *The Coming Age*, and therefore at the present time I will simply give our readers a brief note concerning a book which should be in the hands of every thinking voter living in our American cities.

Prof. Bemis, the editor of this most valuable and instructive volume, believes that soon one-half of the population of this country will be living in cities of more than eight thousand inhabitants, and that to all this enormous number of persons the supply of water, electric light, gas for fuel and lighting purposes, the telephone, and street railways will have become vital necessities.

Three great questions, therefore, confront nearly forty millions of people in regard to these monopolies: Shall we have public regulation, or public ownership and operation? If the former, what shall be the nature of the regulation? If the latter, what are the dangers to be avoided?

Immense pains have been taken by the able writers enlisted in treating of these subjects to secure full and unimpeachable statistics, and there can be no doubt that a perfect flood of light is thrown on the many dark corners where the average citizen is helpless through his enforced ignorance to form an intelligent judgment. It would seem as if only hopeless blindness to facts would henceforth stand in the way of a popular and irresistible demand for the municipal ownership of these great privileges on which the health, comfort, and happiness of so many depend.

The subjects are treated in a broad and generous spirit; there is no attempt to slight the difficulties which undoubtedly beset the practical working of theories that are perfect in principle.

Mr. M. N. Baker, of the *Engineering News of New York City*, writes upon water-works; Prof. John R. Commons, of *Syracuse University*, and Prof. F. A. C. Perrine, of the *Engineering Department of Leland Stanford University*, discuss electric lighting; Mr. Max West, Ph. D., of the *Agricultural Department at Washington*, describes

New York City franchises; and Prof. Frank Parsons, of the *Boston School of Law* and the *Kansas State Agricultural College*, treats of the telephone and the legal aspects of municipal problems. Professor Bemis, of the *State Agricultural College, Kansas*, supplies some information on various phases of the electric light, gas, and street railway questions. This book deserves to be read by every intelligent citizen, and it will not fail to add to the ever increasing demand for a wiser and better management of our public affairs. The work is amply provided with statistical appendices, and has an excellent index.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems," by Edwin Markham. Cloth. Pp. 134. Price, \$1.00. New York, Doubleday & McClure Company.

"The Standard Intermediate School Dictionary," containing about 38,000 words and phrases. 8000 illustrations. Abridged from the *Standard Dictionary* by James C. Fernald. Cloth. Pp. 534. Price, \$1.00. New York, Funk & Wagnalls Company.

"Principles of Scientific Socialism," by Rev. Charles H. Vail. Paper. Pp. 238. Price, 35 cents. New York, Commonwealth Company.

"My Young Man," by Rev. Louis Albert Banks. Cloth. Pp. 124. Price, 75 cents. New York, Funk & Wagnalls Company.

"Why Men Do Not Go to Church," by Cortland Myers. Cloth. Pp. 148. Price, 60 cents. New York, Funk & Wagnalls Company.

"Cubes and Spheres in Human Life," by F. A. Wiggin. Cloth. Pp. 120. Boston, Banner of Light Publishing Company.

"Cultivation of Personal Magnetism," by Leroy Berrier. Cloth. Pp. 110. Minneapolis, Press of the Kimball & Storer Company.

"The Pure Causeway," by Evelyn Harvey Roberts. Cloth. Pp. 264. Chicago, Charles H. Kerr & Co.

"The Victory of the Will," by Victor Charbonnel; translated from the French by Emily B. Whitney; with introduction by Lillian Whiting. 16mo. Cloth, extra. Price, \$1.50. Boston, Little, Brown & Co.

"Social Phases of Education," by Samuel T. Dutton, Superintendent of the Brookline Public Schools. Cloth. Pp. 260. Price, \$1.25. New York, the MacMillan Company.

"The Queen of the Woods," by the late Simon Pokagon, Chief of the Pottawatomes. Frontispiece of the author. A romance of Indian life. Stamped in silver. Pp. 254. Price, \$1.25. Hartford, Mich., C. H. Engle, publisher.

\* "Municipal Monopolies," by Edward W. Bemis, John R. Commons, Frank Parsons, M. N. Baker, F. A. C. Perrine, Max West. Pp. 691. Appendices; index. Cloth. \$2.00. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.



# OUR MONTHLY CHAT

## FORTY YEARS BEFORE THE FOOT-LIGHTS.

This month our readers will enjoy a rare treat in Mr. Herne's delightful conversation on the stage of other days. The author of "Shore Acres" is always interesting, but his reminiscences given in this issue are so rich in graphic characterizations and amusing incidents and anecdotes that they make an exceptionally enjoyable piece of summer reading.

## MUSIC BUILDING FOR THE YOUNG.

In Mrs. Darlington's conversation on "Kindergarten Music Building" we have the views of the foremost teacher and the author of the most successful system of music building for the very young in our land. This conversation belongs to our educational series of papers, which we propose to give from time to time, and which we believe will prove stimulating, suggestive, and helpful to all teachers and parents who are awake to the high demands of our wonderful age.

## THE UNIVERSE IN WHICH WE LIVE.

Prof. A. E. Dolbear is recognized as one of the ablest teachers of physical science in New England. He is the author of some of the most masterly scientific works of recent years, treating of "ether, matter, and motion," and kindred subjects. As a member of the faculty of Tufts College he has justly won a high place among leading educators. His very able paper this month will be read with interest by thousands of readers. Seldom have the great facts of science, as revealed by the microscope, telescope, and spectroscope, been marshaled so vividly and impressively before the mental retina as in this notable contribution; and, though many of our readers will dissent from the conclusions ex-

pressed in the closing pages, that ours is primarily a physical universe, no one can follow the professor's graphic statements of assured results without being benefited, even though he before knew in a general way the truths so impressively grouped.

## DR. HALE ON THE BOSTON OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

Our frontispiece this month is an admirable portrait of Rev. Edward Everett Hale, who has recently completed a forty years' pastorate of one of the leading Unitarian churches of Boston. No man in our city to-day is more actively engaged in those works which make for a higher manhood and a nobler civilization than this venerable scholar and minister, who is one of the last representatives of a group of moral and intellectual giants who made the Boston of the present century one of the most illustrious centers of modern civilization. This month Dr. Hale gives our readers a comparison between the Boston of 1828 and the Boston of to-day. With Dr. Horton in our June number, and Dr. Newton in the last month's issue, Dr. Hale holds that society is advancing, and that civilization is rising as each year passes.

## EMERSON'S "CELESTIAL LOVE" AS INTERPRETED BY MR. CHARLES MALLOY.

Mr. Charles Malloy, the president of the Emerson Club of Boston, gives our readers this month the first half of an extended paper on Mr. Emerson's poem, "Celestial Love." This series of papers on the poetry of Emerson, which we are giving our readers, is justly attracting considerable attention throughout the country. It is without question the ablest attempt that has ever been made to consider seriously the deep

philosophy underlying the remarkable poems of the Concord sage.

#### MISS WHITING'S PSYCHIC PAPER.

Miss Lillian Whiting is recognized as one of the most graceful and thoughtful essayists of the present time. She has done a noble work in ever striving to raise the tone of our daily press, for which she has so long written editorially and as a regular contributor, and all that she has ever written has been pure, helpful, and inspiring. Her "World Beautiful" books, three in all, are in my judgment without a peer among the really helpful volumes of their class. As lay sermons aiming to aid the reader in right living they certainly have no equal. Her two new books now in press, one a life of Kate Field and the other a study of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, bid fair to rank among the most popular of the new books of the coming autumn. In this month's issue Miss Whiting contributes a paper which will be perused with great interest by our readers, as it deals with a subject about which there is not only profound interest and much discussion, but which promises more and more to engage the attention of thoughtful people. Since the passing away of Kate Field Miss Whiting has been the recipient of remarkable psychic phenomena, and in discussing the subject she considers this month we have not only the earnest, conscientious, and high-minded Christian writer, but also the thought of one whose remarkable experiences give a special interest to her writings on psychic subjects.

#### DR. JAMES HEDLEY'S PAPER.

In "How Shall the Church Triumph?" Dr. James Hedley, one of the most popular lecturers of the present time, gives our readers the views of one who holds to ultra-orthodoxy. There is much in this paper with which I cannot agree, but doubtless to many it will appeal with great force, and it is the purpose of The Coming Age to present widely divergent ideas, when they come from sincere and earnest men and women who are conscientiously striving to bring about a better order. It is only in the crucible of free discussion that we find the gold of truth, and only by broadly viewing all sides of great problems can we maintain

that tolerant spirit which is and must ever be the handmaid of progress.

#### THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

Prof. Jean du Buy closes his remarkably noteworthy series of papers on "The Teachings of Jesus" with a scholarly discussion of "The Kingdom of God." These papers have created general interest throughout the land. Seldom has there appeared so deeply and truly spiritual a series of discussions, which were also characterized by entire freedom from cant and creedalism.

#### WHY I AM A DISCIPLE.

In our "Why I Am" series of papers this month we give a brief paper by Rev. J. H. Garrison, the well-known editor of the Christian Evangelist, entitled "Why I Am a Disciple." Mr. Garrison is an earnest, conscientious, and consistent Christian gentleman who is doing a good work in his able journal by persistently impressing on the minds of his readers the demands of the hour for justice for all the people. He is fearless in criticism of the crying wrongs which so gravely menace republican government, by working injury to the people while lowering the moral ideals of the nation.

#### THE RED MAN IN LITERATURE.

Under the title of "An Indian Chief in Literature," I give in this issue a study of the unique romance of Indian life, "The Queen of the Woods," by the late Chief Simon Pokagon, of the Pottawattamie Indians. In my quotations I have omitted many Indian words and phrases which appear in the corresponding passages of the book, as I felt that they marred the effect of the narrative. I also unintentionally failed to mention the fact that the chief gives a most interesting chapter on the Algonquin language, with a great number of words from the vocabulary of that once powerful people.

#### AN UNSWORN WITNESS.

Our readers will be delighted to greet Will Allen Dromgoole again in our pages. This month we give an exceedingly strong and interesting story from her pen. Miss Dromgoole is a strong, true writer, ever animated by a desire to further civilization and awaken the good in the human breast. Her

stories are more than the writings of most of our present-day story-tellers. They have the merit of fidelity to life, which fills the demands of art, but beyond this they teach important lessons in the most effective possible manner.

#### BOUND VOLUMES OF THE COMING AGE.

Owing to the fact that the demand for back numbers of *The Coming Age* has been so much greater than we anticipated, the large editions printed are almost exhausted, and, as we have no plates of these numbers, the first volume of *The Coming Age* cannot be duplicated. For this reason it will shortly be out of print and unobtainable. We have had most of the sets which are still in our possession bound in cloth, and as long as they last will dispose of them at three dollars per volume, sent post-paid to any part of the United States. For the reason given above it is highly probable that in a few months at most our first volume will be very rare and command a high price. We therefore suggest that persons desiring to secure *The Coming Age* from its commencement should procure one of the first volumes before they are entirely exhausted.

#### DR. LORIMER ON PRESENT PERILS AND THE OBLIGATIONS OF THE SCHOLAR TO THE REPUBLIC.

Rev. George C. Lorimer is recognized as the most eloquent pulpit orator among the Baptist clergy. He is also justly regarded as one of the ablest men in the New England pulpit, but he is more than this. He possesses that superb moral courage which makes him dare to say things which are unpleasant to many. His magnificent address recently delivered at Brown University created a genuine sensation. Dr. Lorimer's arraignment of the trusts, with his criticisms of other crying evils, was so thoroughly timely, and dealt with issues which are so largely commanding the attention of American people, that I felt it should have the widest possible circulation. Hence, I have arranged with the doctor to give our readers the ideas which he presented in his address. This has been done, and a notable paper dealing with the obligations of scholars at the present crisis will appear in our next issue,—a paper which no thinking

Christian patriot should fail to read. Dr. Lorimer has accepted an invitation to address a co-operative congress at the Crystal Palace, in London, during the present month.

#### PROF. MOSLEY ON THE NEW PHILOSOPHY.

We have a series of papers of exceptional value for thinking people who wish to be in touch with the best ethical thought of the present time. They have been prepared by Prof. J. R. Mosley, and deal with the subject of transcendentalism in a thoroughly practical way, while the theory of evolution is most admirably and broadly handled. Prof. Mosley demonstrates the essential unity amid apparent contradictions of the two great philosophical concepts, while treating in a luminous manner the progress of man throughout the ages toward spiritual heights. He is a believer in evolution "interpreted in the light of an idealistic rather than a materialistic philosophy, as a result of prior involution rather than spontaneous generation." His papers will be extremely helpful, and to many will be worth vastly more than the year's subscription to *The Coming Age*.

#### ANOTHER SOCIAL EXPERIMENT.

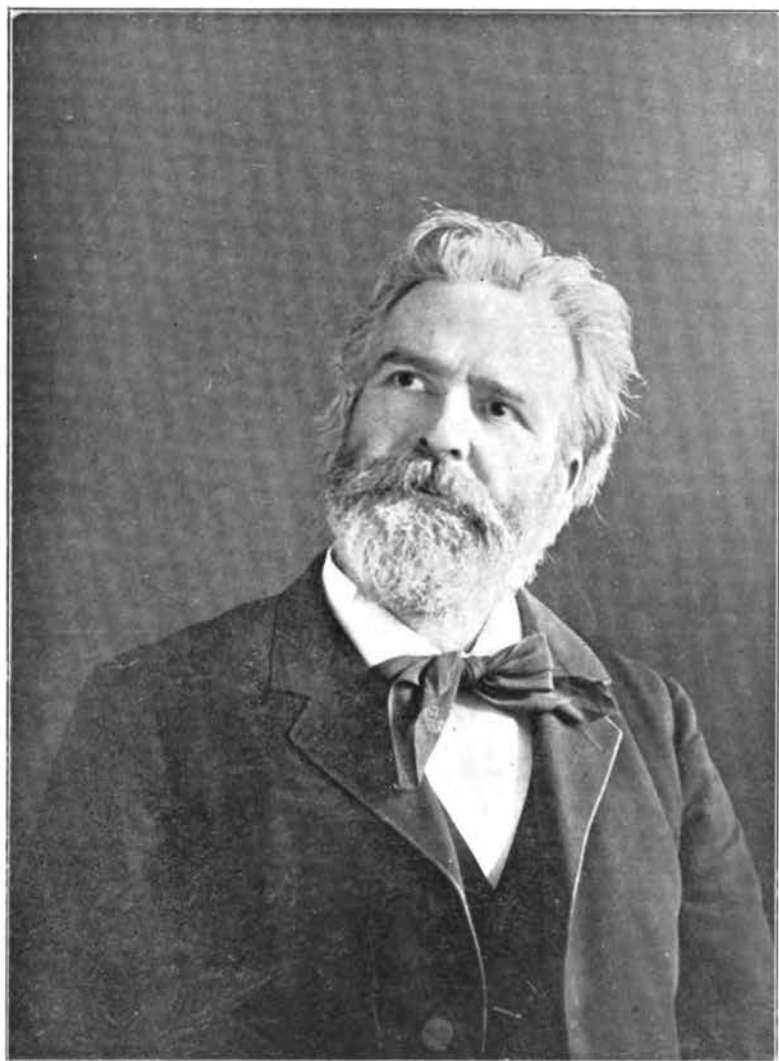
Mr. George Howard Gibson, the well-known editor of "The Social Gospel," will describe the Christian Commonwealth, of Commonwealth, Georgia, in the next number of *The Coming Age*. His paper will be followed by a contribution from the well-known scholar and reformer, Colonel Richard J. Hinton, who will deal with one of the latest social experiments in the State of Washington.

#### HOW TO ENJOY BROWNING.

Lovers of good poetry will be interested in Rev. H. C. Meserve's suggestive paper on "How to Enjoy Browning." I rejoice to see a growing interest among our people in the writings of the best poets, for I know of no class of writers who exert greater influence for good than those noble idealists who carry the reader unconsciously into spiritual altitudes, from which the soul finds that food which we all sorely need in the present restless, hurrying, and fast-living age.







*Edwin Markham.*

# THE COMING AGE

VOL. II

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No. 3



## CONVERSATIONS

I.—THE MEN AND THOUGHT THAT MADE THE BOSTON OF THE FORTIES FAMOUS, BY DR. JOHN THOMAS CODMAN.

II.—THE WORK OF THE MOTHERS' CONGRESS AND CLUBS, BY MRS. THEODORE WELD BIRNEY.

### I.—THE MEN AND THOUGHT THAT MADE THE BOSTON OF THE FORTIES FAMOUS

DR. JOHN THOMAS CODMAN.

AN EDITORIAL SKETCH.

Dr. John Thomas Codman is a fine type of that sturdy manhood which has ever made Boston pre-eminent as a moral and intellectual center in the new world. He is descended from one of the oldest families of Boston. His ancestors belonged to the resolute Puritan stock, who preferred the perilous hardships and sufferings of a wild and savage land, with freedom, to ease and the comforts of civilization, without the right to worship God and develop life as they believed the Divine One desired.

He was born on Beacon Hill, in Boston, on October 30, 1826. His parents, though deeply religious, were broad and liberal in their convictions. The magnificent thought of Dr. Channing and the

coterie of great men who represented the protest against the hard and austere tenets of Calvinism was warmly welcomed by the Codman family. In referring to his early training, during a recent conversation, Dr. Codman said: "My parents were very conscientious, and took pains early to impress on my mind the great fundamental truths of right and duty, and, thanks to their teachings, I have never had to undertake the difficult task of unlearning or greatly revising my early instruction. Hence, when I reached my twentieth year I had no intellectual bugbears to fight. From my early manhood I have felt that the Supreme Being intended that we should pass through life with perfect trust, and enjoy that freedom which is as essential to the proper rounding out and development of character as sunshine is to the growth of the

fruit and flower. I believe that it was intended by the All-Wise One that we should investigate all problems and phenomena which present themselves, even as a child comes into its knowledge by its tireless questionings and searchings." With such convictions, it is not strange that the young man became, what he has ever since been, a persistent searcher after truth,—though he has fortunately preserved enough of the conservatism of his ancestors to prevent his going to extremes not sanctioned by well-balanced reason.

It is a great thing for a child to grow up in an atmosphere vibrant with moral enthusiasm and intellectual activity, and doubtless the life and character of young Mr. Codman were greatly influenced by the men and thought that surrounded him from early youth. He was brought into more or less intimate relationship with such inspiring lives as those of Channing, Emerson, Parker, and Dr. Ripley. He was especially drawn to the latter, in whom he beheld the ideal type of consistent Christian manhood, which proposed to put into immediate practice the luminous teachings of the great Nazarene. Hence, when Dr. Ripley founded Brook Farm, he found no more enthusiastic follower than Mr. Codman, then in his teens.

After the experiment was given up the young man determined to follow the profession of dentistry, and entered into his studies with the same zeal and whole-heartedness which have characterized everything he has undertaken. He is a graduate of the Dental College of Harvard University, and during the active practice of his profession, of over half a century, he has filled all the prominent offices in the Massachusetts Dental Society and other scholarly bodies to which he has belonged. He has delivered many papers of great merit before the American Academy of Dental Science and other scientific societies. In addition to his very busy professional life he has also found time for much work of a literary character, and has been deeply interested in social and economic progress, as well as in the profound problems which relate to the to-day and to-morrow of life. Many years ago he became interested in psychical phenomena, and, true to his naturally

critical and analytical nature, he conducted his experiments in a thorough-going manner, ever open to the truth, but equally on the alert for fraud. In speaking of the result of these investigations, he said to me recently: "I soon became convinced that there was mind—active, living, constructive mind—behind the phenomena I witnessed. I also became convinced of the presence of evidence proving, to my satisfaction at least, the continuance of life after death."

Perhaps no line of thought, however, outside of his profession has so engrossed the serious consideration of Dr. Codman as the economic problems which are more and more engaging the attention of earnest men and women to-day. His early enthusiasm for a nobler social order, which led him to Brook Farm, has never waned. The broadly philosophical and nobly humanitarian thought of Fourier and other master minds of the past generation was eagerly studied, and their conclusions in many instances accepted by Dr. Codman more than thirty years ago. His history of Brook Farm has proved at once a most interesting historical work and a valuable contribution to the economic literature of our time.

In speaking of some recent instances where great numbers of working-men vainly clamored for employment, Dr. Codman said: "I believe in the right to work. The nation must come to see that its supreme duty lies in the path of seeing that every willing hand has employment at a good living wage. And I go farther. I believe in free bread when occasion demands it. I believe that much, very much, of our crime and a large proportion of the expense of the machinery of law are due to the short-sighted indifference of society to the reasonable demands of the higher law."

In answer to a question touching his religious convictions, he said: "I am a transcendentalist entirely. That doctrine affirms the divinity of manhood and makes a practical reaffirmation of the fact that God made man in his own image, not to be imprisoned, not to be balked, but ever to be developed in himself, and in his surroundings, which influence so largely the life on earth."

In his conversation this month Dr. Codman brings us face to face with the Boston of Channing, Emerson, Parker, and Ripley, and incidentally touches upon many subjects which concerned the foremost thinkers of forty years ago, and which are now beginning to engage the profound attention of tens of thousands of the most thoughtful of our people.

### SOME MEN AND WOMEN WHO MADE THE BOSTON OF THE FORTIES FAMOUS.

CONVERSATION WITH DR. J. T. CODMAN.

Q. Dr. Codman, I am sure that our readers, who have enjoyed your interesting paper on Brook Farm, will want to hear more about the men and thought that stirred the Boston of fifty years ago. Doubtless you heard the Channings, Theodore Parker, and Mr. Ripley speak on several occasions. Now, will you give us something of your impressions of each of these thinkers, and the points of agreement and disagreement which impressed you the most forcibly?

A. You certainly know something of the history of the Channing family as well as myself, and that the Rev. Dr. William Ellery Channing was named after his grandfather, William Ellery, who signed the Declaration of Independence. His relation to the ideas of Mr. Ripley was that of hearty approval when he was about to form the "community," as it was then called, and the subject of its formation was talked over at his house at a meeting held there. Mr. Ripley afterward stated that, had it not been for his encouragement, he never would have started the Brook Farm Association, though to Mr. Ripley is due the entire originality of the project. In justice to Dr. Channing it must be stated that he doubted the final issue of it. Dr. Channing had a brother, Walter, six years his junior, a physician of Boston, who incidentally had something to do with my entrance into this sphere, and who was once called on by a stranger with an inquiry about some of his sermons. "My dear sir," said the doctor, "you have made

a mistake. It is my brother you wish to see. He is the one who preaches. I am the one who practices." William Francis Channing, M. D., a son of the Rev. William Ellery Channing, is seventy-seven years of age and resides in California. He is a man of scientific ability, whose talents are only exceeded by his extreme modesty. The country is much indebted to his labors and inventions along lines of electrical and general science. He invented the fire-alarm system of Boston and other cities, and first made the telephone practicable for every-day use. He invented a mode of conveying ships across the Isthmus of Panama by railway, and a mode of passing around Niagara Falls by canal and locks. In fact, he is always trying to invent something for the good of the people, and was early attracted to the idea of a social science governing the life of the race as other sciences govern in other spheres. He holds still firmly to the same ideas he advocated in the time of the Brook Farmers.

His cousin, Rev. William Henry Channing, son of Francis Dana, a lawyer, and elder brother to William Ellery Channing, was quite different from Dr. William Francis, though they were twins in purity, truthfulness, and love of humanity. Doctor William Francis is of medium height, fairly rounded in form and shoulders, with full blue eyes, calm, serene face, pleasant, smiling, enthusiastic, but his enthusiasm kept always well in reserve; he is always practical, attending willingly to humblest duties,—kind, wise, modest.

His cousin was all enthusiasm. He glowed with it. He was fascinating. He sought the highest Christian ideals, and made the self-sacrificing life of Christ his example. He was of such stuff as martyrs are made of, and seemed to want but the opportunity to be one. He was tall and slenderly graceful, soberly in earnest, eloquent, and fully devoted to the associative idea, presenting it always in the devotional aspect, and leaving the scientific side to other speakers and workers. He was childlike in "practical" things,—knew he was so, and regretted it. With something of leadership in his compo-



sition, the armies he led were those of angels, not men. He was the born orator, standing in full form on the platform, and his gestures were the personification of grace. There were three Boston orators whom I admired in my youth who had a general similarity of appearance on the platform,—all tall, graceful, fluent, and each spoke without a note and in an unstudied manner. They were Wendell Phillips, William Henry Channing, and Thomas W. Higginson. Rev. O. B. Frothingham writes highly of his memory of William Henry Channing's eloquence, and George William Curtis tells of "weeping like a child as words of heavenly fire flowed from his lips." I often heard him speak at the Farm and in Boston, and many an hour have I sat of an evening on the low window-sill at the Eyrie, listening to the "soft, rich, flute-like music of his voice" in earnest, friendly conversation. Well may the New England reformers be proud of their ancestry, if pride of ancestry means anything, as I think it does. They were "no poor white trash," as Sambo says.

Theodore Parker was a farmer's boy, and grandson of a Lexington patriot. He worked on his father's farm. As a child he was distinguished by an extraordinary, precocious memory, and it is stated that he knew and classified all the trees and plants in his vicinity when he was ten years of age, giving some of them original names. He studied astronomy, geology, and the languages, and prepared himself for college while at his daily work, passing his entrance examination before his father knew of it, who told him he "did not know how he could spare him from the farm." "But I am going to college and work on the farm, too," said the young man. At college, probably in the Theological School, he met George Ripley, who was eight years his senior, and a strong friendship sprang up between the two men that lasted all their days. He also met there the Rev. Convers Francis. These two men, according to Rev. O. B. Frothingham, were the inspirers of Mr. Parker's zeal, and gave shape to the tendencies of his life. One spring morning I went to hear him preach at the Music Hall, in Boston. My Brook

Farm life had given me a close and loving acquaintance with nature, and my home was four miles away from the city. It seemed in that discourse he brought in, in an unstudied way, a notice of all the passing events of general interest that had happened the past week. He spoke of the beauty of the season, and described the awakening of nature,—the especial flowers blooming out, the fishes just running up the rivers to spawn, and many details of little things that showed how close his heart was in tune with the day and hour. His knowledge surprised me, and I said, How does this man know such trifles as that the herrings are running up stream to-day? Now I understand that his mind, though filled with other and more serious thoughts, was wandering back to the sights and scenes of those days when he was at the old home in Lexington, and sought out all the wonders and mysteries of nature that came in his way. Mr. Parker wrote some strong words against the position that the laborer occupied in society, and the heavy burdens put upon him, but he did not advocate the cause of associated life, and his genius was not constructive. I do not know what his favorite pastime or labor on the farm was, but I venture to say it was cutting down and pulling up weeds; whereas, to carry out the simile, Mr. Ripley's favorite action would have been in planting trees. Can I any better describe the difference between the two men? Mr. Ripley was occupied in planting the seeds of a new social order; Mr. Parker was pulling up and destroying the weeds in the old one.

Mr. Parker was quietly dignified on the platform, saying at times sharp and even sarcastic things forcibly, but never losing a fair share of personal dignity.

Mr. Ripley I heard only at home and on the platform at society meetings.

Whatever he might have been as a younger man, carrying in the pulpit the preacher's heavy soberness of face, it had then disappeared. The bed-rock of his life had been touched, and his words were ever like a fountain of flowing waters that rushed on in their strength, and yet bubbled and gurgled, and inspired you.

Q. Were you personally acquainted with Margaret Fuller, and what do you recollect of her? Did her tragic death create much impression in Boston?

A. I was not personally acquainted with her, meeting her only once and with others. As the rush of changing conditions came upon the Brook Farmers Miss Fuller went less often to the Farm. I have tried to find the sources of her personal influence and strength. That she had great intellectual capacity is true, and its vigor attracted many, but it or she repelled Hawthorne, and Lowell was particularly savage on her in his famous "Fable for Critics."

I have come to the conclusion that her kindness of heart, her willingness to do personal favors, and her personal magnetism, that both strongly attracted and repelled, were great elements of her strength. Many thought her letters from Italy to the New York Tribune after her marriage were her best work. On board the vessel on which she took passage and was lost was Horace, a younger brother of Hon. Charles Sumner, a small, modest young fellow who quite often visited at the Farm, who also perished. I need only say that much was expected of Margaret Fuller's future career.

Q. What do you remember of George William Curtis?

A. I spoke of three Boston orators. There was another, Charles Sumner. Somehow I associate George William Curtis more with Sumner than with the others. Perhaps there was something the same in their cast of countenance, vigor of features, and pose. Yet he had more natural gifts than Sumner, and the tribute given to him by Hon. Edward L. Pierce, Sumner's biographer, tells its own story. Mr. Pierce had met thousands of fine people, but he said to me, "Curtis was the finest gentleman I ever met." He was but a little older than myself and had just left the Farm for his life in Concord. When he came to visit us he was ever with Mr. Dwight and his past associates in the Eyrie parlor, where he enjoyed himself with the harmonies made there. But you must know all were at home there like one family, and I was there with the young folks to hear Mr. Curtis sing,

which he did charmingly, and you must remember also that all his prominence has come since his Brook Farm days. When he was at Concord he fell in love with Emerson and his individualistic theories, but the memory of his days of study and work at Brook Farm was always dear to him. He was a fine example of an all-around development of a man of great natural gifts. He had many gifts, and he used them well; but he missed one thing that would have developed him more, although it crushes many,—an acquaintance with poverty. It amuses me to see how soberly some people take everything he wrote,—things that he wrote in dignified burlesque.

Q. What were your impressions of Hawthorne when you saw him at Brook Farm, or was he there at the time when you were a member of the association?

A. I did not meet Hawthorne. He was only at the Farm for a few of its first months. He was out of his place there. The ideal of his life work was fixed in his childhood, when he mused and wandered, solitary and alone, day after day among the books of his dead father's library, for, pointing one day to a mantel shelf, when he was fourteen years old, he asked, "How would it look to see a row of books there marked 'Hawthorne's Works?'"

Q. What do you remember of Mr. Dana, and how do you account for his views changing so radically as he advanced in years?

A. I think you do an injustice to Mr. Charles A. Dana, as does also the general public when it assumes that his ideas of social reorganization changed when he gave up advocating them. Mr. Dana did as other men do when they give up their ideals. Do men deny their Sunday Christianity when on Monday morning they rival their neighbors in getting a "cinch" on the market or "doing" some one in a horse trade? No, they do not deny their Christianity; they prostitute it. Mr. Dana left his ideal life behind, and went into "civilized" life. He changed his type of a man. He sought notoriety, fortune, and reputation. He was the finest editor the world ever saw. He showed power everywhere. He lived like a prince. He filled

many offices with great ability, but in the political scuffle and struggle he got hurt, was soured, and swore "as deacons do," called names, and did some things unworthy of him; but in all the half-century since the Brook Farm Association and Phalanx dissolved, can any man put his finger on one word Mr. Dana ever wrote against the life and ideals of it? He published tender words of it at the time of Mr. Ripley's death, and a year or so before his own we find him before the students at Ann Arbor delivering the most concise, careful, and correct account of it ever written. But he did not then publicly commit himself either for or against it. Had he spoken in its favor it would have done the cause no good, and against it he could not. I saw personally little of him after the Brook Farm days, but every day at the Farm under almost every condition of the life indoors and out, and, although recognizing in him one born with gifts to command, it was done with such pleasant, genial ways that I thoroughly admired him, and I may say we all did.

Q. Tell us something about Mr. Brisbane.

A. Do ask me something easy to do! I might tell you a little of him, but to sketch even a meager outline of him would take a full chapter. I did not fancy him much when we were at the Farm, that is, personally, compared with most of the leaders. Now I have the opportunity, not given to the great majority of people, to be able to contrast my youthful estimate of him with that of the full period of maturity. Mr. Brisbane I now know to have been a great man of peculiar and wonderful capacity, possessed ever with a tremendous desire to search and analyze everything that came within his reach. With abundant means for education and travel, speaking several languages, eloquent, sociable, and fearless, he covered the whole of Europe with his personality. He became acquainted with all the remarkable and prominent men and women of his time, particularly the social reformers. He analyzed their theories with keenness and avidity. He respected, he disliked, and he admired some of them. He lived on theo-

ries as a boy on oranges. He squeezed them, sucked their juice, and cast them away, saying, This one is good, this bitter, that sour. He was known from one end of Europe to the other by the aristocracy as a social heretic, a hated reformer. As a lad of fifteen years he had sampled all occupations that his birthplace, the town of Batavia, New York, furnished. He tried the mechanics' shops. He wanted to make gunpowder, but there was no chemist near to teach him. He got all the encyclopedias and studied alone, and said if he had had the teachers necessary he would have "studied everything." Think what a mind he had who at that age could ask seriously, What is the work of man on earth? What is he put here for, and what has he to do? "If the individual man does not know what the work of the collective man is he has no guide in his career." And then he solved the question in this way: "I belong to a vast army in which each has his place and function, and those who leave the ranks to attend to individual concerns cannot advance to the great achievement for which they are destined. The army is humanity. I am a soldier in its ranks."

His wife, Redelia, has paid a beautiful tribute to the memory of her husband in a most interesting book, entitled "Albert Brisbane: A Mental Biography." The contents are to a great extent sketches of his life from Mr. Brisbane's own lips, but to us the most important fact of his life is his meeting with Charles Fourier and his works. Brisbane had before then become acquainted with the doctrines of St. Simon. In them he found a new idea. He found a reform that was not dedicated to a special object, but to the whole social organization. After studying the theories well, he became convinced that the principles of authority, religion, and subordination, as adopted by the St. Simonians, were repugnant and unnatural. He therefore left them. Returning to Berlin from Paris, he received from his friend, Jules Lechevalier, two books on "Domestic and Agricultural Association," at the cost of seven thalers, and as they seemed to him to be a treatise on farming he threw them aside in disgust; but taking them up after

a few days, to see why his friend should send him such expensive works on agriculture, he came across the phrase, "attractive industry."

This again was a new idea to him, that of making brutal and brutalizing labor attractive, and he seemed at once to grasp its wonderful meaning. It resulted in making him an ardent and enthusiastic admirer of Fourier and his wonderful conceptions.

Q. Did his visit have anything to do with the modification or change in the ideals of Brook Farm?

A. Everything. After meeting Fourier and studying as his pupil for two years, Mr. Brisbane came home thoroughly convinced that Fourier, in his discovery of the law of social attraction, had found the key to the science of human society. He then commenced to advocate the doctrines with all the force and eloquence he could command. In 1839 he published his first work, "Brisbane on Association." He engaged Parke Benjamin to look over his proof sheets, and one day, talking with him of the probable effect of his work on the public, Benjamin exclaimed, "There is Horace Greeley just damned fool to believe such nonsense." "Who is Greeley?" said Brisbane. "He is a young man up-stairs editing the New Yorker." Greeley became a warm friend to the ideas, and opened the New York Tribune's columns to the new social gospel.

To sum up, Brisbane was the foremost, most active, and most important doctrinal socialistic leader this country ever had. He aroused the enthusiasm that dotted the northern States with crude experiments. He believed that they foreshadowed a permanent change in the form of our social condition as a people, though it proved to be only the work of the exceptional few. But, fully impressed with his idea, he used all his personal magnetism and eloquence on the Brook Farm leaders to convert them to Fourier's ideas, and to induce them as an organized body to join the great uprising of the people.

His enthusiasm and hope carried him beyond reason, for Fourier had declared very forcibly that no one should undertake to form an industrial association of his sort with less than five hundred persons,

saying that it was the least possible number with which you can secure the accords by which you can hold it together. In after years Mr. Brisbane saw that this was true. The reorganization of the association under the name of the Brook Farm Phalanx, with its groups and series of workers, which followed, was a very pretty idea, but, as being anything like a realization of Fourier's idea, it was not,—but very shadowy, indeed.

Q. You have spoken of Fourier. Will you tell us something of his theories or ideals, for I think they are very much misunderstood by the great majority of our people?

A. It astonishes me to think how few of the intellectual and intelligent men of this country have any conception of Fourier's basic ideas. Those who have written of him have generally written about his speculations in astronomy and cosmic conditions, marriage in the future, etc., more, it would seem, to draw a laugh than to confirm or disprove them. Fourier believed thoroughly in the importance of the full development of all of the physical senses, but he always subordinated them to the higher virtues. His thought ran somewhat in this way: When mankind knows the beautiful results that will come from the complete development of these five physical senses, when it knows how the affections of friendship, love, and family can be entwined with them, and with three primary mental powers making the twelve notes of the musical scale of life, including tones and semitones, and when they are duplicated by higher and lower octaves of feeling, each note passion brought into its harmonious relation with all the others, then all human hearts will burst forth in spontaneous praise to God for the blessings he has bestowed on them of life so filled with pleasurable bounties and emotions. And he said, in confirmation of this, that in the higher form of society, the harmonic order, "the love of God will become the most ardent love among men."

Fourier never flattered. He was ever loyal to truth and to science, wherever it led him, and when his conclusions differed from others he said, "I have no theory of my own. I deduce from the



study of laws and the great universal law of attraction which it is the destiny of all life to conform to, and if I have deduced wrongly let others make the true deduction." He sank his individuality in his devotion to his work, and disliked to have his name attached to his theories as "Fourierism," and asserted a hundred times that his were ever studies of the Creator's laws, not his theories. This is a reason why I place Fourier above all other socialists who are bound by theories of their own. "I am nothing of myself," he says. "I present divine laws fore-ordained by a wise and loving Father, an intelligent, rational Being, at the beginning of the world. Study them for yourself." So absorbed was he in his work, so in earnest, so touched with the misery of the human family, contrasting it in his mind with the happiness it might enjoy were it not for its social and mental degradation, that Mr. Brisbane said that in the two years he was with him he never saw him smile.

Q. I believe that on one occasion you mentioned the fact that Robert Owen, father of the philosopher, visited Brook Farm. At what time was that, and do you remember whether he gave any description of his attempt to found a social colony on the banks of the Wabash, in Indiana?

A. I saw Robert Owen. He spent a day or more at the Farm. The leaders entertained him. We were all busy, and it was a part of their work to do it. I was young, too young to have properly estimated him. I saw a full-sized, vigorous old man. He had, I remember, a ruddy face, full features, and a prominent nose. He did not address the association on the subject of his New Harmony Colony. You know, I think, much more of it than I do. It was near your early home, was it not?

Q. Tell us what you think were the chief reasons why Brook Farm failed, and the chief reasons, in your mind, why so many of these social experiments have come to naught?

A. Want of knowledge of what is necessary to found and sustain them until they are able to take care of themselves financially is the first reason of failure.

To start an "association" is to start a business, perhaps several, and it requires business or trained talent to do it. Want of a large number of harmonious persons is another reason. Numbers enough must be had to make the life attractive, enough socially to hold it well together during the days of poverty and hard labor that inevitably come at first; for during the first months or years of starting the few families or persons are placed in very close contact, and, unless there is a sufficiently large number of individuals to give variety of character and companionship, the members will tire of one another. You might say that they exhaust the acquaintanceship, and, unless the society has accessions of new members to keep up the social life until it is of full size, it will not permanently rival the attractions of the life of our cities. The Brook Farm Association simply ran out of capital. They could not continue to furnish capital to keep the occupations going that they had started, that is, long enough to place them on a paying basis. They could not add to their numbers, because they had no house room. Enlargement was prevented by the utter destruction by fire of a large and uncompleted building soon to be occupied for family dwellings, which resulted in a total financial loss; and they were also injured in their growth by the forming of too many institutions modeled in some respects on a similar plan, for, as the number of persons interested in associative life was so few, the multiplication of new ventures divided and scattered the strength and the little capital they had. When it is said that these experiments have come to naught, I reply that I do not believe it to be so. They have realized a most important thing in the establishment of new modes of living,—experience. What is more important?

Q. You do not think that the ideal is incorrect, do you?

A. Believing, as I do, that the intuitions of the human soul are correct, as we believe in father, mother, home, family, life, immortality, and a directing Power, so do I believe in co-operative life, the intuitions of which are also there.

Among the many residents who came and went during the Brook Farm experiment at West Roxbury, crude, unpropitious, and small as it was, I never saw one who doubted that the ultimate of social life was along lines embracing somewhat the theories then advanced and accepted. But there must be failures. They are but the stepping-stones by which we climb to success. I expect to live to see a hundred of them. Every failure will find some souls indoctrinated and more enthused for the good cause than ever. Finally, when sufficient numbers of these experienced persons unite together, they will succeed in producing such a true social organization as the world never saw before.

Meanwhile, progress toward the ideal life will not all be limited to what takes place in the special co-operative communities; but in general society radical changes will take place for the better by the growth

of intelligence. We cannot plant and harvest the result of the planting on the same day. In the human mind great theories and hopes are incubating, and mighty results will follow for the benefit of this nation, unless we are so blind to the danger that surrounds us of passing into a commercial feudalism that we neglect to make the proper reforms and pass into a class war. That result can only be avoided by the earnest study of social questions that must first be solved. Understand me, the base of all things is mathematics. A child may solve the problem of units, the astronomer the orbits of the inanimate globes, but for all to learn how to apply the mathematics of society, and to meet all the daily needs of living, moving human beings in their complex relations to one another is the greatest problem given to the human race, and we cannot begin the solution of it too soon. The end is worthy of it.

## II.—THE WORK OF THE MOTHERS' CONGRESS AND CLUBS

MRS. THEODORE WELD BIRNEY.

AN EDITORIAL SKETCH.

It is a very significant fact that with the entrance of woman into the sphere of public activity two great questions have assumed commanding proportions in the thought of the western world,—the development of the spiritual in the individual and the elevation of the home into what it should ever be, a holy sanctuary which must receive the profoundest consideration of head and heart.

Among the numerous educational influences which are being nobly furthered by brain-illuminated and conscience-guided womanhood, perhaps none is so worthy of earnest and liberal support as the nation-wide movement inaugurated in February of 1897 at the first Mothers' Congress in the city of Washington, as then there was inaugurated for the first time, so far as I know, a broad, comprehensive programme for the formation of mothers' clubs at which all those fundamental questions concerning enlightened maternity, which intimately relate to the devel-

opment of a nobler humanity, are discussed and dwelt upon in such a manner as to carry home to the consciousness of womanhood the august and solemn responsibilities which devolve upon the home-builders of our age. This movement is the outgrowth of the larger vision of life which the present wonderful century has given to our civilization, and in a peculiar degree to nineteenth-century womanhood.

The vision came to Mrs. Theodore Weld Birney, a southern woman of culture, refinement, and spirituality, and, true to the high call of duty, she went forward, nobly seconded by other mothers to whom this fundamental work for meeting in a large measure the crying needs of the great world came as a revelation of destiny-shaping potentiality.

Mrs. Birney was born in Marietta, Georgia. Her father, L. C. McLellan, was a man of strong intellectual endowment and moral worth. Although a southerner, living in the very heart of the slave territory, he was opposed to the institution, and owned only such slaves as

were absolutely necessary to the conduct of his household, and these enjoyed that kindly consideration which was happily the lot of many slaves throughout the South, who belonged to large-hearted and generous-minded masters.

Her mother is a woman possessed of deep spiritual insight. Hers is the lofty vision which comes to those who tread the heights while journeying through this life. Gentle, loving, and sympathetic, with heart ever going out to those in trouble and distress, and with a sweet word of encouragement and a helping hand for each struggling one, this refined woman of the Southland goes through life making the world brighter by making hearts happier through thought, word, and deed.

In the daughter is united much of the intellectual directness of thought and moral courage of the father and the deep spirituality of the mother, together with a refinement of nature and a shrinking from all that smacks of notoriety which is a strong characteristic of southern women. She was reared in an atmosphere of unselfishness and devotion to duty, and was always taught to consider first the comfort and welfare of others. This most important part of true education was supplemented by a liberal schooling, such as our institutions of learning provide, and later she received further education through extensive traveling. As is customary in the South, she was married at an early age. Her first husband was Alonzo J. White, Jr., of Charleston, South Carolina, a member of one of the oldest families in the State. A long and beautiful life seemed to be opening before the young couple, for mutual love made the home an Eden and with it brought that joyous fearlessness which laughs at care. And yet, as is so frequently the case in this pilgrimage to the Father's house, out of the clear sky the bolt descended. The idolized husband was suddenly taken after a married life of only twenty months. The crushing blow was softened in a measure by the birth of a daughter a few months after the passing of the husband. This daughter, who is now eighteen years of age, has been the source of untold comfort, strength, and joy to the mother, giving to life, thus

early clouded, one of those companionships which feed the deepest springs of being.

A number of years after the death of the husband she was married to a talented young lawyer of Washington, Theodore Weld Birney, the grandson of the grand old Abolition leader, James G. Birney, who in 1840 and again in 1844 was nominated to the presidency by the Free-Soil party.

This marriage was one of those beautiful unions where congeniality in aspirations and ideals makes life richly worth the while, and each day a time of growth and gladness. In the great problems of the hour each felt the deepest concern. With Mrs. Birney this interest grew with the passing years, until it lived as an ever present influence in her mind. She saw and felt the grave perils which confront our nation; she saw on many sides the seeming lowering of the moral ideals in public life. The great demand for justice was too often slighted; the voice of those under the wheel failed to call forth ready and sympathetic response; there was something lacking in the moral fiber of the people. These thoughts and kindred convictions forced themselves on the mind of Mrs. Birney with peculiar force,—not that she was pessimistic, but because she was nobly optimistic. Because she believed that the wrongs could be righted she pondered upon the mighty problems before her. A second daughter had been born, and now that the third child was expected the mother felt a passionate longing for a son who might become a potent factor in leading the forces of the dawn. She did not doubt but what, with her enthusiasm for righteousness and justice and that broad and all-compassing love which dominated her soul, she could so mold and form the plastic mind of her son that he would come under the spell of love-lit duty. But when the little one came it also was a girl, and then it was, in January, 1895, that the great and luminous thought was born into the awakened consciousness of the mother, a thought suggestive of a multitude of vital questions and pregnant with promise of a better day. What if the hope, dream, and desire which had so filled her soul could be made the ideal of a million

mothers? What if this passion for a nobler manhood, in which moral strength and loyalty to justice and righteousness were coupled with a deep and all-inclusive love, could be made the dream of intelligent motherhood everywhere? Ah, clearly that, more surely than anything else, would solve the gravest problem which the sphinx of our generation was propounding to free government. To-day, as at no previous moment in history, woman had it in her power to direct the steps of the rising generation up the spiritual Alps. The more this great, new thought pressed on her intelligence, the more overmastering it became. She saw that we are living in the closing years of the most marvelous century in the history of the ages. The past hundred years had changed the face of the earth and placed mankind, so to speak, in a new world. Inventions had leaped from the brain of man with such dazzling rapidity and of so startling a character that the imagination had almost ceased to marvel at anything. The labor of a thousand was, through machinery, being performed by ten. Scientific knowledge had advanced almost as rapidly as had invention. The intellect had been trained as never before. Over almost every highway of thought, research, or endeavor the car of progress was moving swiftly; but in the face of all this the question arose, Had moral growth kept pace with intellectual progress? Had character developed with the expanding mental vision? Was the happiness of the world what it should be in view of the wonderful advances that had transformed all life's environment? The answer was not such as the enlightened soul could wish. Man had doubtless gained morally. This fact was witnessed in a thousand directions, but his ethical development had by no means kept pace with the march of mind; and here was the key to the profound discontent everywhere manifested in the industrial world. Here was the reason why social life was afflicted with ennui, why business life so frequently degenerated into a frenzy in which the gambling spirit and a passion for amassing gold dwarfed character and took from life all that could yield deep or enduring pleasure. Here was the reason why the arm of industry was so frequently robbed

of the privilege of working, and the slums of the great centers were enlarging their borders with each succeeding year. Man was sweeping the heavens with the telescope, and by the aid of the spectroscope and other inventions was measuring the distances between the stars, weighing and analyzing their composition. The mind was exploring the Milky Way, but the soul was not living on the heights. Here, then, was the most urgent need. Character must be developed; a full-orbed education must take the place of mere intellectual training; the materialism of the market or sordid self-absorption must give place to a spiritually awakened manhood. The golden rule must take precedence over the rule of gold. Manhood must be exalted. The divine must be called to the foreground. This was the demand upon awakened American motherhood, and in order to do this the mothers of the land must be first aroused and brought under the influence of the highest ideals, born of a recognition of their solemn responsibilities. The laws of heredity, prenatal influence, and the environment of the child, the growth of the soul or the development of all that is best in the young, through example as well as precept, the shaping of the plastic mind, the holding of the highest ever before the imagination,—these were a few of the things that must be brought home to the conscience of our people in such a way that the imagination would be dominated by the spiritual idea. These and kindred facts of vast importance came with the power of an imperative mandate to the aspiring mother.

Happily her high-minded husband felt that the vision was from above. He warmly seconded his wife in the plans which began to evolve as the legitimate result of the vision. To Mrs. Phoebe Hearst Mrs. Birney confided her thoughts, and here again she found warm and enthusiastic approval and assistance. The means necessary for the proper inauguration of the great work were readily furnished by Mrs. Hearst, who gave also liberally of her time, strength, and wise counsel; and the call went out for the Mothers' Congress. The response amazed even the most sanguine of the promoters. From every quarter of the land came greet-



ings and enthusiastic responses, showing that the heart and brain of American womanhood are everywhere awakening to the importance of enlightened parenthood.

On the 4th of July, 1897, a terrible blow fell upon the devoted wife. Her gifted husband, who had so warmly seconded her work in the establishment of the Mothers' Congress, and, indeed, who had entered sympathetically into all her hopes, plans, and aspirations, passed from earth. For a time it seemed that the cruel blow was more than the loving wife could bear, but the little God-given jewels in her home tugged at her heart-strings and reminded her that at her fireside there remained the pledge of love,—gifts far more precious than aught that the world's accumulated wealth could buy. Then, again, she heard the imperious voice of duty calling, and she knew full well how the loved one who had passed beyond the veil would desire her to go bravely forward in the work in which they had both become so deeply concerned. Recently, when referring to her great loss, Mrs. Birney said: "Since his death the work of the congress has been a boon to me, as work of the right kind must always be to those who carry the heavy burden of an inexpressible grief."

The work of the Mothers' Congress is fundamental in character, a work which challenges the attention of every sincere man and woman.

## THE WORK OF THE MOTHERS' CONGRESS AND CLUBS.

BY MRS. THEODORE WELD BIRNEY.

**Q.** To me it seems that the work of the National Congress of Mothers is one of the most important,—I almost said the most important,—of the labors engaging the attention of thoughtful Americans. Will you tell us something of the organization and the progress of the work?

**A.** In the summer of 1895 I first presented the thought publicly in Kellogg Hall, at Chautauqua, where Miss Frances E. Newton and Miss Mary Louisa Butler were holding a series of mothers' meetings in connection with their kindergarten work. It was upon their invitation

that I spoke, and the more than cordial reception accorded me filled me with joyous anticipations of success.

In the spring of 1896 I sent out a circular letter to educators and philanthropists throughout the country, asking what they thought of such a congress as we anticipated holding, devoted to the discussion of issues of vital interest to mothers. The replies were prompt and enthusiastic, and in many the same expression was used: "You have struck the key-note of reform." The work is, of course, formative rather than reformatory, and that should be the aim of all philanthropic agencies in this age. The first meeting was held in the city of Washington, February, 1897. The first session took place in the banquet hall of the Arlington Hotel. It was found, however, entirely inadequate for the purpose, owing to the great crowds which thronged to the sessions. Consequently, we adjourned to a church, and the rest of the meetings were held there. The definite organization was not compassed at this meeting. It did not seem wise to effect it until the aims and purposes of the movement had become more generally known, and until those who had attended had returned to their homes and demonstrated the sincerity of their enthusiasm by establishing mothers' clubs of ten, fifteen, or twenty members.

The second congress was called in May, 1898, and definite organization was perfected at that time. The third congress was held in February, 1899. This meeting would unquestionably have been the largest in attendance had it not been for the frightful blizzard; but on the morning that the congress was to have opened, the fourteenth of the month, there was a snow-drift as high as the church door, and travel was blocked in every direction. Washington had never known such a storm. In consequence of it our convention was delayed two days. It is an interesting fact about that congress that not one speaker failed us, in spite of the terrific storm. Some of the delegates were delayed on the road two or three days, but there was on every hand evinced that earnestness, enthusiasm, and sincerity which render success inevitable in any great educational movement.

Clubs are being rapidly formed all over the country. In some commonwealths there are already State organizations, and in others preparations are being made to effect the same.

Q. About how many persons belong to the organization at the present time?

A. There are about fifty thousand women represented in the organization already, and we have correspondence with mothers in every State in the Union, in Canada, England, Germany, France, China, Japan, India, Australia, Brazil, Peru, and the Hawaiian Islands. Twenty-four States have sent delegates to our meetings. I cannot give the exact number of clubs which have been formed to date.

Q. Among what classes do you find the interest greatest?

A. Well, that would be hard to say. The interest is not confined to any class or sect. Clubs are being formed among the wealthy and fashionable women who are realizing their responsibility as parents, and a deep and growing interest is being manifested among all classes of our women.

Q. When these clubs are formed, what outline of work do you give? What is the scope?

A. The congress is not at all arbitrary in its programme, believing that the woman who is organizing the club knows what is best adapted to the women of that particular section, and what is most essential to meet the conditions that prevail in her locality. But we have literature,—we have lists of books for mothers, and a list of books for very young children which meets a great need. There is a great deal of advice as to literature for older children, but it is the mother with the young children who needs information and suggestions in regard to literature best adapted for the juvenile mind, as well as hints bearing on the important subject of molding and training the moral and intellectual capabilities during the years when the child nature is as plastic as clay in the hands of the potter. We think that it is essential that a correct moral and intellectual taste should be cultivated in the young child. Then, we direct the mothers to authorities for lists of

topics for their clubs, and to the best means of gaining information upon those subjects.

Q. Will you give us some of the problems suggested for discussion?

A. Heredity, prenatal influence, early environment, hygiene, the temperament of the child, discipline, ideals, and subjects of a more general character, such, for example, as the sanitary conditions of the home, the duties devolving on parents as home-builders, and the influence on the child which necessarily goes forth through them, which is formative in character.

Q. I suppose the aim is largely to compass a well-rounded education in the young, an education that will enable them to look out upon the beauties of nature, the glory of the sky and the earth, and to draw from these an inspiration which poets feel in a greater degree than the rest of us; in other words, to lay broad and deep the foundations for that full-orbed education which shall touch all the deeper well-springs of nature, and make life blossom on all the nobler planes of being?

A. Exactly so. That teaching of the love of nature is a great thing for mothers to learn, that they may impart it to their children as well as through it brighten their own lives. Times come to all of us, especially in hours of bereavement, when the consolation of friends seems empty and cold, and we instinctively turn to nature for a peace and solace found nowhere else. It is astonishing, also, how early children learn to appreciate the glories of this earth. My little daughter, since she was two years old, has been in the habit of climbing all over the house to see a beautiful sunset, and the sight of a beautiful flower seems to appeal to her imagination as much as it does to mine. A child that is defrauded of that early association with nature, or into whose life it does not come, is to be pitied. There is nothing to compensate for its loss. A great many mothers have never learned to enjoy the ever-changing glories of earth, and therefore fail to appreciate the importance of appealing to the imagination of the child and pointing out the beauties that lie around us. Untrained parents came from untrained parents before them.

We are just trying to get parents to feel that they want to know more. We want to get them to go back and go to school again.

Q. How often does the congress meet?

A. Once a year. We have no set time for our meetings. It depends upon the section of the country in which it is held. It is to be held in Washington every third year. At other times it will be held in various sections of the country, because as an educational movement we feel that it will be especially beneficial to have the congresses meet in the different sections. In this way the attention of the people in all parts of the country will be called to the work, and to a great extent the sympathies of all our people will be enlisted in the cause.

Our next meeting will be held in Des Moines, Iowa, and, through our State organizer, Mrs. Isaac Lea Hillis, they have promised us a royal welcome. Invitations were extended by the governor of the State, the mayor of Des Moines, the president of the Commercial Exchange, and other representative citizens. The Auditorium has been placed at our disposal, and the governor has also tendered the use of the capitol building for our public reception. The citizens have furthermore promised to entertain one thousand delegates and guests during the whole week free of charge. The public schools of the city are to be closed during the congress. Teachers throughout the State are also to have the opportunity of attending, should they desire to do so. The State superintendent of public instruction and the superintendent of the Des Moines schools have sent me letters expressing their profound interest in the work. The newspapers have tendered all the space we desire for the full reports of the meetings. In fact, they have offered us all the space not required for the foreign and domestic news and their advertisements. This alone, as you will readily see, will prove immensely beneficial from an educational point of view, inasmuch as it will carry the thought of our speakers before the minds of tens of thousands of thinking men and women. The congress is to be held the last week of May. We earnestly

hope that there will be a large delegation from New England, in spite of the distance.

Q. Is this a philanthropic movement?

A. This is not a philanthropic movement in the sense in which that term is usually understood. Indeed, the misunderstood child in the home of the rich is almost as much to be pitied as the baby in the tenement. For example, it is of the greatest importance that the woman of culture and refinement should understand the temperament of the child and acquire that knowledge which would enable her to come en rapport with her own to such a degree as to be enabled to mold, round out, and develop the character, so that her child shall become a useful member of society. Of course, added to this, the woman of humbler station needs to learn many things about the physical care of the young, which in many instances is not necessary in other cases.

Q. How have the press and the clergy received this movement?

A. A circular letter was sent out, requesting the clergy to preach a sermon at the time of the first congress, some Sunday previous to the 17th of February, and very large numbers responded to the letter in most cordial terms. A great number of sermons were also sent to us which had been preached. The clergy are in full sympathy with the movement, and we have had the heartiest co-operation on the part of the press throughout every section of the country. They have appreciated the aims and purposes of the congress, and recognized that the movement was far-reaching in its influence and destined to help bring about the ideal civilization which we are all struggling to realize. The work is fundamental in character, and naturally should appeal to thoughtful people in all stations.

Q. You have no official organ, I believe.

A. No, we have felt that it was wiser not to establish an official organ, for the reason that we believed the press at large could and would prove more effective than a journal which would appeal entirely to those interested in the movement. Where the one would appeal to the millions, the other at best would appeal only to the thousands. If we had

our own paper, the press would naturally expect that the public especially interested in our movement would turn to our official organ, and therefore there would be less space given in newspapers, periodicals, and magazines. Our success has been largely due to the general and hearty co-operation of the editors throughout the land.

Q. Some critics, who are apparently not friendly to the movement, have intimated that the leading spirits of the congress are largely ladies who are not mothers. I feel that the criticism is unjustifiable, but would like to know something about the facts as they concern the officers of your organization.

A. I myself am the mother of three daughters, one between five and six and another between four and five years old. One of my associate officers has nine children, another has six, another seven, and so on. They are all mothers. We number from forty-five to fifty in our national board of officers, and there is not a woman on the board who has no children. Furthermore, the leading spirits in our movement are emphatically women of the home. Personally, with the exception of about two or three weeks, spring and fall, when my official duties seem to require me to take brief trips away from home, my time is spent with my babies in my home at Chevy Chase, Washington, where I hold I belong, and where all mothers belong unless they are so situated as to be compelled to earn a livelihood, which of course alters the case. The women whom I am so fortunate as to have associated with me in this work are nobly unselfish and unflagging in their efforts for the cause, and our board is at all times a most harmonious one.

One of the fundamental objects of our work is character building from the cradle. When this is given the greatest prominence in all education—all work—then will principle rather than policy dominate the lives of men and women, and truth and justice will sit enthroned in human consciousness. Then will cease the wild, mad worship of Mammon, for mere

wealth will not be accepted as a substitute for that which is above all price, a noble manhood or womanhood. The question will be, not, What has he? but, What is he? One of the most pathetic sights in the world to-day is that of a youth without ideals, with sordid motives, with a standard of material possessions, and a desire to attain success because of what it will bring rather than because of merit.

The great interest which our movement has awakened everywhere is a most hopeful sign in these closing years of a century which marks one of the most extraordinary epochs in the world's history. Indeed, it is one of many significant evidences that great spiritual forces are stirring in the hearts and minds of mankind, and bearing fruit in a thousand forms which presage a new era, the dawn of which is already breaking. Our movement is organized for the purpose of securing the highest development of the manifold interests of the home, through co-operation with educators and legislators to secure the best physical, mental, and moral training for the young, enlightenment of motherhood upon the problems of race development, and improvement in the condition of motherhood in all walks of life.

Our work is essentially fundamental in character. We are endeavoring as far as possible to save the race through the child. We aim to substitute enlightenment for ignorance in regard to maternity,—to make of every household a home, by educating the fathers and mothers in true parenthood, by bettering the condition of the home, multiplying its pleasures, and creating more ideal surroundings for the children.

The mental attitude of thousands to-day is one of receptivity. Never before were people so ready to accept new thought from all sources. It has been truly said: "To cure was the voice of the past; to prevent is the divine whisper of to-day." May the whisper grow into a mighty shout throughout the land, until all mankind take it up as the battle cry for the closing years of this century.



# ORIGINAL ESSAYS

## SOCIAL SALVATION: WHAT THE CHURCH CAN DO TO ABOLISH THE SLUMS

BY REV. EVERETT D. BURR

The "slums" is not a locality, but a condition. A condition of mind first of all. Those who live in the slums are for the most part the depressed, disheartened, the "don't cares," those who lack ambition or have lost hope.

These attitudes of mind are emphasized by the environs. The conditions of life domestic are unfavorable to advance. Unsanitary dwellings war against vigor and health; the overcrowding of the dwellings forbids delicacy, or even decency. The exercise and expression of finer instincts are repressed, if not suppressed.

So the condition of mind results from the mode of life, and the inevitable mode of life emphasizes the condition of mind, and both are made the more permanent by industrial conditions which forbid the only normal relief. It is, therefore, manifest that if the church is to be efficient in removing the slums it must change the conditions in which the slums find their origin. This is the plain duty of the church.

Biblical religion is as broad as the life of man. From Moses to Jesus the will of God is revealed with regard to common life in its varied phases. Moses had revelations concerning sanitary laws, the construction of buildings, marriage, rights of property, principles of government, and the weal of society. The prophets, also, were social reformers. Elijah and Isaiah had messages of God to nation, city, and society. David was a man of affairs, and Ezekiel a teacher of political ethics. In a similar spirit the last of the prophets and

one of the most famous of religious leaders, John the Baptist, had a message for every class in society with reference to their ordinary duties. Christianity came with a similar and yet more glorious intent. What was aforetime in bud the breath of Jesus blew into bloom. He came not to found a theological system, not to make an ecclesiastical organization, but he brought a revelation of life. His gift to humanity was not a cult of worship, but a social ideal. The phrase oftenest upon his lips was the "kingdom of God" or "the kingdom of heaven," and his thought was not to banish the dominion of righteousness from the earth to the skies. This was not the intent of his definition of the kingdom of heaven. As Jesus presented it, though it was lofty in its nature, yet it was near to men, nay, rather in their very hearts; it concerned men here and now; it was to become a society on earth ever widening in extent, because a kingdom is essentially a social thing. It could not fail to become such if it met with any reception from those to whom it was proclaimed, for the spirit of the kingdom is love and impels to fellowship. In religion as something apart from human life Jesus was not interested. What in his time was officially understood as religion he looked upon with profound distrust, and what in our time would be defined as the distinctively religious would be found to be remote from his spirit. Religious cults he could not tolerate, forms and dogmas he regarded as of little consequence, except as they op-

pressed human life. There are no indications that Jesus came to found a new religion as such, but he came to refine, reform, and redeem human life, and to divulge the whole will of God with reference to every human relation. It was human life that interested Jesus and seemed to him as the one altogether sacred matter of concern. This is "the way" he wished "to be prepared," this is "the path" that was to be "made straight," the way of redemption of society, the path that led to social salvation. Jesus made a profound impression by his personality and by his teachings, and so long as Christianity adhered to the essence of his instruction the refining effects of the principles of Jesus were manifest in society, but the age that finally changed the revelation of Jesus from a social ideal to an official religion, from a revelation of righteousness to a system of theology, was itself most licentious, untruthful, morally apostate, and insanely wicked. The Council of Nicaea, from which the church received its theology, was so shamelessly immoral, so devoid of a sense of right and human honor, as to outrage even Constantine's sense of ethical decency, and even the so-called first Christian emperor was himself atheistic both in morals and intellect. That is to say, when the true essence of Christianity in its suggestions of the salvation of society was lost in those early centuries it went wandering in the wilderness of theology and ecclesiastical politics, and, though through the centuries the church has had valuable moral discipline, we have not yet reached the land of social promise which Jesus had in view for the sons of men. That ideal still hovers in its heavenly purity above all earthly realities, it still craves embodiment, though there are evidences of its becoming more and more the organizing principle of society.

It is this ideal of Jesus that has been and always will be the inspiration of every institution that makes for the weal of man. Wherever there is a human soul believing in the fatherhood of God, and cherishing toward God the spirit of sonship and toward man the spirit of brotherhood, there is the kingdom manifesting its presence in righteousness, peace, joy,

and philanthropy. The history of the gospel in the world began with the formation of a redeemed society. His gospel suggested the supreme philosophy of reforms. All men who have done much for their fellows have had before them a vision of the world as it should be, a vision of the future where men shall live in ideal relations, and in proportion to the vividness of the vision have great leaders been efficient.

The four great classics upon social reform embody ideals of society,—the first the suggestions in Plato's "Republic" of an ideal commonwealth, or of Augustine's "City of God," a metropolis where the only law was to be the law of God, and in Dante's Holy Roman Empire, which was the radiant vision of the middle ages, or more recently Sir Thomas More's "Utopia."

Is it not passing strange that students of history and literature, familiar with these ideals and visions of men, can read the New Testament and preach it, and never be filled or thrilled with the vision of Jesus which makes all these classics pale in contrast? The more mature study of the New Testament and the more careful consideration of the teachings of Jesus inevitably prove that he carried the vision of social salvation close to his heart, and that this constituted the main thing in all his teachings and preachings. So, also, when he sent forth his disciples he said, "As ye go preach,"—saying what? The decrees of God, some system of theology, the learning of the schools? Not so. Preach, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand." This was the original message of Jesus.

It is high time, therefore, that the original and supreme intent of Jesus should be understood and carried out by the churches who represent him in the world. There are evidences that the Episcopal Church has outgrown its thought that it was to teach the beauty of liturgies or the authority of apostolic succession. It is now identified in the strongest way with the most vital agencies that make for the general weal of society; and so the Presbyterian Church is not emphasizing the erudition and comprehensiveness of the Westminster Confession; nor the Metho-

dists their class meetings and the glory of the Wesleys; nor the Baptist churches the correct views of the ordinances. More and more the object of the church is seen to be and is fast becoming the extension of the kingdom of Christ, that some day in the world where the cross was erected the throne may be set up, that his will may be done, that he may rule in fact as he does by right. In a word, we are coming to see that social salvation is not the fringe of the work of Christ, but its essence and core. Of the church Jesus said that "the works that he did they should do," and, if we go back to his miracles, we shall find that twenty-six of these were miracles of healing of the body, three or four provisions of food. In other words, with two or three exceptions, all his mighty works were philanthropic, and he offered as the final argument of his Messiahship the fact that the lepers were cleansed, that the lame walked, and to the poor the gospel was preached. When he sent out the disciples he commissioned them to heal the sick and to cleanse the lepers, and the book of Acts is crammed from cover to cover with the philanthropic labors of those who were nearest to Christ. The man whom Jesus saw was a social being, and his social instinct has come into play in connection with everything that deeply stirs him. In connection with such a religious ideal as that set forth in the teachings of Jesus association was inevitable, for the very word "kingdom" suggests society, and among the elements entering into the ideal are the great truths of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men as children of God. Consequently, the suggestions of Jesus led spontaneously to the creation of a society having for its aim to give expression to the fellowship of its members in faith and life. The sociality of life is Jesus' fundamental religious conception. He came to interpret that which is eternal in terms of time, and by stimulating social effort to produce a redeemed human life. As it came from Jesus, therefore, Christianity is the revelation of a social ideal. The whole law of the relation of men to God and to each other Jesus Christ came to declare, and nothing is plainer from the lips of Christ than that

we cannot have holy fellowship with God apart from our own occupation or career; nor is our religious experience of value unless it comprehends, changes, and glorifies the actual facts of life. It is easy to be worshipfully and profoundly religious; to be just and righteous is quite another thing. Religion consists in relations. The right relation with God is primarily a right relation with human life where God is. The Christian test of life is in the quality of our relations with our fellow-men.

Manifestly, therefore, it is becoming for the church of Christ to consider its mission with reference to the social evils, to believe that that religion has most divinity in it which does most for humanity, that we will serve God best when we serve men best. Nehemiah is a superb example of the attitude of mind of a lover of God toward his own fellows and his own city. He became familiar with the condition of Jerusalem; he let the tidings fill his heart and burn there. The first condition of helping society is to know its condition, and the second is to attend to what we know. Nehemiah was not satisfied with vague reports, but received his information first hand and gave attention to the facts which were immediately disclosed.

Perhaps the reason for the lack of heroism among the churches in addressing themselves to the cure of social ills is to be found in the fact that the general impression which they have had of the condition of things is wholly inoperative and needs kindling by some actual knowledge. What is really known of the slums and alleys and back streets of our city? There are stark, staring facts which every one ought to know and, knowing, give heed to. Rumors come to our ears of the miseries, vices, and sodden sin among the lower orders of our community, and perhaps we have philosophized about them and have come to believe them as inevitable and indispensable to civilization as noise is to a wagon or bilge water to a ship, while consideration of the principles of Christ, conformity to his will and loyalty to his words suggest the true idea of brotherhood, and demand that the Christian Church take to its heart the

condition of our city. In so far as Christian churches, deriving their impulse from the gospel, have addressed themselves to the moral, intellectual, and religious elevation of the people, marvelous results have been achieved. We can point with pride to many achievements within our own city limits, but yet there is still an enormous, shameful, dead amount of inertia in the church with reference to the present problems, and in consequence there is a putrid mass of corrupt humanity weltering in the misery of their immoral wretchedness. Those who call themselves Christians cannot bear the name unless they open their hearts and minds to the needs of their fellow-men. Alexander Selkirk on his lonely island could not be a Christian. He could pray to God, and he could be saved in the hereafter, but Christianity is something deeper. "On the two commandments of Jesus hang all the law and the prophets, to love God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." In the round of ethical relations, therefore, there are three factors, God, man, and the neighbor. By the old theology we are justified by faith; by modern theology we are to be sanctified by brotherhood. We might wish it otherwise. Dives certainly did, but the beggar was at his gate, so that he would have to meet him and see him and settle with him every time he went in or out of his door. This is the condition of our cities to-day, as though God would insist that if men will not acknowledge neighborhood and brotherhood they shall never be able again to forget another's existence or another's needs. It is so in Boston. The winds from the north end are laden with the confusion of tongues, from the south with the fumes of the breweries, from the west with the smoke of the manufactories. If the hovels are infected the mansions will have to pay their tribute to the disease, and we are forced, whether we will or not, to recognize the brotherhood of the suffering and the sinful. Unless we purposely close our eyes, we cannot but know the need, and the first condition of helpfulness is fulfilled. It remains only for us, realizing the necessity, to attend to what we know if we would really bring relief. We cannot help men unless we bear what

they bear; we cannot lighten their sorrows of which we have not felt the pressure. The cross is the pattern of our lives, and lays down the enduring conditions of helping the sinful and the sorrowful. Jesus Christ wept as he beheld the city; in that city he found his cross, and the saviors of society have yet to be crucified. As they laid a track across the Isthmus of Panama it is said a life was laid down for every railroad tie, but they made a way to California's gold.

"He bore our sins and carried our sorrows," and if our hearts will bleed with the miseries that are to be cured and we will participate in men's sorrows as we contemplate their sin, we can take them by the hand even if we lay our white, clean fingers on a feculent mass of corruption in the leper's glistening whiteness.

To be morally splendid in the heat of conflict, in the thick of controversy, to be conspicuous even in martyr fire and dungeon chain before an assembled throng, is infinitely easier than to fulfill the sacrifice of service in common duty. Our world has not ceased to be a place of stern fact and toil. It is a slow, wearisome school of prose. There is bread to be earned, tasks to be done, children to be reared, and homes to be supported, and yet the very glory of Jesus shone forth in the sternest conditions of life. The progress of society, as has been learnedly suggested, is three phrases,—that the lowest stage of life is seen when but one word is the motto, "Live;" that the second and higher is seen in this, "Live, and let live," when there is liberty given to another to strive and achieve; but the third and highest, which reveals the ethical beauty of the life of Jesus, is "Live, and help live."

It is the social crisis of the world; it is the crisis of the religion of Jesus. Forces of selfishness and sacrifice are gathering for their supreme struggle. It is now for the church to fulfill the sacrificial service of Jesus by advancing every agency for the uplifting of society and the destruction of every enemy that makes for the destruction of men. "Prepare ye the way and make his path straight." Lightning goes the shortest way, and it is time



for us to away with curves, compromises, and zigzags.

The three specific duties of the church are as manifest as the elements of the problem of the slums.

She must, first of all, change the mind of the slum dwellers. "Christ came that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." His gospel was not to present a new code of morals to humanity that was already laden with precept and advice, but it was to be a power to transform life from within. It was to be a life and a growth. His agents are to drop the seed which will produce the blade, the ear, and after that the full corn in the ear. The best forces of life are to be awakened, and so the life will be transformed. The real pathos of the distressed classes is their condition of mind, discouragement, lack of ambition, abandonment of hope. The great service which the church can render is to kindle hope, to awaken thought. Nothing can be done for another for his moral uplift until a new thought is planted. Evil reigns in listlessness. The heedless are dead to the better life. A God-given thought marks the soul's birthday. The attitude of mind is changed. He realizes his powers and his possibilities, sees a better future, and is stirred by a health-giving dissatisfaction.

There are secrets in every heart, emotions in every breast, hopes and ambitions that stir in every life. There was unrest in the heart of Hadad, the Prince of Idumea. The hope of recovering his father's throne stirred within him. Pharaoh tried to dissuade him, but Egypt was no place for an Edomite. He could not be content. He would not be satisfied. Ambition and hope awakened a healthy unrest. Subserviency was not the position for a prince of the realm to occupy. There was dissatisfaction in his heart, and yet you have no feeling of criticism for him. There was a health about his unrest. His dissatisfaction had some satisfactory elements in it. You see at once that the greatest calamity would have overtaken him if he had been content,—if apathy, indifference, supineness had filled his heart in the place of ambition, patriotism, and hope. This is,

in a way, a parable of human life. The great danger of humanity is an apathy of mind. The greatest calamity of the race is that portions of it have been content with ignorance, indolence, and poverty. The sense of want which has awakened the cravings of humanity has been the inspiration to its progress. Appetite drives to labor; need scourges to struggle. Men all have a capacity for idleness, and become as lazy as they can be, as indolent as the cravings of their hearts will allow. The multiplication of wants has been the stimulus to advance. The journey of the race in its progress has been led by the clarion notes of human need. There has been a persistent unrest, a dissatisfaction which has driven the race hither and thither in search of the gratification of its newly awakened desires. It is the oft-repeated plea of humanity, "Let me depart that I may go to mine own country;" and this is certainly a call of God. Jesus said of his own mission to the sons of men, "I am not come to send peace, but a sword."

We are given in the earlier Scriptures a picture of God's gentle providence under the image of the eagle stirring up her nest, and not infrequently has this figure been wrought out in the history of the race. The tribes were dispersed from the mountains of Asia when God stirred up the nest. Persecution of the early church brought about the dispersion of the apostles, who went hither and thither making new conquests, seeking new triumphs for their King. When the church waxed rich and was becoming content with her great commerce and landed properties, the reformation period once more shows the hovering wings of God stirring up the nest. Or change the figure to that used by Jeremiah with reference to Moab. Moab's danger consisted in this, that "he hath been at ease from his youth, and he hath settled on his lees, and hath not been emptied from vessel to vessel, neither hath he gone into captivity; therefore his taste remained in him, and his scent is not changed." It is an impressive figure, as vivid as that of the eagle awakening unrest in her callow fledgelings, though chosen from a different realm. Evidently, these God-given figures illustrate a prin-

ciple of divine providence. There is to be found something satisfactory in the spirit of dissatisfaction, a certain health in unrest, and this may help us to discover some gratifying phases in the industrial unrest of our day. When the social problem is analyzed to its essence it will be found that there is only one force capable of bringing about the desired results in the readjustment of society, and that is the character of the individual. So long as the masses remain ignorant and brutal human life will ever continue in its wretched conditions,—the proportion of population to food, the proportion of possible wealth to those who can earn it, appalling in its inequality; poverty, black and dismal, pervading the whole; the comfort of the few shadowed by wars, and want, and sickness on the part of the multitudes.

Dr. Andrews, in his "Wealth and Moral Law," declares that for the body, as well as the soul, for time and eternity, hope lies in the direction of spiritual elevation. It is manifest that the problem must find its solution in the awakening of desire in the heart of the individual. From one point of view, of course, the unrest of the present day is ominous. We are living in moments of terror, when social paroxysms seem imminent, and we bow our heads in fear lest God must seek to purify the social atmosphere with a cyclone as he shook the Roman Empire to its foundations because of the disintegrating tendencies within itself. But there need be no such apprehension if the conditions of society can be rightly interpreted, if the heart of humanity can be rightly understood. The force at work beneath this seething, restless mass of humanity is the longing of the princes of the realm for their birthright. There are unmistakable evidences of aspiration, indications of a healthy dissatisfaction, and of a hopeful longing for something better even in the most stunted natures. Those who deal with the poor most intimately, study them most conscientiously, are often shocked and as often amazed by evidences of incompetency, indications of the lack of thrift and economic sense. Oftentimes people who can scarcely buy food for the many mouths at their table are

found purchasing books, or pictures, or a piano, or expensive ornaments in millinery, or personal adornment, and therefore the poor are bitterly criticised for pretense and pride and unjustifiable extravagance. But to one who understands the heart of humanity these attempts and struggles are but symbols of a higher life reaching down to their life of poverty; symbols of aspiration reaching up into the life above and beyond them; pathetic Jacob's ladders reaching up to unattainable literary and artistic heavens. A girl wants to study music. She spends her evenings embroidering. She wants to be somebody. There is a lurking consciousness that she is to be somebody's queen, and these attempts on her part are but eloquent repetitions of Hadad's appeal, "Let me depart that I may go to mine own country." Without this longing for something better there would be retrogression, depression, disintegration of the better elements of life. In homes where these desires for a different mode of life do not exist everything becomes conformed to the same conditions; lives are molded to the same standards; there is no differentiation of the individual, no opportunity given for personal expression, and the whole atmosphere militates against progress. One of the most cheering things for the philanthropic worker is to discover that at last a healthy unrest has been awakened. It is most satisfactory when the ignorant, vicious, indolent, careless poor become dissatisfied. It is the first evidence of progress. It is utterly distressing to find all members of a family in the same plight of poverty, and no one ambitious to get beyond. One of the great purposes of our educational system, as well as of our institutions of philanthropy, including the Christian Church, is to make people dissatisfied, to appeal to conscience, and reason, and hope. We look for social changes and the modification of men's outward estate as a result of these awakened forces.

The two words that are more laden with terror than hell and the devil are the two words, "Don't care." If they did care, we might be able to accomplish something in their lives. To the credit of the church be it said, she has been incessantly vic-

torious. Her ways of doing good are remarkably successful, and her success is secured in inspiring to a nobler life the people accessible to her. Social science and philanthropy are striving to give people a better chance, to give them an opportunity to see and hear of a different realm, and awaken the hope of material advance and encourage the multitudes that there is a world of higher living and nobler life beyond. There has been no advance in any realm so long as man has had his vision limited to the world which is visible, tangible. "Because they have no vision the people perish." We have been astounded recently by a proposition to establish means of communication with the inhabitants of the planet Mars. It seems at first chimerical and absurd, but he who suggests it is not a fanatic, but the able and conservative scientist, Nicola Tesla. Science has advanced because of the invitation of undiscovered worlds summoning imperiously the earnest heart of the explorer and experimenter. Time was when this tiny patch of earth known to be inhabited was supposed to be the center of human and divine existence, but continuously God has widened the horizon. He has bidden men pause on the threshold of the future to listen while he spoke, and then he has revealed some new truth to the longing heart of a Newton, a Faraday, an Agassiz, or a Tesla. Shall God afford the assistance of his revelation in the discovery of new worlds to the heart of the scientist, and not offer his aid equally to all the sons of men who long for and seek a world of better morals, of purer life, a world from which vices will vanish, where slums will be unknown, from which poverty will disappear?

To the awakening of these holy aspirations, to the stimulating of these new desires, to the arousing of these dissatisfactions, our educational, philanthropic, religious endeavors and enterprises address themselves and offer the hope of getting lower humanity triumphantly over the bar into more peaceful and sunny seas. To do this we must raise the standard of living among the lowliest, endue the poorest with the sense of dignity of life, and make them unwilling that children of theirs shall be doomed by poverty to live

lives like brutes or like slaves. Grinding poverty exists because the standard of life is low. Within certain limits the laborer can have in the way of reward for his exertions whatever he demands. The trouble is that so many are willing to work for starvation wages. The importation of foreign labor, Portuguese, Italian, Greek, acts as scab help and forces down wages. It is a demonstrated tendency in economics for wages to fall to the lowest standard at which the laborer is willing to live. Families of the working folk who long for a higher, nobler mode of life are unfortunately handicapped and hindered by the multitudes who are content to live like herds in a stall. Could we create a universal sentiment throughout the labor community that a laborer ought to have so much in order to make life worth living, and could we render this sentiment sufficiently strong, it would act as a check upon population. Families of the working-men would be smaller. It would insure from capital all that labor ought to earn as wages, and poverty would gradually disappear. "God hath made of one blood all men to dwell upon the face of the whole earth." It was never his will that any segment of society should be doomed to continuous servitude. America presents to the world the highest state of society, and the genius of this society is the possibility of every man to realize the best of which he is capable.

James A. Garfield said, with deep significance: "There is no horizontal stratification in this country of ours like the rocks of the earth that holds one class down forevermore and lets another come to the surface to stay there forever. Our stratification is like the ocean, where every individual drop is free to move, and where, from the sternest depths of the mighty deep, any drop may come up and glitter on the highest wave that rolls." That is Americanism, that the true America, that the true society, that Christianity. It is the great hope of the race, therefore, that we are here and there triumphant in elevating the standard of life, in increasing the wages of labor, in reducing the hours of toil. Whenever a laboring man desires more wages, not that he may waste them in selfish indulgence, but

that he may give his children the chance of larger attainment than was possible for himself; whenever a laborer longs for less hours of toil, not that he may squander his increased leisure in wasteful indolence, but that he may have opportunity to improve his mind, serve his fellows, and advance the kingdom of God; when, in a word, we have succeeded by education, philanthropy, and religion in changing the conception in an individual life of what it is to live,—so far forth we have achieved a triumph, pleasing to Almighty God and which ought to be gratifying to every son of man. To multiply intelligence and morality, to awaken humanity to the sense that there is something better attainable, is to induce a dissatisfaction which is eminently satisfactory.

What more did Jesus mean in his parable which embodies the history of the redemption of a human soul? The progress of the son from the swine, the husks, the far country, the service of another, toward the father's house, the kiss, the ring and restoration, was from the point of his dissatisfaction. The memories of former associations and opportunities awakened his aspirations and kindled his hope. It would have been a calamity incalculable if he had become content with the husks and the vocation of a swineherd. The human soul knows its heritage.

But shall the ministry of the church stop with the awaking of new thought and hope? By no means. Even the good spirit among the poor, and there is such a spirit there, does not have adequate opportunity for expression. Poverty has a heart for poverty. The grind of life has not robbed their hearts of the tenderness God put there. Generosity is so common as not to be spoken of among them. The disgrace of the fallen finds advertisement in the press, but who will record the heroic resistance to temptation by thousands of our youth who with awakened hopes keep themselves true with little to encourage them in their unfavorable surroundings? There are drunkards and wife-beaters in the slums, but what of the plodding, self-sacrificing father of a household who by meager revenue and high rentals is condemned to retain his large family in dwellings which are a men-

ace to health and a grave of morals? There are shiftless indolents in the slums, but thousands of unemployed men beside them who maintain a long fight against starvation on the one hand and dishonesty on the other. Mr. Wyckoff, in "The Workers," has revealed the fearful odds against which the true spirit of manhood and womanhood is struggling in our cities. Our civilization rests upon the labor, the faithfulness, and the integrity of the working folk, and those conditions of life which multiply difficulties in the path of virtue and health are dangerous to the social weal. The rights of life ought at least to have the same recognition as the rights of property. The crowded tenements are the hot-houses of physical and moral disease. The compression of matter always develops heat. So the compacting of population induces a moral fever which manifests itself in morbid passions and appetites. There are crowded into a single square in our cities two, three, or even four thousand souls, as many as in the country may be found occupying twenty-five or fifty square miles.

Mrs. Ballington Booth finds seven families huddled together on one floor. In a room not more than ten by twelve feet Dr. A. T. Pearson found eighteen people, men, women, and children, black and white, eating, sleeping, and living. Speaking of one tenement, Helen Campbell, that wonderful worker in the slums of New York, says the sun never enters thirty-two of these rooms. "Darkness means the devil's deeds, and they never get a breath except from the rooms into which they open. You sleep in one once, and there is a band around your head when you wake, and a sinking and craving at your stomach. You don't want to eat, there is nothing answers it but whiskey, and in the basement of the building you may find a smiling fiend in immaculate white apron ready to pour the bubbling glass full and usher you into the anteroom of hell." It is no wonder that General Booth exclaims: "Talk about Dante's hell and all the horrors and cruelties of the chambers of the lost,—the man who walks with open eyes and bleeding heart through the dark chambers of our cities needs no such fantastic images of the poet



to teach him horror." When one thinks of the commingled mass of venomous filth and seething sin, the lust and drunkenness, and the pauperism and crime of every sort, which characterize the slums, he is reminded of the witches' caldron in "Macbeth."

Double, double, toll and trouble,  
Fire burn and caldron bubble.

One of the most potent institutions for good anywhere is the home, and the home is peculiarly needed in the city, but these people are practically homeless. Investigation shows that, as a rule, the larger the city the smaller would be the proportion of homes in it. In 1890 New York had over thirty-seven thousand tenement houses, in which more than two-thirds of the population of the city lived. Sixty-six and three-fourths per cent of the people lived over twenty to a dwelling.

Dr. Lyman Abbott says that there are wards in our great cities where there are actually more men, women, and children to a square foot of land than there are bodies in any cemetery in the country. And up from these homeless, wretched souls there is a cry that rises to heaven, and asks if Christ is dead and if God has forgotten them. But there is only one answer to this cry, and that is the answer which Christ gave when the disciples of John came to him, asking him, "Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?" As they waited for the answer that should declare his power and manifest his attributes as the expected Messiah, he did not bid them ask the virgin mother how he was born of the Holy Ghost at Bethlehem; he did not remind them that he was of the house of David, that he had been called out of Egypt, according to prophecy; he gave them no immediate reply, but, turning to the suffering multitudes, ministered to their needs and then said: "Go, tell John the things that ye do see and hear; the sick are healed, the lame walk, the deaf hear, the blind receive their sight, and to the poor the gospel is preached." And this is the answer that the church must make to the wretched multitudes to-day,—so that, if we should meet one of those critics who deny the power of Christianity, we shall take him

to some place in our city with that blessed word over the gate, "Hospital," and turn to him and say, "The sick are healed;" and then go to another place and see the hospital for the eye and ear, and again turn and say, "The blind see and the deaf hear;" and then to the home for the cripples and infirm, and show him how limbs are straightened, and say, "The lame walk;" and then find a mission church in which to the poor the gospel is preached.

But this is not enough. It will not suffice to relieve sickness. The church must prevent it. Jane Addams gives proof of her practical spirit as a reformer by assuming the task of cleaning the streets in her ward, one of the dirtiest and most unwholesome in the city. Colonel Waring, who found his death in the city which he went to purify, and Mr. Mills, of New York, who is building the working-men's hotels, are incarnations of science and love, superb types of Christian service, agents of the kingdom of God, representatives of the church, not ecclesiastics, but philanthropists. Humanity wants life, not theories about life. For the elevation of life life must be given. Wherever life in any phase or of any age is struggling there is the place for the ministry of the church. Humanity is sick of philanthropic fads and dilettant charities. The heart of Boston seems stirred over the distress of stray cats, and the sensitive sympathies of multitudes are awakened for some lonesome tabby that walks a back fence without a chaperon. But what of humanity? What of the worse than homeless children of our city streets? Throngs appear to protect the sparrows, while little lives are perishing one of which is of greater worth than many sparrows. Is it death or murder? The church has been set a task in the world to give life, to bring life to its legitimate expression.

When the new porch on Trinity Church was being completed, Dr. Donald noticed one morning that an old Scotch stone-cutter was very slow in finishing a group of a mother and child on the frieze. Explaining his deliberation, the Scotchman said he "fell in love with the bairn."

Shall the stone-cutter who works upon the exterior of the church be more skill-

ful and devoted in delivering a bairn from his imprisonment than those who are taught within the church in a diviner art? There is some close connection between the crucifixion of Christ in the city of Jerusalem and the outcast babies of that same ill-favored city. The discretive index of the faithfulness of Christ's church to its mission is the condition of the children. The children are everywhere. Children in the gutters, beneath the horses' feet on the street, children in the alley ways, on the stairs, everywhere, mowed down in the summer by dread infantile diseases, their ranks depleted in the winter by diphtheria, pneumonia, cold, hunger, and yet the crowd seems not the least decreased. Many of these little ones are maimed and crippled, the effects of evils before their birth or the kicks and blows received during their infancy,—little caricatures of childhood whose growth scant food and miserable surroundings have stunted. They come to be cradled in vice and crime. People talk with horror as if it was an unnatural thing for lads and girls to turn to vicious lives, but these from their cradle up are accustomed to look only upon vice in its most revolting forms. These babies know all there is to know of sin. Their sweet child eyes are accustomed to it. They live in the crowded lodging-houses and tenements. They are brought up in an atmosphere where pure and innocent feelings cannot develop. For sin, in word and in thought and in deed, is the natural every-day procedure of their elders. And over all, in their separation, in their homelessness, and in their wretchedness, and over the children, too, there is the drink curse, that shows its awful effects on child-life very often.

Is it well that, while we range with science  
glorying the time,  
City children soak and blacken soul and  
sense in city slime?

There among the glooming alleys progress  
halts on palsied feet,  
Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the  
thousand on the street.

There the master scrimps his haggard  
seamstress of her dally bread,  
There a single, sordid attic holds the living  
and the dead.

There the smold'ring fire of fever creeps  
across the rotted floor,  
And the crowded couch of incest in the  
warrens of the poor.

Over against this dark picture of child-life in the cities stands the picture of the heavenly city the streets whereof are filled with boys and girls at play. The spirit of the child-loving Christ has filled loving hearts on two continents, and bade them build up the child-saving institutions. If we begin at Kaiserwerth, that most wonderful and varied of all charities, and go from this to the Children's Home, at Halle, thence to Horn, near Hamburg, where the Rauhe Haus is located, thence to Vienna, where are the great institutions for boys conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Love, thence over to England, to the Bernado homes for boys in London, homes for girls at Ilford, in Essex, and those of Miss Chaman near Lambeth Falls, to the beautiful Creche of Miss Hilton at Stepney Causeway, and the Shoe Black Brigades and the Boys' Clubs, and thence across the water to our own country, to the Children's Aid Society, the Howard Mission, and the Children's Homes which extend from one end of the land to the other, we find they all owe their inspiration and support to those who realize that in caring for even a little outcast child they are bringing acceptable worship to the heavenly Father. But these do not fulfill the mission of the church to child-life.

Every child prefers a home with a little "h" to a home with a big "H." The corner-stone of the nation is the hearth-stone, and the high mission of the church is to make homes possible where the life of the household from the baby to the wage-earner may find its highest expression.

There is another duty of the church more important and comprehensive still. The industrial conditions must be changed if the slums are to be forever done away. Coincident with the awaking of hope and the establishment of the home there must be the securing of permanent employment and a just wage. Ascertain the cause of poverty, and the duty of the church is outlined forthwith. There is a prevailing impression that the

causes of poverty are purely personal. That is to say that poverty is due primarily to incapacity. Some people "don't git along." They have a wonderful faculty for making the wrong move. They let good chances slip through their fingers, and are always, therefore, on the track of misfortune, lacking in judgment, deficient in sagacity, inefficient, void of gumption, and born so, and will be so anywhere under any conditions. Or else it is thought poverty is due to indolence and drunkenness, or perhaps in part to sickness and misfortune, circumstances that are individual, entirely apart from any social or industrial adjustments. This conception of the condition of things is quite gratifying to those who are prosperous, for they are complacent enough to say that they are successful because they are capable and sensible; others have cast away their chance through their weakness, foolishness, or shiftlessness. Therefore, the prevalent decision is that the only efficient anti-poverty association will be one which will change not the industrial system, but the character of the workmen. While this is a plausible account of the cause of poverty, it is inadequate. The causes are not wholly personal. They are social as well. While it is true that wise and prosperous men are necessary to construct a good human society, it is equally true that a rightly constructed society is necessary to create and maintain wise and prosperous men. The best moral observers of human life attribute poverty, not so much to the shiftlessness and extravagance of the poor as to the covetousness and oppression of the rich and strong. Social science is in the field to gather data. It will not be content with guesses, or impressions, or theories. Charles Booth in his exhaustive researches classifies poverty as follows:

In classes A and B, called "great poverty," it appears that twenty-seven per cent of the cases are due to circumstances—illness, misfortune, calamity; fourteen per cent due to intemperance purely; fifty-five per cent due to casual or irregular work. Even in the lowest classes by far the largest percentage is due to the uncertainties of employment. So also in classes C and D, called "poverty."

Nineteen per cent of the cases are due to circumstances, such as illness and the like; thirteen per cent are due to intemperance purely; sixty-eight per cent are due to questions of employment. It is manifest that society classified according to poverty coincides with society classified according to employment.

Poverty is a class condition, and that the class of manual toilers; but the great cause is not in incapacity or drunkenness, but in industrial conditions, such as casual or irregular work. The truth is, therefore, that the causes of poverty are both personal and industrial, and the duty of the church is to address itself to both these evils.

So far forth as the causes are personal the task of the church is plain. It must help humanity to meet its misfortunes, to bridge over calamities by ministering to the sick, providing sensible and skillful nurses for the families of the poor, helping to clothe the naked and feed the hungry. Such immediate relief for pressing needs is imperative, and cannot be omitted with impunity. It never will cease to be a criterion of the presence of Christ in his church. The indictment against the church by the working folk is that it is heedless of their need. The elegance of worship upon the Lord's day will never make such an impression upon the heart of humanity as the excellence of work to the Lord's poor every day.

So, also, the church must get at the root of the temperance question by the establishment of kitchen gardens and classes in cooking and domestic science, that the preparation of nutritive foods in the homes may relieve them of the craving for stimulants and so reinforce the home as to strike the death-blow to the social power of the saloon.

In like manner the church can remove the personal cause of poverty in incapacity by engaging in an evangel of industrial education, so that the incompetent may be made masters of handicraft and transformed from dependents to producers.

Of the total number of convicted criminals, according to the eleventh census, three-fifths were ignorant of any kind of trade. Lack of occupation lies at the root of crime.

It is the plain duty of the church to minister to humanity at every point of their personal need.

But the extension of charity is only one part of the church's mission. It is hers as well to induce the extension of industry. It is hers to remedy existing industrial ills, to abet and advance all rational and sensible efforts to readjust the burdens of society. These evils are remediable. The most conservative writers on sociology, such as George Gunton, advocate the eight-hour movement. All movements for the uplifting of the poor end in attempts at legislation, and the church will not fulfill its social mission until it makes itself felt from the highest legislative hall in the land to the humblest life in the hovel. The function of the church is not merely to preach meekness to the poor and benevolence to the rich, but, like the prophets of old and the Lord himself, to enforce the principles of social righteousness and to denounce as well as dethrone all social oppression and injustice. No industry is productive of wealth which depresses human life. Good men are more precious than men's goods. Working people labor too arduously. There is in the constitution of the human personality a splendid symmetry. There must be physical and intellectual development. If the wage earners toil twelve, thirteen, or fourteen hours, the result is the overtaxing of muscle and mind, frequently at the expense of morals. It has been demonstrated in England that the cutting down of the working hours of the people is accompanied by the increase of fifty-five per cent in the circulation of the books in the large public libraries. The human mechanism can stand only so much strain, and if any part is overworked something else must compensate.

What is true of the organism of the individual is true also of the organism of the community. Whether we will or not, we

are members one of another. Paupers cannot be diseased in one ward and the wealthy escape in the other. We cannot elevate society by refining communities here and there. Society must rise as its members rise, all together. When a great building is lifted the screws are placed at every point where weight is carried, and every screw turns at the same time. The "Empire State Express" makes such rapid progress around curves, through cuts, over bridges, across switches, because the more modern coupling makes it one solid train,—the cars move together as one. Only so can humanity move on when unselfish interest and mutual service shall unify all the parts. The church of Christ cannot improve upon the methods of its Founder. He used the image of the body. No body can stand ankle deep in ice-water and escape congestion of the lungs. He used the imagery of life and growth. The processes of life are persistent. No institution which bears his name can honor him with spasms of effort which relapse into indolence. It will not do for the Christian minister and social worker to stir and turn like Malcolm and Donald Bain in the second chamber when Macbeth murdered Duncan, laugh in their sleep, cry, "Murder," wake each other, say their prayers, and address themselves again to sleep. It is theirs who bear the name of Christ to have their hearts filled with the sublime visions of the new city descending out of heaven from God, and coming down from the great and high mountain of vision, work out in the valley of toil the pattern they have seen of the city which hath no need of the sun nor of the moon to shine in it, whose gates are not shut by day, for there is no night there, neither shall there be any more death, neither sorrow nor crying,—a city without the slums, a city of hope, a city of homes, a city of industry.



## THE COLLEGE AND THE COLLEGE MAN: THEIR INFLUENCE UPON THE WORLD\*

BY PROF. J. R. MOSLEY

What is a college? A college or a university is an institution crowning an educational system, treating its students in a large sense as self-governing personalities in the search of truth, offering its advantages to the largest possible number of aspiring young men and women, sending its roots deep down into the life and needs of the people, deriving its support from the people, and paying back the debt by raising the level of intelligence and adding to the value and dignity of life throughout the entire mass of humanity. The college represents an atmosphere and a collection of the best things that the race has done and aspired after, and is the most favorable environment the race has been able to work out and maintain for the making of men and scholars. As Carlyle so happily puts it, the college is a collection of books,—a collection of the best thoughts and purest emotions of the best and wisest men of all time. Through the book we know the achievements of the race, live the life of humanity, think the thoughts of the sage, and feel the divine life of the saint. "The book is more than the past and source of knowledge. The greatest books are fountains of inspiration and reservoirs of vital force through which flow streams of inspiration and life into thousands without losing their own supply." Great books, like Homer's "Iliad," Plato's "Republic," Emerson's "Nature," and Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," are "as fragrant as flowers, ample as life, and as deathless as humanity." The great spirits who live in these great books took such broad and high points of view that they speak for humanity for all time past and for all time yet to come.

The teacher more than the book is the college. President Garfield defined the college to be Mark Hopkins on one end of the bench and a boy on the other. Garfield was right. Personality is the

greatest power in the making of a great man. Great men, as a rule, catch their inspiration from great men, and great scholars from great scholars. A very large per cent of our greatest men of the past and present generation caught their greatness and inspiration from such great and inspirational teachers as Mark Hopkins, President Seeley, and Edward Channing. Channing taught Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Winthrop, Sumner, Phillips, and Thoreau, and a large number of men of almost equal greatness. The college professor ought to represent the highest type of scholarship and manhood. His profession is attractive to the highest and best spirits, and his environment is favorable to the highest intellectual and ethical attainments. Nothing can be better for a young man than to have the companionship of great and inspirational teachers for the four most formative years of life. Plato would not have been possible without his great teacher, Socrates; Aristotle without his great teacher, Plato; and Alexander the Great without his great teacher, Aristotle.

Hundreds of mediocre young men and women who never become good scholars are powerfully influenced for good through the inspirational contact of great teachers. "A young man who came to Harvard with eighty cents in his pocket and worked his way through, never a high scholar, and now in business which looks very commonplace, told me the other day that he would not care to be alive if he had not gone to college. His face flushed as he explained how different his days would have been if he had not known two of his professors."† . . . "On being asked, 'Do you use your studies in your business?' he replied, 'Oh, no; but I am another man in doing the business, and when the day's work is over I live another life because of my college experience.

\*The writer acknowledges his indebtedness to President Thwing's contributions concerning American scholarship.

†"Why Go to College?" by Alice Freeman Palmer, page 16.

The business and I are both the better for it every day."

The college is a collection of superior, earnest, hopeful young men. Nowhere else do we find such fine specimens of young manhood. The privilege of being with college boys is only second to that of being with great teachers. In fact, the college boys do much for each other which is impossible for the college professors to do. They relieve each other of conceit, tone down idiosyncrasies, and make each other natural and normal specimens. In youth it is difficult to do anything of a high order when we are deprived of the inspirational contact of others who are doing the same work, whose presence rebukes us for our failures, and whose approval and sympathy sustain us for victories and tasks which would otherwise be impossible. Senator Hoar says that "the boys at Harvard who did not study well derived much advantage in the way of culture and refinement from their life in the Harvard atmosphere." In fact, there is much advantage to be derived from rubbing one's shoulders against college buildings and one's head within college walls. "The college is an ideal place to learn how to work hard and loaf well," neither of which can be done to the best advantage without the other. There is no attainment more to be desired than the power to work hard for ten or twelve hours a day, and at the same time know how to throw one's self upon the bosom of infinite life and be renewed and refreshed for still better work and still higher activity. The majority of eminently successful men have not been brilliant meteors who have illustrated the eccentricities of genius. They have been men who have learned and practiced the gospel according to Carlyle, "the gospel of work." They have been forced to learn sooner or later that work is the best sort of play.

The college or the university should have well-equipped laboratories, museums, homes for the faculty and students on or near the college campus, enabling the college to organize a social community on the basis of high thinking and plain living.

The college or university is an intellectual reservoir from which flows a higher life to the people at large without losing

its own supply. Only where there are splendid colleges and universities do we find a splendid system of common and high schools. Herbert Spencer is right. "Education is a process of downward diffusion." Historically and logically this is true. A few great scholars came before it was possible for the many to be reasonably well educated. The college and the university came before and created the conditions necessary for popular education. There is not to be found a single instance where a splendid system of popular education has been possible without a splendid college or university to precede and crown the system. Not to mention the other things which the college does for the schools of the lower grades, it trains their teachers and superintendents; and there is no principle of education more certain than that the teachers of any grade of institution should have been educated in an institution of a higher grade. The common and high schools which employ their own graduates and only their own graduates for teachers soon die of "intellectual stagnation." As a certain college president puts it, "They die of intellectual dry-rot." It is also a noticeable fact that the high-school student who expects to go to college makes a much better high-school student than the one who expects to enter business. It could not be otherwise, as ideals of advanced activity are absolutely essential to all forms of progress. In fact, our ideals keep us alive and are the attractive motives of all growth. The divine dissatisfaction which comes in our life and makes us long for better and higher things is the best within us, which ever gravitates upward. To be fully satisfied is to be a god or a beast. "Man partly is and wholly hopes to be."

What is the college man? Speaking broadly, the college man is the scholar, and the scholar is the college man, though we find many college men who are not scholars and an occasional scholar who is not a college man. Plato said that the scholar must have, first, an eager desire for knowledge and all real existence; second, a hatred of falsehood and a devoted love of truth; third, contempt for the pleasures of the body; fourth, indifference to money;

fifth, high-mindedness and liberality; sixth, justice and gentleness; seventh, a quick apprehension and a good memory; eighth, a musical, regular, and harmonious disposition. Plato's picture of the scholar is a high one. What can be higher than to love the whole of real existence and to have a large-minded and a fair-minded love of truth; to overcome the dread of physical pain and the animal nature; to be free from the slavery of excessive poverty or excessive wealth; to be rich in justice and gentleness; to be high-minded, liberal, and charitable; to have all the powers of the soul splendidly developed with a sweet, gentle, and harmonious disposition? The scholar who has such a world as Plato's philosopher or ideal man is the richest and happiest of men. His kingdom is far better than the kingdom of dollars and cents. "He is rich, not because he has much, but because he needs little." As a lady fellow of the University of Chicago puts it, "The scholar already has what the wealthy would spend their money to obtain if they were only wise." The scholar owns the world through the true kind of ownership,—ownership through idealism. One owns what he appreciates and no more. Very little of the world is subject to the lowest form of ownership, the ownership of deeds and mortgages. One may have a deed to the soil; but the ocean, the air, the sun and stars only require trained eyes, pure souls, and a sense of the beautiful to be owned and yet not monopolized. Agassiz had come into possession of the higher wealth when he refused a thousand dollars a night to lecture, with the reply that he did not have time to make money. Paul Hayne had reached the plane of ideal ownership when, asked if the beautiful forest in front of his home belonged to him, he replied, "I suppose it does, but my neighbor pays the taxes." Lowell saw a new way to make the world rich when he said, "The problem of getting more bread is not so fundamental as making the bread we now have sweeter to the taste." Emerson insisted that the scholar was the citizen of the world, the spectator of all time and all existence, the man of universal sympathy, who can think what Plato has thought, feel what a saint has felt, and

comprehend what at any time has befallen any man. In his great Harvard address of 1837 Emerson insisted that "the scholar is the favorite of earth and heaven, the excellency of his age, and the happiest of men." Newman says that "the scholar is prepared to fill any part with credit, to master any subject with facility. He is at home in any society; he has common ground with every class; he knows when to speak and when to be silent; he is able to converse, he is able to listen; he can ask a question pertinently and give a lesson seasonably; he is ever ready, yet never in the way; he is a pleasant companion and a comrade you can depend upon; he knows when to be serious and when to trifle, and he has the sure tact which enables him to trifle with gracefulness and be serious with effect. He has repose of mind which lives in itself while it lives in the world, and which has resources for happiness at home when he cannot go abroad. It is a gift which serves him in public and sustains him in retirement, without which good fortune is but vulgar and with which failure and disappointment have their charm."\*

The scholar, being a spectator of all time and all existence, has the finest sense of proportion, "the power to see large things large and small things small." As Dr. Whitman has recently said, the child cannot distinguish any difference in value between the mud play-house it constructs with its own hands and the castles of medieval Europe. The scholar, having passed out of the stage of the childhood of the individual and the childhood of the race, must find a place for everything and be able to put everything in its appropriate place.

The scholar above all other men should have a deep appreciation and a great enthusiasm for the beautiful world in which he lives. He should find nature soulful and companionable. With the poet high-priest of nature, let him find that "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her." With Shakspeare, let him find "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." With Mrs. Browning, he

\*"Idea of a University," page 178.

should see "earth crammed with heaven and every common bush afire with God." Let him with Stevenson say:

The world is so full of a number of things,  
That I think we should be as happy as kings.

With Emerson, let him find the laws of nature the laws of his own mind, and the beauty of nature the beauty of his own soul. With the psalmist, let him see the heavens declaring the glory of God and the firmament showing forth his handiwork. With Jesus, let him find the fowls of the air and the lilies of the field telling the story of God's all-pervading presence and fatherly care.

The scholar must have great trust in himself, great trust in humanity, and a great trust in God. He must have self-trust, because "the scholar and the scholar only knows the world," and because no man can be great who is a slave to the idols of the forum and the market-place. The broadest hopes, the deepest convictions, and the highest ideals of the scholar should be as "children born unto him which he cannot carelessly let die." The scholar must have the self-trust of Carlyle without Carlyle's sourness; the self-trust of Whitman, with more than Whitman's refinement; the self-trust of Emerson with his glorious optimism and perpetual sunshine; the self-trust of Alexander when he declared himself to be the son of Jupiter; the self-trust of Dante which made him say, when appointed on a diplomatic mission, "If I go who will stay, and if I stay who will go?"

But the scholar must have a greater trust in humanity than Alexander and Dante. "Too long we have been trying to get the best from people by expecting the worst." We are at last learning that we cannot improve the world by laying our chief emphasis upon its evil, and we are being forced to put our chief emphasis upon its inherent good. The scholar must not be like the fly looking for sore spots, but like Swedenborg's angels, who have the power to see our virtues without seeing our faults. As a great college president has recently said in substance, "If man at times and in spots be evil, he

has all the more need of the scholar's trust; if man at times and in spots be fallen, trust him; if man at times and in spots be foolish, trust him. His evil is the evil of a saint: his fall is the fall of an angel; his foolishness is the foolishness of a delirium which, passing away, leaves the man in his right mind." Even above self-trust let the scholar trust humanity. Let his trust in humanity amount to a great and holy enthusiasm for all the best things that are being done and aspired after by the race.

The highest trust of the scholar must be in God. Let him believe that in all, through all, and above all, there is a power making for righteousness. Let him seek to find God a sweet enveloping thought, who reveals himself most perfectly in Him who returns good for evil, who does all the good he can, and who persists in this unto the very end, and who is Light, Life, Truth, and Love through the beautiful necessity of a perfect being.

The scholar's influence upon the world. The scholar is not only the man thinking, but the man acting. In all the great movements which look to the perfection of the individual and the betterment of the race, he leads while other men follow.

Goethe, in "Faust," gives us an exalted concept of the scholar finding his ideal and happiness in the service of humanity. Faust in his mad love for Margaret finds physical beauty turning to ashes, and the ideal of intellectual beauty resurrected from Greek models vanishing, and his possible paradise in a world where the earth is rich and a race of idlers dwell. Marshes and stagnant pools invade the land whose rank luxuriance reveals its equal potency for good. Faust calls the race of idlers to aid him in his work to drain the marshes and to make the people healthy, happy, and free. He lives to see a free man treading a fair earth. In working for humanity Faust ends his long search for the ideal. He finds this to be his supreme moment, and sinks to sleep upon the bosom of a blossoming earth he has found a wilderness. Mephistopheles calls upon all his demons to clutch the sleeping philanthropist and scholar; but the angels pelt the demons with roses, the roses sting



the demons like flames, and the demons are baffled and flee. "No power of evil can reach him who has found his happiness and his ideal in the service of God, through the service of humanity. No demons of pain and remorse can grasp him whose defense is the roses he has plucked from the thorns."\*

The scholar as the leader of men and of movements has been pre-eminent in western Europe and in a large sense in the United States. President Thwing estimates that of the fifteen thousand one hundred and forty-two men who have been sufficiently prominent to find recognition in "Appleton's Encyclopedia of American Biography," five thousand three hundred and twenty-six are college graduates, and nine hundred and forty-one are academy but not college men. At least one college man of forty has won a national or an international reputation, while only one out of every ten thousand who are not college men. The chances are thus two hundred and fifty times in favor of the college man. About six per cent of our greater reputations have been graduates of Harvard, and about five per cent graduates of Yale. About one out of thirteen of the graduates of Harvard and Yale have won national and international reputations. The graduates of these institutions have thus had seven hundred and fifty chances of pre-eminent success where the non-college man has had but one.

It is also true that the men who have stood highest in the college have stood highest in the world, disproving the idea often advanced that valedictorians and first honor men are never heard of after leaving college. "At Yale nine-tenths of her distinguished graduates from 1819 to 1850 were either first or among the first men of their classes." The same is essentially true of Harvard and the other universities of the country. Macaulay observes that a similar state of facts exists among English university men. The great men of England as a rule have not only been college men, but college men of high rank. Both Gladstone and Robert Peel were double first honor men. "The general rule is beyond all doubt that the men who have been first in the competi-

tion of the schools have been first in the competition of the world."

The scholar has in a large sense made and governed Europe. Plato and the Academy, Aristotle and the Lyceum, Alexander the Great and the University of Alexandria, and the scholarly work of Roman jurists are the ripest fruitage of classic civilization. In fact, there is scarcely an element in modern civilization except Christianity and the spirit of individualism introduced by the Teuton, which cannot be traced back to Plato and the Academy, Aristotle and the Lyceum, Alexander the Great and the University of Alexandria, and the Roman jurists. Even the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle has profoundly influenced the formal side of Christianity. Primitive Christianity had apparently no required theology, as it had no minutely worked out form for church organization. The Christian apostle gave a new life and a new hope, and did not demand acceptance of a dogmatic system of intellectual truth. As the ecclesiastical system of the Catholic Church came from the imperial government of Rome, so systematic theology came from the union of Greek philosophy and Christianity; hence the scholars of the Academy and the Lyceum have helped to rule mankind religiously as well as intellectually. The Christian schools of the middle ages preserved for modern Europe and America the intellectual monuments of Greece and Rome. The breaking of the chaos of the dark ages comes with the rise of the universities. The morning of a new era for the world comes with the scholars of the Renaissance. The Renaissance prepared the way for the Reformation. Luther and Melancthon, the fathers of the Reformation, were the children of the universities. The universities which were the creations of the Reformation are the key to the present proud position of Germany. Germany has been kind to her universities and to her university men. Kings and princes have given liberally to the universities, and allowed almost unlimited freedom to their professors. They have learned that "liberty is the divine method for making men better." The scholarly advisers of Prussian kings, like Von Stein and Bismarck, gave Prussia

\*Conway, "Idols and Ideals."

and Germany the best administrative system in the world. Frederick William the Third, after the Napoleonic wars, spoke more like a philosopher than an ordinary king when he said, "We must win back through our scholars what we have lost through physical force." Since that time the scholars and universities of Prussia have defeated and humiliated Austria and France, and gathered around her the German Empire, which is easily the first power of continental Europe, not to mention the contributions she has made to science, philosophy, literature, and art.

What would England have been without her two great universities? Oxford has been the mother of her great movements and Cambridge the mother of her great men. England has been wise enough to give her scholars seats in Parliament and the management of all the higher affairs of state. Her three last prime ministers, Gladstone, Roseberry, and Salisbury, were educated at the same college and broke bread in the same dining-hall at old Oxford. The same college at Oxford is the mother of John Wesley and Charles Wesley.

In America the college graduates have furnished over one-third of our great reputations. The college man in public life found distinguished recognition in what Von Holst calls "the transfigurational splendor of the American Revolution." Our population then numbered nearly four millions. Of this number only about two thousand five hundred were college graduates; but this small group of scholars furnished one-half of the leaders of this period. Of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence twenty-seven were college graduates, and fifteen others had a classic or liberal education. Jefferson and Adams were two of the ripest scholars of their generation. The Constitutional Convention contained fifty-five members, at least twenty-nine of whom were college men. Oxford, London, Aberdeen, Glasgow, Edinburgh, the University of Pennsylvania, Columbia, Harvard, Yale, Princeton were represented in the Philadelphia Convention. Madison, Hamilton, and Wilson, the greatest constructive statesmen of the convention, were not only college men, but historians

and political scientists of the first order of ability. A large majority of our presidents have been college men. All were college men previous to the reign of Andrew Jackson except Washington, and his chief advisers were the ripest scholars of his generation. All of the chief justices of the United States Supreme Court have been college graduates except Marshall, and he was a college student, having left William and Mary to join the Revolutionary Army. President Thwing estimates that more than two-thirds of the associate justices of the Supreme Court and about two-thirds of the present circuit court judges are college graduates. W. D. Sheldon estimates that up to 1878 there had been in round numbers seven hundred and seventy members of the American Senate, and of these three hundred and fifty had a college education, while sixty others had a liberal education. Up to the same year (1878) there had been four thousand eight hundred members of the House of Representatives, and of these about one thousand seven hundred and fifty had a college training. With the age of the Tillmans and the Peffers, and with the admission of certain backwoods communities of the West into statehood, it is highly probable that the percentage of college men in the Senate has been on the decline. The senior class of Mercer University has furnished me with the following statistics, which are essentially correct: Of the thirty-two speakers of the House of Representatives sixteen have had regular college training, and five others have been to college, but are not regular college graduates; of the thirty-six secretaries of state twenty-three are college graduates, including Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, J. Q. Adams, Webster, Calhoun, Seward, and Olney; about sixty-five per cent of all the other cabinet officers have been college graduates. The history of our foreign service and other departments of our government, federal and state, tells the same story, the pre-eminence of the college graduate, and the higher the position the greater the pre-eminence.

President Thwing estimates that seventeen per cent of our great business reputations have been won by college men. This percentage is very significant, as such

a small proportion of our business men have had college training. The improvements in machinery and the growing magnitude and unification of business and industrial enterprises are bringing the college man more and more into demand as a captain of industry. As Thwing puts it so well: "A boy may measure calico without a college education, but not so well can he manage men, control great enterprises, engineer great industrial projects, where judgment and training form a larger and larger element of success, and where chance forms a less and less factor of success. In a group of sixty-five college graduates in New York City there are eighteen bankers, fifteen railroad managers, ten manufacturers, seven presidents of leading insurance companies, and five conspicuous publishers."\* Chauncey Depew, a graduate of Yale, says: "Hundreds of college graduates have begun at the bottom of railroad work and have soon distanced the uneducated boy." A college education prepares all the better the young man to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water.

All of our great historians have been college men, and the largest per cent of all of our great poets. In a large sense one college professor, Edward Channing, of Harvard, has been the father of American literature. Half of our great physicians have been college men, and only about five per cent of all of our physicians have been college graduates. In the late war Grant, Lee, Sherman, Stonewall Jackson, Thomas, the two Johnsons, Hancock, Longstreet, and Sheridan were West Pointers. Half of our great lawyers and nearly all of our great educators have had college training.

Fifty-eight per cent of the ministers who have won national and international reputations in the United States are college graduates. An examination of Dr. Spriggs' "Annals of the American Pulpit" shows that of the eleven hundred and seventy clergymen therein named seventy-four per cent of the Episcopalians, seventy-eight per cent of the Presbyterians, eighty per cent of the Congregationalists, and ninety-seven per cent of the Unit-

arians are college men. The church and the college have been developed together, neither being able to prosper at the expense of the other. The church has endowed nearly all our colleges and universities, and these colleges and universities have in turn given the church an educated ministry and an educated laity. While the church has endowed the colleges, the colleges have been a tremendous factor in making and sustaining the church. As President Thwing says: "The church fosters the material and religious interests of the college; the college in turn fosters that wisdom and discipline required for the efficiency and stability of the church." The large number of college graduates among the early colonies of New England furnishes the key to the intellectual pre-eminence of New England in the history of this country. During the colonial era the town minister of New England was almost invariably a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge, or of Harvard or Yale. These educated ministers were not only the spiritual leaders of the people, but they were also popular leaders and deeply impressed their character upon the laws, institutions, and life of the community. There was a fair percentage of English university graduates among the southern colonies; but as a rule they became large land-owners, lawyers, and statesmen, and consequently did not influence southern colonial life so wisely and well as the New England clergymen influenced New England life.

The college has furnished the best environment for the development of the highest order of moral and religious character. Wisdom and piety are sisters, and intelligence is much closer akin to religion than ignorance. While the saying of Jesus, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free," has been interpreted to mean spiritual truth and spiritual truth only, it is equally true that truth is freedom and ignorance is slavery wherever found. Bacon showed a keen appreciation of this truth when he said: "It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore and see the ships tossed upon the sea; it is a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle and see the battle and the adven-

\*"Within College Walls," page 151.

tures thereof below; but no pleasure is comparable to standing on the vantage-ground of truth—a hill not to be commanded and where the air is always pure

and serene. Certain it is heaven on earth to have a man's mind, to move in charity, to rest in Providence, and to turn upon the poles of truth."

## HOW TO ENJOY BROWNING

BY REV. H. C. MESERVE

Robert Browning's position in the front rank of the nineteenth-century poets is already assured. Indeed, should the remaining year of the century fail to bring forth a poet (and his head has not yet appeared above the horizon) greater than he, it is hardly a question for argument as to who, if not he, should occupy first place. Yet he is not in any real sense the poet of the people. He cannot paint the glories of nature like Wordsworth, or weave romances like Tennyson, or be as dear to our hearts as Longfellow, though Longfellow be a singer of the lesser order. But he can be and he is what none of the others are, a "Browning" of intellectual vigor, of broad vision and power to see with a poet's soul through the deepest philosophies of men. It is not a strange thing, though some have it to be incomprehensible, that a poet should be other than a dreamer; and here is one who has brought the antipodes of human thought together, and given to the world a strong and deep philosophy of human life, in all the high lights and splendid colors of a poet's fancy. Let these things be ever in the background of our thought as we seek to get into the poet's mind. If you have found these things in other poets, as I doubt not that you have, to a degree at least, expect to find them here in larger measure and demanding therefore greater consideration. There is an occult relation between Browning the poet and Browning the man that requires of us that we know something of the latter before we can know and adequately appreciate the former. It does not so much matter whether we know Shakespeare personally or not. His grasp of human life is so sure that we feel that he knows us, and that suffices. But Browning, with a different if not more delicate touch, reveals

himself to those who have come closest to his heart and understand best his moods. With such a man, who breathes himself into his poems, with an abandon which only a true lover of his art can attain, one must be on intimate terms if he would approach the master's work with something of the master's spirit. Browning's life was itself a poem,—with not a few somber lines, it is true, and much that to the casual reader even is pathetic. But through his life, as through his work, there breathes a note of hope that tells of wonderful visions, both seen and lived and one day retold to the world of men, who sorely need such glimpses of the other world. But when one has entered into the poet's life and seen the environment whence the poet's message proceeded, and caught, as he must, something of the spirit which made possible these inspired words, let him betake himself to the printed page and delve among its treasures for the pure gold his own soul needs. I have an acquaintance who delights in that abomination of a busy student, "complete works." There is no man so great that obligation is laid upon other men to read his every utterance. The very essence of the scholar's habit is the power to discriminate, to pick out the things he needs, to appropriate the message his soul longs for. A well-known critic of the "liberal" school is wont to say of the "conservative" brethren, apropos of their attitude toward the Bible, and with not a little disgust: "They say, as the housewife says, but with less truth, 'Cut in anywhere, and it's all cake.'" But the fact is that it isn't all "cake," and one needs to discriminate carefully ere he appropriates. So with Browning, or any other writer for that matter, one needs to select a few things by way of introduc-



tion, before he launches himself on that awful sea of "complete works" in whose depths he may sink. One may with perfect propriety take the judgment of another to begin with. He may, with comparative safety, follow the beaten track, as represented in that other and often terrible word, "selections;" but these are but precautions till he is ready to explore for himself, and to appraise correctly such treasures as he finds. Probably no poet, certainly none in this generation, has suffered so much at the hands of the "fadists" as has Browning. When the little circle of those who had known him and loved him began to gain for him a larger reading the discussions which arose drew the attention of a lot of literary "incompetents" who dipped in and, with shallow judgment, passed on to herald their discoveries. But I am assuming that we believe in the man and his work; that we desire to get at the secret of his power; that we are willing to sacrifice something to come close to the throbbings of his great heart; therefore, that we are willing to spend a little time and some energy in our pursuit.

The American idea of enjoyment is sadly at fault. We do not know what it means to enjoy in any real sense. Work, our vocation, is our tread-mill of existence, while anything that may come in to interrupt that dull round is our recreation, our enjoyment. Recreation from our point of view as a people is largely dissipation and borders on depravity. Not that we are dissipated or depraved in the ordinary uses of those terms, but that our leisure hours have often no more profitable relation to our life.

Now, Browning is the poet of the intellect. He appeals to us, not as other of the poets do, through the feelings, the love of the beautiful, the attraction of the pathetic, or the spell of the romantic, but through that most difficult of all channels, the human mind. You may dream through many another poem on a hot summer's day, skipping here and there, and getting after all a tolerable idea of the style and the scene, and withal not a little enjoyment, but to read Browning one must be awake and alert; his mind must nod approval as he reads, he must

feel the contact with the master mind, and respond as that mind calls up scenes and situations and arguments and aphorisms. It is a wonderful mental stimulus to read a bit from Browning when the mind is jaded with other things. When I am tired with being cooped up in the study, whose appointments have become void of suggestion, I mount my wheel and take a spin to rest myself, forsooth. But I must go down-stairs and out-of-doors and push out into the country, and go up hill and down dale till I have refreshed my mind, and then come back with the body somewhat weary, but with the end in view accomplished. A similar process inducts us into the realm of Browning study, no, of Browning reading. We want refreshment of an intellectual character. The mind has been dealing with the routine of life. We must rest a bit. Are you willing to expend a little energy and to read a poem or two of the master's? The flagging forces of the mind take on new strength under the impulse of the poet's thought. You are led away from the humdrum world in which you live to other scenes and to other problems, laid before you for your consideration by one who is unmatched in his art. You have expended energy, true, but you have achieved something. It is worth while to give in this cause, that you may get the larger outlook and the deeper insight. It is because of this appeal to the intellectual side of our nature that Browning is so obscure to some, yet so full of suggestion to others. We are not used to the strong thought, pushing out into new channels, restating old themes. We are naturally conservative, and most of us would rather sleepily give acquiescence than challenge every step of the poet's argument. Yet, it is not because of this mind training that we should read Browning, nor do we enjoy him for this good which comes to us, but for the vitality of his mind and the stimulus which he brings to us, and for the new light that dawns upon us, and for the renewed strength which we bring to the duties of the work-a-day world. There is too, in this appeal to the intellectual side of our nature, the preparation for a further appeal, not so unique perhaps, but to my mind as valuable. I mean

the dramatic cast of the poet's thought. How we respond to the dramatic in life. A nation rises to approve a "Hobson," while few know or care to know the equally brave men who fought the everyday battle with discipline, scarcely less thrilling when the story is rightly told. Our feelings are ever open to the reception of those things which will rouse in us a sensation of pleasure or pleasant pain—the touch of the dramas of life. Now, to this universal condition of the race our poet responds, but in a somewhat different fashion. As he has engaged the mind, so to the mind he ministers. Browning is intellectually dramatic. When we begin to know Browning we are intellectually drawn to him, and through this channel of the mind the whole being is engaged. We are not side-tracked here and there by some wonderful description that takes our thought from the subject in hand, but we follow with the acquiescence of the mind the steps that lead up to the culminating situation. His poems live for us, and his students are intensely loyal to him, because he has called for and received the deepest allegiance which the student or earnest reader can give, the approval of reason. It is not necessary to the reader that he have such a mind as this master, that he become capable even of appreciating every allusion, or of receiving every thought; but to enjoy, to get a good from him, he must have that mental attitude which I have indicated and the demands of which you will readily enlarge upon. Does all this seem very much like work, too fatiguing and too complex to admit of that condition which we term enjoyment? It need not be so. These things are but the key by which the poet's mysteries are to be unlocked. This is but the avenue of approach by which we are conducted into the secret of the master's power. Truths do not flash upon you from Browning as they do oftentimes from other poets, but truths grow upon you and stay with you, and become character for you in not a few instances.

Let me illustrate what I have said by references to some of Browning's shorter and better known poems. So uniformly excellent are these poems that it is difficult to select one that shall outweigh the

others, but I dip hastily in and bring up "Pippa Passes." Never was a drama better played. Never did the lesson of the foulness of sin and the purity of goodness receive more masterly handling. Looking into the hell of human hearts till one is sickened and falls back affrighted at the intensity of the scene, there come the words of hope, which clear away all the foul demons of sin, and Pippa passes singing the refrain, "God's in his heaven. All's right with the world." And if you turn to "Saul,"—that poem of the struggle of the natures,—we trace our own lives in the darkness of the black tent; we are conscious, in the heat of our passion, of another's presence, and we hear a voice which speaks to us:

O Saul, it shall be  
A Face like my face that receives thee:  
A Man like to me,  
Thou shalt love and be loved by forever:  
A Hand like this hand  
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee!  
See the Christ stand!

In quite the same vein, but from another point of view, let us look into "Rabbi Ben Ezra." A philosophy of life that has in it all the law of ancient Israel and all the light of modern Christianity. I can trace the sober maxims of age,—the seriousness of life, its battles, its pleasures, its sentence, and its final redemption. I can see, too, the sublime faith which breathes forth from that splendid old heart as the scope of this salvation is realized, and no one can resist the appeal which is embodied in the lines:

Look not thou down, but up!  
To uses of a cup,  
The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,  
The new wine's foaming flow,  
The Master's lips aglow!  
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what needst thou with earth's wheel?

From an artistic point of view there are few things in literature which, for me, can hold place with that wonderful character sketch, "The Bishop Orders his Tomb at Saint Praxed's Church." The bishop is a rare combination,—a pagan by all the instincts of his nature, a Christian by custom only, a diplomatist for gain, an artist

in everything. It is a splendid word painting. One bit overdone, it would revolt us; one tone lacking, it would lose its charm; but there it is, a true picture of a product of the renaissance. There remain to be noted two poems quite unlike each other and very different from those we have recalled,—one a love tragedy, which appeals to us to a marked degree through the intellectual channel of which I have spoken; the other a touch of comedy, truly after the Browning type. "In a Gondola" is a series of word pictures in which the story is veiled till the final moment. It grew out of a painting which deeply impressed Browning, and certainly the artist's ideal could not have been more beautiful than the poet's conception. The responses to the glory of the night, the play of passion, the outgoing of the lovers' hearts to one another are all superb, and the dialogue, the songs, the musings are unmatched. And over all there hangs the shadow of the coming tragedy. What a word is this which the lady musingly utters:

Dip your arm o'er the boat side, elbow deep,  
As I do: thus: were death so unlike sleep,  
Caught this way? Death's to fear from  
flame or steel,  
Or poison doubtless; but from water—feel!

And so the hour is beguiled till, on the steps of the palace, the blow is struck and the lover falls back into his mistress's arms, and breathes out his life in loving words for her.

It may seem trivial to mention with these poems such a bit as "Up at a Villa—Down in the City;" but it serves to illustrate the lighter side of Browning's nature, and indeed it is quite as fine a piece of work in its way as its antipode, "The Bishop Orders his Tomb." Certainly it will appeal to those whose lives are cast by preference in the city's mold.

I think that, after reading such poems as these I have mentioned, you will see my reason for suggesting a selection at first. You are not preparing to lift such a burden as the life work of Browning would lay upon you, but you are preparing to enjoy him by getting at the things which minister to your needs. You will, of necessity, approach these selections willing to appropriate with the mind what his mind has prepared for you. Of your own volition you will then follow this leading into the field of the intellectually dramatic, in distinction from the spectacular, and so you will come into the realm of sympathy with the poet and into an attitude of reverence, then of love, for his work. Browning's life and purpose were serious. His message is, on the whole, a serious message; he neither desired nor courted popularity. But he has a word for many more than have yet heard; he has a real blessing for many who know him not. If Browning opens a new world to you do not condemn it, and above all, do not refuse to investigate it. I am convinced that to the thinking soul, to him who is willing to see visions and to dream dreams that will lighten the burdens of life and enrich its possibilities, Browning has a mission which cannot be filled by any other poet who has yet appeared. Certainly his principle of life, as he himself states it, is bound to bring to the soul who receives it the largest life and the fullest hope. He says, "It almost looks like bragging to say this, and as if I ought to cancel it; but it's the simple truth; and as it's true, it shall stand."

One who never turned his back, but marched  
breast forward,  
Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,  
wrong would triumph,  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight  
better,  
Sleep to wake.

## EDWIN MARKHAM AND THE NEW CONSCIENCE\*

BY B. O. FLOWER

I.—THE MEANING OF THE RECEPTION  
OF MR. MARKHAM'S LATEST POEM.

Nothing that has occurred in recent years illustrates the deep undercurrent of popular feeling throughout the republic more clearly or truly than the reception which has been accorded Edwin Markham's powerful poem, "The Man with the Hoe." It is stated that since the publication of Mr. Kipling's "Recessional" no poem has been so widely copied or so much discussed as Mr. Markham's creation; and when we remember that its author had no world-wide reputation behind him, and that the verses, though possessing a certain stateliness, are wanting in that jingle and rhythm which is one of the most popular elements in Mr. Kipling's poetry, we are compelled to recognize the presence of something quite outside of the ordinary. The poem is unquestionably strong. It possesses a wealth of poetic imagination, expressed in daring flights and bold antitheses such as are rarely found in fugitive verse. It is also characterized by a moving realism, a direct appeal to the human sentiments and noble impulses of our nature, such as is seldom found in modern poetry; and yet I doubt if all its excellencies are as much responsible for its phenomenal reception as is the state of the public mind to which it has appealed. During the last decade public sentiment has been rapidly growing more and more acutely sensitive to certain unjust and dangerous social conditions in our midst, and in a certain sense this poem may be said to be the articulate voice of an awakened popular sentiment. He who looks beneath the surface of social conditions cannot fail to realize that there is a growing determination on the part of millions of our people that the great perils confronting the republic, whose existence is no longer denied, shall be averted, and that that broad and even-handed justice which is so essential to the life of a free

government shall prevail instead of the artificial and fatally suicidal condition which marked the decline of Rome.

We have recently heard much about the "New Conscience," and, though superficial newspaper paragraphers have sneered at the expression, it is an apt characterization for the popular awakening, or perhaps I should say that stirring of the consciousness in society, which ever precedes a clearly defined and inevitable onward movement. Now, it is to this new conscience that Prof. Markham has spoken. If his poem had appeared twenty years ago it is doubtful whether it would have created any marked sensation, either in the literary world or among the rank and file of the people. There would have been a few who would have instantly recognized its artistic strength and excellence, and others who would have received its ethical message; but it is not probable that it would have been seriously challenged by conventional criticism, or that the public conscience would have felt its meaning in a compelling way.

The social ideals of our people are in a state of rapid flux. Old concepts are giving way before a broader and nobler vision of life and duty, almost as markedly as they changed during the first century of modern times, when art leaped full-statured from the brain of Italy, when the new learning electrified the conscience of the German and Anglo-Saxon peoples, when invention blossomed into the printing-press, and when Columbus gave to Europe and civilization a new world, and Copernicus a new heaven. It is easy to note the changes which marked an era long vanished, but it is difficult to measure the nature and extent of evolutionary and revolutionary movements while they are in progress. But so swift and definite are many changes now taking place that he is blind indeed who sees nothing of the passing of the old or the advent of the new. The inventions of the past century alone have wrought a revolution in social,

\*"The Man with the Hoe and Other Poems," by Edwin Markham. Cloth, Pp. 134. Price, \$1.00. New York, Doubleday & McClure Company.



economic, and commercial conditions. The binding of the world together and the utilization of the subtle forces of nature, the broadening of the intellectual horizon, popular diffusion of knowledge, and the quickening pace of life are but a few phenomena which tell us most eloquently of the changed world in which we live. Conditions which might have been admirably adapted to life in other days are no more adequate to meet the august demands of the new order than the once invincible feudal castle would to-day be adequate to protect the besieged. It is surely the part of wise conservatism promptly to recognize the demands of the changed conditions, that orderly evolution instead of the shock of revolution may mark the progress of our civilization.

## II.—THE TRUE FUNCTION OF ART.

This poem, which Mr. W. D. Howells characterizes as "great and noble," and Prof. William James terms "magnificent," has also called forth the most savage criticism from many writers of literary pretensions. Indeed, it could not be otherwise, because the literary world to-day occupies precisely the same position which it has occupied for the past hundred years. It is ranged in two camps,—one worships with face toward the past, and the other fronts the dawn. One insists that the world of letters shall remain in a cemetery in the valley; the other demands that literature shall be the handmaid of service and shall move in the van-guard of the caravan of civilization. Hence, the present controversy was inevitable so soon as the popularity of the poem compelled the critics to take cognizance of it.

Those who are blindly wedded to the pernicious creed of "art for art's sake" are always offended when they are confronted by a great art work which has utility for a motive. "The Man with the Hoe" not only profoundly stirs the deeper feelings of the reader, but it raises the interrogation point so effectively that there is no escaping it. Hence, it has served to reopen one of the most vital questions before the intelligence of the modern world—the true mission of art.

More than a generation has passed since the brilliant writings of Victor Hugo and

his associates called forth a storm of abuse and savage criticism from defenders of dilettanteism in literature and art. The fact that the great Frenchman insisted on making the beautiful the servant of the useful caused great offense, and raised the question around which a battle has raged more or less determinedly ever since, a question which in the light of the broader consciousness of the present will never be settled until civilization recognizes that the supreme function of art is to enlarge, ennoble, and glorify life,—not the life of a few, but life in the broader and more comprehensive meaning of the term. The importance of the right recognition of the mission of art was so keenly realized by Victor Hugo that he made it the subject of one of the most luminous and eloquent passages in his great masterpiece, "William Shakspeare." So germane are his views to the controversy this poem has occasioned, and so essential is it that earnest young men and women of the present transition period fully appreciate the august mission of art, that I shall give some extended extracts from the great Frenchman's discussion of the subject:

Art for art's sake may be very fine, but art for progress is finer still. To dream of castles in Spain is well; to dream of Utopia is better. Ah, you must think? Then think of making man better. You must have a vision? Here is a vision for you,—the ideal. The prophet seeks solitude, but not isolation. He unravels and untwists the threads of humanity, tied and rolled in a skein within his soul; he does not break them. He goes into the desert to think,—of whom? Of the multitudes. It is not to the forests that he speaks, it is to the cities. It is not a reed that he sees shaken with the wind, it is man; it is not against lions that he cries aloud, it is against tyrants. Woe unto thee, Ahab! woe unto thee, Hoshea! woe unto you, kings! woe unto you, Pharaohs! is the cry of the great solitary. Then he weeps.

Over what? Over that eternal Babylonish captivity suffered long ago by Israel,—suffered by Poland, by Roumania, by Hungary, by Venice to-day. He grows old, the good and gloomy thinker; he watches, he lies in wait, he listens, he looks, his ear inclined to the silence, his ear straining into the night, his claw half unsheathed toward the wicked. Go, then, and talk of "art for art's sake" to this cenobite of the ideal. He walks straight toward his goal, which is this—the best. To this he is consecrated. He is not his own; he belongs to his apostleship. To him

is intrusted the great duty of impelling the human race upon its forward march. Genius is not made for genius, it is made for man. . . . At the point now reached by the social question, all action should be in common. Isolated forces frustrate one another; the ideal and the real are solidary. Art should aid science. These two wheels of progress should turn together. Let us consecrate ourselves. Let us devote ourselves to the good, to the true, to the just; it is well for us to do so.

Some pure lovers of art, moved by a solicitude which is not without its dignity and its nobility, discard the formula, "Art for progress," the beautiful useful, fearing lest the useful should deform the beautiful. They tremble to see the drudge's hand attached to the muse's arm. According to them, the ideal may become perverted by too much contact with reality. They are solicitous for the sublime if it descends as far as to humanity. Ah, they are in error. The useful, far from circumscribing the sublime, enlarges it. The application of the sublime to human affairs produces unexpected masterpieces.

But people protest: To undertake the cure of social evils, to amend the codes, to impeach law in the court of right, to utter those hideous words, "penitentiary," "convict-keeper," "galley-slave," "girl of the town;" to inspect the police registers, to contract the business of dispensaries, to study the questions of wages and want of work, to taste the black bread of the poor, to seek labor for the working-woman, to confront fashionable idleness with ragged sloth, to throw down the partition of ignorance, to open schools, to teach little children how to read; to attack shame, infamy, error, vice, crime, want of conscience; to preach the multiplication of spelling-books, to proclaim the equality of the sun, to improve the food of intellects and hearts, to give meat and drink, to demand solutions for problems and shoes for naked feet,—these things are not the business of the azure. Art is the azure.

Yes, art is the azure; but the azure from above, whence falls the ray which swells the wheat, yellows the maize, rounds the apple, gilds the orange, sweetens the grape. Again I say, a further service is an added beauty. At all events, where is the diminution? To ripen the beet-root, to water the potato, to increase the yield of lucern, of clover, or of hay; to be a fellow-workman with the plowman, the vine-dresser, and the gardener,—this does not deprive the heavens of one star. Ah, immensity does not despise utility,—and what does it lose by it? Does the vast vital fluid that we call magnetic or electric flash through the cloud-masses with less splendor because it consents to perform the office of pilot to a bark, and to keep constant to the north the little needle intrusted to it, the gigantic guide?

Yet people insist that to compose social poetry, human poetry, popular poetry; to grumble against the evil and laud the good, to be the spokesman of public wrath, to insult despots, to make knaves despair, to emancipate man before he is of age, to push souls forward and darkness backward, to know that there are thieves and tyrants, to clean penal cells, to flush the sewer of public uncleanness,—shall Polyhymnia bare her arm to these sordid tasks? Fie!

Why not?

Homer was the geographer and historian of his time, Moses the legislator of his, Juvenal the judge of his, Dante the theologian of his, Shakespeare the moralist of his, Voltaire the philosopher of his.

What thinks Aeschylus of art for art's sake? If ever there was a poet, Aeschylus is certainly he. Listen to his reply. It is in the "Frogs" of Aristophanes, line 1030. Aeschylus speaks: "From the beginning the illustrious poet has served men. Orpheus has taught the horror of murder, Musaeus oracles and medicine, Hesiod agriculture, and divine Homer heroism. And I, after Homer, have sung Patroclus, and Teucer the lion-hearted, that every citizen may endeavor to imitate great men."

You say: The muse is made to sing, to love, to believe, to pray. Yes, and no. Let us understand each other. To sing to whom? The void? To love whom? One's self? To believe what? The dogma? To pray to what? The idol? No; here is the truth: to sing to the ideal, to love humanity, to believe in progress, to pray toward the infinite.

Help from the strong for the weak, help from the great for the small, help from the free for the slaves, help from the thinkers for the ignorant, help from the solitary for the multitudes,—such is the law, from Isaiah to Voltaire. He who does not follow this law may be a genius, but he is only a genius of luxury. By not handling the things of earth, he thinks to purify himself; but he annuls himself. He is the refined, the delicate, he may be the exquisite genius. Any one, roughly useful, but useful, has the right to ask, on seeing this good-for-nothing genius, "Who is this idler?" The amphora which refuses to go to the fountain deserves the blisses of the water-pots.

Great is he who consecrates himself! Even when overcome, he remains serene, and his misfortune is happiness. No, it is not a bad thing for the poet to be brought face to face with duty. Duty has a stern likeness to the ideal. The task of doing one's duty is worth undertaking. Truth, honesty, the instruction of the masses, human liberty, manly virtue, conscience are not things to disdain. Indignation and compassion for the mournful slavery of man are but two sides of the same faculty; those

who are capable of wrath are capable of love. To level the tyrant and the slave.— what a magnificent endeavor! Now, the whole of one side of actual society is tyrant, and all the other side is slave. A grim set-

that work. To be the servant of God is the task of progress.

All history proves the working partnership of art and progress.

The Man with the Hood.  
~~the hopelessness of ages in his face,~~  
~~Proved by the weight of centuries in tears,~~  
~~Looking across the fields~~  
~~Chained to the earth he stands~~  
~~Chained to eternity~~  
~~His face, thin, color-bitten, hangs~~  
~~He with no tongue to tell his fate~~  
~~We stand there powerless by the darkened gate~~  
~~the~~  
~~Once I had lived in the circles of the~~  
~~The ~~stolen~~ meaningful ~~road~~ that stony~~  
~~Woe words when Dante wandered like a star~~  
~~That saw no man in a~~  
~~as the stolid face of the wind shapes~~  
~~Is this the fruit upon the tree of Time? — (6th)~~  
~~That gulfs between ~~man~~ and the ~~human shape~~~~  
~~Too dull to feel that this is the higher way~~  
~~Beyond the ~~dark~~, I could not feel the ~~shape~~~~  
~~Despairing kings~~  
~~angel shapes~~

Facsimile of a Section of the First Draft of "The Man with the Hood." Republished from the San Francisco Bulletin.

tlement is impending, and it will be accomplished. All thinkers must work with that end in view. They will gain greatness in

All power is duty. Should this power enter into repose in our age? Should duty

shut its eyes; and is the moment come for art to disarm? Less than ever. Thanks to 1789, the human caravan has reached a high plateau; and, the horizon being vaster, art has more to do. This is all. To every widening of the horizon an enlargement of conscience corresponds.

We have not reached the goal. Concord condensed into felicity, civilization summed up in harmony,—that is yet far off.

### III.—THE GENESIS OF THE POEM.

Several years ago Mr. Markham came under the spell of Millet's masterpiece, "The Man with the Hoe." Its compelling realism influenced him much as it influenced Prof. Edward Dowden, of the Dublin University, who recently said: "I have always felt that Millet pictured the union of truth to reality with a noble ideality, and Mr. Markham's poem interprets the two sides of Millet's painting." The great French painter had reproduced the man as he had seen him in the fields of France with startling fidelity, and with that power born of genius which quickens the intuition of all who come under its compelling influence. Mr. Markham saw what tens of thousands of people have seen in that masterpiece,—the type of millions who through generations of oppression, injustice, and inequality have become blunted, stunted, and brutalized, while their neighbors, with different environment and opportunities, have grown and expanded until the mind has flowered as a tropical garden, enabling the individual to develop capacities for manifold pleasures almost as little dreamed of by the deadened sensibilities of the man with the hoe as they are unknown to the cattle which browse the fields. All this was felt by the poet when under the influence of the painting, and as he was lost in contemplation there floated through his mind a passage from Holy Writ, learned in childhood: "In the image of God created he man." The essential tragedy of the picture was photographed upon the brain. He could not throw the imagery aside. The interrogation point had been raised, and he felt what all the best natures of our time are coming to feel, that no one lives to himself. The great fact of the solidarity of the race is complemented by the equally important truth that obligations devolve on every child of the earth, which

are only limited by the power or capacity of the individual to bless his fellow-men and further the true happiness of humanity.

It is doubtful whether the painter dreamed of the influence which his work would exert on the sensitive thought of our age, just awakening from a deathlike lethargy; but his work affords another illustration of the fact that the artist, no less than the poet and philosopher, wields a godlike power which in the service of progress exerts an undreamed of influence for the advance of an enduring civilization. A mind less gifted with poetic imagination and feeling could not forget that painting or the message it conveys, and with Mr. Markham its haunting realism gave him no peace until he began to repeat the message from the poet's vantage-ground. The ideas came more rapidly than the word symbols which conformed to poetic usage, and years went by in which, like sculptor at the marble, the poet wrought upon his creation. At length it was completed, and the heart message of the poet from the painter was given to the world. It read as follows:

#### THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING MILLET'S WORLD-FAMOUS PAINTING.

God made man in his own image,  
In the image of God made He him.—Genesis.

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans  
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,  
The emptiness of ages in his face,  
And on his back the burden of the world.  
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,  
A thing that grieves not and that never  
hopes,  
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?  
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?  
Whose was the hand that slanted back this  
brow?  
Whose breath blew out the light within his  
brain?  
Is this the Thing the Lord God made and  
gave  
To have dominion over sea and land;  
To trace the stars and search the heavens  
for power;  
To feel the passion of Eternity?  
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped  
the suns  
And pillared the blue firmament with light?  
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf  
There is no shape more terrible than this.—  
More tongued with censure of the world's  
blind greed,—



More filled with signs and portents for the soul,—

More fraught with menace to the universe.  
What gulfs between him and the seraphim!  
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him  
Are Plato and the swing of P'leiades?

What the long reaches of the peaks of song,  
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?  
Through this dread shape the suffering ages  
look;

Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;  
Through this dread shape humanity be-  
trayed,

Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,  
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,  
A protest that is also prophecy.  
O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,  
Is this the handiwork you give to God,  
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-  
quenched?

How will you ever straighten up this shape;  
Touch it again with immortality;  
Give back the upward looking and the light;  
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;  
Make right the immemorial infamies,  
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?  
O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,  
How will the Future reckon with this Man?  
How answer his brute question in that hour  
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the  
world?

How will it be with kingdoms and with  
kings,—

With those who shaped him to the thing he  
is,—

When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,  
After the silence of the centuries?

Mr. Markham possesses the imagination of a man of genius; hence, he could easily conceive the chasm, the awful gulf between the ill-favored, blunted, and brutalized child of the earth and the one whose brain and soul have been cultured and enlightened. He saw in the man with the hoe the type of millions who have never known the inexpressible delight, the magic uplift, experienced by the cultured mind in the contemplation of life and its manifold phenomena, in philosophy as typified by Plato, in emotions as expressed by soul-stirring music, in nature's grander aspects as viewed in the starry vault and the rift of dawn, and in her beauty side as typified by the reddening of the rose. With the realization of the awful loss which his neighbor experienced came the inevitable "Why?" He knew what every serious philosopher knows, that we are all largely what the environment of generations makes us; and the imprisoned ones are blinded, blunted, and dulled by the lack

of opportunities and the crushing influence of unjust environment, which discourages when it does not forbid the expansion of mind and soul. Hence, against the injustice of our social order he sends his protest.

It is indeed amazing that even the conventional critics in an age like ours can become so blinded by prejudice as to challenge the truth of the indictment, as does Mr. Ambrose Bierce, for example. Mr. Bierce is a sincere admirer of Mr. Markham's work, as will be seen from the following eulogistic criticism:

It is long since I entertained a doubt of Mr. Markham's eventual primacy among contemporary American poets. He is every year taking wider outlooks from "the peaks of song,"—has already got well above the fools' paradise of flowers and song-birds and bees and women, and is invading the "thrilling region" of the cloud, the cliff, and the eagle, whence one looks down upon man and out upon the world. . . . If it seems a little exacting to compare Mr. Markham's blank verse with that of Milton,—the only poet who has ever mastered that medium in English,—I can only say that the noble simplicity and elevation of Mr. Markham's work are such as hardly to justify his admeasurement by any standard lower than the highest we have.

And yet this critic insists on taking a narrow and even an absolutely false view of the ethics of Mr. Markham's poem. In referring to "The Man with the Hoe," he says: "He is not the product of the masters, lords, and rulers of all lands. They are not, and no class is, responsible for him, his limitations, and his woes." If our critic had been less favored; if, for example, he had been the son of a poor peasant in Europe, or of a miner in the coal districts of Pennsylvania or West Virginia, or a child born in the homes of the "sweaters" in our great cities, and if, furthermore, he had had generations of crushing environment behind him, I imagine he would be little different from his fellows among the industrial slaves, who have never enjoyed the advantages which permit growth in its larger sense.

If a person of intelligence is so morally obtuse that he cannot see that the man is largely the creature of inequitable and therefore unjust social conditions, which have existed for generations, it is useless

to attempt to enlighten him. He belongs to a class who throughout all history have sought with all the power of their intellects to bar the upward progress of civilization. If any one doubts for a moment the power of environment, and freedom for the development of the mind, the imagination, and the soul of man, he has only to compare the native savage in the jungle of Africa with his fellow African in this country, who has advanced from a similar condition of savagery under the influence of less than two centuries of civilization and with only one generation of freedom. The difference between the brain capacity and imagination of the savage in Africa to-day and that of the negro in our own land affords a striking illustration of the power of environment. Through the influence of partially favorable surroundings the negro has risen, until to-day his brain is teeming with great and noble thoughts, with the imagination of artists and poets and musicians, with the capacity for enjoyment almost as great as those who have the civilization of thousands of years behind them. The rise of the negro under the influence of civilization is an eloquent answer to those who sneer at the charge that social conditions are largely, if not chiefly, responsible for such caricatures of humanity as "The Man with the Hoe." The indictment made by the poet is only too true, and happily has voiced the conviction of a vast and growing number among the ablest and most sincere men and women of our civilization. The new conscience is no myth. It is leavening society. It will evolutionize society, for it is leagued with progress and the dawn.

It is idle to try to dismiss the man with the hoe by saying, "He is a French product;" for he well typifies tens of thousands of men in our coal mines, no less than women and children in the sweatshops and factories of our great cities. He is with us, and we cannot hope to escape guiltless if we remain indifferent. But, while this is true, we must not let the somber facts discourage us. One great danger which threatens the cause of true reform lies in the pessimism which is liable to take possession of those who personally investigate the misery and inequality

which are found to-day. Hence, it is well to bear in mind that, deplorable as conditions are with us, nevertheless they are incomparably less tragic than those which have marked every preceding transition period known to history.

#### IV.—CONDITIONS OF THE MASSES OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

Space prevents my noticing this fact at length, but a brief glance at English life during the merging of feudalism into the broader life of modern times will perhaps help us to appreciate a fact which is illustrated in the history of all similar eras of transition. In England during the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. we find that the courts were so solicitous for the interests of the rich that rigid statutes were re-enacted against laborers, which arbitrarily fixed the maximum scale of prices which might be paid. The lawful wage price varied in the different seasons, but the average for the year was sixpence halfpenny (thirteen cents) per day for skilled workmen among such trades as glaziers, carpenters, bricklayers, and plumbers. The wages fixed for common workmen averaged threepence halfpenny (seven cents) per day. No provisions were made for the old, sick, or decrepit. Evictions were very common. Multitudes were being reduced every year to beggary, and the beggars were liable to imprisonment under a cruel statute against vagrants. In all periods characterized by heartlessness and a selfish unconcern for others we find a low value placed on human life, and the savagery of this time is nowhere more vividly illustrated than in the wholesale execution of thieves. It was no uncommon thing for a score of thieves to be hanged from a single gallows.

From the consideration of the most discussed American poem of the year, we now turn for a moment to the poet,

#### EDWIN MARKHAM.

He is not only a scholar and poet of far more than ordinary ability, but he possesses that large and tender sympathy which differentiates the awakened soul from the shrewd and brilliant intellect which is so sheathed in thoughts of self that the radiance of the divine has failed

to glorify, soften, and ennoble life. Edwin Markham has been touched by the new conscience. He has ascended the mountain of spirituality, and has caught a glimpse of the coming day. Hence, how shallow and painful must the criticism of conventional apologists appear to him. Moreover, he has felt the bitterness of poverty. Perhaps the most thrilling scene at the recent conference of social reformers, held at Buffalo, was witnessed just before the close of the last session. Many speakers had been heard and the hour for the gavel to fall had almost arrived, when the chairman called upon Edwin Markham for a few words. These were given, and the poet essayed to leave the platform, when there arose so great and determined a cry for "The Man with the Hoe" that the poet reluctantly recited the lines of his creation, prefacing them with the explanation that in a certain sense he himself was "The Man with the Hoe." He said, "I have felt the bitter pinch of poverty, and I have known the full delight of farm life. There is no nook or cranny of range or ranch with which I am not familiar." He might have added that he also had labored at the blacksmith's anvil for his daily bread.

#### V.—OTHER POEMS BY MR. MARKHAM.

"The Man with the Hoe" was originally published in the San Francisco Examiner in January of the present year. Its immediate success created a wide-spread demand for a volume of poems by the author. Early in the summer "The Man with the Hoe and Other Poems," by Edwin Markham, appeared.\* The initial poem is, in my judgment, the greatest creation in the volume of seventy-three gems, but many of the others are very fine. The following waif, entitled "Brotherhood," may be said to complement "The Man with the Hoe," as it gives the author's answer to the question raised in the former poem:

\*"The Man with the Hoe and Other Poems" was issued by the Doubleday & McClure Company. The first edition was placed almost immediately. A second edition promptly followed, but the demand was greater than for the first, this edition being exhausted before the third edition could be printed; and I am informed that the demand is now greater for this volume than at any time since its appearance.

The crest and crowning of all good,  
Life's final star, is Brotherhood;  
For it will bring again to Earth  
Her long-lost Poesy and Mirth;  
Will send new light on every face,  
A kingly power upon the race.  
And till it come, we men are slaves,  
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Come, clear the way, then, clear the way:  
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.  
Break the dead branches from the path:  
Our hope is in the aftermath,—  
Our hope is in heroic men,  
Star-led to build the world again.  
To this Event the ages ran:  
Make way for Brotherhood,—make way for Man.

The range of subjects treated is very wide, and there are comparatively few stanzas among them which deal with social problems; but many, and indeed I may say almost all of them, carry a wholesome and suggestive lesson, or are pervaded by a fine ideal. One stanza, from a waif entitled "A Prayer," reflects the author's deeply religious nature:

Teach me, Father, how to go  
Softly as the grasses grow;  
Hush my soul to meet the shock  
Of the wild world as a rock;  
But my spirit, propt with power,  
Make as simple as a flower.  
Let the dry heart fill its cup,  
Like a poppy looking up;  
Let life lightly wear her crown,  
Like a poppy looking down,  
When its heart is filled with dew,  
And its life begins anew.

The poet's love of nature is seen on almost every page, and his tendency to draw lessons from the phenomena of nature is also very characteristic of his work. Here is a little conceit entitled "In Poppy Fields:"

Here the poppy hosts assemble:  
How they startle, how they tremble!  
All their royal hoods unpinned  
Blow out lightly to the wind.  
Here is gold to labor for;  
Here is pillage worth a war.

Men that in the cities grind,  
Come! before the heart is blind.

One of the noblest creations in the volume is entitled "To High-born Poets," and is in itself a splendid answer to the dilettant critics who rail against all work that is vitalized with the spirit of justice and right.

There comes a pitiless cry from the oppressed,—

A cry from the toilers of Babylon for their rest.

O Poet, thou art holden with a vow:

The light of higher worlds is on thy brow,  
And Freedom's star is soaring in thy breast.  
Go, be a dauntless voice, a bugle-cry  
In darkening battle when the winds are high,—

A clear sane cry wherein the God is heard  
To speak to men the one redeeming word.

No peace for thee, no peace,  
Till blind oppression cease;  
The stones cry from the walls,  
Till the gray injustice falls,—

Till strong men come to build in freedom-fate

The pillars of the new Fraternal State.

Let trifling pipe be mute,

Fling by the languid lute:

Take down the trumpet and confront the Hour,

And speak to toil-worn nations from a tower,—

Take down the horn wherein the thunders sleep,

Blow battles into men—call down the fire,—

The darling, the long purpose, the desire;

Descend with faith into the Human Deep,

And ringing to the troops of right a cheer,

Make known the Truth of Man in holy fear;

Send forth thy spirit in a storm of song,

A tempest flinging fire upon the wrong.

The volume fitly closes with the following suggestive lines:

These songs will perish like the shapes of air,—

The singer and the songs die out forever;  
But star-eyed Truth (greater than song or singer)

Sweeps hurrying on; far off she sees a gleam  
Upon a peak. She cries to man of old  
To build the enduring, glad Fraternal State,—

Cries yet through all the ruins of the world,—

Through Karnack, through the stones of Babylon,—

Cries for a moment through these fading songs.

On winged feet, a form of fadeless youth,  
She goes to meet the coming centuries,  
And, hurrying, snatches up some human reed,

Blows through it once her terror-bearing note,

And breaks and throws away. It is enough  
If we can be a bugle at her lips,  
To scatter her contagion on mankind.

In Edwin Markham the people have a noble champion, who as a poet is greater in the flights of his imagination than Gerald Massey, Charles Mackay, William Morris, or James G. Clark. He has taken up the cause of the masses, and in so doing has proved true to the high demand of the divine. Prophet, poet, and friend of the people, hail! and God speed!

## THE POEMS OF EMERSON

BY CHARLES MALLOY

### EIGHTH PAPER

#### "CELESTIAL LOVE."

##### PART II.

It were happy, indeed, if acts of love could unite, as we can, according to a preceding thought, contemplate individual minds as one, and so, in this way, large accumulations of love be acquired. How valuable such a sum, if we could by some device hold it as a basis or stock in a co-operative community. But nothing is so uncertain, in all experiments, as love. Enough to begin with, apparently, but in a day, an hour, there comes a crisis, and, lo, love is gone. The stock in hand is exhausted, and the moods have vanished which could give a new supply. An ac-

cumulated capital in money were possible which would abide for a time, but an accumulation in love,—what ingenious scheme could ever fix and keep together this volatile and uncertain essence? And yet in a church, a convent, a Brook Farm, a co-operative factory it often seems the only desideratum, and when we need it most there is no reserve. We use it up as it comes, like the beating of the heart. But, for all these negations and limitations, love often ascends to a quality and power which do seem to give it something like conservation.

Pray for a beam  
Out of that sphere  
Thee to guide and to redeem.



That has been a prayer in all the ages, and, in spite of the pessimists who grumble to the contrary, that is as never before the prayer of the world to-day. Celestial love is slowly gaining ground. In his ode to W. H. Channing Emerson says:

There are two laws discrete,  
Not reconciled,—  
Law for man, and law for thing;  
The last builds town and fleet,  
But it runs wild,  
And doth the man unking.

That first law is fit and inevitable, but the other also is wanted.

Let man serve law for man;  
Live for friendship, live for love,  
For truth's and harmony's behoof,  
The state may follow how it can,  
As Olympus follows Jove.

Celestial love would reconcile the two discrete laws. There is a suspicion that celestial love is too fine for the business of the world. "Fervent in spirit, diligent in business, serving the Lord," is an old formula, and ought to be good even to-day.

By right or wrong,  
Lands and goods go to the strong.

Is it not possible that lands and goods go to the strong by right only?

Property will brutally draw  
Still to the proprietor;  
Silver to silver creep and wind,  
And kind to kind.

And may not all this be consistent with strict justice or with celestial love? Are not industry, prudence, self-denial, wisdom in affairs innocent and worthy of their legitimate rewards? Long John Wentworth, of Chicago, going to Congress, invested his mileage in land, very cheap then, in the fast-growing city. In a few years this land made him rich. Was it wrong to be thus rich? What of the congressman who spent his mileage in riotous living? Had he cause to complain, seeing the better fortune of his fellow? Certainly wisdom should have a just opportunity over folly. It may be celestial love to give, but it is also celestial love to be able to give, if by the exertion of strength and skill one may acquire such

ability. If one gives his means in a reckless manner, I am not sure that he is showing celestial love thereby. If a man should give, having the means, it is also true that he should give properly. The whole virtue is not in the act of giving.

Is it not right that the intelligent, hard-working farmer should have better crops than his neighbor who is indolent and careless of natural conditions? People often talk of rich and poor as if those distinctions were absolute and did not hang on any causes in the conduct of men. If the rich should help the poor, so also should the poor try hard and not be poor. Celestial love in the hearts of the poor would do a great deal to abolish their poverty. Let "lands and goods go to the strong." Let "property brutally draw still to the proprietor." Let "silver to silver creep and wind, and kind to kind." Since there are laws, let us use them, reconcile them with "celestial love." Perhaps we are all wrong in our theoretical disjunction of these "two sides" to the problem. If it is proper to do good, it is also proper to consider "ways and means." The good neighbor who sent the wounded man to an inn, promising to pay the charges, was all the more a good man because he had the money wherewith to pay the charges. Let us be careful and not run altruism into the ground.

The story is told of Mr. Alcott that, being asked by an adventurer for money, he gave him all he had. When we consider that Mr. Alcott's family at that moment was poor and in want, his act was a great deal more wrong than right. It was not just, and so was not on the side of celestial love.

I know of two brothers who worked a number of years in a factory for the same wages. One saved his money, and has a comfortable home worth three thousand dollars. The other spent all in drinking, gambling, and other pleasures, and is penniless. He admits that he would be as well off as his brother if he had taken care of his money. And yet he is a socialist, and says that his brother ought to divide with him. There are lots of good philanthropists on all sides who encourage him in his unreasonable demand, and use the name of Jesus or some other equivalent

of celestial love in their impracticable demands.

Nor less the eternal poles  
Of tendency distribute souls.

"Nor less," of course, refers to what is said above in regard to "things," "lands," "goods," "silver." Distributions seem a matter of will, seen at short range, but in regard to both persons and things are governed by general laws or tendencies. There seem many exceptions, but the trend is easily discriminated in both classes of subjects.

There need no vows to bind  
Whom not each other seek, but find.

To find without seeking, in the case of persons, often looks like accident, but yet presupposes "pre-established harmony." Many persons and unnumbered meetings, without choice, and then, at last, a "natural selection." Vows are not wanted in such happy unions.

They give and take no pledge or oath,—  
Nature is the bond of both.

And if nature is the bond, then an oath or pledge is an impertinence. Let the oath or pledge be exacted where no "nature" is in the union, when the union is "unnatural," in short, when wealth, or family, or title, or something not love is the motive.

No prayer persuades, no flattery fawns,—  
Their noble meanings are their pawns.

Souls that come together by simple discovery, by a love that pre-exists, certainly do not need prayers and flattery, and "pawns" could have no binding power at all comparable with "noble meanings."

Plain and cold is their address,  
Power have they for tenderness.

This, as an ideal, may not commend itself to all minds. It is not the example given us in Browning's love letters. I am afraid that lovers, as a general thing, will not like it. Emerson, no doubt, is speaking for himself; and a plain and cold address must be conceded as proper for him, especially with the saving grace of "power for tenderness." And his model, as all the world knows, was good to the end for

him. He was always a lover. He was plain and cold in love, as in politics, in literature, in religion. Perhaps he was a little plain and cold in poetry.

And, so thoroughly is known  
Each other's counsel by his own,  
They can parley without meeting.

This indicates a very rare felicity in the union of two friends. What would I do for my friend in an emergency in which I could not consult him? What better than to change places, ideally, as in the golden rule, which is a maxim of celestial love, and from this blessed mood say to myself, "What would I have him do if our conditions were reversed?"

And, so thoroughly is known  
Each other's counsel by his own,  
They can parley without meeting;  
Need is none of forms of greeting.

What is the rationale of this last line? May we not say that forms of greeting are needed because persons are apart instead of together? That ceremony implies distance and argues the absence of celestial love, and so the expedient of pretension, of forms instead? Forms, we say, for those that like them. But is there not something better than forms in the absence of a need for them, and is not such need an impediment to the perfect union contemplated in this application of celestial love? It is perhaps a graceful custom to say, "Good morning," and "Good evening," when meeting and leaving for the day. We observe it with guests. If we omit it with members of the family it is because we are nearer than to guests. Would not guests like sometimes to share the omission in the feeling that they had come thus near us and were domesticated? Ceremony often implies a want of love. People are offended at omissions because they do not love us, and suspect that we do not love them. People sometimes are remiss in forms of greeting from inadvertency or preoccupation. A man told me once that he felt a good deal of coldness toward a valued friend who, he thought, had "cut" him in this way. When, finally, this matter came to an explanation, the offender confessed that he was blind in one eye and could not see readily on that side. He

reproached his friend for supposing a slight possible.

And, so thoroughly is known  
Each other's counsel by his own.

The above is a case where this verse is needed. "A man can be neither praised nor insulted." A man of character will be slow to take offense, and celestial love will invent many apologies for those who seem to slight us. Even in cases of real offense there is always the apology that it indicated the slip of a moment, and is a matter of sincere regret to the offender.

They can well communicate  
In their innermost estate.

This would look a little like telepathy, but it may mean that two between whom there is a perfect union may experience intercommunication by means of a common consciousness.

When each the other shall avoid  
Shall each by each be most enjoyed.

This is certainly a sphinx to most readers. There is a flavor of exaggeration about it, after the manner of epigrams generally. There is a great deal of truth in it, however. A man may enjoy his guest, but he enjoys himself also, and has a use for himself, and for himself alone oftentimes. This is very true in the exigencies of literary work. The writer must have his time. He is in his last hours, and his task requires them all. How grateful he feels to the guest who avoids him, and can find entertainment in books and in the society of some other member of the family. And yet, at the same time, it is pleasant to know that a friend is in the house. One should be chary in taking the time of his host. Every soul has a right to be alone at times. This for certain duties, and also for temperamental reasons. A guest should not require the time of his host, but hold him lightly, as by a strand at any time easily broken. We sometimes feel a friend as a burden. He must be tended, pleased, entertained, and left no moment unoccupied. Oftentimes it is a common mistake. He would be as glad as we of an intermission.

Emerson prescribes ten minutes as the limit for a call. There is nothing in which people so deceive themselves as in this. The recipient exerts himself to appear pleased, and the visitor thinks he is so, and stays on beyond his time. Does he know that in ninety-nine cases in a hundred he has made a mistake and wearied his host? Why not err on the other side? Calls, visits, papers, speeches, sermons had all better be too short than too long. Public occasions often expect speeches from eight or ten persons. This is well understood, and yet how vexed we are that two or three shall take up all the time. Each has an exaggerated estimate of what he has to say. How grateful we feel to the man who will be brief. Brevity sometimes saves a poor speech, and everybody is pleased that it was short. A man is generally fortunate if he cuts off one-half, and, alas, in many cases he had better divide the other half. "Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long."

I have no brothers and no peers,  
And the dearest interferes:  
When I would spend a lonely day,  
Sun and moon are in my way.

The above lines indicate a mood when solitude became to Emerson a passion and a necessity. We know how well he loved his brothers and his family generally; but when the Muse came, he would know only the Muse. We all know the value of being conscious that friends are within a short distance, and can be had if needed, but we dread interruption and wish to be left to ourselves. The little Waldo, who died at the age of five, would spend hours in his father's study, but without interrupting him.

Not with scarfs or perfumed gloves  
Do these celebrate their loves:  
Not by jewels, feasts and savors,  
Not by ribbons or by favors.

In these lines the poet would array celestial love against the custom of banquetts and dress. Emerson kept an open house, a plain, well supplied table for his guests, but never made any attempt at display. His theory was that the guest came to see him, and not for decorations or for

his meat and drink, which he could get as good anywhere. He would take them out into the fields and woods, show them the pine-trees and his beloved Walden and the river. These attractions were cheap and simple, and were available to all. He understood that beauty is a property of the eye, and in one sense the man who sees it best is the largest owner.

But by the sun-spark on the sea,  
And the cloud-shadow on the lea,  
The soothing lapse of morn to morn,  
And the cheerful round of work.

These were names for common objects lying around, a spectacle for the guest, and did not involve cost and labor; and yet how much better as pictures for the memory than anything in the form of art within his limited means which he could have given them.

How often is a literary occasion marred and impoverished by the turmoil of a collocation. The eating and drinking are frequently interpolations, when people do not need them and when those who have a literary right to be present would much rather give the time to literary refreshments than to any viands, however rich and expensive. Mr. Emerson gives the following account of such an ill-timed diversion to table attractions:

Dr. Channing took counsel in 1840 with George Ripley, to the point whether it were possible to bring cultivated, thoughtful people together, and make society that deserved the name. He had earlier talked with Dr. John Collins Warren on the like purpose, who admitted the wisdom of the design and undertook to aid him in making the experiment. Dr. Channing repaired to Dr. Warren's house on the appointed evening, with large thoughts which he wished to open. He found a well-chosen assembly of gentlemen variously distinguished; there was mutual greeting and introduction, and they were chatting agreeably on indifferent matters and drawing gently toward their great expectation, when a side door opened, the whole company streamed in to an oyster supper, crowned by excellent wines; and so ended the first attempt to establish esthetic society in Boston.

Their cords of love so public are,  
They intertwine the farthest star:  
The throbbing sea, the quaking earth,  
Yield sympathy and signs of mirth;  
Is none so high, so mean is none,  
But feels and sees this union;

Even the fell Furies are appeased,  
The good applaud, the lost are eased.

This is pleasant hyperbole for the power of celestial love to give all things a personal charm in which every man has a property if he brings it with him, but which no man owns who does not give the love which animates these delightful objects and makes them fellow creatures.

Love's hearts are faithful, but not fond.

We have something like the sentiment of this line in the preceding.

Plain and cold is their address,  
Power have they for tenderness.

I don't understand that the poet would object to passion, but he would classify it under the phase of initial or demonic love. Celestial love, which, as we have said, is universal, or the same for all, would justly take on the character given by these lines:

Bound for the just, but not beyond.

Initial and demonic love would go beyond the just, in favor of a special object. Fond would imply a special object. It means something very different from universal and consequently celestial. The justification of the poet as against coldness lies in the discrimination that he is in the last phase of love,—“higher far,” “over sun and star,” over love in its initial and demonic forms.

Love's hearts are faithful, but not fond,  
Bound for the just, but not beyond;  
Not glad, as the low-loving herd,  
Of self in other still preferred.  
But they have heartily designed  
The benefit of broad mankind.

Here are some other differentiations on the part of celestial love. The forms excluded may find a place in the other phases, initial or demonic.

“Of self in other still preferred” is what a special love sometimes appears, and is the peculiarity of “the low-loving herd.” Since it is shared by man and beast alike, and is the mother or parental instinct, it is very proper and necessary for its special uses, but not what we are now calling celestial love.



But they have heartily designed  
The benefit of broad mankind.  
And they serve men austerely.  
After their own genius, clearly.

And are not seduced away from universal ends by the cries of fashionable benevolence or the exaggerations of special reforms.

It was a disappointment often to the champion of "causes" that Emerson would not identify himself with them; but he saw too many causes, too many things to reform, for the expenditure of much heat on any one thing. He was more moved by the questions growing out of American slavery than any other, with the exception of the great appeal for amendment in the false theology into which he was born. The invitation to innumerable interests, by friends who loved him and whose sympathy he esteemed, required an austere adhesion to his own attractions. He said, in speaking of such solicitations on the part of other worthy "causes," "But who would do my work?" There were not many among his contemporaries who saw plainly that "his work" was "serving men," after his own genius though it was.

Without a false humility.

This Emerson would deprecate in himself or another, as he would deprecate anything false. But how strong is the fashion and how irresistible the temptation to an affectation of humility. It is frequently assumed as a device by means of which a man hopes to escape criticism or conciliate a kinder judgment. But there is always a little cowardice in this foible, and one ambitious for sterling honesty and simplicity should avoid the weakness.

For this is Love's nobility.

What is love's nobility? Let us by all means make sure of the definition, for it is given as a climax. Its sociological value is great, and it is directly practical as an answer to importunate demands on all sides. Shall we feed the tramp who will not work? "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat," is a law which has an authority most men will acknowledge and respect. A friend of mine kept a wood-pile for tramps. When one called

for a breakfast, he asked him to saw some wood in return. They stopped coming. The expedient worked well in Chicago on a larger scale. I have tried it with good success. It might be called the "wood-pile cure."

Is not giving a fine art? Does it not require some talent or culture to give wisely? The presents we give at Christmas are often offensive to the unwilling recipient. The relations between the parties are rarely such that the disturbing specter of obligation does not intrude, and the gift must be paid for by some equivalent. The worst of it is that the articles given are often worthless, since they would never have been chosen as purchases to be retained. "The expectation of gratitude is mean," it is said; but we cannot be sure that such expectation does not conceal itself, hidden beyond analysis in the motive of the giver. The right to make a present implies much more than superficial qualifications on the part of the giver. It means such reciprocal presuppositions as will leave nothing uncertain in the fine psychology at the tribunal where the act is to be judged. Why should one give me anything who does not love me? And again the harder question, Why should I give to one who does not love me? But mutual love hallows the gift, and it does not impose a debt.

For this is Love's nobility,—  
Not to scatter bread and gold,  
Goods and raiment bought and sold;  
But to hold fast his simple sense,  
And speak the speech of Innocence,  
And with hand and body and blood,  
To make his bosom-counsel good.  
He that feeds men serveth few;  
He serves all who dares be true.

The greatest giver the world has ever known did not scatter "bread and gold, goods and raiment bought and sold." He had not these to give. He gave love and truth,—very much harder to give than bread and gold; and "with hand and body and blood" he made "his bosom-counsel good."

Charity should be cultivated as a fine art, and one who gives should exercise due care that what is given reach its destination, and that that destination be worthy of the gift. Charity is too fine to throw

away. It is a pearl, and should not be cast before swine. There are enough who are honestly poor and needy. Be sure that they are not forgotten. The man who wastes his gift makes it no gift. This is a refinement for the future, not to give alone, but to give with due care as to whom the gift shall go and what it shall do. That gifts are often dissipated into useless consequences may be the fault of the giver, who should remember that his bounty is lost if he thinks his whole virtue lies alone in the act of giving. Give to the poor and needy, but see that it gets there.

How hopeless is the task of feeding men, and what thousands are ready to remit all labor for food if charity will feed them.

Celestial love will serve men austere, after its own genius,—give men wisdom, opportunity for work, help them to help themselves, treat them in such a way as to awaken self-respect and self-reliance, make them understand that “men their fortunes bring with them,” and above all keep temptations to evil away from them. No doubt celestial love would do but little in what is called charity. Its best charity would be in making charity no longer wanted, just as the best teacher is he who leads us at last to do without him.

He serves all who dares be true.

This is celestial love.

## ACADEMIC FREEDOM AND THE NEW SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS

BY PROF. FRANK PARSONS

One of the most remarkable results of the National Social and Political Conference recently held at Buffalo was the subscription of a considerable amount of money and the appointment of trustees to organize a college of economic research and instruction, where the whole range of politico-economic thought, old and new, may be fairly presented under conditions intended to secure the most absolute freedom.

Progressive people as a rule make no effort to see that the instruction in our schools and colleges does justice to the new thought as well as the old, but wealth and conservatism are wide awake to the importance of the formative years of youth, and they found colleges, control appointments, prescribe courses, dismiss progressive teachers, and withhold endowments from institutions that permit thorough discussion of the economic and political problems of the day.

Dr. E. B. Andrews was forced from the presidency of Brown University because his views on the silver question differed from those of the trustees and the wealthy friends of the university whose good will

the trustees wish to keep for the sake of gifts and endowments.

Prof. F. W. Bemis was dismissed from Chicago University because he investigated the gas question and found the facts quite favorable to municipal ownership, a conclusion eminently obnoxious to the Gas Trust, in which a large interest is owned by John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil magnate, who founded Chicago University, and gave it several millions more soon after Prof. Bemis was dismissed.

Dr. Richard T. Ely felt the pressure of plutocratic opposition in Johns Hopkins University because of his writings on monopolies, which gave the people facts and awakened much interest in the question of public ownership. College boards and presidents do not want professors to call attention to such facts, because millionaires in general will not give their money to colleges in which such dangerous ideas are discussed. Since Dr. Ely has been in Wisconsin University he has been charged with favoring strikes, with teaching socialism in his books, and with being an anarchist. He was investigated,

but came out of the inquisition with flying colors.

While Prof. John R. Commons was at Indiana State University his liberal views on economic questions awakened so much opposition among legislators and others that it became difficult to get money for the university, yet he is one of the mildest and fairest of writers and teachers. He has since held the chair of sociology in Syracuse University, but the chancellor informed him from time to time that he was out of harmony with the trustees and supporting constituency on political and economic questions, especially in his alleged opposition to private corporations, and that they thought he should in fairness look elsewhere for a position. Finally Prof. Commons was notified that the gentleman who had been sustaining his chair had decided to withdraw his support, and the trustees did not intend to continue the chair. At this juncture a position offered in the line of economic investigation outside of college work, and Prof. Commons accepted it. Afterward the chancellor told an agent of the university that he had "fired Prof. Commons."

Prof. Thos. E. Will was dismissed from Lawrence University, Wisconsin, because of his liberal views. Prof. J. Allen Smith was ejected from Marietta College, Ohio, because of progressive ideas in economics. Prof. James A. Canfield was driven out of Kansas University because of his liberal thought.

Much pressure has been brought to bear to force Prof. George D. Herron out of Iowa College because he has urged a little too forcibly the application of Christian principles to business affairs.

A political overturn in Kansas last fall resulted in a new board of regents for the State Agricultural College, and in June of this year the new regents removed the president, Thos. E. Will, Prof. E. W. Bemis, Prof. Frank Parsons, and Prof. Duren J. H. Ward, because their views were not in harmony with those of the party whose leaders appointed the said regents. The regents who dismissed these professors were the same regents who refused to allow William J. Bryan to speak at the college on commencement day, as

he had agreed to do under a contract with the former board.

For more than a year I had been working on the plans for the establishment of a People's University or College of Liberal Thought for the thorough training of young men and women for the duties of citizenship, and for the vitalization of teachers, preachers, lawyers, legislators, journalists, business men, etc., with the historic, economic, philosophic, and ethical truths that will enable them to grasp the meaning of the age in which they live, understand the great movements of the century, the drift of thought, and the sweep of events, that they may become thoroughly intelligent and powerful factors in the grand evolution in the midst of which we are.

In conjunction with the other professors just named, plans were drawn up for an institute, with day classes, evening classes, summer school, university extension lecture courses, correspondence courses and Chautauquan circles, a carefully edited journal, and a strong bureau of investigation to supply accurate data up to date on all the leading lines of economic and political research for use in the college lecture rooms, distribution to municipalities, and educational or other organizations, and for the making of textbooks adequate to the needs of modern economic education.

On the first day of the Buffalo conference I called a special meeting of all those interested in academic freedom and outlined the plan for a free school of economic research and instruction, and stated the reasons for it. Prof. Bemis and Prof. Commons spoke of the investigation department to which they had given special attention, and President Will explained the possibilities of correspondence work. Mr. N. O. Nelson, of St. Louis, Mayor Jones, of Toledo, Dr. Ward, Hon. John Breidenthal, of Kansas, and others addressed the meeting. Much interest was manifested, and a committee was appointed to consider means and methods. N. O. Nelson, Mayor Jones, John Breidenthal, Dr. Taylor, and President Geo. A. Gates, of Iowa, were the committee. At a subsequent meeting it was decided by the conference that a

school of economic research and instruction should be established. Subscription blanks were passed among the people, and altogether about fifteen thousand dollars was contributed and promised.

Resolutions were adopted declaring the purposes of the institution to be as follows:

First. To afford an opportunity to men of capacity, training, and recognized ability in economics to make scientific investigations into important social and economic phenomena of the day which affect our national, State, and municipal life and our individual liberties.

Second. To afford to the public opportunity to enjoy at a cost within the reach of any the benefits of unrestricted, scientific, earnest, and patriotic education in the fields of economics, sociology, and politics.

Third. To disseminate among the people, through the press, the lecture platform, the churches, and every other means of reaching and affecting public opinion, the truth, that truth which, because of its certain and fatal antagonism to all the forces of oppression, injustice, and spoliation, is now denied a hearing in most of our colleges, sometimes excluded from the columns of newspapers, and too often given but a scant and grudging recognition in the church.

To organize the institute a committee was chosen, consisting of Edwin D. Mead, Dr. C. F. Taylor, C. B. Hoffman, Geo. H. Shibley, Geo. F. Washburn, John W. Breidenthal, and Willis J. Abbot. These trustees have voted to offer contracts to Professors Will, Parsons, Bemis, Commons, and Ward, and it is hoped that two other strong educators of the Middle West may be brought into the institution. As stated above, Prof. Commons was engaged before he left Syracuse. Prof. Parsons still retains the lectureship in Boston University School of Law, and has book contracts enough to occupy several years. The others have offers of various sorts, but it is probable that all will prefer to devote themselves as fully as possible to the new institution. It is expected that a press department will be established under the direction of Mr. Willis J. Abbot. It is probable that the school work will center in Boston. Bureaus of investigation are likely to be started in Chicago and New York, which latter city is also spoken of as the probable location of the

press bureau. Lecture courses may be given in other colleges, normal schools, teachers' institutes, etc., all over the country, and the correspondence courses may cover a still wider area.

The leaders of the conference, and in fact all the members, so far as we have heard from them, regard the movement to establish a college of economic research and instruction as a matter of prime importance. There are doubtless many fair-minded professors of economics and political science in our institutions of learning, and some of them are not only fair-minded, but well informed and progressive; such professors, however, are all or nearly all in danger. All or nearly all are working under conditions that discourage fair presentation of economic truth. Such presentation may deprive the college permitting it of gifts and endowments, and forfeit the patronage of the rich; wherefore there is a pressure against fair teaching and a tremendous pressure upon boards of trustees to keep them from employing liberal men for economic and political chairs.

Monopolists and conservatives are opposed to civic enlightenment. They do not want the people to think about political and economic conditions; they want to keep the workers in civic ignorance, because they know that their mastery over the people could not last one single day if the people knew what they know, and what a thorough politico-economic education would enable the people to know.

On the other hand, a progressive man has no need to be unfair. He is not afraid of the old ideas. He has come up through them into the new thought. He has full confidence that, if the whole range of thought, old and new, is presented to fresh, unbiased minds, there will be no doubt of the result. He knows that unfairness would not help his cause, but would hurt it. It is only the non-progressive man who is afraid of unlimited discussion and perfect freedom in teaching and investigating. He sees men leaving the old and going to the new, and he becomes afraid of the new and wants to shut the doors, while the man who believes in the new is willing to open



every door and let the student judge the truth for himself.

To make the matter doubly sure, however, and guard against overzeal or lack of sense and balance, it is well, so far as possible, to let every view be presented by one who believes in it,—something after the German plan. It might even be best to pass laws forbidding colleges to grant degrees unless they opened their doors to free discussions of important questions under dispute. But the only adequate cure for the evils of monopolistic and ultra-conservative influence in education

is the founding of schools controlled by people who are progressive enough to understand and appreciate the new thought, and intelligent enough to know that a true self-interest, as well as ethical principle, requires fair treatment of the old, and whose successors in each generation shall be people of the same sort in reference to the thought of their own time. The adoption of measures at the Buffalo conference looking to the establishment of such an institution marks an important epoch in American education.

## THE FAMILY AND CIVILIZATION

A DISCUSSION BY LUTHER GULICK, M. D., AND THE  
REV. R. E. BISBEE

### I.

We ordinarily think of evolution as depending primarily upon the individual. We think of the survival of the fittest,—physical, mental, or moral. We constantly think of people as inheriting or not inheriting good traits of character. This is true, but it is not the whole truth. There is another side to evolution, another side to progress. This is the social tradition of the group. To illustrate,—a child is born into a group having certain social traditions. These become fixed in the individual during the early years of childhood by what is technically known as suggestion. They become so fixed as to appear to be native born or connate, and no amount of later education can entirely eradicate them. They are below the consciousness, and are not subject to reason. These social traditions are not less a factor in determining character and in determining evolution than are the individual elements. Capacity comes from without, but the direction in which this capacity shall show itself is usually related to the social traditions of the group. Now, these social traditions have their chief source in the family,—in the relation of children to each other, in the relation of parents to children, and children to parents. Did we have to wait for progress till every

achievement became so essentially a part of the nervous structure that it was inherited, as is the cocoon of the caterpillar, progress in higher directions would seem to be hopeless. But the results of experience become crystallized, not in individual experience, and so inherited as a nervous structure, but they become crystallized in social tradition, and are passed on from generation to generation by social tradition.

The higher evolution of the race we believe to be related more to the evolution of all that relates to love than to reason. I believe thoroughly that the gamut of love is a far more extended one, involves far greater range, than the gamut of consciousness or reason. I believe that it is younger. We have not commenced to recognize it as we have reason. We still live largely on the plane of reason, or think we do, but the whole world is moving toward the recognition of the fact that love and not reason is the great thing in the world; that it is no less fundamental than life itself; that while reason may be on the side of selfishness or egotism, it is only so temporarily. Love appears to involve a relation of more or less dependence. We love fundamentally those that are dependent upon us. Thus, whom we love we would do something for. We de-

sire to have them dependent upon us. A man loves a woman,—his spontaneous feelings are those of desiring to protect, to benefit. I do not mean that this exhausts the feeling, but it is one of the fundamental sides of it. This relation of dependence and love seems to obtain not less on the part of women than it does of men. While it is true that, when a woman loves, she delights in the feeling of dependence upon the man, it is not less true that she delights in having the man dependent upon her for love and comfort, companionship,—that he shall think more of her housekeeping, and of her in every way, than of anybody else, because of this feeling of dependence.

This special relation of mutual dependence has its most perfect exhibition in the family, so that the family appears to be the place above all others where love can have its most perfect development, or, possibly more true than this even, where love shall be called out, where love shall receive its starting point, its direction. The love of parents to children is related to all the higher development of the parent. We think constantly of the development of the child. Do not parents secure equally as much or more through their children in these directions?

In the family we have the first cultivation of love to children, love to parents, conjugal love, the love of brothers and sisters, especially friendship between different members. We have the service of the group as contrasted with the service of self; we have the two facts of enormous significance from the biological standpoint—maternity, paternity. All these receive a great blow when the family is injured, when its life is decreased; and, on the other hand, the building up of the family life seems to be the basal element in the cultivation of those things that are the background for the higher evolution of the race.

We have heard much these days about the influence of suggestion. Apparently, however, the subject has not been worked out with reference to the subjective conditions in which suggestion is the most potent. When children are in a loving frame of mind they are enormously suggestible, while when they are in an unwill-

ing state of mind they are not suggestible. Children in the family have greatest opportunities to be brought into this suggestible condition. The building of character appears to be far more related to the utilization, either conscious or unconscious, of suggestion than does precept or maxim, or any other moral instruction. The atmosphere in the family determines more than anything else this suggestibility to the better influences. If the home is one that keeps the children in a condition of love, in some way a different state obtains in the nervous system, so that the forces that otherwise would be inoperative acquire great power and make toward good character.

While it is true that life's discipline may come to those who do not have homes, still those of us who have homes realize that the most severe tests of our character, those things that enter down the most deep into our experiences, grow out of the relations involved in the homes. Here the relationships are so intimate that it is impossible to escape the discipline that one may often escape elsewhere. The relation of parent to child involves a self-discipline that few things in life involve, so that the higher development of the race from the parent stand-point is related to the permanency of this institution—the home and family.

Fiske has shown that prolonged infancy is a great factor in increasing intelligence, because thereby the child is able to make more achievement before starting out on individual life. I have already called attention to the significance of love in the home in its relation to suggestibility. These two thoughts must be correlated with the effect upon the parents of the family. We have thus a dual relation,—first, the greater progress of the individual through prolonged infancy, which is dependent upon the family, and, second, the further development of the same individual by the establishment of a home of his own. The discipline that the child receives from the parent is objective; the discipline that the child receives when he later becomes a parent is subjective. They are equally important. So that the prolonging of infancy is as important with reference to the higher development of the

race from the stand-point of the parent and his development as it is from the stand-point of the child for its development.

Let us consider two dangers that seem to be threatening the family.

I. Individualism. Where the man was the head of the family, women, children, and property being alike under his control, there was a homogeneity that in certain respects made strongly for the upholding of the institution. But this ideal has passed. Women have a large function, and must stand upon a no lesser plane than do men. This, however, involves in its very nature the possibility, the probability, of the entrance of many factors that will militate against the permanency and coherency of individual homes, for now the will of two, and not only the will of one alone, must be satisfied. The more men and women live out lives expressing their own individuality the more will this danger appear. I am not arguing for or against; I desire at present merely to state the fact. The close living together of two individuals, when the personality of both is to be developed, each one in accordance with his own law of development rather than with the law of development of the other, involves consequences that are so complicated with other things that their ultimate results cannot be foreseen. Woman is rapidly coming to a new position in relation to the social organism. It is not a matter for individual speculation, nor even for pessimistic lament, that this development of the personality of woman shall appear to shake the very foundations of that which woman holds most dear—the home. We can only hope that, in the reconstructed society that shall eventuate when woman has completed her social evolution, we shall find that the home has been established upon the basis of a dual co-operating will rather than, as so largely in the past, chiefly by the domination of a single will.

The development of the individuality of women is expressing itself in the formation of multitudes of women's clubs, advanced education for women, the extension of literature increasingly into the home, the absorption of women in many

philanthropic enterprises, and all the protean phases of modern life that are increasingly being entered into by women.

II. In this connection it seems to me important to refer to the kind of education that we give in our public schools, and the ideals that are held up in family life. Dr. Brinton, of the University of Pennsylvania, has recently called attention to the enormous significance of the ideals of a people. He has shown to the satisfaction of some that the history of the ideals of a people is a more true reflection of their genuine life than the history of their wars, or of their victories, or even of their institutions. Now, our ideals as a people are not ideals of home establishing; they are the ideals of achievement, particularly the ideals of the achievement of wealth. The thing that we hold up before our children, unconsciously, is not the establishment of a home, but the securing of wealth and prominence, or possibly of learning, but even with the emphasis that many lay upon scholarship, or professional success rather than upon wealth itself, the degree of success is too often estimated in terms of dollars and cents, so that even here it appears to be a wealth ideal that is indirectly being followed. If some one a thousand years from to-day should come upon the remains of our forgotten civilization, and should secure a series of textbooks used in our public schools and in college, and, beginning with the kindergarten, should go through to the university, I think he would conclude that we presented the strange anomaly of a people without homes; and that the making of homes and the rearing of children were matters that must have been provided for in some other way than by the individuals who took these public school courses.

The great bulk of the psychic activity, of the physical activity, of the time and the means, in the development of the character of the mass of the men and women of this country, is to be related to their home life, and yet we find every other subject pursued in our public schools with more attention than we do those that make to this fundamental one. It is not that the problems of the home are less influential in developing the mind;

they do not come within the scope of our consciousness as elements for which children should be trained. The young woman who consciously looks forward to bending her energies to the establishing of a home and the rearing of children is the exception, if one may judge by conversation. There is no problem more fundamental to the life of the nation, to the future of religion, to the progress of the race than this one of the home ideals. I do not know what is to be done about it. I believe that it might be possible to get at it through the mothers' clubs of this country. Indeed, it is within the possibility of the mothers' clubs of this country to reform the education of the children, to reform the ideals of the land with reference to this matter, and to make the education of boys as well as of girls an education that shall be related to the kind of lives that are to be led, an education for real life rather than primarily an education for college, which only about one per cent of our men, or one-half per cent of our population, are to enjoy.

The kind of homes that are made by girls who themselves come from homes of poor tradition and love are not such as to hold husband or children,—poor cooking, dirt, poor clothes, no art or music, no resources in books, slovenliness, etc. Most of these places are not homes at all, and the fault must be sought and remedied on both sides of the house, and not only on the part of the man or boy who does not want to stay in his home.

LUTHER GULICK.

## II.

Dr. Gulick, in his suggestive and valuable paper, makes it very clear that in order to advance civilization more attention must be paid to the family; family life and family service must be made more of an ideal in our system of education; mothers' clubs should be formed to consider questions of importance pertaining to the home; and, in general, the family should take a larger place in the thought of reformers.

I have only words of the highest commendation for Dr. Gulick's paper so far as it goes. It is concise, lucid, well rea-

soned, and well guarded in all its statements. It rests on a true scientific basis. The truths therein stated are of vast importance, and cannot be too well heeded. It is simply my purpose to add something which the author might have said, but has omitted.

Granted the overwhelming importance of new ideals in our system of education, and granted the overwhelming influence of family life upon character and consequently upon the progress of civilization, our first inquiry is, What shall be done to make the family, not simply an ideal, but a practically universal possibility? In certain stages of all civilizations a considerable proportion of the people live in celibacy. To-day, in this most advanced civilization the world has ever seen, this proportion is believed to be increasing. How shall marriage be made easier?

This question will lead us to a consideration much deeper and more fundamental than anything Dr. Gulick has suggested, for, unless a family be a comparatively easy possibility, it is little use to talk of family ideals or family influence.

If we look carefully into this subject we find the working of a law the existence and importance of which have been too much neglected by writers of the day. This law is an economic one. There are, of course, a thousand primary and secondary causes acting and reacting upon one another to advance or retard civilization, but the great underlying cause is economic in its nature. Given a pure religion, true and lofty ideals, the largest possible measure of freedom, if by some mistake of judgment on the part of the lawmakers, however unintentional, a false economic system is inaugurated and perpetuated, it will eventually dethrone ideals, check progress, destroy in a large measure the efficacy of religion, and, if the error be of a sufficiently fundamental character, it will finally turn civilization backward. That is to say, no code of morals, no grandeur of ideals, no system of religion can permanently cope successfully with fundamentally false economic laws. A false industrial system is the deadly poison of civilization.

The first attention of the reformer should therefore, as a matter of course, be directed to the correction of false



economic systems. No power can permanently hold out against them. They destroy patriotism, subvert justice, counteract the spirit of love, in short, undermine the very foundations of society, by making difficult, and at times impossible, that divinest of all institutions, the family, where all these principles are taught and fostered.

Now, the economic law, as it affects the family, briefly stated is this: When human wants increase beyond the ability to supply them marriages decrease in number, and those made become less fruitful.

This is an age of rapidly increasing wants and slowly increasing ability to supply those wants. As an illustration, A and B, born in 1800, married at the age of twenty and reared to maturity ten children. Their grandchildren number less than twenty, and their great-grandchildren only about thirty. The wants of the first generation were very simple. They lived for several years in a log house, were scantily clothed, and fed on the plainest fare. They had no musical instruments, no carpets, no pictures, but they had as good as their neighbors had, and did not keenly feel their lack.

During the life of the second generation wants increased very rapidly. The young men did not wish to marry until they could furnish a better home than the one in which they were born. The wife must not work so hard; the children must be better clothed and better educated,—hence fewer were desired. Meanwhile, though wants had increased in a geometrical ratio, the ability to supply them had increased in a very slow arithmetical ratio. The result was, the number of marriages decreased, the average age of marriage increased, and the number of children born was proportionally less. During the time of the third and fourth generations, that is, the present time, life has become a struggle more intense and uncertain than was the early life of the pioneer. Marriage has become a thing of extreme hazard and provided one wishes to live in respectability, and the family has become for many a practical impossibility.

It is evident from the foregoing that one of two things must be done. Either wants must be decreased or the ability to supply

them must be increased; otherwise the land will be given to those of a lower economic and moral type, and progress will be checked. This is what has been going on through all the blind and groping past. All the refined and elevated social tradition which has been gained through generations of culture has been lost through the extermination of the family or group of families cherishing this tradition. Other causes may have been at work, but the economic is the principal one. There may have been exceptions, but they are rare and comparatively insignificant. It remains that the law is as above stated, namely, that when wants increase faster than the ability to supply them, the higher family types become extinct, and the lower types take their place. The work of instruction, and of refining and elevating the ideals, must then be done all over again.

For this reason progress has been gained at an awful expense, at a fearful sacrifice. To-day we see the old process repeating itself. Church and school both combine to increase wants, while the economic law by which those wants may be met is practically ignored. The result is that while intending to benefit we are really urging the race to suicide. Many, of course, believe that the old regime is not to continue. It has served its day, and man is to ascend to a higher plane. There is to be a world-wide regeneration. Blind instinct is to be dethroned, and the awakened conscious man is to take its place. If this is true, the first thing to be done is for man to correct his economic system.

This he cannot do by checking human desires or lessening human wants. To do so would in itself mark a retrogression. Of course, there may be fads and extremes. There are wants which it is wise to check, and a thousand foolish notions take temporary possession of the race, but real legitimate wants will always increase among a progressive people, and the very mark of an advancing civilization is the fact of such increasing wants.

For example, man needs and must have for his highest good a home reasonably isolated and private, and it should if possible be his own. He needs more and better music, more and better art, a higher literature, a truer education. For his

health he needs the best sanitation, easy means for a change of scene and climate, the best fruits in their season, the most skilled surgery. We might name many other things, but these are sufficient for the purpose.

But, even if wants are not legitimate, the practical result is the same. We are governed largely by the community sentiment. We do not dress with the simplicity and comfort or live as we have the real power to do. Sentiment forbids. Not wishing to appear odd or beneath our station, we yield and suffer much expense and many inconveniences. The effect is the same as if our wants were actual. A larger individual freedom will come in time, but to reach it will be a long, laborious process, and this, too, is largely governed by an economic law. Inequality of material condition is the chief cause of sentimental servitude.

The happiness, then, of humanity and the rapid advance of civilization demand that means be found whereby all legitimate

wants may be satisfied as fast as they arise, and illegitimate wants may be checked by restoring the largest possible degree of individual freedom. There must be such security and independence in this world of plenty that all men and women will feel free to marry and perform all their natural and proper functions. When this is accomplished the family ideal will be easily restored, and progress will be more rapid than the world has yet deemed possible. The family is nature's own way, and when not interfered with by abortive economic laws it will rapidly assume the pre-eminence it deserves. In this competitive age it is inevitable that ideals should be perverted.

Meanwhile we should do all we can to save the victims of the present unfortunate civilization. While war is going on we must care for the wounded, but field hospitals must not be regarded as necessarily permanent institutions. We must do all we can to stop the war.

ROBERT E. BISBEE.

## SOCIAL EXPERIMENTS IN THE UNITED STATES

### II.—THE CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH, OF COMMONWEALTH, GA.

BY GEORGE HOWARD GIBSON, EDITOR OF THE  
SOCIAL GOSPEL

In the latter part of the year 1896 the social spirit created for itself a brotherhood form in America which perhaps has no organic counterpart in the world. The name given to this new sort of society was "The Christian Commonwealth." It was organized by about forty people, mostly from the northern States, who came together upon a tract of land in Muscogee County, Georgia. The leaders of the movement were a Florida civil engineer, a California college professor, an Ohio institutional church pastor, and a Nebraska editor. These men had studied the social question upon its various sides, and had reached the same conclusions re-

garding the way out of the evils of selfishness. They became acquainted with each other through the public press, and decided to get together somewhere and organize themselves and others like-minded into an unselfish society, a society in which all the powers and activities of life should be directed by love. They believed in Christ, in the Christ-life of self-outpouring and utmost service. They wished to be a social body for the Divine Spirit, a social incarnation of the divine life, an organized section of the universal brotherhood.

They reasoned like this: If selfishness is a bad thing and the cause of all the

evils of the world, it is sin and folly to cling to selfishness as an individual and as a society. If love is a good thing, it is wisdom to love with all one's heart, with all one's property and power of service. So they came together, closing up the gulfs of economic individualism, and joined their hearts to the great heart of humanity, purposing to love unreservedly all mankind.

They could not be satisfied with what may be called selfish or limited brotherhoods, which hedge themselves about with creeds and forms, or grips and guards and anterooms and secrets, or which call for age and health certificates, or which with a membership fee shut out the neediest class,—and so refuse to love all men. Because they wished to be brothers to all, they found it necessary to put all their means into brotherhood land and capital and funds, and all their strength and skill and wisdom into the brotherhood life of toil, and then open their hearts and arms to embrace all who would be loved. The leaders of the new movement had long been members of the churches, "in good and regular standing;" but the churches were not preaching and practicing economic brotherhood as at Pentecost. Hence, while they rejoiced in the measure of unselfishness which economically divided Christians manifest, they felt the need of a brotherhood organization to cast down property barriers and unite all interests and hearts. The social spirit must needs have a social body whose members shall be joined in love and whose energies are all harmoniously engaged to build up the life of the growing social organism. The universal love life "requires its corresponding system of social action," and a brotherhood body\* is therefore natural and necessary.

\*"Only in a subjective and inadequate sense, and that through collision and suffering, can a man even try to follow Christ in the present system. The machinery of the world was constructed by the strong and cunning, to be run by the motive powers of force and self-interest. Love and Christian conscience have as yet no machinery to apply the love motor to; attempted applications often wreck the machines, and human beings with them. There must be a new social machinery, in order that love and conscience may organize the world for the common good of all. Except the system of things be born again, the individual cannot be socially saved."—Prof. George D. Herron, D. D.

So these people, unrelated except through Adam, strangers to each other, dared to be so imprudent and unwise as individually to let go of all they had, put it into a common store, and unreservedly love and trust one another. It requires strong faith to plunge into such a movement with wives and little ones, when their capital seemed so demonstrably inadequate. And they were not without worldly-wise friends who tried hard to dissuade them from the rash act of letting so many people come together with not enough means to buy food three months in advance. But they had to rely on the economics of love, and on their connection through the giving up of all with the ruling and overruling spirit of love. They had to walk not by sight but by faith. They believed it safe to obey God, to share as brothers with one another and with all who came empty-handed. If they had been "wise," if they had been what the world calls "prudent," and waited for adequate capital to be contributed and a deposit in bank to enable them to exist comfortably while waiting for living returns from their labor, or if they had required a membership fee which would shut out the poor, the class most needing to be loved, they could never have started such a movement, a movement having the life and spirit of universal brotherhood.

They had means at the start to make a one-fourth payment on an old plantation, and upon this they began to gather in November and December, 1896. One family came from the far-away State of Washington. One man came from Boston. Several families came from Nebraska. Three northern families who were in North Carolina moved from there,—and they continued to come from all quarters. Some of the first families on the ground brought teams and tools and a small supply of flour, corn, and potatoes; some had a little money; but the majority who have come could only present themselves. From previously unknown sources of supply means to live kept flowing in, a little at a time, but the meagerness of the income from all sources necessitated constant self-denial, the fare being almost as limited in variety and as mo-

notoriously unpalatable as the bread of the Moses-led Israelites.

Work could not be made to bring quick and ample returns, so, toil as hard as they might, the colonists were kept sensibly dependent on heaven-sent supplies. The first year all engaged in manual labor, farming, gardening, grubbing, building fences, preparing fuel, logging, building and running a saw-mill, carpentering, orchard and nursery work, etc. The most effective method of organizing and directing their labor was a problem they had to deal with. Their first plan was afterward improved. The later and present plan is to have boards of labor, agricultural, horticultural, mechanics, textile fabrics, business, etc. Each board contains three elected members, who choose a foreman. Over all the manual labor departments is a director of labor who keeps himself "posted as to the need for laborers in the various departments by frequent observation and consultation with the boards of management." He appoints persons to work under the boards of management, and assigns those not constantly employed in any one department wherever the most urgent demand for work exists. It is also his duty to see if work is being properly done or conducted in all departments, and to report delinquencies at business meetings. Business meetings are held regularly Saturday evening of each week, and oftener upon special call.

The society was not incorporated until November 14, 1898. The constitution adopted under its charter reads in part as follows:

The Christian Commonwealth is a society whose purpose is to obey the teachings of Jesus Christ in all matters of life and labor and in the use of property.

No stated amount of money or property can constitute a membership fee in this society. Neither the possession nor the lack of money or property shall constitute a reason for the acceptance or rejection of any person who loves his neighbor as himself. The only tests made shall be tests of life, motive, and character.

New members may be received into the Christian Commonwealth upon fulfilling the following conditions:

1. They are to come to us in the spirit of love, unselfishness, and true fellowship, proving their sympathy with our principles.

2. They are to accept the constitution, and all the rules and authority of the Christian Commonwealth as expressed by a majority thereof.

3. They shall consecrate all their labor and property, without reserve, to the service and obedience of Christ, and shall fully and freely use and dispose of the same in such a manner as shall satisfy this society as to their eligibility and fitness for membership.

In signing this constitution each member takes upon himself or herself a binding obligation to administer all the property belonging to this corporation as agents for Christ, and to devote it to obeying Christ's teachings and laws. And the Christian Commonwealth is fulfilling a trust, which is to hold all we, as a community, may have, as agents for Christ, and in obedience to his law. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself."

Adopting this constitution, entering the brotherhood body, and acknowledging the law of love to be right and wise and binding as regards every thought and act of life, does not make individuals perfect, but it puts them into right relations. It does not necessarily regenerate the heart, but it gives freedom to those who are rightly inclined, and it places constraint upon those who are self-centered or imperfect. Commonwealth is a most blessed place for those who have the brotherhood spirit, but it is the most unhappy place possible for those who will not receive it. It is not a heavenly or an angelic society, but an earthly society on the heavenly plan. It is not a perfected brotherhood, but a school of love and of right relations. It is not withdrawn from the world and selfish as a community. It feels itself inseparably related to all human need, and through its open doors the unloved world crowds in upon it. It considers itself an economic Christian missionary society.

At Commonwealth they do not divide life up into what are called secular and sacred or religious parts, but make the six days of toil a labor of love, an unpriced service, a means of unbroken fellowship and worship. All time is thus made holy and all life divine. Commonwealth has broken down "the middle wall" of selfishness between the sects. Presbyterians, Methodists, and Universalists, Episcopalians and Congregationalists, Baptists and



Quakers, Trinitarians and Unitarians, churchmen and men of no church, all meet in a common prayer-meeting, and on Sundays study the Scriptures together and sit under the same preaching. It is a gospel of actual human brotherhood and divine fatherhood which they unite upon. United in heart on the six days, they naturally remain united on the day of rest. Economic unity is the necessary basis of spiritual unity.

In his new book, "Between Caesar and Jesus," Prof. Herron says:

What we call the baptism of the Holy Ghost, when genuinely experienced by a religious group, immediately manifests itself in the reaching after economic brotherhood. The experience of the first Christians, told in the Acts of the Apostles, instead of being a singular experience, about which the less said the better, is precisely what occurs whenever Christian groups return to apostolic sources, to move with early Christian feeling and will. The apostolic succession is disclosed in the economic communion of Christian springtimes. The nearer men approach to being of one mind with God, the more impossible it becomes to hold anything as their own. When Christian experience becomes elemental, individual ownership becomes sacrilegious; it becomes murderous, and behind it the shadow of Cain grows dark. The procession of the Holy Ghost keeps step with the human reaching after economic brotherhood, without which there can be no real spiritual brotherhood. There is no true communion of saints apart from the communion of property.

Except that the Commonwealth people believe in brotherhood, they are like the rest of the world. They do not wear uniforms. They are not vowed to poverty, but share their all with the poor to the end that poverty may be abolished. They are not ascetics. They account all things rightly used to be good. They do not advocate celibacy. They have no peculiar or unchristian views regarding marriage. They believe the family to be the kingdom of God in miniature, and that the community should be a family of families, a growing brotherhood of the sons of God.

Men cannot magically create wealth or make themselves morally perfect merely by getting together. If driven to "a stern and rock-bound coast," they must expect to meet great hardships. The Christian

Commonwealth pioneers were of Pilgrim stock, and they knew they were undertaking a work of utmost toil and sacrifice and difficulty. The "new world" must needs be won by old-world men. The strong must bear the burdens of the weak. The good or the better must be put to great strain of patience by the perverse. The large of heart must be pricked and pained and wearied by the little of heart. Only through individual travail pains can a brotherhood body be given birth. The brotherhood life of love must be a life of daily outpouring, and faith in God for to-morrow.

So great are the spiritual demands of brotherhood that the world is well-nigh faithless regarding the possibility of meeting those demands, and it is watching Commonwealth curiously and with increasing interest. Will it not be brought to bankruptcy and to starvation or dispersion, if it allows the poor freely to attach themselves to it? If it keeps open doors, and in consequence attracts all sorts of imperfect people, can it assimilate elements of growth and reject elements of discord and death? Can it overcome evil with good? Is the blessedness of brotherhood worth more than all it costs?

The answer in part is given in the fact that the Christian Commonwealth lives and grows, and is increasing in spiritual power and material equipment. It is not being submerged by the poor, nor is it being perverted by the selfish. It has kept open doors. It has welcomed the empty-handed. It has turned no tramp or outcast away. Its life of self-denial, of hardship, of actual brotherhood, has protected it against any great influx of self-seeking people. In this way love becomes its own sufficient defense. We can be protected from the selfish only by becoming unselfish.

Loaded down with the poor and with almost nothing in hand, by most self-denying economy and the hard labor of its people, the Commonwealth colony has made slow but steady economic growth. It has built a saw-mill and shingle machine, manufactured lumber, and erected enough rough houses comfortably to shelter its ninety-five people. It has built a

cotton-mill, and has begun to weave towels and other cotton goods. It is erecting a steam laundry, and has the most necessary machinery to put in it. It has erected a 32x70 building, with 24x32, 10x38, and porch additions, for a general kitchen, dining-room, waiting and reading room and library. It has built a two-room school-house, and in quality and value of instruction has one of the best schools and kindergartens to be found. Music, drawing, the languages, and other college branches are also taught. With much labor and expense it is improving the condition of a long-rented, outworn plantation. It has planted a thirty-five-acre orchard of peaches, pears, plums, prunes, apricots, cherries, and figs, a considerable part of which will bear fruit next year. It has fifteen thousand trees in nursery budded last year into the choicest varieties of peaches. It has set out this season fifteen thousand budded Japanese plum-trees, and has three thousand more in its nursery. It has transferred three hundred and fifty pecans from its nursery to its orchard and avenues this season. It has a young nursery of fifty thousand stock, and a small vineyard.

The colony has also erected a 24x48 printing-house in which was started in February, 1897, the Social Gospel, a monthly magazine. It was first set up in second-hand type, and printed on a \$22.50 set-aside old job-press. The colony now has a \$2225 Campbell cylinder press and better type, and is beginning to publish books and other brotherhood literature; all of which propaganda work is in the hands of its department of extension. The Social Gospel has received praise and support beyond what its managing editors and publishers dreamed possible. The explanation is found not alone or chiefly in the freshness of its thought and the quality of its literature, but in the loving spirit it has revealed and the brotherhood life for which it has stood. Nothing published seems so good, so strange, so interesting, as the news of an actual brotherhood. But the Social Gospel keeps up with the current events and intellectual activity of the world. Among its associate editors are Prof. George D. Herron,

Rev. Wm. T. Brown, of Rochester, New York, Ernest H. Crosby, Prof. James P. Kelley, author of "The Law of Service," Rev. B. Fay Mills, and Rev. W. D. P. Bliss. In view of its spirit, its message, its brotherhood news, and the literary brilliancy of its pages, it is not strange that a magazine gotten out in the pine woods of Georgia should in its first year win for itself a reading constituency not alone in America, but in far-away New Zealand, Australia, Japan, Palestine, Russia, Austro-Hungary, Switzerland, France, Belgium, England, and Scotland.

The Christian Commonwealth does not, as some have supposed, advocate its colony-grouping plan as the only society-saving formula. Forms and formulas are not to be compared in importance with the brotherhood spirit, or substituted for it. There is economic waste in re-grouping men industrially which can be saved when with plainer preaching people in considerable numbers in each or in any locality become thoroughly converted to the brotherhood faith. The Social Gospel encourages all forms and degrees of unselfish co-operation. It proposes brotherhood organizations for the people in the cities, social settlements that shall take on economic features, co-operative stores, factories, farms, etc. It believes in every kind and degree of unselfish co-operation. It tries to lead men into right co-operative relations where they are when it is possible, and so far as it is possible to co-operate. It would make each believer in brotherhood a home missionary, and urges him to gather about him a brotherhood band.

The publishers of the Social Gospel feel themselves sent of God to preach repentance of selfishness of every sort, but especially property selfishness, because in the struggle for gain one of another individual self-love is chiefly manifested and measured, and out of the strife to grasp and hold for selfish use all evil grows. They lay the axe at the root of the tree, and in the name of God and Christ and suffering humanity declare that men must repent of business selfishness, property selfishness, personal or family selfishness. The individual and family are in-

deed divine creations, sacred, inviolable units, but they must not stand alone, they must not be economically arrayed against one another; they must be ruled by universal love and live together in the divine life of brotherhood.

The evil which the economic strife of the world is heaping up is filling intelligent minds with fearful forebodings. Prof. Herron says: "We live near the culmination of a social system." Prof. Small, of Chicago University, declares that even the trust makers are afraid. He says:

I am not throwing the dust of my library in your faces, but if you heed the symptoms from bank and office, factory and railroad head-quarters and daily press, you have discovered that the very men who made these combinations are beginning to be frightened at their shadows. These very business men who claim to have a monopoly of practical "horse sense" have involved themselves and all of us in a grim tragedy. They are asking in a quiet way how it is all going to end. Whether they realize it or not, our vision of freedom is passing into the eclipse of universal corporate compulsion in the interest of capital. The march of human progress is getting reduced to marking time in the lock-step of capital's chain gang.

Judge E. W. Burke, speaking to the same body of Methodist ministers in Chicago, on the day following, March 29th, said:

No human wisdom can say what mean the great and increasing aggregations of capital, now sufficient to buy kingdoms. If these

shall be arrayed against the empty hands of labor, then shall mass collide with mass, and who can predict the end thereof? I see no commanding spirit of compromise in these approaching and threatening avalanches, which seem destined to involve the whole social system in universal ruin before the young men of this audience become three-score and ten years of age.

No possible compromise, no arbitrament of differences, can bring to these contending groups the peace of unity. But to all people who will hear the word of love deliverance shall come. In brotherhood relations is salvation. As many as will believe in the economic wisdom of Christ, as many as will receive his spirit, shall have power to become the sons of God and bring heaven to earth.

The law of love is the order of nature and the system of social harmony and divine revelation. By the law of universal love must all men now judge themselves. We must accept it or reject it, and take the consequences. The self-centered individual and family are condemned by this law. The economic division of interests and commercial struggle are condemned. The "love" that stops short of universal love is condemned. The faith in property instead of in God and brotherhood is condemned. The substitution of a Sunday cult instead of the Christ life is condemned.

Hence the Christian Commonwealth. Hence the Social Gospel and its message to the troubled world.

## SYMPATHY

BY COLETTA RYAN

You say you love me. Loved one, do you know  
 In loving me how many loves am I?  
 I number more than all the stars that glow  
 In shining thousands pressed against the sky.

Dear Love, I am the world. I am each heart  
 That sobs and sighs and clamors for a friend;  
 I am of every brotherhood a part  
 That finds the true beginning in the end.

I am the path that seeks untrodden ways,  
 Believing in the meadows unrevealed;  
 I am the solace of unhappy days,  
 I am the battle and I am the shield.

I am the triumph of the Past, that lies  
Upon the Present pointing out the way;  
I am the Future looking in thine eyes  
To beg a million favors of to-day.

I am the child that motherless must weep  
To hallow and enchain all the land;  
And I am motherhood that cannot sleep  
Without the pressure of a tiny hand.

I am the maiden waiting for the star  
That, resting in its treasure home above,  
Brings forth the hidden glories from afar,  
To consecrate the weeping form of Love.

I am the lover of the early dawn,  
By deep and distant yearnings strangely sought,  
Until the shadows lighten and are gone,  
And two at last are wedded by a thought.

I am the wife that walks with Fate alone,  
More bitter and more tearful than the rain,  
I am the husband claiming for his own  
The greater burden of divided pain.

I am the father, merciful and proud,  
Whose life is ever sacrificed for one  
That leans upon him in the lonely crowd  
To listen and grow strong. I am the son.

I am the master, firm, and bold, and brave,  
I reign, I rule, I govern many miles;  
I am the servant, humble as the wave  
Beneath the land of God that sings and smiles.

I am the man that counts against his will  
The baubles of a realistic mind;  
I am the artist shadowed by the skill  
That finds new themes in every passing wind.

I am the scientist that shuns the light  
Unless a proof is resting in the flame,  
And I am Faith that looks beyond the night  
To find the promise of the holy name.

I am all these, my Love. Ay, many more.  
I am the Universe, that garden plot  
Where all are good and wise from shore to shore,  
And where no soul exists that I am not.

I am all these, my Love. Were there one less  
I would not be a woman, large and free;  
Nor would I boast the vision I possess,  
Did I not meet the Universe in Thee.



## EMANUEL SWEDENBORG\*

BY RUTH GIBSON

## FIRST EPOCH.

Emanuel Swedenborg was born in Stockholm, Sweden, January 29, 1688. He was the son of a Protestant clergyman, who was afterward made Bishop of Skara in West Gothland, by Charles XII. His great-grandfather and his grandfather were both miners and mine owners, and his mother was the daughter of an assessor of mines.

In the century preceding that in which Swedenborg was born Giordano Bruno was burned at the stake in Rome for declaring his belief in more worlds than one, and Galileo was confined in a dungeon for denying that this earth is the center of the universe. Descartes had built up a system of idealism founded upon deductions from generals to particulars, and Francis Bacon had laid the foundations of the modern scientific inductive system of reasoning. Spinoza and Leibnitz, Hobbes and Locke were working at the same time in the same general direction for the freedom of the human intellect from the thralldom of the Middle Ages. These were closely followed in the next century by Berkeley and Hume, Newton and Linnaeus, Wesley and Whitefield, Goethe, Bach, and Lessing, Humboldt and Immanuel Kant, Voltaire and Rousseau, in Europe, and Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin in America.

The great Renaissance movement in art, philosophy, and science was sweeping everything triumphantly before it. The Reformation was an accomplished fact, and the Puritans had been settled in the new world for sixty years when Swedenborg was born.

Swedenborg was remarkable for his frugal, abstemious mode of living. He was a vegetarian, and drank nothing but water, milk, and coffee,—the latter in great quantities. He was about five feet

nine inches tall, rather thin, and of a brown complexion. He carried himself with great dignity and erectness. His thoughtful, yet mildly expressive countenance, together with something very unusual in his manner, attracted general attention. His eyes were always smiling, and the light of his uncommon genius illuminated his face. He dressed always in black velvet, wore a full-bottomed wig, long ruffles, a curious-hilted sword, and carried a cane. His habits were simple in the extreme, although he always had sufficient means for a more ostentatious mode of living. Count Hopken, Prime-minister of Sweden, says of him:

I have known him these two-and-forty years. I do not remember to have known any man of more uniformly virtuous character, always contented, never fretful or morose. He was a true philosopher, and lived like one. He labored diligently and lived frugally, without sordidness. He possessed a sound judgment upon all occasions, saw everything clearly, and expressed himself well on every subject. He detested metaphysics. He was certainly a pattern of sincerity, virtue, and piety, and at the same time, in my opinion, the most learned man in Sweden.

Swedenborg was never married. In after years, when jocosely asked whether he had ever been desirous of marrying, he answered: "In my youth I was once on the road to matrimony." On being asked what was the obstacle, with his characteristic simplicity he said: "She would not have me."

Of Swedenborg's childhood little is known, except that he was remarkably quiet and intelligent. He received the best education the times could afford at the University of Upsala. In letters to a friend he mentions that in addition to the further study of mathematics he had learned how to bind books, and also to play the organ in his father's church. After graduating at Upsala he determined to travel, and, bearing letters of introduction to many distinguished persons, he sailed to England. While there he

\*The writer desires to say that this sketch is for the most part a compilation of material drawn from the various biographies of her subject, and that she is particularly indebted to "The Life and Works of Emanuel Swedenborg," by Benjamin Worcester. Boston, Roberts Bros.

learned watch-making, cabinet-making, engraving, and mathematical instrument-making, at the same time studying mathematics, astronomy, mechanics, and English poetry, with the indefatigable industry inherited from his father, the bishop. He writes at this time to his brother-in-law, Benzelius, Archbishop of Upsala: "You encourage me to go on with my studies; but I think I ought rather to be discouraged, as I have such an immoderate desire for them." In the same letter he mildly complains of his father's not supplying him with more money. The complaint was quite pardonable, in view of the fact that Emanuel had received from him only two hundred and twenty-five dollars in sixteen months. He writes: "It is hard to live without food or drink."

During the next five years Swedenborg traveled in England, France, Holland, and Germany. During that time he learned the art of grinding lenses. He was also busy with various mechanical contrivances, a few of which I give below.\* He also invented a method of computing longitude at sea. Another interesting feature in Swedenborg's early career is that of alternating poetry with science. He published at this time a number of poems and fables in Latin. His father wrote in 1715 to the lord-lieutenant in his son's behalf: "I hope he may be found available for some academy. He is accomplished in oriental as well as European languages, but especially is an adept in poetry and mathematics." But now his work began to bear fruit. The king, Charles XII., became interested in him and appointed him to the office of Assessor Extraordinary in the College of Mines, a position which he held for more than thirty years. His scientific productions written in Swedish from 1717 to

1720 are a library in themselves.\* His engineering skill was also amply proved, for he conveyed five large boats, two galleys, and a sloop over hills and valleys a distance of fourteen miles, by which operation the king was enabled to place his heavy artillery under the walls of the fortress at the siege of Friedrickshall.

In 1721 he again traveled, for the double purpose of becoming practically acquainted with the various methods of working mines and of making inquiries concerning commerce in its relation to metals. He published in Holland four treatises in Latin. He also published two important works,—one the "Principles of Chemistry," and the other "Miscellaneous Observations connected with the Physical Sciences," in four parts. In it he states that all substances are derived from and are modifications of one fundamental substance,—water. Common salt is the first molder of the future earth. Roundness is the form adapted to motion, and the liquidity of fluids is caused by the roundness of their particles, while solids are generated in and molded to the shapes of the interstices of fluids. Dumas, the celebrated French chemist, ascribed to Swedenborg the origin of the modern science of crystallography. In 1724 his reputation as a geometrician had so increased that he was offered the professor-

\*1. A treatise on the tinware of Stjernaund, i. s. use, and the method of tinning.

2. The importance of instituting an astronomical observatory in Sweden.

3. A method of assisting commerce and manufactures.

4. Memorial on the establishment of salt works in Sweden. To this scheme he devoted much time and thought, believing it might prove a source of considerable wealth to his country.

5. The nature of fire and colors.

6. Treatise on the motion and station of the earth and planets.

7. An algebra edited in ten volumes,—first algebra published in Sweden.

8. Proposal for regulating the coinage and measures, by which computation is facilitated and fractions are abolished.

9. A new plan for constructing docks and dikes.

10. New discoveries respecting iron and fire; a new construction of stoves.

11. New attempts to explain chemistry and experimental physics geometrically.

12. A paper on the anatomy and physiology of the nervous system, with a theory of sensation, written for the Royal Medical College.

13. Anatomy of our most subtle nature, showing that our moving and living force consists of tremulations (vibrations).

14. New directions for discovering metallic veins and treasures deeply hidden in the earth.

15. Concerning the rise and fall of Lake Wener.

16. First principles of natural things, deduced from experience and geometry.

\*Plan of a ship for submarine navigation.

Plan for constructing sluices in places where there is no fall of water, by means of which ships with their cargoes may be raised to any required height.

A machine driven by fire for throwing out water. New machines for condensing and exhausting air by means of water.

A water-clock in which water serves the purpose of an index, and in which by the flow of water all the movable bodies in the heavens are demonstrated.

ship of mathematics at the University of Upsala. But this honor he declined, the reason for which may be found in a letter to Benzelius: "It is a fatality, with mathematicians that they remain mostly in theory. I have thought it would be a profitable thing if to ten mathematicians there was added one thoroughly practical man by whom the others could be led to market. This one man would gain more renown and be of more use than all the ten together."

From 1724 to 1733 he was occupied with the duties of his position as assessor the greater part of the time. His studious life was exempt from adventure. His increasing skill in his numerous occupations, and his growing enthusiasm in the pursuit of knowledge, were recognized by his countrymen, for we find that in his forty-second year he was elected a member of the Royal Society of Sciences at Stockholm. He was in the mean time preparing for the publication of a work with which his great career may be said to begin, "The Principia," published in Leipsic in 1734. In it he anticipated many discoveries attributed to more recent scientists. Among these are the nebular hypothesis, the atomic theory, the position of the magnetic poles and the cause of their rotation around the poles of the earth, the identity of electricity and lightning, and the compound nature of water. He anticipated in astronomy the discovery of the seventh planet, and first demonstrated the real office of the lungs.

"The Principia" was prohibited by papal authority in 1739, because it was held to contravene the position of the church that God created all things out of nothing, and also because of the difficulty of reconciling such a process of creation as Swedenborg conceived with the literal interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis.\* Two magnificent volumes, on the "Metallurgy of Iron and Copper,"

were added to the "Principia" in the same year, followed by a work entitled "Outlines of the Infinite." In this last Swedenborg leads up to an Infinite Cause, separate and distinct from nature and man, by which nature and man are created and preserved in a state of order. The axiomatic principle which he employs is that the center produces the circumference. God, the Infinite, is the center; finite creation is the circumference. In order to prove the immortality of man, and his "discreteness" from the Creator, he applied his noteworthy doctrine of discrete degrees used by him in the "Principia," which proved to him the existence of three distinct atmospheres between the earth and the sun,—the atmospheric air, the ether, and the aura. As the sun, the parent of our planetary system, is distinct from the atmospheres generated from its bosom, so the Infinite is distinct from the finite. As there is a distinct break, or discrete degree between the common air and the ether, and again between the ether and the aura, so there is a discrete degree between the body, the mind, and the soul of man. As the aura and the ether can exist without the common air to which they give birth, so a man's soul and mind, both of which constitute his spirit, are able to exist without the man's body.

In 1736 Swedenborg again obtained permission from the king to travel three or four years to complete and publish a work on which he was then engaged. During this time he studied anatomy and physiology with the best workers on the continent, and also worked in a laboratory and dissecting-room. He was in his fifty-second year when he published in Amsterdam "The Economy of the Animal Kingdom," followed in 1745 by the work entitled "The Animal Kingdom." By "Animal Kingdom" we are to understand

\*A writer in the German Astronomical Quarterly (1879), Magnus Nyren, in an exposition of the cosmogony of Swedenborg's "Principia," as a contribution to the Nebular Hypothesis of Kant and Laplace, draws the following conclusions: "It cannot be denied that the true fundamental principle of the nebular theory was first declared by Swedenborg, namely, that the entire solar system was formed out of a single chaotic mass, which was at first collected in the form of a colossal sphere, and afterward by rotation threw off a ring, which then, during the continued rotation, divided into separate portions, and these at length

gathered themselves up into spheres,—the planets. The work of Kant on this subject, 'Universal History of Nature and Theory of the Heavens,' was not published until 1775, twenty-one years later than the 'Principia.' Laplace did not make known his theory until sixty-one years later. It is here also to be remarked that Swedenborg gave to his hypothesis the correct form (as was also adopted by Laplace), maintaining that the planets came into existence from separated rings, not, as Kant thought, in already formed masses directly out of the original mass of vapor."

the human body, its structure and functions.

Swedenborg takes a distinct step in his life work here. From being a devotee of practical science he is now becoming a master in philosophy. From delving in mines, constructing forges and furnaces, writing exhaustive treatises on metals, physics, and cosmogony, he begins to formulate in "The Economy of the Animal Kingdom" a system of rational psychology. Under this term he includes the general nature of the human soul and body in their relation to nature and to God. The method of reasoning he employs is still the scientific, analytic method, but the object of his search now is the soul. He says in the prologue: "The end I propose to myself is a knowledge of the soul, since this knowledge will constitute the crown of my studies. But as yet her mode of being, her nature are almost absolutely unknown; and such is the general state of doubt and hesitation on the subject as to preclude all distinct thinking. In order, therefore, to follow up the investigation, I have chosen to approach by the analytic way, and I think I am the first who has chosen this course."

He says of the synthetic method of reasoning: "It is the cause and source of the insanities of the human mind." There are over thirty-three thousand folio pages printed on the "Animal Kingdom." Coleridge, in his "Literary Remains," says of it: "I remember nothing in Lord Bacon superior and few passages equal to it, either in depth of thought, in richness, dignity, or felicity of diction, or in the weightiness of the truths contained." Emerson calls it "an honor to the human race." In the introduction to the "Economy," Swedenborg says: "The animal kingdom, the economy of which I am about to consider anatomically, physically, and philosophically, regards the blood as its common fountain and general principle. On the nature, constitution, determination, continuity, and quality of the blood depend the fortunes and condition of the animal life. The blood is the complex of all things that exist in the body. It contains whatever is created and produced by the three kingdoms of the world, the animal, vegetable,

and mineral. Moreover, it imbibes the treasures of the atmosphere, and to this end exposes itself to the air through the medium of the lungs. We may readily perceive, then, how many sciences are included in that of the blood,—the whole circle of anatomy, medicine, chemistry, physics, physiology, and even of psychology; for the passions of the mind vary according to the states of the blood, and the states of the blood according to the passions of the mind. The science of the blood thus includes all the sciences that treat of the substances of the world and of the forces of nature. For this reason we find that man did not begin to exist (on this planet) till the three kingdoms below him were completed; and that the universe and nature concentrated themselves in him, in order that in the human microcosm the entire universe might be exhibited for contemplation." He also says, "that form should never be studied independently of function, because the function or use of an organ can alone explain its form." Anatomy and physiology should therefore always be studied together.

Everywhere he finds evidences of order and method. He shows how the use performed by each created thing has relation to some specific end or purpose, and how the collective uses of the infinite variety of existing forms are means necessary for the accomplishment of the most universal end of creation. Considered in this aspect, these works are not mere hand-books to the study of anatomy and physiology, but are intended to lead the student of these sciences to discern meanings and intentions in every part of the human organism, and thus to enable him to understand the uses which the body serves in ministering to the soul. But he did not arrive at the soul by the aid of these general doctrines and researches. He came to the inner parts of the living body, but not to the soul. But he was yet to learn the true nature of the soul. The study of science and the use of scientific methods only were at an end for him. He laid down his pen here, supposing that his life's work was finished. In reality he was just beginning it, although he was entirely unconscious of the fact at this time.



## SECOND EPOCH.

For nearly forty years Swedenborg had been one of the world's most ardent students of natural science. He had devoted himself to the investigation of its principles in almost all its branches. From the study of mathematics and mechanics, of minerals and metals, he pursued his course steadily upward, and in his fifty-seventh year we find him entirely laying aside his physical scientific studies to become a student and exponent of that spiritual science which treats of God and of man as a spiritual being. He discovered the relation existing between the Infinite and the finite, and the finite and the Infinite, and the law upon which this mutual relation is based. The method of reasoning employed by him hitherto had been that of deducing principles from an examination of known facts. He had said implicitly, "I am a body, therefore I have a soul." But he found that the soul was not a logical result of the body, neither could it be demonstrated in terms of the body. He did not abandon the empirical method,—for all of his "Memorabilia" are based on personal experiences, and the words "visis et auditis" (from things seen and heard) are invariably brought forward as proofs of the thing related. But he did now use the *a priori* method which he had heretofore scorned. He says in the "Arcana," for example, "Man is a spirit clothed with a body," and the opening words in his "Divine Love and Wisdom" are, "Love is the life of man."

But such an entire reversal of thought as this was not effected in a moment. Even in 1736, when Swedenborg was but forty-eight years old, he had begun the record, extending over nine years, of a series of remarkable dreams and visions of such a nature as to be premonitions of the supernatural or spiritual development he was destined to experience. He was apparently unable to comprehend the full meaning of these visions, for it was during these years he was writing his two great works on the "Animal Kingdom." There are many interesting descriptions of these nine years of mental struggle and temptation. That they were real and terrible no reader can doubt. Mr. Ben-

jamin Worcester's "Life of Swedenborg" gives the best and fullest account of them, taken from Swedenborg's "Spiritual Diary," written at this time. What he thenceforth claimed to have received was spiritual sights, spiritual illuminations, and spiritual powers of reason. And certainly, in turning from his previous life to that remarkable period which we are now considering, another and very different person seems involved. Even his literary style has changed. The liberal charm of his rhetoric is put away never to be resumed. His manner now is majestic in its simplicity and naturalness. It is convincing in its logical accuracy and in impassioned force. He had now entered upon a vocation which no longer permitted him to discharge the functions of his office as Assessor of the Board of Mines, and in 1747 he obtained permission from King Frederick to retire from it. In consideration of his long and faithful service the whole salary of his late office was given him during the rest of his life.

As the ages roll by the sacred books of the world are seen to contain a record of man's spiritual as well as of his moral and natural life. The great commentator in India, Sankaracharya, in the beginning of the Christian Era, saw this truth, and unfolded and revealed the inner meaning of the "Vedas" to the world. In Europe, in the eighteenth century, Emanuel Swedenborg, the great Christian commentator, rescued the Bible from the hands of superstition and ignorance. He is truly entitled to rank among the founders of a new religious era in the history of the race. We have the record that he read the entire Bible through many times in Greek and Hebrew—learning the latter language thoroughly for this specific purpose,—and studied its spiritual correspondences and inner meaning with the aid of the new insight given him. He also made a complete concordance of the Bible, and wrote over three thousand folio pages upon scriptural subjects, chiefly in the Old Testament.

The result of this preparation was the "Arcana Coelestia," issued during the years 1749-'56 in eight quarto volumes. The avowed purpose of the "Arcana" is the exposition of the spiritual meaning of

the books of Genesis and Exodus. Each verse and, in most cases, each word of these books is explained, and, by way of illustration and confirmation of the meaning educed, a vast number of passages from the Old and New Testaments are cited, so that in point of fact the work contains an interpretation of a greater portion of the sacred text.

It must be evident that some accurate method of scriptural interpretation is needed. It has been found that the literal declarations, notably in the early chapters of Genesis, could not be reconciled with the proved facts of science. Neither could they be accepted in that form by devout minds as the sum of all spiritual truth, in part or as a whole. Hence a contest had ensued between reason and revelation, which the Scriptures, in their literal or verbal form, were in no wise adequate to reconcile. Swedenborg found a method of interpretation and reconciliation in the science of correspondences. The creative Word has given, and continually gives, life to all. It moves through human history as evolution. When, in this process it expresses itself in human speech, the same word takes at last a form in the race, and appears among our words as the Bible. Its form in this case is determined by those to whom it comes. It is given in the most external form of speech, that it may contain potentially all speech. We are learning that the Scriptures were not produced from heaven as a finished work, but that their materials were slowly accumulated by natural processes from the very beginning of human life on the earth; and that in them were gathered up, through the childhood of the race, the beginnings and tendencies of human character of every possible variety. In every member of the race, as in the race itself, there is an Adam, a Noah, an Abraham, and a Christ. The human spirit in its evolution begins in Eden innocence, develops a selfhood which overclouds this innocence, brings on a deluge of evil and falsity, prepares an Ark of Salvation by divine command, declines again into idolatries until Abraham is called, goes down into Egyptian bondage to selfishness and lust. It follows Moses thence to Canaan through wander-

ings and murmurings, lapses again into idolatries and captivity, rebuilds the Old Jerusalem and grows in hypocrisy, then rejects and crucifies the Christ, only to accept him at last. The journey is the same, in general, for the individual as for the race, though no two paths are the same, and no two destinations are the same. The real book is man; the symbol book is the written word. The Bible is thus seen to contain interior truths bearing to its literal form the same relation that the soul of man bears to his body,—that the internal bears to the external,—the internal being the efficient cause, and the external the effect, in every instance.

Swedenborg wrote the "Apocalypse Revealed" and the "Apocalypse Explained" at a later time. They are expositions of the Revelation of John, and have the same object as the "Arcana," the unfolding of the spiritual sense of the Word. He taught that everywhere in the Word of the Old and New Testaments there is a treble form,—a celestial, a spiritual, and a natural. In its celestial or divine aspect the Word from beginning to end is shown to refer to the Lord,—to his nature and attributes, the laws of his providence, his advent by incarnation into the world, the character of the humanity he assumed, and his power as man's Redeemer. In its spiritual or human aspect it is shown to refer to man's spiritual nature, to the laws of the spiritual world, and the process of human regeneration, or the process out of love of self and of the world into love of the neighbor and of God. The natural aspect is the literal form. The science of correspondences is that which teaches the law of the mutual relation existing between these three aspects of the Word,—the divine, the human, and the literal.

Swedenborg's writings must be read to be appreciated or comprehended. An article of this length can give no adequate idea of them. The "Arcana" is throughout expressed in language of such simplicity that its general purpose can be readily apprehended by the ordinary mind, but the ablest intellect may exert its utmost effort in order to follow its logical reasoning to its final issues. Henry James says of his writings: "In

fact, their main advantage to the intellect is that they furnish it with truths which really nourish and quicken it, or irresistibly compel it to function for itself, and independently of foreign stimulus." Interspersed in the "Arcana" there are "Memorable Relations," describing Swedenborg's experiences in the spiritual world, "from things seen and heard," as he says. He has described it most minutely, and it would appear that it is not at all as modern ages have deemed it. According to some it is a mere speck of abstraction, intense with grace and saving faith. Only a few of the great poets have shadowed it forth with any degree of reality as spacious for mankind. There Swedenborg is at one with them, though he is more sublimely homely with respect to our future dwelling-place. His spiritual world is the same old world of God in a higher sphere and a different degree. The spiritual world is essential nature. Hill and valley, plain and mountain, are as apparent there as here. Our introduction to the mineral, vegetable, and animal worlds, to the air and the sun, is a friendship that will never be dissolved; there is no faithlessness in our great facts of nature, if only we are faithful to them and intelligently comprehend them. Stone and bird, wood and animal, sea and sky are acquaintances we meet with in the spiritual sphere, in our latest manhood or angelhood, equally as in the infancy of the senses. Its inhabitants are men and women, and their circumstances are societies, houses and lands, and whatever belongs thereto. But this world, its scenery, its houses, associates, all the conditions of time, place, and state, stand or change with the inner or spiritual state of the inhabitants,—the state of their thoughts and affections. The external conditions are all representative merely, and correspond to these. So nature, there, is not primarily objective, but subjective; and each person is the creator of his own environment. The good man's thoughts and desires have their correspondence in beautiful things, and he is surrounded by their beauty. His intelligence and love are from the light and heat of heaven from God. The gold, the silver, the gems, the flowers are all forms of his own

thoughts and affections objectified. All things lovely or lovable have corresponded to his inner life here, and must for that reason surround him there.

But neither Swedenborg's spiritual experiences nor the laborious works he was composing were an excuse to him for neglecting the affairs of this world when occasion required, and accordingly in 1761 we find him taking part in the deliberations of the Swedish Diet, for his family had been elevated to the nobility, and he was a member of the Diet. Three memorials are preserved which he presented to Parliament in January of that year. In the first the quiet sage expresses his preference for that form of monarchy which then prevailed in Sweden, and he ends with a powerful appeal to the members to obviate change by the prosecution of useful reforms. In the second he insists mainly on the preservation of liberties of the people, and upon the French alliance in preference to the English. He also says: "I must observe that I see no difference between a king in Sweden who possesses absolute power and an idol; for all turn themselves heart and soul in the same way to the one as to the other,—obey his will and worship what passes from his mouth."

The third memorial is upon finance. He says: "If an empire could subsist with a representative currency without a real currency, it would be an empire without its parallel in the world." The Prime-minister of Sweden, Count Hopken, previously quoted, said that "the most solid and best penned memorials on finance at the Diet of 1761 were by Swedenborg."

The "Arcana Coelestia," the "Apocalypse Explained," and the "Apocalypse Revealed" are all works explanatory of the internal sense of the Bible. "Heaven and Hell," "The Earths in the Universe," and the "Last Judgment" contain an account of things seen and heard in the spiritual world. His philosophical works are "The Divine Love and Wisdom," "The Divine Providence," "Marriage Love," and "The True Christian Religion." There are numbers of smaller works, but these are the most important. "The Divine Love and Wisdom" has been considered one of the profoundest and one of the most

deeply interesting of his works. His philosophical system differs radically from European and oriental monism. It insists upon the reality and persistence of self-consciousness from the point of view of the finite, as discriminated from the infinite.

The Swedenborg manuscripts are kept in a fire-proof apartment of the Library of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Stockholm, and guarded as the very apple of their eye. They are not permitted to be carried out of Sweden, even though the British Museum has offered to take charge of a volume at a time for reproduction in London. Even when being reproduced in Stockholm each code must be returned to the library every evening. Taken altogether, these manuscripts contain twenty-five thousand pages, of which about nine thousand have been photolithographed by the Rev. R. L. Tafel, but they consist for the most part of the scientific works. His volumes would make about sixty octavos of five hundred pages each. They were all in Latin, with the exception of a few in Swedish written in his youth. Some of his works have been translated into thirteen other languages, — Arabic, Danish, Dutch, French, German, Hindu, Icelandic, Italian, Polish, Russian, Spanish, Swedish, and Welsh.

Dr. Garth Wilkinson, of England, says: "Health is the ground which great persons cultivate. So it was with Swedenborg. The powers of his mind were matched with an extraordinary strength of body, which pain and passion seem scarcely to have touched. Hence the crowd of his works and his broad apparent leisure. Who does not know that peace and power are one,—that tranquillity is the main circumstance of the best lifetimes? It is the preservation of the balance and the firm-footedness of the man, under whatever trials, that constitute the repose of which we speak."

In proof of Swedenborg's remarkable health and activity, we find him leaving home at the age of eighty-three to publish his "True Christian Religion" in Amsterdam, and then over to London to write an index of it, which, however, he never finished. He spent twenty-three years of his life abroad, changing constantly from one

place to another, and evidently making as little effort to go to London as we now make in going to New York. This was before the days of steam and rapid transit, and the exposures and hardships of travel were often very severe. We know that Goethe was remarkably virile and strong, and yet for years he deferred his journey to Italy, and it was an important circumstance in his life to anticipate and accomplish it. Swedenborg went to Paris and Leipsic two or three times, and to Italy once; but at that time he must always make a difficult journey by water before reaching the continent. But in these apparently trivial circumstances we obtain another indication of character; no man of that age was so uninterrupted in his mind, so single of purpose. The elements themselves would have striven in vain to turn him from his course.

About five o'clock on Sunday, March 29, 1772, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, Swedenborg died in London. A witness of his death said: "He enjoyed a sound mind, memory, and understanding to the last hour of his life." In the October following his death a eulogy was pronounced upon him in the Great Hall of the House of Nobles at Stockholm, in the name of the Royal Academy of Sciences, by Samuel Sandels, Counselor of the Royal College of Mines and member of the Academy. It begins thus: "Allow me on the present occasion to direct your thoughts to the memory of a noble man, celebrated alike for his virtues and the depth of his knowledge; who was one of the oldest members of this Academy, and whom we all knew and loved. Happy shall I be if I can pronounce his eulogy as he deserves. But how difficult will it be to do justice to his vast and sublime genius."

Dr. John Mill, writing of him in this century, says: "There is no standard by which Swedenborg can be measured. He was a man, taking him for all in all, whose like shall hardly be seen again, perhaps for centuries. Compare him with Newton, and you will find him his equal in point of intellectual greatness; with Bacon and Plato, he is great among the greatest of the philosophers; with Boerhaave and



Haller, he is in the first rank of physiologists; with the theological writers and Bible commentators, from Origen to Adam Clarke, and who has equaled him? Plato, who has dissected the mind so carefully, has left the body untouched. Others, like Cuvier, Hunter, and Bell, have examined every fiber of the body, but they never saw or recognized the soul. But Swedenborg included all systems of thought. He is a many, one might say, an every-sided man. You can speak to him in any one of half a score of languages,—he is at home in them all. In chemistry, also mechanics, mathematics, mineralogy, cosmogony, astronomy, anatomy, physiology, politics, mental philosophy, and theology. In a word, he is a humanist, the greatest humanist that ever lived, because he took the whole of

humanity and not a portion of it, as most others have done. He accepted the whole, and accepted it, too, as it is. Marred by ignorance and sin, crushed by tyranny, and cursed by fanaticism, that he took as the most divine thing to be found in this world. The universal heaven, he says, is in the human form, and the Lord himself is only visible, and indeed only known and knowable, through his Divine Humanity."

I will close this sketch with Swedenborg's definition of religion: "All religion has relation to life, and the life of religion is to do good. A man can only be really religious by shunning evil as sin, and by doing good, not from himself, but from the Lord. In the degree in which he does this he loves truth, has faith, and is spiritually-minded."

## THE EVOLUTION OF MAN

BY M. F. BROOKS, D. D. S.

There is a tendency with many of the opponents to the theory of Darwin as to man's origin to misrepresent that theory in their arguments, either from a misconception or with spirit born of prejudice, and to ridicule and ignore the facts which have been presented as evidence of the evolution of man. The theory of evolution is not a theory of dogmatism, built upon a structure of superstition and fear, that forbids and holds in check the fullest exercise of man's intellectual and reasoning powers in the consideration of those questions naturally arising in an inquiring mind as to man's origin, nature, and destiny; but one supported by evidence from nature's boundless and inexhaustible library of the past written by the hand of time, as well as from the living present,—facts that have not been metamorphosed by any translation by man or become distorted by overzealousness of any sect or creed.

If the evidence is not sufficient to prove conclusively the claim, it is too ponderous to be idly or willfully cast aside as worthy of no consideration, with an attempt to brand it as an impious scheme. Evolution in its broader sense is not confined to

organic life, but is manifest in the formation of worlds and systems of worlds that whirl so grandly and wonderfully in the ethereal, shoreless sea of infinitude. It is the universal law,—as much in operation to-day as during the countless ages that have occupied the throne of time since He who reigns o'er all first said, "Let there be light,"—the phenomena of which law, as expressed in the earth itself and its life thereon, in the unfoldment of leaf and bud, of insect, beast, and man, declare so clearly and emphatically the method employed by the Infinite Mind in the fashioning of worlds and forms of life, the fruit of which tree of evolutionary life as the creative purpose being man.

The embryonal and fetal existence of the human subject is a recapitulation, a brief epitome of the organic history of the human race running so parallel with the paleontological evidence which scientific minds that have learned nature's alphabet are able to read from the archeological and geological records.

Darwin's line of research led him to deal with the physical rather than the metaphysical; instead of considering so much

the phenomena of man's spiritual nature, his field of investigation was more in the study of man's material organism and the close relationship it appears to bear with the lower forms of mammal life, and the evidence that all organic life has descended from a few primordial forms having a common origin.

It cannot be charged that his conclusions were formed with a non-belief in a first great cause; for, in his "Descent of Man," page 613, he says: "The birth both of the species and the individual are equally parts of that grand sequence of events which our minds refuse to accept as the result of blind chance."

The earnest, conscientious seeker after truth will suspend all preconceived opinions, and lay aside all feelings of prejudice when entering a new field of thought for investigation.

The unexplored realms of knowledge are vast and boundless, and the mind should be allowed full freedom in its speculations, and to lay before the altar of consciousness and reason without partiality the testimony obtained upon which judgment is to be pronounced. That view of a creative intelligence that has, through successive processes termed natural laws, during long ages that have passed, evolved organic life from its most lowly beginning to that highest form as expressed in man, is to many the most beautiful and grand conception of an infinite creative power.

Those laws of evolution and progression which have raised man to his high estate are but the same that are to continue in operation in the great eternal future. The advocates of man's evolution believe not in a bungling and disappointed Creator, becoming dissatisfied with his creative production, but in one whose perfect will and wisdom and holy purpose have remained and ever will remain unchangeable and the same, and who by the unfoldment of man's powers has enabled him to catch, if but faintly, glimpses of the pathway, dark and lowly as it may have been, which his ancestors have trodden, and, as he beholds with intellectual vision what has been the tendency of his race for higher development in the past by the will and law of the Creator implanted within him, does he

realize the grand possibilities which the future must therefore have in store. Can this idea of a Creator and infinite One be irreverent to his almighty power, his perfect wisdom, and his boundless love?

To those who believe in the immortality of man and the opportunity for development of his spiritual nature ever open to those who will, not only here but also in the spiritual realms beyond, this view of man's origin and progression seems, not inharmonious, but in perfect accord.

If the theory of man's evolution be true, then must his spiritual nature have evolved with his material (or rather the material has evolved by the transforming influence of the spiritual, which is the inherent and primal factor in morphological improvement), to cease not when it shall have developed from its chrysalis stage at death into that higher condition of spirituality across the mystic unseen way, but to continue its march of progression if it so wills toward the perfect and the infinite during the vast eternity of the never-ending future, for the pathway of eternal progress is ever open to every soul.

If, therefore, the poor earth child,—struggling with earnest, sincere desire to behold, through the dark and heavy clouds of ignorance and uncertainty that hover about, some ray of light to inspire and lead his weary soul in the journey through earth-life and eternity to a better knowledge of himself and his Creator,—stumbles and falls in his gropings along his rough and dimly lighted pathway, reason, justice, and that "mercy which endureth forever" forbid that soul to be utterly lost in unfathomable depths of an unredeemed condition, but that the darkness will at last be made to disappear by reason's dawn and conscience's ruling power. The star of hope will rise in the eastern horizon, and the love and mercy of his Creator and his God will give him strength to renew life's conflicts and to climb more boldly higher heights of intellectual and spiritual acquirements, entering more largely into the realms of bliss and joy as each highest ideality shall have been attained only ever to be succeeded by one more grand, more beautiful, and sublime.

## RESOLUTION

BY J. A. EDGERTON

With my eyes upon the morrow, I have risen from the Past.  
From the shadow and the sorrow, I have gripped the goal at last.  
I have found within my spirit all the riches that I sought,  
And have reached the realm I longed for, in the kingdom of my thought.

With a soul erect, undaunted, now I face the Infinite,  
With a heart no longer haunted by a vestige of affright;  
For I know that I am master of my lot and destiny,  
That in spite of all disaster, I am sovereign and free.

And the Future holds no terror. From my spirit's misty throne,  
I can smile at hate and error, and be monarch of my own.  
Naught without can hurt or bar me. Though the world should do me wrong,  
In the end it cannot harm me,—I can bear it and be strong.

What are honors and possessions? They are shadows, nothing more.  
What the plaudits of the nations? In a moment they are o'er.  
I will seek the spirit affluence, in spite of worldly din;  
And the plaudits that shall win me are the silent ones within.

I will cling unto the highest; I will struggle toward the right;  
I will keep my spirit windows ever open to the light;  
I will keep my mind anointed with the magic balm of Youth;  
I will keep my footsteps pointed toward the shining hills of Truth.

I will leave the creeds and dogmas to the pedant and the priest;  
I will seek to do my duty in this present life, at least.  
What am I? If I should live, or if I die, when I am gone,  
There is nothing lost, or can be, for the Universe moves on.

In my spirit is a promise of a sweet Eternity,  
Of a progress onward, upward, through the eons yet to be.  
I will trust it, well content; and strive to fill my present place  
As a unit of the Infinite, a factor of the race.

I will try to lift myself to God by elevating all;  
Knowing we must rise together, or together we must fall;  
That the gospel of good actions is the gospel that is best;  
That the way to future blessing is to make the present blest.

All the baubles that I wrought for in the past I leave behind.  
I have found the wealth I sought for, in the kingdom of the mind.  
With a soul, serene, self-centered, I can strive, deserve, and wait;  
For I know, through all the eons, I am captain of my fate.

# DREAMS AND VISIONS

## A RECORD OF FACTS

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

I confess that it was not without trepidation that I opened the "Dreams and Visions" Department of the Coming Age with my own experiences openly acknowledged as such. But the experience of seven months has proved that many persons have not only found the department deeply interesting, but those who objected to taking the initiative have embraced the first opportunity opened to relate similar experiences of their own.

No person can claim to be one of a kind,—there are always to be found others who have similar thoughts and feelings. It is deeply gratifying at all times to find one's self in good company, and during the half-year of its existence our Dream and Vision Department has had contributions from men and women of unquestioned probity, from doctors of divinity, doctors of philosophy, and doctors of

medicine, giving remarkable experiences in dreams, visions, mental telepathy, etc.

And, while not all have chosen to give their names to the public, not one has hesitated to give to the Society for Psychological Research, of which Dr. Richard Hodgson is the honored secretary, their names and addresses, and every means of thoroughly investigating the phenomena their experience presented.

The beautiful dreams and visions signed A. V., with their spiritual interpretation, have given me courage to offer some of my own experiences of this kind which were interpreted by a learned and venerable Bible scholar.

We hope our second volume may grow in interest, and we cordially invite all interested in the higher education and unfoldment of the human mind to come forward freely and contribute to this department.

## A SYMBOLIC DREAM VISION: WITH INTERPRETATION BY A BIBLE SCHOLAR

Two years ago, while I was very ill, in a dream I was driving with my sister. The horse and phaeton were my own. We were going through a beautifully wooded road. The trees on either side were tall and straight. There was no underbrush and no gnarled trees to be seen. Presently we came to water. My sister had the lines. I noticed the water was wide and apparently deep, but clear. She said to me, "You take the lines, sister, and drive, as your horse is more accustomed to you, and this appears to be a dangerous place." I said, "No; just

keep straight on," and she drove straight on into the water, which extended as far ahead as we could see. Presently I noticed that the horse was swimming, and I wondered, "How long can the horse swim and draw this load?" I was not frightened. The horse swam easily and quietly. The phaeton floated, and no water came into it at all. After a little time the horse's feet struck a hard rock bottom, and he went out of the water, up onto a beautiful bank where was situated a large and peculiarly constructed house or temple, such as I had



never seen. Into this we went. I am not conscious of where we left the horse, but my sister and I went in together. The interior was grand and impressive. The walls were of crimson and gold. We entered through arches. The exterior of the building was square. We walked through the main building into a small chamber. I said, "Sister, we have made a mistake. This is the temple of some secret society; we have no business here and must go away."

We did not go out, but seated ourselves on the floor of this small but beautiful room. A masked man came in and deposited mail matter—papers and letters—in a receptacle which stood in the center of the room for that purpose, and immediately walked out. The man who brought this mail came in at a door at the left, and returned the same way. There were two doors, one at the right and one at the left. He was blindfolded so that he could not see what surrounded him. Presently there was an assembling in the main hall as if for entertainment. Instead of being called intruders, we were very warmly welcomed, and some one who had charge of affairs there brought to me a beautiful crystal bowl, with a handle, filled with a ruby-colored liquid or jelly-like substance, and told me to drink it. The man who brought the liquid came in at the right-hand door.

While standing there with my sister, I said, "I am going to tell you a secret; I am going to have a child—I have told no one else, for they would laugh at me." She seemed to receive the announcement seriously and as a fact, and asked me how long it would be until my expectations were realized. I said I thought four or five months, and she agreed with me, and said that would bring it to November or December.

#### INTERPRETATION.

The way, road, is the truth which one follows. The two sisters, those who are in truth from the good of charity from the Lord, traveling along the way together, are the will and understanding conjoined, or married, moving in harmony in the investigation and practice of the truth.

The tall well-formed trees (without any brush or brambles representing falsities) speak of clear perception of the truths investigated. The water approached by them, which could not be passed over without swimming, signifies celestial intelligence, or wisdom, far above the natural man.

Those riding and driving—in this case, celestial—signify that the internal rational, the celestial, is opened, or prophetic of its opening.

No water came into the buggy, nothing of falsity entered into the doctrine, no inundation of truth falsified.

The rock upon which the horse (intelligence) rested his feet is the ultimate sense of the Word, upon which rests the good and truth of faith.

Ground is now reached upon which stands a house or temple. The regenerate is called ground when celestial seeds are implanted therein.

House here signifies the will principle. The truths—celestial seeds,—learned and perceived by investigation, intelligently performed—represented by swimming and navigating,—are now freely received by the will to be at once applied to the life.

Walls stand for truths for protection and defense.

Their color, red and yellow, would signify those truths made good by use, for good in heaven is presented in blue, yellow, and red.

"We have no business here," and seating themselves on the floor, represents humility.

The man, truth, entering a door on the left, understanding, signifies influx and perception of truth in the will.

"Masked" signifies truth not of man's invention, or discovery, or origination in any way.

Assembly in the great hall stands for all the soul's faculties (multitude), to be instructed and refreshed by celestial truth represented by the crystal cup, and its contents, ruby in color, representing Divine truth for good celestial.

The man came by the right-hand door, truth from good.

The child signifies celestial love and its innocence.

"Four or five months," the beginning of a new state at the end of the preceding state. It may also include some beautiful service or use that Providence will bring to the birth through her.

In November I had another most beautiful dream, that my child was born

and was a lovely boy. My life, which had been despaired of, seemed given back to me. In December I was able to travel, and my first work was a story of "Mental Telepathy, Ancient and Modern," or a truth of which the boy child might have been symbolic.

## THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE; OR, WHAT IS IT TO BE CALLED?

In the winter of 1869 I was agent for our college, and on a Monday I started on a round trip of four weeks to secure an endowment fund.

As I started off I said to my family: You may expect me home four weeks from to-morrow night (Tuesday). I finished my work, and the last Sunday found me sixty miles from home.

After morning service I asked some of our leading men if we could not have the second service at half-past two in the afternoon instead of evening, as then I could start for home at four o'clock and get so far on my way that evening that I could reach home on Monday, instead of Tuesday evening, as promised. They consented, and it was so done. At ten o'clock in the evening I was well on my way, and being happy in the thought I drew up my lines and slapped my horse on the side, saying, "Go on, Tom, home to-morrow night and surprise them all."

Having made twenty miles I put up for the night at eleven o'clock. During the night it snowed several inches, and Monday proved a day of slavish traveling for my horse, as the loose snow filled the road. At half-past ten I sighted our north window, in which was a light, and I feared sickness in my family, for the college rule was, "All lights out at ten o'clock." Reaching home, I slipped my horse into his stall, and, not waiting to unharness, I ran to the house to see who was sick, but instead found wife waiting for me with supper ready. As she smiled a welcome, I said,

"How's this?"

To which she playfully replied, "Ah, old fellow, I knew you were coming to-night, and would have waited until morning for you."

"But to-morrow night was the time promised, you know," said I.

"Yes," said she; "but last night H." (our daughter) "was sleeping with me, and I saw you traveling, and heard you say cheerily, 'Go on, Tom, home to-morrow night and surprise them all,' at the same time slapping your horse with the lines. At once I was awake, and awaking H. I said, 'Your father is coming home to-morrow night.' 'No,' said she, 'Tuesday night.' I then related to her what I had seen and heard."

"Well, well," said I; "it did all occur just as you have related it."

Now, the solution of this and similar occurrences is not difficult. In sleep we see things enacted in the world of spirits, and hear as well. The natural distance between wife and me was more than forty miles. But in spirit there was neither time nor space between us, for there is no time or space to thought and affection, and these are to be predicated of the spirit only. Besides this, there are disembodied spirits with each and all of us continually. Hence the spirits with me instantly communicated my thoughts to the spirits with her, and through them the facts were impressed upon her mind or spirit.

A. V.

# ORIGINAL FICTION

## CLAIRE'S AFTERNOON

BY ERNEST H. CROSBY

Claire was happy. She had visited the Good Samaritan Society's soup-house in Hester street a few days before, and as she had seen the crowd of listless men, elbowing women, and shivering children gather before the door and stare in through the big shop-front window, and afterward file in when the door was opened and devour their plate of soup and carry off their loaf of bread, she had felt sad and helpless in face of all this misery. In the rear of the room there were piles of second-hand clothing and hats and boots, which were doled out to those whose cases seemed especially deserving. It was there behind the counter that Claire had stood, and she had become interested in a rough-looking young man who was trying to find a pair of boots that would fit him. His own were in tatters, and the snow was melting against his foot, for he had no stockings. She had asked him why he was not at work, and he had said that he could find nothing to do. It seemed that he was a truck-driver and that he used to be regularly employed, but times were slack and he hardly ever got a day's work. He gave her the names of two or three men who had employed him. He had a wife and two little children; she could not help him to earn anything, as she was not strong enough. They had been turned out of their tenement, and now they were in lodgings for a week; but in a day or two they would be put out on the street, and he had not a cent for food, and consequently he came twice a day to the soup-house and took home what he could for his wife to eat. He was not a prepossessing fellow; his

faded greenish-black ragged coat was too small for him, and it was buttoned tightly across his chest; his shirt was filthy, and he had evidently not had a bath in many weeks, nor could Claire be positive that he never drank. But for some reason she could not get him out of her mind, and the quarter which she had given him did not satisfy her. On the morrow she had met her Uncle John, and he had promised to try the man as a stable-man in the stables of a company of which he was a director. On this promise she had hurried off to see the former employers of her protegee, and had heard a good word for him from each of them; they had no work for him, however, for they were obliged to discharge some of their men, and they had other drivers who had been with them longer or who were more efficient. And now with the good news of a job Claire is on her way to the house in Henry street, where the man had said that he was living.

Claire was happy. She did not notice the heaps of dirty black snow in the street with ashes and filth lying on it; she was oblivious of the dead cat that sprawled at the side of an overflowing ash-barrel; she almost forgot the swarms of little children playing round her, although she had a fondness for children which even dirt could not quench. She went up the steps of the house, an old two-story brick house with a sloping roof and attic, and rang the bell. A child's voice was heard inside calling upon its mother to come to the door, and at last a slatternly woman opened it and asked roughly what Claire wanted.

"Does Mrs. Murray live here?"

"No, she doesn't," and slam went the door in her face.

Claire's countenance fell. Then he was an impostor, and all that the Charily Organization Society people said was true about the undeserving character of the poor. She had never believed it,—she would not believe it; and yet her first attempt to do good was a failure,—the man had lied. But she heard the child's voice again:

"Ma, that woman up-stairs is callin' yer."

And then a thin voice came from above:

"Was anybody asking for anybody by the name of Murray?"

"Yes, there was," answered the woman who had opened the door, in a cross, harsh tone; "and if your name's Murray why on airth didn't yer say so? I've no patience with them sort of folks," she added in a lower voice, as she unbolted the door again.

Claire entered and went up the rickety stairs. The door at the landing was open, and in it stood a slim, girlish figure in an old black wrapper, with a baby in her arms. "I'm Mrs. Murray," she said, and Claire followed her into the room. It was an ordinary lodging-house room, with a bed, a wash-stand, one chair, and a stove without a fire. The woman sat down on the bed and pulled the bed-clothes round her and the child; she seemed blue with cold, and yet it was not very chilly in the room; at least Claire thought so, but she had been walking and was excited, and besides she was accustomed to three good meals a day. Claire sat down on the chair, and waited a moment for the woman to say something; but she kept silence and showed no curiosity whatever, and nothing but gloom and cold could be detected in her thin, childlike face.

"I met your husband at the soup-house," the visitor said, finally. "Has he got any work yet?"

"No; he does a little along shore now and then. Yesterday he made sixty cents. He has been gone all day looking for work, and I was just going to warm a

little coffee for him. It's almost as good as a fire."

"Haven't you any coal?"

"No; we used up what we had on Monday. I heat the coffee over the lamp."

"Is this your furniture?"

"Oh, no, ma'am. We had such a nice set from Stalment, Grabbe & Co.'s; it cost fifty dollars, and we had paid fourteen on it, and then we fell behind two weeks and they took it away. That's why we had to leave our flat."

"What a shame," cried Claire. "And so you lost your fourteen dollars altogether?"

"Oh, that's nothing. I had a friend of mine and she paid forty-eight dollars out of fifty, and she couldn't pay the last two dollars and they took the things back."

"Why, that's downright stealing!" said Claire.

"Oh, I don't know," said the woman, in a tired way. "I suppose they must have their money. It isn't their fault that we can't get work."

Claire was dumbfounded. She felt that a little revolution was ready to break out within her, and here this weary, lifeless woman had not even pluck enough to agree with her.

"How is your baby?" she asked, to turn the conversation. "I thought you had two children."

"Yes, we have. The boy is two years old. My aunt has had him up in Eighty-eighth street for a month, but her husband won't keep him any longer. He's a good man, but he's got no room, and the kid eats like a horse."

"And this is a girl, is it?" said Claire, looking dubiously at the thin, pallid skull of the child, wrapped up in a confused mass of dirty clothing. It looked almost like that of an old man, and Claire had not the courage to touch it. "Of course she's a girl, and she's as good as gold. She never cries, and if I put her on the bed and go out for two hours, I find her just in the same place and as quiet as you please." For a moment Claire could fancy that the woman knew how to smile sometimes. She rose to go.



"You expect to stay here, don't you?" she asked.

"I'm sure I don't know. Our rent is paid till to-morrow night, and we shall have to leave then unless we can raise two dollars. Perhaps Tom will have something to-night."

"Where will you go then?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied the girl, and she seemed far less interested in the question than Claire.

"Your landlord must be a brute if he turns you out."

"It ain't a man; it's a woman," said she. "But what can she do? She must have her rent, I suppose."

Claire felt the revolution stirring again, but she controlled herself and took out her purse and handed the girl two dollars. She took the money without saying even "Thank you."

"Good-bye," said Claire, holding out her hand and trying not to see how dirty the hand held out to her was. "But, dear me, I came near forgetting what I came for. I have got a place for your husband. Here is the address. Tell him to call there to-morrow morning at seven. I hope you'll never be in such trouble again. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, ma'am, I'm sure he'll be very thankful." But the voice showed no thanks, and Claire sighed as she went down-stairs.

It is not easy to stifle the feeling of pleasure in a healthy young woman of twenty who is conscious of having done a good deed, and as Claire went up town in a Fourth Avenue car she was soon engaged in building castles. Tom Murray would do well in his new place. He must take a flat again in some good tenement house and she would advance fifty dollars for new furniture, and he could pay back a dollar a month. And then she thought of herself dropping in on a Saturday half-holiday, not as a Lady Bountiful, but as a sister, and finding the whole family at home, and they would all be so fond of her and she would be so happy to see them. Tom would be holding the baby and the little boy would be playing in the corner, and the young mother would be singing over the range and would look up so brightly and welcome

her with such a smile as she came in. Claire saw some carriages drawn up before an awning on Madison avenue. "Another tiresome reception," she thought. How could sensible people pass their days in that way when so much pleasure could be had for the asking?

"And there's Helen," she thought, meaning her sister, "running about day after day to this kind of thing! She doesn't know what life is. I will tell her all about it as soon as I get home, and then, when I've convinced her, I'll convert papa and mamma at dinner."

She rushed up-stairs to her sister's room and burst in at the door, and there Helen sat at her dressing-table brushing out her hair with an ivory brush.

"Oh, Helen—" she cried; but Helen turned round with such a scowl on her face that Claire's enthusiasm was damped.

"What in the world is it, Claire?" asked her sister in a petulant voice. "You are always so excitable."

"Oh, nothing at all," said Claire, more calmly, but still breathless. "I can tell you just as well another time. What has happened?"

"It's that tiresome Jane," said Helen. "You know how much I do for her. Why, only last week when her sister was dying I put up my own hair for two days and I never complained at all, and I am always doing things like that for her. But you can't expect gratitude from people of that class. I can't help wishing there were no lower classes at all, although I suppose that is very wicked."

Claire bit her lip. She feared that she could not begin to talk without a quarrel, and she felt inclined to cry at her disappointment in finding no one to share her new philanthropic joy with.

"What has Jane done so dreadful?" she hazarded.

"Why, it's her afternoon out, and she knows perfectly well that I wanted my black velvet dress left out for me, and she has gone out without doing it. I believe she has done it on purpose."

"Oh, no, Helen. I don't believe that. Jane is forgetful sometimes, but then I forget so many things that I can't find it in me to be very angry."

"Claire, that's pure cant, and you know it. You are not paid to do things, and she is. But servants are all just the same."

"I'm not exactly paid," said Claire, "but I live pretty well, and I don't know exactly what it's for; but I must go and get ready for dinner."

Claire went to her room, thinking: "We don't speak the same language, Helen and I. It's no use trying to be understood."

As she stood before her looking-glass she sighed.

"There," she thought, "I am sighing again just as I did in that house in Henry street. It seems that all my conversations end in sighs."

But she saw herself smiling in the glass in spite of herself. The new apartment and the happy family would assert themselves and get the upper hand in her mind. And Claire was still happy, but Helen and papa and mamma never knew why.

## SOME CURIOUS QUESTIONS ASKED BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

William Cullen Bryant was noted for his genial and even disposition, but his voluminous daily mail often almost proved too much for his good temper. At one time, when writing to a friend, he said, "Is there a penny-post, do you think, in the world to come? Do people there write for autographs to those who have gained a little notoriety? Do women there send letters asking for money? Do boys persecute literary men with requests for a course of reading? Are there offices in that sphere which are coveted, and to obtain which men are pestered to write letters of recommendation? If

anything of this kind takes place in the spirit-world, it may, perhaps, be of a purgatorial nature, or, perhaps, be the fate of the incorrigible sinner. Here on earth this discipline never ends, and if it exists at all in the other world it is of a kind which will never cease. On this account I am inclined to believe that the punishment for sin may be of endless duration; for here the annoyances and miseries which I have mentioned cease with death, and in the other world—where there is no death—they will, of course, never come to an end."

## A POETIC WAIF BY VICTOR HUGO

Victor Hugo was one of the most versatile of the illustrious writers of the present century. In the presence of injustice and wrong no one could be more stern or terribly severe. His pictures of life and nature are among the noblest art creations in literature; but from the sublime to the terrible he could pass to the delicate and the beautiful. In the following little poem, entitled "The Rose and the Tomb," we have a fine illustration of this:

The tomb said to the rose:

"With the tears by morning shed

What doest thou, flower of love?"

And the sweet rose answering said,

"What doest thou with that which falls  
Within thine ever open walls?"

Said the rose, "O somber tomb,

I make, when night shades lower,  
Of these tears a sweet perfume."

Said the tomb, "O plaintive flower,  
Of every soul that to me hies,  
I make an angel of the skies."

# WHO HATH SINNED?\*

## THE STORY OF A SCIENTIST

### CHAPTER XXII.

When I entered Ruth's room I was again impressed how little things make up the sum of life. I had remembered only the great events of this woman's life. Her birth and marriage I had conceived of as being the chief occurrences, while she clung to thoughts unknown to others, lessons untaught by masters, emblems unexplained by science. Her fairy-tale book was there, with its illuminated pages, where she had learned of the good fairies that helped the unfortunate with their work, and had likewise occupied the chairs in her otherwise dull chamber in those days of toil. They had turned to angels now, and were invisible to mortal eye, but they were the very same that in olden times people called fairies,—the good and the evil. The girl from whose lips the toads dropped stood for those of evil words, and she from whose lips the pearls fell represented the good and the true.

I saw now what had sustained her those long silent years. She had lived in the thought realm, believing in the beautiful and the true, and seeing it where it was invisible to others.

She spoke to me of her husband. "I can lift the pall now and look upon my sacred dead; for but for him and his errors, and his sad life, all this knowledge of God's goodness had not been mine. His was thus a sad mission to perform; but he has played the great tragedy of his life and passed on. I see him now beyond the drop, the stage garments off, the mask removed."

"But you cannot mean to say that he was thus punished in order to instruct you?"

"Certainly not. His punishment was but the natural consequence of his errors, just as mine was; but only God knows

how much he suffered, and how sincerely he repented."

By her childish simplicity and faith, which was a principal feature of her character from her earliest childhood, many phenomena of her riper years may be explained, that must appear wholly inexplicable to every one who had not had an opportunity to become acquainted with this trait in her character. When irritated by injustice, she was ready to oppose the perpetrator of it with her utmost force and with a kind of frantic courage forgetful of every danger. However cruel her imagination might appear on certain occasions, I knew her heart was never so. Her tender frame withered in the demoniacal atmosphere of evil thought or suggestion, as a flower withers in the scorching blast of a furnace.

One evening soon after our return home from the commission we had performed for Louis a servant entered and announced a visitor. She sent up no card, and asked that she might see Ruth alone. After a short time Ruth returned, saying it was old Mrs. Davis, and that she had prevailed upon her to remain over night, but that she must return on the morning train, as her daughter was not well. She was fatigued and Ruth took her to a room, and we saw nothing of her, as her breakfast was served there. After she was gone Ruth said:

"She came to tell me something that has long been on her mind and that she could not die without saying. She went over her son's life from the cradle to our marriage. It was identical with that of Adiel, except that he had never liked to work and looked down upon persons who worked, and thus made many bitter enemies; that he had been a loving son, a devoted church-member in his youth; that when about nineteen he met a girl with

whom he fell desperately in love, but who, considering him only a boy, trifled with him awhile and married a rich man older than her father; that this shook his faith in women; that then he entered the army in the Civil War. She drew a vivid picture of the fine specimen of manhood he was in his captain's uniform, and said that, flattered and courted as he was, he soon fell a prey to his fatal heredity; that when he returned home he continued his dissipated career, and his father kept him on the farm, where they lived until after the father's death and they moved to my native town. He fancied a strong resemblance to his lost love in me, and told her he would marry me for this reason. Tired of his presence and dissipation, she hoped the marriage might result in good, but never believed it. Her remorse is that she did not go to my father, or come to me, and tell me the misery that lay before me and do all in her power to save me. All of which I assured her was a useless regret, as I probably should have done just as I had done, which seemed a great relief to her. She says her daughter, Mrs. Mason, is dying of quick consumption."

I do not give all the details of this visit. It was sufficient to establish that the planetary conditions under which Davis was born described his disposition and tendencies exactly in youth, and that environment and association had verified them to the letter to the end of his life; also the fact that Mrs. Mason, the sister of this intemperate man, who has never tasted liquor in any form, or any stimulating or narcotic drugs (so great her prejudice), was still confirming my conviction that the nervous disease predisposing to intemperance in families usually leads to consumption when the symptoms appear and are not treated with liquor or stimulants; and that grief, or any shock produced by grief, might start the signs of the fearful heredity. Just as Davis had begun, after his disappointment in love, and Adiel after his fatal error, which caused him such remorse, and both had proved science correct that the tendency to hereditary evil is born in a person, and may be developed

or killed according to the wisdom or ignorance of the person.

Ruth was very thoughtful for many days after this visit, and to my question of the cause she answered:

"I have been thinking how little any woman knows the motives from which she is wooed and won. I little thought it was love for another lost and mourned that caused John to woo me with fond words and fair promises. Would there be so many marriages if these things could be understood? If Mrs. Davis had come to me and told me this it would have been far more effective in those days of pride and self-love than anything else, perhaps. Ah me! I told her it might have been just the same, but, pondering the subject well, I am quite sure with this information then it would all have been very different."

"Think no more of it, dear child," I said; "let it go with all the dead past."

"Yes, yes; I must. But such sorrow has come through ignorance. Yet how selfish to regret. Which of us is not the better for it?"

We were spending the summer at the sea-side, and our cottage was occupied to its fullest capacity with Ruth, her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Heine, Lucia, and Adiel. Louis and I had rooms at a hotel, but spent our waking hours at the cottage.

It seems that it cannot be far distant now until our dear boy goes on before us on that long journey. He is fading perceptibly,—cannot sit up for a whole day, but each morning he walks out upon the beach.

Like his mother in her illness, when his came to the purified state he seemed to read our every thought, and he read Louis Heine's secret. This morning he told him so, and Louis confessed to him—that I had long wondered about—that he loved deeply, and with all the strength of his great nature, purified by sorrow and repentance, our Ruth; and Adiel said:

"Let it be very soon. Go to my mother, and tell her I wish to see you her husband before I die. It will be the one thing that can make my death easy."

I knew her parents' feelings toward him. I knew Ruth honored him. I could not tell if she loved him. I knew



his parents loved her of all women, and yet Louis faltered and feared.

"I?" he said,—"I, doctor, once the owner of a bar, a glittering, gilded hell that lured to shame and sorrow, death and despair, such men as her son? I dare not. Go you first, and let me know what I may expect."

I returned to him with my assurance of her honor and esteem. I went no further. She was convinced that he had repented and sought to save those whom, in a love of wealth, he had heedlessly laid a pitfall for. It was for him to learn from her own lips that she would share his holy labor in bringing them to a safe harbor with the Lord's guidance; and they were quietly married.

The cottage had been beautifully and appropriately decorated, and Adiel had seemed to take a new lease of life those few days of preparation.

### CHAPTER XIII.

In talking over the school to be established, in which our dear boy was so much interested that new life seemed infused into him, I listened often to the discussions of Mr. Heine and Louis. The old gentleman was more impulsive than his son, and one would have thought, to hear without seeing them, he was the son and Louis the father.

"We have too much freedom here in America," he would begin,—"much too much."

"Man can only develop with freedom, unlimited freedom, father. God created him so, when he made the laws governing his life. He said emphatically, 'Thou shalt not break any of these laws;' but he did not say, I shall prevent you from doing so."

"But America is not God, even though she takes a goddess for her emblem of liberty. See what the goddess does! She holds up her torch and cries welcome to every nation of the earth; freedom for all peoples,—freedom to open your hell-gates at the doors of her churches; freedom to sell liquor to men, women, and children; freedom to open your wine-cellar and entice women and children there; freedom to let you take another man's

wife there; freedom to do this, that, and the other."

The old gentleman paused in his vehemence, and, looking round at me, his glance fell upon Adiel, who stood in the archway listening attentively to every word the old gentleman had said in the mixed English and German that always came to his lips when excited.

His presence, his gentle manner, his voice, almost touching in its subdued tones, frequently caused these lulls in a conversation, especially upon a topic that was so nearly associated in all his thoughts with past joy and sorrow, success and failure.

He bowed reverently to the doctor, and, in his usual courteous way, comprehended Louis and myself in one look of recognition.

"Do not let me disturb you, Dr. Heine," he said.

"No, mein Sohn; may be I have said too much already."

"May I reply to what you have said, for I have heard it all?" he asked, gently.

"Yes, of course."

"Your son answered just as I do in regard to the freedom of America and Americans. Unlimited freedom is God's divinest law. We have it without stint or limit; therefore we may call it God's own country. Freedom to open the hell-gates, as you designate saloons, at the very doors of her churches. Yes. But each man is as free to enter the church as the saloon. Indeed, he is invited there, while no saloon-keeper ever invites men to his saloon. I do not remember of a saloon-keeper ever asking me to take a drink; certainly none ever lured me there. They are their brothers' enemies, you say. Well, doctor, I drank with my friends, as the world goes in its friendship. It seems to me quite right that the church is found always near these pitfalls. If men did not see the curse of the saloon, they would not seek anything better. Freedom is only a choice between good and evil. There would be no freedom in taking good if there was no evil; no choice in taking evil, if there was no good.

"Man is born in the midst of infernal societies, and expands into them precisely

as he develops the evil affections of his will. Man is only reformed by means of freedom, never otherwise. To compel himself is to act from freedom; but to be compelled is not so. Therefore, arbitrary human laws for the reformation of man are in opposition to God's laws; for they seek to compel a man to do or not to do what God gives him perfect freedom to do or not to do. Not until man sees sin as sin, and hates it, does he willingly give it up. Then temptation ceases to allure him, and becomes loathsome. He passes the saloon and enters the church. There is no law that can compel a man to drink, and no law that can keep him from it. When men see the evil in it the saloons will close for want of patronage; but legislation can never kill error or crime of any kind. Education, true education alone, can do it."

"Father, my dear father, Adiel is right. Here in America, our beloved America, father, the greatest country on the earth, our Fatherland not excepted, is the place to begin this glorious work. America in her freedom is the land that makes greatness and true goodness possible; for freedom, unlimited freedom, is God's own law," said Louis.

"Yes, yes, Louis; you have right,—the greatest, the best of all countries. It

seems like a blemish in the heavens to see a fault in America."

"Not braver men or purer women grace the world; but we are young, and must grow perfect with age and experience. Adiel and I shall try to find a sweet haven of rest and peace and usefulness for the returning prodigals, shall we not, my boy?"

He had risen, and, laying his hand on Adiel's shoulder, they walked out together, leaving Dr. Heine and myself to ponder on their words and their work. That they were right in their convictions, we both silently admitted; and that the work of establishing a safe retreat for these returning prodigals was the very noblest they could engage in, we also agreed. But the dear old doctor could never think of Adiel and his broken health without pouring out a torrent of abuse upon saloons, saloon-keepers, and always ended by assailing the laws that permitted such destruction. Yet he was the most loyal of men to his adopted country, and always, as now, his wrath subsided into a calm, thoughtful mood, wherein he was glorying in America. What a great, loving heart his was, tender and impetuous as a woman's, fond and enduring as a mother's, brave, strong, unselfish! What wonder that his own and only son was the truest, the most faithful of men!

*(To be continued.)*

## VICTOR HUGO ON EDUCATION AND CRIME

Victor Hugo was a great believer in education. By way of illustrating his oft-repeated affirmation that education more than aught else would reduce crime, and that the hope of future civilization depended on the universality of the light of knowledge, he cited the following facts, taken from the record of the penitentiary of Toulon, in 1862, where there were three thousand and ten prisoners. Of these Hugo observes: "Forty knew a little more than to read and write, nine hun-

dred and four read badly and wrote badly, seventeen hundred and seventy-nine could neither read nor write. In this wretched crowd, all the merely mechanical trades were represented by numbers decreasing as you rise toward the enlightened professions, and you arrive at this final result: Goldsmiths and jewelers in the prison, four; ecclesiastics, three; attorneys, two; actors, one; musicians, one; men of letters, not one."

# HEALTH AND HOME

EDITED BY

MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

"Dietetics is the unknown science of life," writes one of the greatest of living scientists in a recent letter to us. We shall aim to give our readers all that we can find of greatest interest on this absorbing subject.

the most useful as well as interesting that can be found in print to-day. He has given to the world a frank confession of his early sins, that wrecked his health before he had arrived at the age of forty, and confers a lasting favor upon the world

*A. P. A. B.*  
Sure and Certain  
**METHODS**

Of attaining a  
*Long and Healthful Life:*  
WITH  
Means of Correcting a Bad  
Constitution, &c.

WRITTEN  
Originally in *ITALIAN*  
By *LEWIS CORNARO*, a  
Noble *Venetian*, when he was  
near an hundred years of Age.

And made *English* by *W. Jones, A. B.*

The Second Edition.

LONDON: Printed for *Tho. Leigh and  
Dan. Midwinter*, at the *Rose and Crown*  
in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*. 1704.

**DISCORSI  
DI LUIGI CORNARO**

INTORNO

**ALLA VITA SOBRIA**

*L'ARTE*

DI GODERE SANITÀ PERFETTA

**DI LEONARDO LESSIO**

*E DISCORSO*

**DI ANTONIO COCCHI**

SUL

**VITTO PITAGORICO**

MILANO

PER GIOVANNI SILVESTRI

1841

The life of Lewis Cornaro, a Venetian nobleman, proves the efficacy of a strict regimen. His autobiography is perhaps

by giving the precise method by which he regained his health and attained to a remarkable old age—the century mark—

without having experienced any of the infirmities of old age.

It is a well-known fact that many people in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries wrote imaginary autobiographies and sketches, which bore the appearance of verity, but were in reality fiction, or largely so. For this reason we have been very careful to establish the fact that this work is in reality what it seems to be.

A most interesting article entitled "Long Life and Natural Death," by the late Richard A. Proctor, the eminent

astronomer, in one of our magazines, gave a brief sketch of this remarkable man as an instance of the value of a regimen, and reference to the fact of his having written his autobiography when near one hundred years of age. This article gave us a great desire to find this wonderful work. When we did so we believed it would be a service to our readers to furnish it to them from the original translation in English in 1704.

This book has been printed in several different languages, originally, of course, in Italian.

## THE SURE WAY OF ATTAINING A LONG AND HEALTHFUL LIFE

BY LUDOVICO CORNARO

### CHAPTER I.

#### OF A SOBER AND REGULAR LIFE.

Nothing is more certain than that custom becomes a second nature, and has a great influence upon our bodies. Nay, it has too often more power over the mind than reason itself. The honestest man alive, in keeping company with libertines, by degrees forgets the maxims of probity which he had imbibed from the very breast, and gives himself the loose in those vices which he sees practiced. If he be so happy as to relinquish that bad company, and to meet with better, virtue will triumph in its turn; and he insensibly resumes the wisdom which he had abandoned. In a word, all the alterations which we perceive in the temper, carriage, and manners of most men have scarce any other foundation but the force and prevalence of custom.

I have observed that it is custom which has given rise to two very dangerous evils within a little time in Italy; the first I reckon to be flattery and ceremonies; and the second intemperance both in eating and drinking. The first of these banishes out of human conversation all plain-dealing, frankness, and sincerity; and against the latter I declare open war, as being the most destructive of health and the greatest enemy it has.

'Tis an unhappiness into which the men of this age are fallen, that variety of dishes is *A-la-mode*, and become so far preferable to frugality. And yet the one is the product of temperance, whilst pride and an unrestrained appetite is the parent of the other. Notwithstanding the difference of their origin, yet prodigality is at present styled

magnificence, generosity, and grandeur, and is commonly esteemed of in the world; whilst frugality passes for avarice and sordidness of spirit in the eyes of most men. Here is a visible error which custom and habit have established. This error has so far seduced us, that it has prevailed upon us to renounce a frugal way of living, though taught us by nature even from the first age of the world, as being that which would prolong our days, and has cast us into those excesses which serve only to abridge the number of them. We become old before we have been able to taste the pleasure of being young; and the time which ought to be the summer of our lives is often the beginning of their winter. We soon perceive our strength to fail, and weakness to come on apace, and decline even before we come to perfection. On the contrary, sobriety maintains us in the natural state wherein we ought to be; our youth is lasting, and our manhood attended with a vigor that does not begin to decay till after a great many years. A whole century must be run out before wrinkles can be formed on the face, or gray hairs grow in the head. This is so true that, when men were not addicted to voluptuousness, they had more strength and vivacity at four-score than we have at present at forty.

O unhappy Italy! Dost thou not perceive that gluttony and excess robs thee every year of more inhabitants than pestilence, war, and famine could have destroyed? Thy true plagues are thy frequent feasts, which are so extravagant that no tables can be made large enough to hold that number of dishes which prodigality lays upon them, but they are forced to be heaped upon one another in pyramids. What madness, what



fury, is this? Regulate this disorder, if not for God's sake, yet for thy own. I am sure there is no sin that displeases him more, nor any voluptuousness that can be more pernicious to thyself. Endeavor, then, to heal thyself of this as being one of those epidemical distempers from which thou mayest be preserved by wholesome food, and by the precautions that may prevent them. 'Tis very easy to avoid the evils which an excess in eating or drinking may bring upon us; nor is it any hard matter to find out a sovereign remedy against repletion, since nature itself has taught us it. Let us only give it what it requires, and not overcharge it, for a small matter suffices nature. The rules of temperance are derived from those of right reason. Let us accustom ourselves to eat only to support life. What is more than necessary for our nourishment sows the seeds of sickness and death. 'Tis a pleasure for which we must pay very dear, and which can neither be innocent nor excusable, since it may be so prejudicial to us.

How many have I seen cut off in the flower of their days by the unhappy custom of high feeding! How many excellent friends has gluttony deprived me of, who might have been still an ornament to the world, an honor to their country, and have occasioned me as much satisfaction in enjoying them, as now I have sorrow in losing them!

'Tis to put a stop to this spreading contagion that I have undertaken to show in this small tract that the number and variety of dishes is a fatal abuse which ought to be corrected, by living soberly, as did the patriarchs of old. Several young persons, who for their good qualities merit my esteem, having lost their fathers sooner than they could have expected, have expressed a great desire of being acquainted with my manner of living. I could not but think their curiosity very reasonable, since nothing is more reasonable than to wish for long life. The more we advance in years, the larger will our experience be; and if nature, which aims only at our good, advises us to grow old and concurs with us in that design, 'tis because she is sensible that the body being weakened by time, which destroys all things, the mind when disengaged from the snares of voluptuousness, is more at leisure to make use of its reason, and to taste the sweets of virtue. Thereupon I was willing to satisfy those persons, and at the same time to do some service to the public, by declaring what were the motives that induced me to renounce intemperance and live a sober life; by showing the method I observed and what benefit I find thereby; and lastly, by demonstrating that nothing can be more beneficial to a man than to observe a regimen, that it is practicable and very necessary to be followed.

I say, then, that the weakness of my constitution, which was considerably increased

by my way of living, cast me into so deplorable a condition, that I was forced to bid a final adieu to all feasting, to which I had all my life long a violent inclination. I was so often engaged in excesses of this kind, that my tender constitution could not hold up under the fatigues of them. I fell into several distempers, such as pains of the stomach, the cholick, and the gout. I had a lingering fever and an intolerable thirst continually hanging upon me. This made me despair of any cure, and though I was not above thirty-five or forty years old, yet I had no hope of finding any other end of my distempers but what should end my life, too.

The best physicians in Italy made use of all their skill for my recovery, but without success. At last, when they quite despaired of me, they told me that they knew only of one remedy that could cure me if I had resolution enough to undertake and continue it, to wit, a sober and regular life, which they exhorted me to live the remainder of my days, assuring me that, if intemperance had brought so many distempers, it was only temperance that could free me from them.

I relished this proposal, and perceived that, notwithstanding the miserable condition to which my intemperance had reduced me, yet I was not so incurable, but the contrary might recover or at least ease me. And I was the more easily persuaded to it, because I knew several persons of great age and a bad constitution, who only prolonged their lives by observing a regimen, whilst on the other hand I knew others who were born with a wonderful constitution, and yet broke it by their debaucheries. It seemed very natural to me that a different way of living and acting produces different effects, since art may conduce to correct, perfect, weaken, or destroy nature according to the good or bad use that is made of it.

The physicians, beginning to find me tractable, added to what they had before told me, that I must either choose a regimen or death; that I could not live if I did not follow their advice, and that if I deferred much longer taking my resolutions accordingly, it would be too late to do it. This was home; I was loath to die so soon, and I could not tell how to bear the thoughts of it; besides, I was convinced of their experience and ability. In short, being morally certain that my best way was to believe them, I resolved upon putting into practice this course of life, how austere soever it seemed to me.

I entreated my physicians to inform me exactly after what manner I ought to govern myself. To this they replied, that I must always manage myself as a sick person, eat nothing but what was good, and that in small quantity.

They had a long time before prescribed the same thing to me; but till then I made a jest of it. When I was cloyed with the diet

they ordered me, I did eat of all those meats which they had forbidden, and perceiving myself hot and dry, I drank wine in abundance. However, I do not boast of this my conduct; I was one of those imprudent patients who, not being able to resolve upon doing whatever is prescribed them for their health, mind nothing else but deceiving their physicians, though they prove the greatest cheats to themselves at last.

As soon as I resolved to believe my physicians, and thought that it was a disgrace not to have courage enough to be wise, I accustomed myself so much to live soberly, that I contracted a habit of so doing, without any trouble or violence offered to myself. In a little time I found relief, and (which may seem to some incredible) at the year's end I found myself not only on the mending hand, but I was perfectly cured of all my distempers.

When I saw I was recovered and began to taste the sweets of this sort of resurrection, I made abundance of reflections upon the usefulness of a regular life. I admired the efficacy of it, and perceived that if it had been so powerful as to cure me, it would be capable enough of preserving me from those distempers to which I had been always subject.

The experience I had thereof removing all further scruple, I began to study what food was proper for me. I was minded to try whether what pleased my taste were beneficial or prejudicial to my health, and whether the proverb were true which says, that what delights the palate cannot but be good for the heart. I found it to be false, and that it only serves as an excuse to the sensualists who are for indulging themselves in whatever might please their appetites.

Formerly I could not drink my wine with ice; I loved heady wines, melons, all sorts of raw fruits, salads, salt meats, high sauces and baked meats, notwithstanding they were prejudicial to me. Hereupon I made no account of the proverb, and being convinced of its falsity, I made choice of such wines and meats as agreed with my constitution; I proportioned the quantity thereof according to the strength of my stomach. I declined all diet that did not agree with me; and made it a law to myself to lay a restraint upon my appetite, so that I always arose from the table with a stomach to eat more if I pleased. In a word, I entirely renounced intemperance and made a vow to continue the remainder of my life under the same regimen that I had observed. A happy resolution this, the keeping whereof has freed me from all my infirmities, which without it were incurable! I never before lived a year together without falling once at least into some violent distemper; but this never happened to me afterwards; on the contrary, I have been always healthful ever since I have been temperate.

The nourishment which I take, being in quality and quantity just enough to suffice

nature, breeds no such corrupt humors as spoil the best constitutions. 'Tis true, indeed, that besides this precaution I made use of many others. For instance, I took care to keep myself from heats and colds; I abstained from all violent exercises, as also from ill-houses and women. I no longer lived in places where was an unwholesome air, and took special care to avoid the being exposed to violent winds, or to the excessive heat of the sun. All these cautions may seem morally impossible to those men who in their transactions in the world follow no other guides but their own passions; and yet they are not hard to be practiced, when a man can be so just to himself as to prefer the preservation of his health to all the pleasures of sense and necessary hurry of business.

I likewise found it advantageous to me not to abandon myself to melancholy, by banishing out of my mind whatever might occasion it. I made use of all the powers of my reason to restrain the force of those passions whose violence does often break the constitution of the strongest bodies. 'Tis true, indeed, that I was not always so much of a philosopher, nor yet so cautious, but that sometimes I fell into those disorders that I would have avoided; but this rarely happened, and the guard I kept over my appetite, which ought chiefly to be minded, prevented all the pernicious consequences which might have arisen from my petty irregularities.

This is certain, that the passions have less influence and cause less disorder in a body that is regular in its diet, than in another which gives the loose to the cravings of an inordinate appetite. Galen made this observation before me, and I might produce several authorities to support this opinion, but I will go only upon my own experience. It was impossible for me sometimes to abstain from the extremes of hot and cold, and to get an entire mastery over all the occasions of trouble which had crossed my whole life; but yet these emotions made no alteration in the state of my health; and I met with a great many instances of persons who sunk under a less weight both of body and mind.

There was in our family a considerable suit of law depending against some persons, whose might overcame our right. One of my brothers, and some of my relations, who, having never smarted for their debauches, were the more free to indulge them, could not conquer that concern which the loss of this suit of law wrought in them, and perfectly died of grief. I was as sensible as they were of the injustice that was done us, but I did not die for it; and I attribute their loss and my welfare to the difference in our way of living. I was made amends for that disgrace by the comfort I had of not sinking under it; and now make no manner of doubt but that the passions are less violent in a

man that lives soberly than in one that does not.

At seventy years of age I had another experiment of the usefulness of my regimen. A business of an extraordinary consequence drawing me into the country, my coach horses went faster than I would have them, being lashed with the whip, got ahead, and ran away with me. I was overthrown and dragged a long way before they could stop the horses. They took me out of the coach, with my head broken, a leg and an arm out of joint, and, in a word, in a very lamentable condition. As soon as they had brought me home again, they sent for the physicians, who did not expect I could live three days to an end. However, they resolved upon letting of me blood to prevent the coming of a fever, which usually happens in such cases. I was so confident that the regular life which I had led had prevented the contracting of any ill-humors which I might be afraid of, that I opposed their prescription. I ordered them to dress my head, to set my leg and my arm, to rub me with some specific oils proper for bruises, and without any other remedies I was soon cured, to the great astonishment of the physicians and of all those who knew me. From hence I infer that a regular life is an excellent preservative against all natural evils, and that intemperance produces quite contrary effects.

About four years ago I was overpersuaded to do a thing which had like to have cost me dear. My relations whom I love, and who have a real tenderness for me; my friends with whom I was willing to comply in anything that was reasonable; lastly, my physicians, who were looked upon as oracles of health, did all agree that I eat too little; that the nourishment I took was not sufficient for one of my years; that I ought not only to support nature, but likewise to increase the vigor of it by eating a little more than I did. It was in vain for me to represent to them that nature is content with a little; that this little having preserved me so long in health, custom was become a second nature to me; that it was more reasonable, since natural heat abates in proportion as one grows older, that I should likewise abridge my allowance in diet.

To add the greater force to my opinion, I mentioned to them the proverb which saith, "He that eats little eats much;" that is, if a man is willing to live long in the enjoyment of his food, let him live sparingly. I likewise told them that what one leaves at a meal does one more good than what one has already eaten. But all this could not prevail upon them; and being wearied with their importunities, I was forced to submit. Having, therefore, been used to take twelve ounces in bread, soups, yolks of eggs, and meat, I increased it to fourteen ounces a day; and drinking about fourteen ounces of wine, I added two ounces more and made it sixteen.

This augmentation of diet was so prejudicial to me, that, as brisk as I was, I began to be sad and out of humor; everything offended me, and upon the least occasion I broke out into a passion, so that a dog (as they say) would not live with me. At twelve days' end I was taken with a violent fit of the cholick, and that followed by a continual fever, which tormented me five-and-thirty days together, and for the first fifteen days put me into such an agony that it was impossible for me to take a quarter of an hour's sleep at a time. There was no occasion to ask my friends whether they despaired of my life, and whether they repented of the advice they had given me, for they several times believed that I was a dying man, just given up the ghost. However, I recovered, though I was seventy-eight years of age, and though we had a harder winter than is usual in our climate.

Nothing freed me from this danger but the regimen which I had so long observed. It had prevented me from contracting those ill-humors with which they are troubled in their old age who are not so wise as to take care of themselves whilst they are young. I did not perceive in me the old leaven of those humors, and having nothing to struggle with but the new ones, which were occasioned by this small addition to my diet, I opposed and conquered my indisposition, notwithstanding its force.

From this sickness, and my recovery from it, we may discern what an influence a regimen has over us, which preserved me from death, and what a power repletion has, which in so few days brought me to the last extremity. 'Tis probable that, order being necessary for the conservation of the universe, and our bodily life being nothing else but a harmony and perfect agreement between the elementary qualities of which our bodies are composed, we cannot live long in a disorderly course of life, of which nothing but corruption can possibly come.

Order indeed is so exceeding beneficial that it cannot be too strictly observed in everything. 'Tis by the means of this that we arrive to the perfection of arts, and an easy accomplishment in the sciences. It renders armies victorious, keeps up the civil polity of cities, and concord in families. It renders whole nations flourishing; in a word, it is the support and preserver both of the civil and natural life; and the best remedy that can be applied to all evils, whether public or private.

When a disinterested physician waits upon a patient, let him remember to recommend to him his diet, and especially a regimen therein in order to his recovery. This is certain, that if all men would live regularly and frugally there would be so few sick persons that there would hardly be any occasion for remedies; every one would become his own physician, and would be convinced that he never would meet with



a better. It would be to little purpose to study the constitution of other men; every one, if he would but apply himself to it, would always be better acquainted with his own than with that of another; every one would be capable of making those experiments for himself which another could not do for him, and would be the best judge of the strength of his own stomach, and of the food which is agreeable thereto; for in one word, 'tis next to impossible to know exactly the constitution of another, the constitutions of men being as different from one another as their complexions. Who now, for instance, would imagine that old wine should be hurtful, and new wine wholesome to me? That things which are looked upon to be hot by nature should refresh and strengthen me? What physician could have observed in me those effects so uncommon in most bodies, and so contrary to the notions of mankind, when I myself was at no small pains in discovering the causes thereof after abundance of trials, which prove the difference of men's constitutions?

Since no man, therefore, can have a better physician than himself, nor a more sovereign antidote than a regimen, every one ought to follow my example, that is, to study his own constitution, and to regulate his life according to the rules of right reason.

I own, indeed, that a physician may be sometimes necessary, since there are some distempers which all human prudence cannot provide against. There happen some unavoidable accidents, which seize us after such a manner as to deprive our judgment of the liberty it ought to have to be a comfort to us. It is foolishness then wholly to rely upon nature; it must have a supply, and recourse must be had to some one or other for it.

If the preference of a friend who comes to visit a sick person, and to testify the concern he has for his illness, be a comfort and refreshment to him, there is greater reason to believe that the visit of a physician must needs be more agreeable, being a friend upon whose advice and care we may depend for a speedy recovery of our health; but for the maintainings of that health there needs no other support but a sober and regular life. 'Tis a specific and natural medicine, which preserves the man, how tender soever his constitution be, and prolongs his life to above a hundred years, spares him the pain of a violent death, sends him quietly out of the world, when the radical moisture is quite spent, and which in short has all the properties that are fancied to be in aurum potable, and the elixir which a great many persons have sought after in vain.

But, alas, most men suffer themselves to be reduced by the charms of a voluptuous life. They have not courage enough to deny their appetites; and being persuaded by their

prejudices so far as to think they cannot prevent the gratification of them without abridging too much of their pleasures, they form systems whereby to persuade themselves that it is more eligible to live ten years less than to be upon the restraint, and deprived of whatever may gratify the cravings of their appetites.

Alas, they know not the value of ten years' healthful life in an age when a man may enjoy the full use of his reason and make an advantage of all his experiences; in an age wherein a man may appear to be truly such by his wisdom and conduct; lastly, in a time wherein he is in a condition of reaping the fruits of his studies and labors.

To instance only in the sciences. It is certain that the best books which we have extant were composed in those last ten years which the intemperate despise; and that, men's minds growing to perfection proportionably as their bodies grow old, arts and sciences would have lost a great deal of their perfection if all the great men who were professors of that had lived ten years shorter than they did. For my part, I think it proper to keep the fatal day of my death as far off as I can. If this had been my resolution, I should not have finished several pieces which will be both pleasing and instructing to those who come after me.

The sensualists further object that it is impossible to live a regular life. To this I reply that Galen, who was so great a man, made choice of it, and advised others to do the same, as being the best course they could take. Plato, Cicero, Isocrates, and a great many famous men of past ages embraced it; and in our time Pope Paul Farnese, Cardinal Bembo, and two of our doges, Lando and Donato, have practiced it, and thereby arrived to an extreme old age. I might instance in others of a meaner extract; but, having followed this rule myself, I think I cannot produce a more convincing proof of its being practicable, and that the greatest trouble to be met with therein is the first resolving and entering upon such a course of life. You will tell me that Plato, as sober a man as he was, yet affirmed that a man devoted to the administration of the government in public affairs can hardly lead an exact and regular life, being often obliged in the service of the state to be exposed to the badness of weather, to the fatigues of traveling, and to eat whatever he can meet with. This cannot be denied; but then I maintain that these things will never hasten a man's death, provided he that is in this post accustoms himself to a frugal way of living. There is no man, in what condition soever he is, but may prevent his overeating, and cure himself of those distempers that are caused by repletion.

(To be continued.)



## MENU

ARRANGED BY DR. MARY DODD, HYGIENIST

## SUNDAY—BREAKFAST.

Peaches.	Juice.	Eggs.	Rolls.
Pettijohn's Breakfast Food.			

## SUNDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes.	Beans.	Squash.
Cucumber, with onion.		
Stewed chicken, with gravy.		

## SUNDAY—SUPPER.

Plums.	Rolls.	Mush.
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## MONDAY—BREAKFAST.

Stewed apples.	Rolls.	Raw apricots.
Cream biscuit.		
		Mush.

## MONDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes.	Corn.	Egg-plant.
Stewed onions.		
Dessert—Cantaloupe.		

## MONDAY—SUPPER.

Fruit.	Bread.	Mush.
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## TUESDAY—BREAKFAST.

Raw apricots.	Stewed plums.	Rolls on's.
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## TUESDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes.	Salmon, with lemon.	
Corn bread.	Corn.	Stewed plums.
Dessert—Apple pie.		

## TUESDAY—SUPPER.

Apple sauce.	Fruit juice.
Scone.	Rolls.

## WEDNESDAY—BREAKFAST.

Corn mush.	Rolls.	Peaches.
Stewed plums.		
		Eggs on toast.

## PETTIJOHN'S BREAKFAST FOOD.

All the world is running to hygiene. Improper feeding, ignorant feeding, has given the world dyspepsia, nervous prostration, melancholia, and all the catalogue of ills we hear discussed morning, noon, and night whenever and wherever two or more people meet together. They have lost faith in pills and powders, and those who have real aches and pains cannot "think" themselves well and happy, and at last they cry out to the hygienists, who point to a simpler diet, more wholesome, more nutritious, and within the power of all to purchase, and a little child could prepare its own breakfast.

Why eat baker's bread, or your own for that matter, if you are not expert at making a variety of wholesome bread? And if you are, a change is one of the necessities of our nature. A cereal with cream or fruit juice is a far more wholesome breakfast than meat and bread, with all the accompaniments of the American breakfast.

## WEDNESDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes.	Cabbage.	Sweet potatoes.
Baked tomatoes.	Cucumbers.	
Dessert—Watermelon.		

## WEDNESDAY—SUPPER.

Fruit.	Bread.	Mush.
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## THURSDAY—BREAKFAST.

Cantaloupe.	Stewed apples.	Creamed potatoes.
Rolls.	Pettijohn's Breakfast Food.	

## THURSDAY—DINNER.

Corn.	Potatoes.
Lima beans.	Raw tomatoes.
Dessert—Cantaloupe.	

## THURSDAY—SUPPER.

Mush.	Raw fruit.	Rolls.
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## FRIDAY—BREAKFAST.

Apricots.	Stewed plums.	Rolls.
Rolled oats.		
		Corn cakes.

## FRIDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes.	Corn.
Cornbread and butter.	Peaches.
Apple dumplings.	

## FRIDAY—SUPPER.

Apple sauce.	Scone.	Rolls.
Currant and raspberry juice.		

## SATURDAY—BREAKFAST.

Raw apricots.	Stewed apples.
Rolls.	Cream biscuit.

## SATURDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes.	Baked tomatoes.	Fritters.	Peas.
Dessert—Cantaloupe.			

## SATURDAY—SUPPER.

Fruit.	Bread.	Mush.
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When choosing cereals for the table, choose wisely. Wheat ranks first, and may be called the King of Cereals. That cereal which is freest from adulterations is best. Do not worry if your stove is out of order, or the fire makes the house uncomfortable when the oven is heated this hot weather. Remember a good breakfast can be prepared in fifteen minutes without heating the oven. Pettijohn's Breakfast Food is the greatest friend to the housewife.

It keeps her husband good-natured all forenoon,—any well-fed man is good-natured; she is not tired when she has "done" the dishes after breakfast; the children are rosy and happy. She is strong and well without gaining too much flesh, and they are saving money. Do not forget, if you wake up and see you have overslept yourself, that Pettijohn will help you have breakfast sharp on time. Never worry over what you shall have for breakfast, or, for that matter, lunch or supper, while you have the price of a box of the best breakfast food.

# EDITORIALS

## CHARITY AND JUSTICE

There is a passage in Mr. Malloy's thoughtful paper on Emerson's "Celestial Love" which seems to me to call for passing notice, inasmuch as those who are known as altrurians the world over are the last persons to sanction the methods which our philosopher points out in the paragraph which closes with the intimation that there is danger of running altruism into the ground. The confusion of terms, and the mistaking of aims and purposes in discussing social and economic problems, are common mistakes which do much harm and tend to retard that wholesome moral growth throughout society so essential to progress and enduring civilization.

There are to-day two clearly defined methods of meeting the mighty problem of misery dependent upon uninvited poverty. One is palliative; the other fundamental. One seeks to dole out charity to the starving, and through appeals to church and society raise sufficient means partially to support a few of the out-of-works whose presence is at once a shame and a menace to civilization. This is the method approved by conventionalism, but its defenders and apologists are, so far as I am aware, never known as altrurians. The other method seeks to substitute even-handed justice for the hand-to-mouth method of organized charity, which reaches only a few cases and is at best merely palliative. Those who demand radical economic changes which will secure equality of opportunity, or which will give to every man and woman the opportunity to earn a decent livelihood, point out these important facts relating to organized charities as they exist to-day, with their elaborate machinery and plentiful supply of red tape: (1) They fail to touch the cause of uninvited

poverty; (2) they fail to succor a large proportion of the most deserving, for even if there was at command sufficient capital to relieve the misery of the hosts of out-of-works, the method of compelling the applicant to go through a humiliating examination concerning his ancestors, his relations, and all the details of his life is so repugnant to honest, high-spirited American citizens who simply ask for work at a living wage, that a great proportion of them will suffer, and not unfrequently drop in the streets of starvation while searching for work, rather than apply for the dole of charity which seems to come so grudgingly and must be accepted at such a price; (3) they exert a demoralizing effect on manhood. Those who get into the habit of receiving food or alms without working for it are, as a rule, soon demoralized, while the influence on society tends to retard reform along fundamental lines. The system when regarded as anything more than a temporary makeshift is pernicious. Of course, there are cases such as those who through sickness or accident are incapacitated from earning a livelihood, in which it is right and proper that the hand of charity should be freely and generously extended.

The altrurians hold that justice must be substituted for a conventional charity, that "equality of opportunity" must be aimed at, and that present injustice and inequality must be met by the recognition on the part of the government of the right to work, in such a manner that those who desire to create wealth shall be supplied with opportunities at a living wage.

So far back as 550 B. C. the Athenian statesman and ruler, Pisistratus, recognized the right of the citizen to enjoy the opportunity of earning an honest liveli-

hood. When he came into power he found the city thronged with Athenians who, through Solon, had been freed from slavery; but they were absolutely penniless and in a starving condition. To meet this emergency in such a way as not to degrade or demoralize the individuals who helped compose the state, this ruler furnished lots of land to every out-of-work who desired to earn a livelihood; and as land without seeds, tools, and animals was useless, these were also provided. Then he provided for the punishment of able-bodied idlers who sought to live off of others instead of earning a living. As a result of these provisions the Athenian state became so prosperous and contented that the rule of Pisistratus was often termed the Golden Age.

Now, the altruists will heartily agree with Mr. Malloy about the folly of giving unwisely or seeking to substitute palliative measures for fundamental remedies. None are more opposed than they to any measure which lowers manhood or seeks to bestow on the individual, whether he be rich or poor, that which he does not earn or create. They point to the statesmanship of Pisistratus as infinitely wiser and more far-sighted than that which seeks to meet the demand of poverty by conventional methods. They insist that the hour has arrived when our civilization should be great enough to be at once wise and just. Furthermore, they insist that history teaches no more solemn lesson than that there comes a day when a nation or a civilization must choose between justice and life or injustice and death; that human society is so constituted that any civilization that refuses to recognize the solidarity of the race, the right of the individual, the interdependence and the mutual responsibilities and obligations of the units of the state, must of necessity die. Hence, they call upon the thoughtful citizens to unite in seeking to educate and elevate the public conscience until justice and right shall supersede the rule of greed. The altruist stands for justice as opposed to conventional charity. He holds that present conditions are essentially unjust, and, being unjust, are necessarily a menace to the state. He points out the fact that there are tens of

thousands of citizens working in the coal mines of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and other States, for wages and under conditions which render independence, development, and happiness impossible, while their children are growing to maturity without those educational advantages which are essential to intelligent citizenship. On the other hand, the men or corporations who have acquired these rich store-houses of nature manage, through the labor of these poor creatures, to accumulate vast fortunes,—fortunes which too frequently are partly used to bulwark themselves so that they become virtually superior to law, and render the condition of their dependents practically hopeless. In the sweat-shops of our great cities the fate of thousands of women, girls, and even children is no less pitiable. These are extreme cases, and yet the army of those who are thus dragging out a weary life of joyless drudgery and virtual slavery in our country numbers into the tens if not the hundreds of thousands, while other hundreds of thousands are employed by great corporations and trusts under conditions which virtually place them in the control of their employers; and, though their lot is not yet nearly so tragic or horrible as that of those to whom I have referred, they are facing in the same direction, and as helpless victims of unjust social conditions are being forced downward as remorselessly and hopelessly as the few who are acquiring enormous fortunes, largely through the very labor of this industrial army, are being forced upward to positions of greater power through augmented wealth. Now, it is against all this that the rapidly increasing army of altruists is contending, and it is very important in this conflict, which will be persistently waged until the right comes uppermost, that thoughtful men and women do not lose sight of the real issue involved,—which is simply even-handed justice. This is the demand and the only demand which the great body of earnest, conscientious, and thoughtful altruists insist upon. To them there is no such term as "Celestial Love" which does not include in its meaning the great word Justice.

B. O. F.

# THE PASSING DAY

EDITORIAL COMMENT BY B. O. FLOWER

## THE NEW COLLEGE OF ECONOMIC RESEARCH

The movement to establish a college of economic research, and the subscription of a sufficient sum to insure its expenses for the ensuing year, is, in my judgment, the most important outgrowth of the Buffalo conference. The scholarship, ability, breadth of thought, and fairness of President Will, Professors Parsons, Bemis, Commons, and Ward, who, it is stated, will be engaged in this institution, are such as to place the school at the outset in the front rank as an authoritative institution whose work will compel the attention of the people. The lines of work proposed are (1) regular class work; (2) university extension, which in effect will be the sending out of missionaries into all parts to carry facts to all who are thinking along economic lines; (3) the publication of abstracts, bulletins, and timely papers on vital issues. Such a programme, carried forward by such men, could not fail to prove in a short time one of the most important social and economic factors in the land. Indeed, it is highly probable that this college may yet be one of the most powerful agencies in averting the shock of revolution, while saving to the people a free government and enlarging and enriching the common life through the securing of justice for all classes.

If the industrial millions who appreciate the real dangers that menace the republic, who realize that for the multitudes the door of opportunity is rapidly closing, who understand that the position of millions of the people is rapidly changing into one of relative dependence upon capitalistic organizations, which are brutal, intolerant, and arrogant, will only rally to the support of this college as they should do, it will soon do for the republic

precisely what the Anti-Corn-law League under Cobden, Bright, and their co-laborers did for England in the forties, when revolution was averted by the prompt repeal of the corn laws and the granting to the people of the demands which had so long been insolently denied them.

The work of the Anti-Corn-law League is something which all social reformers and friends of progress should study. It came into being when English society was in a condition very similar to that confronting our people to-day. The landlords were all-powerful in government, in church, and in society. The columns of the newspapers of England were for some time virtually closed against the cry of the multitude or their plea for justice, which was scouted as something not to be thought of. The poor people were forming themselves into parties. The Chartists were making considerable progress, considering that they had the combined powers of organized society against them. Indeed, they became strong enough to be persecuted by the government; but the cause of the people seemed hopeless, and the discontented ones were becoming more and more convinced that only through a bloody revolution could any relief be expected. At that juncture Cobden and his friends welded into an active body the ablest and most thoughtful and influential among those who opposed the corn laws. They collected sufficient funds to open an aggressive campaign. Great meetings were held in the cities,—meetings that resembled old-time revivals; but these would have been of little value if the conspiracy of silence on the part of the press could have been maintained and the reformers had overlooked the importance of presenting their



facts through the medium of the printing-press. The league, however, was managed by far-sighted men who knew that no revolution could be wrought without the aid of the press; and since the dailies and periodicals were virtually closed against them, they determined to sow England with tracts, leaflets, and bulletins. It was said that the league was sowing England knee-deep in tracts, and so vigorously and ably was this educational campaign kept up that public sentiment began rapidly to veer around. One by one the great papers offered their columns to the league, and in an almost incredibly short time the public sentiment of England had so changed that the sagacious prime-minister, Sir Robert Peel, clearly saw that the maintenance of the government demanded the prompt acceptance of the cardinal demands of the league.

Now, with proper support this new college, in the hands of such men as President Will and Professor Parsons, will make history repeat itself. They will create an educational revival which will awaken such interest that the combined power of corporate wealth can no more withstand it than the landlord party was able to resist the Anti-Corn-law League.

What is most needed to-day is (1) systematic educational work, wisely directed by thoroughly competent persons along social and economic lines; (2) the carrying forward of an aggressive campaign which shall be followed by complete organization of the progressive citizens into leagues or clubs; (3) the sowing of the land with the right kind of literature. We have had a plethora of ill-digested theories, ideas, and concepts, which have too frequently been more like the inarticulate cry of the wronged and the oppressed than any clear, convincing, and unanswerable statement of injustice. But the new college will supply precisely what is most needed, able, thoughtful, temperately stated facts and conclusions, so presented as to reach the student class, the general public in the cities, and through the literary bureaus the rank and file everywhere; and the cause of the multitude will be so presented as to carry conviction wherever greed, self-interest, or unreasoning prejudice has not rendered individuals incapable of recognizing the clearest facts and the logical and inescapable conclusions which follow them. Let all friends of progress rally to the support of this new college, which can easily be made the most important bulwark of freedom in the republic to-day.

## COLORED LIGHT AS A THERAPEUTIC AGENT

An interesting question has recently been raised in the medical journals concerning the value of red light in the treatment of eruptive diseases. It will be remembered that in olden times it was generally accepted, even by physicians, that red light was favorable to patients afflicted with small-pox, and, indeed, that if only red light was admitted into the sick-room the patient would run little risk of being pitted. This theory, however, fell into disfavor many years ago. Most of our readers doubtless remember the popular favor which was accorded for a short time to blue glass. In fact, so generally was this employed that it became almost a craze. A short time ago a physician in this country announced that very positive results of a beneficial character were fol-

lowing the employment of the purple or violet rays in the treatment of consumption of the lungs. Dr. E. M. Babbitt, M. D., LL.D., the author of a very able volume entitled "The Philosophy of Color," has long treated patients, with seemingly remarkable results, by the employment of the various colors in the spectrum, as set forth in his philosophical treatise. The profession in general, however, has looked with small favor on these finer forces in the treatment of disease. Some results, however, which have followed the experiments of a German physician have again called the red-light theory to the forefront; and the *Lancet* in a recent issue calls attention to a rather remarkable paper dealing with the influence of red light in the treatment of measles, as set

forth in the *Zeitschrift fuer Krankenpflege*. According to the writer of this paper a little child, eight years of age, was suffering with a very severe case of the measles, and under the physician's direction all the light admitted to the apartment came from windows fitted with red blinds, and from a photographer's lamp with an orange globe. In three hours the fever had subsided and the rash disappeared. The child insisted on playing, and as the light was subdued it cried to have the blinds raised. This was done, but the patient rapidly relapsed, and in three hours the physician was summoned and found the child in a critical condition. The fever had risen, the rash reappeared, and the patient was thoroughly prostrated. Again the red light was employed as before, with the surprising result that in less than three hours the fever and rash had entirely disappeared, and in two days the cough had vanished and the

child was pronounced cured. "A brother and sister and a fourth patient infected from the first case were treated in the same way and with like success." And the *Lancet* continues:

In the great epidemic of small-pox in 1871-'72 some cases were reported as having been kept in dark rooms with great benefit, especially as regards the pustulation and pitting. Clearly, what virtue there may be in this method lies in the exclusion of the actinic rays, and the substitution of red or orange light for total darkness has obvious advantages, as in the case of photographic manipulations.

Further results with red light will be followed with great interest. Before deciding, however, whether the rays of light or the suggestive influence born of the belief in their virtue on the part of the physician are responsible for the phenomena presented, we should wish to see what might follow the employment of red light where physician and family had no faith in its virtue.

## THE BETRAYAL OF THE CAUSE OF CIVIL SERVICE

The action of President McKinley and Secretary Gage in the betrayal of the cause of civil-service reform must occasion profound regret to all lovers of good government. One may respect the honest defender of the spoils system, who spurns hypocrisy and double dealing, not only for his candor, but because he recognizes in him an enemy who fights in the open; but it is otherwise when one professes to champion a principle only that he may betray it. The action of the president has amazed and bitterly disappointed all sincere friends of civil service, and the pitiful apology made by Secretary Gage has served to add insult to injury. This was even too much for the *Boston Herald*, which has heretofore evinced an admiration for Secretary Gage only second to its enthusiastic support of President McKinley's determined attempt to subjugate the Philippine Islands. In a little editorial in the *Boston Herald*, of July 15th, we find the following:

There has seldom been a lamer contention than the one advanced for President McKinley that his recent civil-service order was not an attack on civil-service reform. Secretary of the Treasury Gage was the official personage put forward to take the lead in this work. He has come into it with credentials as a civil-service reformer of his own issuance. He asks us to believe him to be one on his own protestation. His evidence aside from this he rests upon the fact that he had previously had the reputation of a civil-service reform supporter. Admit this, and admit more, that it was deserved—that he really did take that stand—and it may only prove his present apostasy. The point is not what Mr. Gage has been, but what he now is. There are men who begin right and hold to right thereafter. There are others who, starting equally well, appear to think that when they have got into active politics, and become what are popularly known as politicians, they are at liberty to enter upon a different course,—indeed, that they are called upon to do so. They make the most unscrupulous of politicians. It looks too much as if Mr. Gage was of this number. It is ominous that he, of all the cabinet, should have appeared to defend this attack of the

president upon the civil service. It was further ominous that those who had previously investigated with regard to it had found Mr. Gage's department of the government that in which, beyond any other, assaults on the civil service had been made. With this known, it is idle for Mr. Gage to undertake to trade upon his earlier civil-service reform capital. Admitting him to have possessed it, the case was one of betrayal to the enemy.

If there were nothing else to show that all such attempts as that of Mr. Gage to defend the president's action must be futile, the action of the spoilsmen of the Republican party would be sufficient to this end. They do not mistake either the spirit or the operation of what has been done, and in the face of their exultation over it the attempt to twist the operation of President McKinley's order into a different meaning from what it has on its face is only puerile. The leading Republican papers of the land have seen this point so clearly that they have refused to join Secretary Gage in his attempt at deception. It is only a neophyte in politics

who could be misled into believing that deceit was possible while these demonstrations of delight on the part of the office-seeking horde were paraded in the public eye in all quarters. The veterans knew better. They saw that this attempt was useless, even if they had the disposition to engage in it, which, it is justice to them to say, they had not. They frankly admit that the president has done an indefensible act toward the civil service, and his secretary of the treasury, who would pose as its especial friend, is left by them unsupported in sustaining the wrong.

The charge made by the Herald against Secretary Gage amounts to a declaration that he has deliberately attempted to deceive the people,—a grave charge, especially when we remember that it comes from one of the ablest dailies in America, which has strongly upheld the president's foreign policy.

## THE BUFFALO CONFERENCE

The conference of social reformers recently held in Buffalo was a marked sign of the unrest of the present. Here for the first time in history prominent and earnest men, representing almost every shade of political opinion, met in earnest consultation, simply actuated by the noble desire of furthering the best interests of government and averting grave perils which all thinking men recognize as confronting the republic. Some persons present were disappointed because the conference failed to launch a new political party, while others seemed inclined to regard the conference as of little practical value because it failed to indorse their peculiar creed. I believe, however, that time will justify the wisdom of the conference. New parties have sprung up like mushrooms of late, each serving to divide and weaken the forces which

should be united in a solid phalanx contending against the criminal aggressions of corporate greed and those unrepublican tendencies which suggest so threateningly the repetition in our country of the history of Rome. To me it seems that two things are especially important at present: (1) Reformers should cease fighting among themselves, and turn their guns against the common enemy which imperils freedom; (2) they should further in every way possible systematic educational agitation, that will compel the millions not only to think for themselves, but also to realize the fundamental demands of the larger life of to-day, with its changed conditions and the new requirements involved. Education and union,—these are the words of the hour for those who are seeking to secure a nobler estate for the children of tomorrow.

# BOOKS OF THE DAY

## HUMAN IMMORTALITY.\*

Nothing is so fascinating to the veteran observer as to watch the quiet, gradual, yet steady and inevitable approach of science and that borderland of faiths and speculations coming under the head sometimes of "metaphysics," sometimes of "psychology," the terms mixed or misinterpreted according to the faith or knowledge of the interpreter. Scientists were almost necessarily more or less materialistic a generation ago. The churches in their blind and singular antagonism compelled it, and the scientist standing for pure truth had not yet reached the point where discovery left the realm of what we have called mere facts and entered the unseen.

In this gradual process one and another well-known name has laid down the weapons of former warfare and accepted the essential unity of forces as a necessary part of the present creed. And others, who had been purely indifferent or determinedly skeptical, have, as time went on, roused to the conviction that this attitude could no longer be held, and, as in the present case, made an argument on the very side they had been counted as disbelieving heartily.

In Professor James we have long had one of the most thorough masters in the field of psychology that this country has been fortunate enough to possess. By birth and inheritance one naturally expected much from his father's son, a leader in the Transcendental movement, and a man whose beautiful personal life matched the beauty of his thought. In his own way, though in a less well-known field, Mr. James has the untroubled command of clear and noble English that marks the work of his brother, Henry James, and which has become familiar to the many readers and students of his "Psychology." In the present volume, the

reprint of the Ingersoll Lecture at Harvard in 1898, he has given us the most notable argument for immortality that the generation has known. Taking the subject from the scientific point of view, and admitting all the weight of the objections held and most earnestly believed by scientific students of the brain, he answers each so lucidly, so convincingly, that it is difficult to see how doubt can remain.

The argument will not be given here, since the little book can be read in an hour, and ought to be in the possession of every one who follows the course of modern thought. But it is of singular significance in more ways than one, and must mean in good time a fuller expression of the growing faith that is plain to all who read, not at all from what is called the "Christian believer's stand-point," but the stand-point of the scientific searcher for truth who finds, to his own surprise it may be, the grounds for something more than blind faith, and gives here a statement that is not likely to be shaken.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

## "A LOVE-LIT PATH TO GOD."\*

A beautiful little volume with a title which in itself is a poem and an evangel, is "A Love-lit Path to God," by Hattie C. Flower, the wife of the editor of *The Coming Age*. It is one of the most helpful books for private devotion which have come under my eye for many years. Its author has the true prophetic insight, and touches upon the great questions of religious experience with an unerring hand. This paragraph on "Faith" goes deeper than a thousand ordinary sermons:

Faith is something far deeper and more abiding than belief. Man, by endeavoring to live the life of love, enters to a degree into harmony with God, and in his heart is

\*"Human Immortality. Two Supposed Objections to the Doctrine," by William James. Second edition. 16mo. Pp. 170. Price, \$1. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

\*"A Love-lit Path to God," by Hattie C. Flower. Cloth, stamped in gold. Price, \$1. Trade supplied by B. O. Flower, Copley Square, Boston, Mass.



established a living faith, through which he experiences in sickness, in health, in tribulation, in time of peace, in life, and in death an ever-present feeling of soul-rest and security, and an all-satisfying sense of the immortality of the spirit. God does not seem afar off, and to turn confidently to the Heavenly Father, daily, in loving thought, in prayer and happiness.

In other words, faith is not merely belief in a creed or a system of theology, but a perfect childlike trust in the Eternal Goodness. Hence, conversely, an infidel is one who lacks this trust, who is afraid that something may destroy religion, or creed, or church, or bible. The trusting soul clings to God alone, as the great essential.

Mrs. Flower's volume consists of two books. The first is made up wholly of selections from the revised version of the New Testament. To a novice it might at first seem easy to make such selections, and the inconsiderate thought is that anybody can do it. Not so, however. Anybody can mass flowers, but only the artist can make a bouquet. Here is a collection of beautiful bouquets from the flowers in God's garden. The rose of love is the central attraction, and all others are grouped in a way to set forth its charms. All this requires the discriminating soul and the intuitive touch. He who reads the book will be forced to feel more deeply than ever before that love is the greatest thing in the universe.

The second part of the volume is a book on the spiritual life. In this we find brief, original essays, strengthened by apt quotations, on the nature of God and the responsibilities of man, faith in God, God's perfect law of liberty, evil, truth, and the kingdom of God. The book is not for the student, but more especially for the troubled soul seeking rest. It is pre-eminently a book helpful in private devotion. Written by an invalid, it is destined to be a blessing in every sick-chamber where it may enter. Its undertone of resignation and rest has in it a charm to soothe away pain. The life of its author is very plainly the life of the spirit.

ROBERT E. BISBEE.

#### BABY.\*

Frances Sheldon Bolton, the gifted editor of the *Mothers' Journal*, has performed a

\*"Baby," by Frances Sheldon Bolton. Cloth. Pp. 144. Price, 50 cents. New Haven, Conn.: Mothers' Journal Co.

real service by giving the world one of the most rational, suggestive, and thoughtful works on "The Baby" that have appeared. Indeed, I know of no book that so simply and admirably covers the wide range of essential information concerning babyhood as this thoughtful and practical work. The first two chapters deal with baby's mother and father, and are rich in facts which I rejoice to believe are more and more appealing to thinking men and women. The succeeding pages are given to the baby, and are a compendium of rich and sensible information which should be possessed by every mother. It will be difficult to speak too highly of this very valuable little book.

#### STANDARD INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL DICTIONARY.\*

In my judgment no dictionary in the English language possesses so many points of excellence as the Standard. It is not only by far the most complete of all the great dictionaries, but in its definition is unsurpassed; and the method of giving disputed pronunciations and the different authorities is another feature of real value to busy students. It also contains a large number of words not found in other dictionaries, but which should unquestionably be present in any work claiming to be an unabridged dictionary. The reception of the Standard has been such as to lead to the publication of "The Student's Standard Dictionary" and "The Standard Intermediate School Dictionary," both being abridgments of the Standard. The Intermediate has just been issued, and is an excellent work for teachers and scholars. It will also prove valuable to the general reader, as it contains over thirty thousand of the most common words in our language admirably defined. The chief general points of excellence which characterize the Standard Dictionary are present in the two abridged works, and, for the special purposes for which they have been compiled, they are of unequalled excellence.

\*"The Standard Intermediate School Dictionary of the English Language," containing about 38,000 words and phrases in the speech and literature of the English-speaking peoples. Abridged from the Standard Dictionary by J. C. Fernald. Cloth. Pp. 534. Price, \$1.00. New York, Funk & Wagnalls Company.

## THE IMPERIAL REPUBLIC.\*

In his latest volume Mr. Fernald has given us a strong argument in favor of expansion. He discusses at length the question which has been argued with much force by many persons who are opposed to the United States holding territory beyond the continent of North America, and shows, by an interesting appeal to history, both ancient and modern, that the greatest despotisms of earth have been established over one unbroken stretch of territory. Persia, China, and Russia are given as examples. He traces the growth of our national domain, and notes the opposition made to each successive addition to our territory. Perhaps the most interesting chapters are those dealing with "The Imperial Language," "The Anglo-Saxon Alliance," "The United States as a Sea Power," and "The Wealth of the Earth." The volume is written in a pleasing style, is not too technical for the general reader, but contains a vast array of interesting and important facts for all persons who wish to keep abreast of the times.

## "THE OPEN QUESTION."†

It is not strange that "The Open Question" has created much discussion, or that it has been widely read. It possesses the merit of originality. It is a story quite out of the common run, and even its morbid characters hold your interest to the gruesome end. The character portrayal of the grandmother, Mrs. Gano, is a superb piece of work, and though the hero and heroine impress us as being morbid and unwholesome creations, we cannot overlook the fact that from a scientific point of view the author builded well,—perhaps wiser than she knew. She depicts incidentally the result of consumptive cousins intermarrying and producing consumptive offspring, or, as in the case of Valerie and Ethan, abnormal and morbid characters. With physicians it is a well-known fact that consumption and insanity go hand in hand. The children of those who have phthisis, if not liable, are certainly in a degree predis-

posed to insanity if other conditions favor the development of this disorder; and very frequently, where no well-defined mania exists, we find a tendency to morbidness. Thus, in Valerie and Ethan, the author is true to nature,—but have we not already too much of morbid and unwholesome creations in our literature? When one has finished this book, and asks himself what excuse it has for its being, he will find it difficult to answer. It is a strong work, vividly sketched, and contains some excellent thoughts, but it cannot be called a normal, healthful, or helpful book. Indeed, I think the strong portrayal of morbid manifestations of life is very unfortunate. Their influence is bad. The crying need of the present is for robust, natural, healthy creations which, while true to conditions, shall be pervaded with a noble and inspiring idealism, lifting the reader from the best of today to the better of to-morrow. The influence of "The Open Question" is unsatisfactory on the mind of the reader, quite apart from the depressing effect of the double suicide with which it closes.

## "THE PROMISE OF MORNING."\*

In "The Promise of Morning" we have a volume of simple verse, pure in atmosphere and noble in purpose,—little sermons in song, written for those who love the simple and homelike lays. In life under present conditions there are tens of thousands of people who are unable to grasp the thought or follow the lessons taught by the greater poets. When the brain is weary, the mind harassed, and the horizon of life is circumscribed, the little simple story or poem will often prove a real help along life's rugged path; and not unfrequently a truth may be taught by a verse which would prove far more effective than a prose sermon, for truths which sing themselves into the soul remain. Below I give a cluster of verses taken from different parts of Mr. Coyle's volume, which will well illustrate the character of the young poet's work:

## THE TWENTIETH CENTURY KING.

No spider preying on his kind,  
An idler and a parasite;  
No autocrat of people blind,  
Ruling his slaves by right of might.

\* "The Promise of Morning," by Henry Coyle. Cloth. Pp. 142. Boston, Angel Guardian Press.

\* "The Imperial Republic," by James C. Fernald. 12mo. Cloth. With five maps. Price, 75 cents. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

† "The Open Question, a Tale of Two Temperaments," by Elizabeth Robin. Cloth. Pp. 524. Price, \$1.50. New York, Harper Brothers.

No plaything of a by-gone age,  
A picture pleasing to the eye,  
Strutting for one brief hour the stage,  
A foolish, useless butterfly.

But one whose hand is brown with toll,  
Whose face is tanned by wind and sun;  
Who beautifies and tills the soil,  
Whose crown by right divine is won.

A toiler, not a useless drone,  
In the world's busy hive of men;  
His scepter is a tool, his throne  
A symbol, and his sword a pen.

#### DID GOD FORGET?

A little maid with yellow hair,  
One cold and stormy winter's day,  
Stood at the window, on a chair,  
And watched the birds across the way.

When all at once the sweet, blue eyes,  
With sudden tears began to fill;  
And mamma cried in great surprise:  
"Why, darling, tell me—are you ill?"

"No, mamma, but God has forgot  
About the little birdies' toes;  
They've got no shoes on, and they o't  
To go right home, or they'll be froze!"

#### THY REST.

Before God's footstool, to confess,  
A poor soul knelt, and bowed his head:  
"I failed!" he wailed. The Master said:  
"Thou didst thy best,—that is success!"

Henry Coyle is a young man not yet twenty-four years of age. He has struggled against many obstacles, but with face resolutely set toward the morning, and holding ever with firm purpose to the highway of noble endeavor, he is enabled to put out a volume of verse that from first to last breathes forth purity of thought, sincerity of purpose, and an ever-present desire to say a helpful word.

#### "AN INDEX FINGER."\*

This is a psychical romance written, I should say, by a lady of refinement, who has undoubtedly experienced very much of what she has woven into the web of her story. The psychical experience related will appear to persons unacquainted with occult phenomena as improbable, but to those who

\*"An Index Finger," by Tulla Abrojal. Cloth. Pp. 382. Price, \$1.25. New York, R. F. Fenno & Co.

have had much experience in psychical matters there will be little here that will seem to transcend the highly probable.

The moral atmosphere of the work is fine and elevating. It is a thoroughly wholesome book, and deserves a wide reading.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Between Caesar and Jesus," by Prof. George D. Herron. Cloth. Pp. 278. Price, 75 cents. New York, T. Y. Crowell & Co.

"Fate or Law, the story of an Optimist," by Warren A. Rodman. Cloth. Pp. 218. Price, \$1.00. Boston, Lee & Shepard.

"Live Questions," by John P. Altgeld. Published by the author. Cloth. Pp. 1010. Price, \$2.50. Chicago; publisher's agents, Geo. S. Bowen & Son.

"The Problem of Reform," by S. C. Eby. Cloth. Pp. 157. Price, 50 cents. St. Louis, The New-Church Book-Room, Spring and Delmar aves.

"The Golden Age Cook Book," by Henrietta L. Dwight. Cloth. Pp. 180. Price, \$1.25. New York, The Reliance Publishing Company.

"William Shakspeare," by Victor Hugo, translated by Melville Anderson. Cloth. Price, \$1.50. Chicago, A. C. McClurg.

"Better World Philosophy, a Sociological Synthesis," by J. Howard Moore. Cloth. Pp. 276. Price, \$1. Chicago, the Ward Waugb Co.

"Psychism, Analysis of Things Existing," by Paul Gibler, M. D. Cloth. Pp. 286. Price, \$1.50. New York, Bulletin Publishing Co.

"Vedanta Philosophy," by Swami Vivekananda. Cloth. Pp. 382. Price, \$1.50. New York, the Baker & Taylor Company.

"An Index Finger," by Tulla Abrojal. Cloth. Pp. 382. Price, \$1.25. New York, R. F. Fenno Company.

"Principles of Scientific Socialism," by Rev. Charles H. Vail. Paper. Price, 35 cents. New York, the Commonwealth Company.

"All's Right with the World," by Charles Newcomb. Cloth. Pp. 261. Price, \$1.50. Boston, Lee & Shepard.

"The Kinship of Souls," a novel, by Reuen Thomas. Cloth. Pp. 295. Price, \$1.50. Boston, Little, Brown & Co.

"Sema-Kanda; Threshold Memories," by C. Turnbull. Cloth. Pp. 254. Price, \$1.25. Chicago, The Progressive Press, 644 Englewood Ave.

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Lantana  
Lillian Minton

# THE COMING AGE

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## CONVERSATIONS

I.—PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN PSYCHICAL INVESTIGATION, BY  
LILIAN WHITING.

II.—THE POET AND THE COMMON LIFE, AND THE OUTLOOK FOR  
POETRY, BY SAM WALTER FOSS.

### I.—PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN PSYCHICAL INVESTIGATION

LILIAN WHITING.

AN EDITORIAL SKETCH.

#### I.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in writing of the "Discourses of Epictetus," observes that "all which is here noble;" and this encomium may be applied with equal truthfulness to all the writings of Miss Lilian Whiting. It matters not whether we see her as journalist, as essayist, as biographer, or as poet, the same noble optimism, the same unfailing recognition of the finest and best in life, the same unswerving faith in the supremacy of the spiritual is ever present, and this characteristic gives her work a vital helpfulness which is found in few

writings even of the more pretentious thinkers of our time.

Miss Whiting was born in New York, almost within the sound of the roar of Niagara Falls. Her mother was a passionate lover of the beautiful. The glory of natural phenomena was an unfailing source of pure delight, only equaled by the enjoyment she derived from the great works of the master minds of the ages. This love of the beautiful and enthusiasm for literature were not only inherited by the daughter, but were happily further fostered from the cradle. From the splendor of the dawn and the glory of the flaming sunset the mother turned to the great reservoirs of thought and inspiration bequeathed us by men of genius and

imagination. Long before the child could read she had learned many of the stories told by poets and novelists from Virgil to Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Holmes. She also had learned many passages from the most famous writers from Shakspeare to Emerson. Thus, while very young she had come into the atmosphere of the best thought of the ages, and her mind had been directed along the current of the best literature. In referring to her early childhood, Miss Whiting observed to a friend: "I do not remember learning to read. I was simply steeped always and naturally in the literary atmosphere of our quiet home. The poets were my playmates, so to speak, my companions, my perpetual delight." While the child was very young the family moved to Illinois, where the father engaged in editorial work. Later he was elected to the State Senate, which position he ably and honorably filled for twenty years.

The love of literature, so early fostered in the girl, led to a desire to express her own thoughts or to shadow forth some of the beautiful things that haunted her mind. The Rev. H. R. Haweis, writing of the boyhood of Richard Wagner, describes the restlessness of the youth's mind after he had been stimulated by the lofty ideals of philosophers, poets, artists, and musicians. He had drank from the fountain of wisdom, but that was not enough. To receive implies to give, and the question, To what end? confronted him. Mr. Haweis's observations on this point, and his answer to the query, are applicable to all the workers and creators who feel the high summons of the beautiful, the good, and the true, and who go forth to express the ideals that haunt their souls.

"To what end?" The artistic temperament could give but one answer to that,—*"Expression!"* Creation itself,—man, the world, the universe,—is nothing but that. There is ever this imperious divine necessity for outward expression. This is the lesson of the ages and of the universe, of which we see but a little speck realized upon our tiny and overcrowded planet. But this burning thought turns the mind of man itself into a divine microcosm. He, too, begins to obey in his higher activities what he per-

ceives to be the supreme law of the divine life. He, too, must flash into self-consciousness, and breathe in form, until all that slept in the silence of his heart comes forth swift and radiant with the wind and fire of emotion, and stands at last like an angel, full of wreathed melodies and crowned with stars. Such to the artist soul is the beloved parable of earth. The life within must become outward; all that we know is dying to be born,—is craving to realize itself, to know, to possess, to adore!

And so, following the imperious prompting of her soul, Miss Whiting at a very early age began to write. Her companions in the literary world were quite as real to her as those she met daily in the flesh, and they exerted a more determining influence on her than most of her playmates. It was quite natural, therefore, that she should wish to write of some of these companions of the soul.

## II.

Her first important essay was on Margaret Fuller, and its excellence was such that it was not only promptly accepted and published in the Cincinnati Commercial, but it secured for the young girl a position in the crowded ranks of journalism. The success which has crowned her fine work in this chosen profession has been so marked that it must prove helpfully suggestive to high-minded youth at the threshold of life. Hence, I wish to speak of it somewhat at length, for Miss Whiting has long since taken a foremost position among the small group of earnest and high-minded young Americans who have carried into their journalistic work all the love of the best and the moral enthusiasm which mark the flower of nineteenth-century civilization. While too many of our keenest writers have yielded to the seductive influence of debased sensationalism, and others have silenced the promptings of their nobler selves that they might win the approval of the counting-house, even though through this thoughtless recklessness characters have been assassinated and hearts broken, Miss Whiting has maintained an inflexible loyalty to the high ideals held when yet a girl she adopted journalism as a profession. It is not too much to say that, if the editorial and re-

portorial staffs of our great dailies were filled with such conscientious and generous-hearted thinkers as she, the daily press would soon so elevate and ennoble humanity that civilization would be transformed, for it, more than any other factor in modern life, influences the civilized world. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the school, the church, and the rostrum together exert a greater influence over millions of lives than the daily and weekly press; and nothing is truer than that we reflect in our lives that which is held in our thought world. Marcus Aurelius uttered a profound truth when he said, "Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind, for the soul is dyed by its thoughts." That our author has fully appreciated the high and sacred trust which is given to the journalist, as a molder of thought and a shaper of human destiny, is seen from the following observation made in a discussion of "The Ethics of Journalism:"\*

The assumption that journalism, the greatest of modern forces, is a matter of art and ethics, is one that can hardly fail to be conceded by the reader; for the finer civilization in which we are beginning to live, and which is at once the cause and effect of finer forces, demands artistic form and ethical purpose as the vital factors of every great achievement. In no expression of life is this fact more clearly shown than in journalism. For, indeed, when we come to scrutinize this all-pervasive force, this marvelous influence which, by remolding and directing the individual, is shaping the national destiny, we see its claim is that of life itself, and we recognize that newspapers have souls, whatever may be said of corporations. The newspaper is not only the contemporary, but it is the magic mirror, turned forward; and it shows us not only what is, but what should be. The actual and the ideal meet in its pages.

Elsewhere in the same discussion Miss Whiting thus emphasizes the responsibility of the journalist:

The one important article of faith for the literary journalist is to believe, with the utmost depth of conviction, that there is nothing too good for the daily newspaper, and the one anxiety is to secure that which is good enough for it. The influence the press

exerts on the lives of the American people is simply incalculable.

Her literary work in Cincinnati won instant recognition, and a year later she received the offer of a position from the editor of the *Boston Traveler*, which she accepted. Here her writing, characterized by elevation of thought, strength, beauty, and tenderness, no less than her graceful style, made her very popular with thoughtful people, and in 1882 she was made literary editor of the *Traveler*, a position which she held until 1890, when she resigned, owing to the paper passing into other management. It was during this period that she began her weekly correspondence for the *Times-Democrat* of New Orleans and the *Inter-Ocean* of Chicago. These literary news-letters instantly became very popular with thousands of the most thoughtful people of the South and West. They reflected and described the best in the thought and work of the East in such a way as to interest and entertain all readers who appreciate good literature. No one could read them without feeling better for their perusal. They were like the invigorating inspiration of mountain air. Therefore, it is not strange that the young journalist soon possessed an enthusiastic clientele far beyond the boundaries of New England. After resigning her position on the *Traveler*, Miss Whiting accepted the editorial management of the *Boston Budget*, which position she held for three years, resigning in 1893 that she might devote her attention exclusively to authorship.

### III.

During the fourteen years in which Miss Whiting had been engaged in journalistic work she had steadily risen in the literary world as a finished essayist and a literary critic of rare discernment. Her first book, "The World Beautiful," first series, was warmly welcomed, and was followed by two companion volumes, second and third series.\* These three volumes are, in my judgment, among the most helpful popular ethical works of recent times. In their pages many of the

\*"The World Beautiful," second series, chapter on "The Ethics of Journalism."

\*"The World Beautiful," first, second, and third series. Price, \$1.50 per volume. Boston, Little, Brown & Co.



perplexing problems of the life that now is are treated so luminously, and with such warmth and beauty, that they appeal to the dullest imagination in a compelling way. The spirit of beauty is ever present in thought no less than expression. Indeed, her work almost suggests the reappearance of the old beauty-loving soul which marked the life of Greece in the days of her glory, with this important difference,—the ancient Greeks passionately loved the beautiful, but it was more the sensuous beauty that appealed to the physical organs of vision and hearing than the subtler spiritual beauty that is perceived in a realizing way by the soul. It is true that many of the nobler Greeks evinced a keen intellectual appreciation for the spiritual verities, but this appreciation seemed to go little farther than a mental apprehension of their worth. The deep feeling, the overmastering warmth and beauty, which mark a realizing sense of profound spiritual verities, were wanting in the earlier age. Now, this excellence is the greatest charm of our author's work, as it is one of the distinguishing characteristics which illustrate the upward advance of humanity through the ages. Miss Whiting makes her readers feel the beauty of the soul, and this necessarily heightens the appreciation for beauty everywhere. She possesses a deeply religious nature,—religious in the true sense of that much-abused term. Though an Episcopalian, she is as liberal and tolerant as the broadest-minded Unitarian. Something of her religious views is expressed in the following passage from a recent essay:\*

Religion is as progressive as science. In corresponding proportion as man's spiritual nature unfolds and develops does he receive a larger revelation of the divine wisdom. This wisdom is always about him, infinite as the atmosphere, and its only limitation is in his individual capacity to receive. . . . Nothing is permanent save spiritual energy, and that is continually advancing and conquering new territory. "No truth so sublime but it may be trivial to-morrow in the light of new thoughts," says Emerson. "People wish to be settled; but only so far as they are unsettled is there any hope for them."

\*Introduction to Victor Charbonnel's "Victory of the Will." Price, \$1.50. Boston, Little, Brown & Co.

. . . The growth of the soul requires a series of "more stately mansions." All that was permanently valuable in the past persists and enters into new combinations to serve the present. Religion was never a final, but a progressive revelation. "The pure in heart shall see God." The purer one grows in heart the more truly shall he see God.

Elsewhere she observes:\*

The time has come even now when man must abandon worldliness and live as a soul; when the City of God must not be thought of as only to be entered after death, but that it is the responsibility of every man to create it now and here. It is no extravagance to say that this work of making heaven on earth is the real business of every human being. All else is incidental, and should lead up to this supreme aim.

In the following lines from a discussion on, "Judge not," and "Love one another," we catch the spirit which pervades all the "World Beautiful" books:†

If one thinks of it, there would seem to be a close connection between the command not to judge and to love. Harsh judgments, unjust judgments, are at the root of nine-tenths of all social friction. A harsh and an unjust judgment are almost synonymous. A harsh judgment is almost invariably both an ignorant and an unjust one. Wider knowledge is tolerance. Finer insight is sympathy. Large comprehension is love.

The harsh judgment, even if unspoken, instantly begins its corrosive work. Let one think evil of another, and though he shall never utter it, never write it, in no way make it audible or visible, the object of this thought will feel it, and friction between the two will begin. On the contrary, let one hold another in perpetually beautiful thought, let him refuse to recognize any evil, and call on him—spirit to spirit—only for the good, and this silent, subtle thought will so invigorate and stimulate all the ideal nature of its object that the man will grow to be really that which his neighbor believes him to be. Now, so to live is not only a beautiful, but an ideal state; it is not only a privilege, it is a duty—the highest duty. It is the absolute divine responsibility on each and all.

To live well with one's kind includes in its higher possibilities this holding of sweet and helpful and believing thought of every one. It does not matter that the person may seem rude, selfish, censorious, or ill-bred. Hold him all the more in higher thought. The trend of life, all advance of civilization, is

\*"The World Beautiful," second series, chapter entitled "The Incident of Death."

†"The World Beautiful," second series, chapter on "Social Redemptive Agencies."

more and more toward intimate social contact. The time demands development in the art of living well with one's kind. Solitude is all-essential for receiving divine light and direction. Society is essential for carrying that illumination out into life and transmuting it into influence.

Life is after all,—this present life,—to learn to live, to learn to live the life of the spirit, which asserts its force over our physical states, and which transforms all lower feeling into love, joy, peace, and holiness.

Let the days be steeped in color and perfume and music and loveliness; let them glow with all the fire of the opal, and reflect in their many-faceted hours a thousand charms and visions of beauty. Redeem time from cold and narrow calculations, and set it free to be lived with romance and ardor and imaginative intensity. Let it radiate joy, and let the basis of reality be glorified by the superstructure of romance in sympathies, and swift, unerring intuition. While living, let us live, not exist. If one will but turn toward Beauty, her magnetic tides shall set toward him, and his days shall be steeped in ecstasy and all the divine glory of Beauty and Love.

And here again we have some fine thoughts on love and wisdom, which illustrate our author's methods of treating subjects which in the hands of many would be labored and tiresome:\*

There is philosophy as well as philanthropy in the keeping in touch with all sweetness and love; in the being swift to be kind. This is living on the spiritual plane, and spirituality is power. . . . To the degree in which one is swiftly responsive and constantly in touch with love, and generosity, and kindness, and thoughtful consideration, to that degree does he command the potencies of life. He is living as a spirit, in the spiritual world and among spiritual forces. To the degree in which he is selfish and unsympathetic, to that degree is he dwelling on a low plane, in a lower and cruder order of life. It is as if one should crouch and crawl when he might stand firm and walk uprightly. Or as if he should choose to walk in alleys or over rough stones instead of on noble boulevards with radiant and enchanting views. The moment one asserts his true dignity of life as a spiritual being, essentially, although temporarily dwelling amid the scenery of the physical world, that moment does he begin to live on a plane where he holds mastery over conditions.

There is much talk in the air over thought centers and thought currents. "The great dual principle of this world is love and wisdom; and the latter can only be developed through the former. The intellect is entirely

dependent upon the affections." The initial step is always tranquillity. No human being can live in this world of conflicts within and conflicts without and not at times feel a burning sense of injustice and irritation. All that must be eliminated. Wrong must be forgiven, and the mind and heart filled with impulses of love and sweetness. The divine injunction to love your enemies, to pray for those who spitefully use you, must be fulfilled to the most entire and complete extent.

These extracts will serve to indicate the thought of our author as found in these three helpful little books of which we have been speaking.

In "After Her Death" we have in part the wonderful record of Miss Whiting's psychical experiences, beginning with the passing into the spirit world of her dear friend, Kate Field. There is much in this book of deep interest to students of psychical phenomena, although the subject is not dwelt upon as fully and circumstantially as one could wish, for the reason that much of the matter belongs to the records of the Society for Psychical Research, and could not be used before it comes out in the proceedings of that society. The volume, however, is of great interest from first to last, containing a luminous argument for immortality, interwoven in a glowing tribute to the loved friend who had passed from the flesh. As Miss Whiting discusses her psychical experiences somewhat at length in her conversation, I will confine my extracts from this work to some general remarks bearing on the subject of the spiritual life and psychical science:\*

As potential spiritual beings, it is our privilege to live the life of the spirit,—the higher life of intellectual work, of affection, of generosity, of love. That quality of life is spiritual life. That quality of life renders the intercommunication possible.

The evolutionary progress of the race has now attained a degree that renders intercommunication between the two worlds the next step. It is as natural, as subject to the orderly workings of law, as is the development of electricity. This opening of intercommunication—not as an occasional phenomenon, but as the natural daily experience,—is now as essential to the higher social progress as was the laying of the Atlantic cable. Is it "visionary" to talk of it? Co-

\*"The World Beautiful," second series, chapter on "Sympathetic Social Relations."

\*"After Her Death, the Record of a Summer." Price, \$1.25. Boston, Little, Brown & Co.

lumbus was a visionary. Cyrus Field was a visionary. "Visions," says George Eliot, "are the creators and feeders of mankind." The nature, the resources, the experiences common to the life just beyond are, we may be assured, soon to be revealed to us.

"The unknown is not by any necessity the unknowable," said Bishop Phillips Brooks. In that assertion there lies a profound truth, to which one of almost equal significance might be added, namely, that the effort to investigate the unknown, and if possible to transmute it into the known, is not demoralizing. On the contrary, the entire progress of the world has depended on those persons who did not regard ignorance as synonymous with righteousness, whose horizon of possibilities was not bounded by the perceptions of the senses, who did not fear to take risks and steer into the unknown. That the Copernican theory of the universe replaced the Ptolemaic is due to the faith of Galileo in new and independent investigation. The discovery and establishment of the law of gravitation is due to Newton's higher penetration into nature's laws. The constant progress of electrical science, which is revolutionizing all the conditions of modern life, is due to faith, insight, experiment, to patient and persistent endeavor, to unwearied effort in the pursuit of new forces. The law of psychical communication will be discovered by the same power of patient, persistent effort, by critical scrutiny of all alleged messages received, and close study of the conditions involved. Faith is not credulity; nor is denial, and refusal to study and consider, any mark of a superior intelligence.

There is a supreme need in the life of to-day that theology shall lift itself to spirituality.

There is perhaps no power that organized religion could bring to bear on general life which would be so all-compelling in its results as to impress the reality of communion between the visible and the invisible. In the light of that realization every noble aspiration is intensified, every ignoble one revealed in its true paltriness and meanness. The life that is possible in its resplendence, its exaltation, its loveliness, its charm, is seen in vivid contrast with a mere existence of worry, care, perplexity, and strife.

The establishment of definite, recognized, and intelligent communication between the seen and the unseen would make a new era in the development of the race. To reject the idea as irreverent is as idle as it would be to deprecate establishing social relations with a neighboring city or continent. The advantage would be an infinite illumination in all arts and inventions that

have to do with the higher forces of nature, in infinite comfort, and in the absolute demonstration of personal immortality. Life would be exalted and ennobled.

The ethereal world is invisible to us simply because its life is a matter of higher vibrations. The human eye cannot see beyond the limit of a vibration of eight hundred trillions per second, and the human ear is likewise limited. So that all life in a higher state of vibration than this is invisible and inaudible. There is a field of tremendous forces in this upper region, which science is just beginning to apprehend. "The air is full of miracles," says a recent authority. "The certainty is, strange things are coming, and coming soon."

The ethereal world was open to Jesus because he lived the life of spirituality. In proportion as one achieves this, does the realm just beyond grow clearer. In this spiritual perspective the experiences common to all are seen in their truer values. One comes to perceive that the only enduring realities are the moral victories which his higher nature gains over the lower. He discovers that external conditions are but the transitory scenery through which he is passing, and hold no permanent power for good or for ill over his life.

Miss Whiting's volume of verse, entitled "From Dreamland Sent," proved justly popular. It is a volume studded with gems. Here is a little waif, entitled "A Christmas Message," which reflects in a real way the author's spirit:

Though I sit in darkness this Christmas eve,  
I know that the world is fair,  
And the musical chime of the Christmas bells  
Will ring on the morning air.

And though I have neither gems nor gold  
As tokens to place before you,  
I will not repine, for Love greater than mine  
Its gladness and grace throws o'er you.

And I will arise and rejoice to-day  
In the world's glad loving and giving,  
And will sing a song in my heart alway  
For the untold richness of living.

For the comfort of Hope and the beauty of  
Love,  
For the Faith that falleth us never;  
For the Peace on Earth and Good-will toward  
men,  
And the Star that shineth forever!

In the following stanzas, from a beautiful poem entitled "An October Birthday," the author carries in her thought the fact that October is called "the month

of the Holy Angels." The poem is at once a question and a prayer:

With the October days in mystic splendor,  
The heart of opal gleaming through its haze,—  
What dreams may come, their vision to surrender  
With the October days?

What new ideals shine, what glad evangel  
Make your world fair, and prophesy new ways?  
What shall it bring—Month of the Holy Angels!  
In the October days?

O friend, for whom to-night I ask the question,  
Into whose future fair I fain would gaze,  
How throng on me glad thought and sweet suggestion  
With these October days!

The prayer that life may give you its completeness;  
October's angels ever guard your ways;  
And love and honor crown you with their sweetness,  
Through all October days.

In this life as we journey to the morning land sometimes we meet those of whom we say at once that they belong to us, or, "They are of my people," for soul meets soul in harmonious communion, and into the spirit comes a sense of satisfaction and of spiritual uplift which suggests kinship far more than flesh and blood ties. In the following lines Miss Whiting voices a sentiment I imagine we all have often felt. It is a heart song to one whose influence is at once an uplift and a benediction:

Sing to me, darling, O darling, to-night!  
I sit weary and faint in the lessening light.  
The day so full-freighted with duties has passed;  
And while it leaves courage and faith at the last,  
Its demands were too many,—my hand was too slight,—  
Sing to me, darling, O darling, to-night!

Play for me, darling, O darling, to-night!  
Touch the white keys with your fingers of light;  
Waken the melodies only your hand  
Can make for my heart in its pleading demand;  
Dreams half divine at your touch will unite,—  
Play for me, darling, O darling, to-night!

Talk to me, darling, O darling, to-night!  
Your words bring me always the Vision, the Light.  
Tell me how even our faltering hands  
Can wrest from this life our divinest demands;  
Bring me your insight, your faith in the Right,—  
Talk to me, darling, O darling, to-night!

There is a peculiar interest attached to the following poem entitled "Answered." It was originally written and published without the last stanza. Miss Field was the person in the poet's mind. When Miss Whiting was preparing to publish "From Dreamland Sent" she took up this poem from among some others she had collected, and on doing so she immediately beheld a sculptured cross, and there flowed into her mind the words of the closing stanza, which she immediately set down. The incident passed from her mind until long after Miss Field had passed beyond. Indeed, I believe it was not until Miss Whiting had caused the little white cross to be erected over her friend's ashes in Mt. Auburn that she was suddenly reminded of having seen it in her vision before her friend died. This incident is only one of many experiences which have come to our author, proving that coming events frequently cast their shadows before.

"What will the new year bring to us?"  
Thus wrote, last year, a treasured friend.  
"What hold the months in their hidden clasp?  
What rare new gifts will the angels send?"

Half lightly the words were penned, I know,  
And lightly I read them, one moonlit night,  
When the sunset and moonrise seemed to blend,  
As I watched from the window the changing light.

Yet, half expectant, I questioned, too,  
Half fearing, half shrinking from all it might hold;  
And the darkness deepened around as I stood;  
And the winter moonlight grew white and cold.

Again I stand on the threshold  
Of another year untried;  
The shadow of a sculptured cross  
Falls dimly at my side.

Some of the finest poems in this work are personal in character and were com-



posed for special occasions. The one I most admire was written and read at a Fourth of July dinner given to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe by the Floral Emblem Society. The following stanzas illustrate the character of the creation, which is entitled "Poet, Priestess, and Prophet:"

"On the matron's time-worn mantle let the poet's wreath be laid,"  
Thus she wrote, our Gracious Lady, who to-day this feast has made  
By her presence here among us an occasion rare and sweet;  
While the winds and waves and blossoms all their harmony repeat.

Long since have the years in passing laid upon her brow the bays;  
Laurel wreath, and rose, and myrtle brought their tribute to her praise.  
"In the beauty of the lilies" how her life flowered into deeds;  
In the clang and clash of battle her word answered to the needs.

So to all life's claims responsive, as the poet e'er must be,  
Seeing in the daily duties some diviner harmony,  
Shrinking from no need that called her, asking not reward or fame,  
So our Lady's life flowed onward till its torch became a flame  
That has lighted many a pathway; proved our aspirations real;  
Recognized the value, ever, of faith kept with the Ideal.

And on this, our nation's birthday, it is meet, with one accord,  
That we honor here the poet who the glory of the Lord  
Saw amid the burning watchfires of a hundred circling camps,  
And who read God's righteous sentence in their dim and flaring lamps.

For her words made strong the nation; told them Truth was marching on;  
Bade them hold their aim unflinching; bade them see the coming dawn;  
Neither Pallas with her armor, nor yet Hera, mythic queen,  
Ever gazed from fair Olympia with a vision more serene.

Long since has the roar of cannon died away along the line.  
Forces now of peace and progress hold prophetic seal and sign.  
Turn we from the old negations to unfolding purposes  
That shall bring the glad fulfillment of our nation's destinies.

Poets are our prophets ever: it is they who quaff the wine  
Of the rose and gold of dawning, when the air is all divine;  
When the flood of golden sunshine fills the soul with mystic sense  
That a marvelous unfolding waits its coming,—not far hence.

So she dreamed—our seer and poet—of a nobler womanhood;  
And her hand unlocked the portals by whose gates we long had stood,  
And her voice called on each spirit to arise in fuller power,  
To fulfill those nobler meanings that unfolded, hour by hour.

Still we trace the onward pages, and the priestess, too, we see  
Giving all her life's best efforts for a new humanity.  
Not alone for human freedom, but for life divine, she pleads;  
That the standards of the Master be our measurement of deeds.

The volume closes with the following memorial poem to Kate Field:

"Across the world I speak to thee!"  
So wrote I, Love, a year ago:  
And now again the blossoms blow,  
The sun shines fair on shore and sea;  
Still with unfaltering trust I know  
Across the world I speak to thee!

Across the world of Time and Space!  
For where thou art, they know not time.  
Ages may leave their trace sublime,  
And burning stars may run their race;  
My life still keeps in touch with thine,  
Receives its measure of thy grace.

Across that line that just divides  
This world of ours from one more fair,  
Through starry space and purple air,  
I can discern the unseen guides,  
And thou, with jasmine in thy hair,  
Art near, whatever fate betides.

I see thee in the glowing dawn:  
I wake, as at some sacred shrine,  
From which a fitting form, too fine  
For mortal view, fades from my sight,  
Yet leaves its haunting touch divine,—  
The thrill of pausing on its flight!

Miss Whiting's two important works, entitled "Kate Field, a Record," and "A Study of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," will be published this month. Their appearance has been eagerly awaited by thousands of thoughtful people who have derived inspiration and an incentive to nobler efforts from her former works, and

have learned to know that whatever comes from her pen will be helpful, because vibrant with spiritual enthusiasm and that large faith which makes life and work a joy and a blessing.

## PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN PSYCHICAL INVESTIGATION.

### CONVERSATION WITH LILIAN WHITING.

Q. Miss Whiting, will you tell us how long you have been interested in psychical investigations?

A. In psychical research, so called, I have been deeply interested since first hearing of the work by this specific designation, and I was one of the early members of the American branch of the English society that was formed under this name. My friend, Miss Kate Field, made a remark in a private letter to me, somewhere in the early decade of the eighties, to the effect that "I look to see science prove immortality." I think this was almost, if not quite, my first illumination toward the possibility of scientific demonstration of religious and spiritual truth, though I believe the English society, whose work Dr. Hodgson has so ably established in this country, had at that time been an organized association for several years. During the entire decade of 1880-'90 I was absorbed in literary matters,—in my work of literary editorship on a daily newspaper,—and, being constantly on the alert for every literary movement in Europe and in our own country, I was not, at that time, so consciously following the special development of man's spiritual faculties and the great work that was then in active progress among the leaders of it in France, England, and our own country, as I have been since 1890. Yet the interest in this line was always a part of my daily and hourly experience, and this confession, indeed, includes your question.

Q. At what age did you first have psychical experiences?

A. In fact, what we now call psychic experiences have been constantly familiar to me from my earliest remembrance. As a little child lying in my crib I remember seeing lights about the room which I

thought of as "the angels." I do not know just how I came to apply this name to the starry flashes in the dark; but, instead of being alarmed, it never seemed to occur to my childish consciousness that these appearances were not as natural as sunshine or lamplight, and I remember I was often rather impatient to be left alone in the dark that I might enjoy, not merely vague forms and lights that I saw, but a certain wonderful happiness which, of course, I did not then question or analyze. There were to me pictures in the air,—beautiful scenery, flowers, and sometimes faces,—all of which I accepted as unquestioningly as a child accepts any of the phenomena about him. This sense of unseen companionship has been a part of my very identity always; but until within the past dozen years or so I should call it an unconscious consciousness. I hardly thought more about it than I did about the air I breathed. It was simply in and of my daily life. As I look back now over many events I can see how practical a matter in my life was this unseen guidance. I was reared in the faith I hold most precious,—that of the Episcopal Church,—and much that we now in these latter days call psychic matters was to me simply the religious life. My mother was very psychic, although until of late years I only regarded her experiences, so far as I thought of them at all, as those pertaining to her religious life. From the summer of 1880 until the consecration of the Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks as bishop (in October of 1891) it was my inestimable privilege to come under the determining influence of his ministry. His marvelous sermons forged the link between the ceremonial observance of religion and the life of spirituality, or perhaps I should rather say that he vitalized religion with spirituality and revealed that the spiritual life is infinitely helped and strengthened in its progress by the observance of our formal church ceremonies; that attendance on organized worship, the entering into the great life of the church as a whole (in whatever denomination one may find himself drawn), and the partaking of the holy sacrament of communion,—that all these are the divine aids and the means by which we may strive to develop our spirit-

ual life. The priceless privilege of thus enjoying the ministry of Dr. Phillips Brooks has been continued to me in the great and uplifting ministry of his successor, the Rev. Dr. E. Winchester Donald, who is doing a work, not only in his own parish, but in its relation to the general progress of the age, that is remarkable in its scope and its vitality of influence.

Q. Will you relate a few of your psychical experiences to us?

A. As I have already said, a certain unconscious cognizance, if I may so express it, of an unseen world and unseen companionship has been a part of my very life from my earliest remembrance; and, of specific occurrences which in these latter years I have come to recognize, there have been more than I could detail in an entire number of *The Coming Age*. Naturally, a large proportion of these would hold no interest for the public, and are too personal in their nature to offer here. Yet all these experiences, with all of us, are inevitably personal, and in our common discussions and comparisons of experiences we are all learning to waive this objection and speak frankly. And, with this general apology and plea for the kind charity of the reader, I will simply reply to the question asked. Frances Willard used to say that we were placed in this world to exchange and discuss our experiences, and there is a hint of counsel in this remark.

A certain combination of circumstances had caused me some years ago to decide leaving the Boston life that had become so infinitely dear to me, and go to New York. The arrangements were in progress when, one day in my own rooms, as I was looking from my window on the blue waters of the Charles that danced and sparkled under a flood of golden light, I suddenly heard an audible voice saying, "Stay where you are; your work is not done here."

At the time I was not even surprised. Afterward, as I looked back on it, the occurrence seemed strange and phenomenal. At the moment I did not think of it as other than perfectly natural, and I replied, as naturally, "I'm very glad. I could not bear to go away." It may sound incredible to assert that I desisted in my

purposes, but it is true, and, however unflattering to any aspiration to be regarded as possessing a modicum of common sense, I must yet confess that I put on my hat and went over to see some new pictures in the Museum, and sat down to dinner that night as calmly as if I had never dreamed of making any change. All the reasons for doing so seemed to have been dispelled, and still,—nothing had happened. Not till the next day,—then something did happen that, in any case, would have held me in Boston. But this entire reliance, in a way quite outside of one's knowledge of any facts on which to rely,—that comes to so many of us under similar conditions,—what can we say of it, after all, save in the words of the psalmist: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon thee?" It is, I think, the spirit's perception of unseen leading,—the spirit's recognition that

God's in his heaven:  
All's right with the world,—

that produces this wonderful sense of serene uplift and happiness.

As I have said, the next day something did happen. Certain very definite reasons arose for making no change of location, and the most charming and satisfactory solution of the uncertainty came about.

Now, in this case the psychical experience of the voice telling me to remain where I was seems certainly supported by such practical actualities that I cannot believe myself the victim of a delusion.

Q. Have you ever beheld any apparitions, and if so will you describe them and the circumstances under which you beheld them?

A. In the late autumn of 1880 I was very ill with pneumonia, and recovery seemed improbable. At that time I saw my mother (who had been in the unseen for several years) standing by my bedside in the most natural way. This seems to me now very simple, for when one is so ill he is doubtless already partially released from his physical body and the physical world; and he thus is a partial inhabitant of the unseen world and sees those who are there just as, while an inhabitant of the physical world, he sees those who are here.

Q. Have your experiences with Mrs. Piper been of a conclusive character, that is, have they established in your mind the authenticity of the messages which have purported to come from Miss Field?

A. My experiences with Mrs. Piper, the very remarkable medium who for many years has been under the auspices of the Society for Psychical Research, have been of the most absolutely conclusive character; and there is in my mind no more doubt that the messages written through her hand, purporting to come from Miss Kate Field, are really from her than there is that the questions to which I am replying are asked by yourself. In any effort to select from this vast, accumulative mass of evidence specific incidents to relate to others, I always find that the amount of evidence itself is an embarrassment of riches,—that the conversations extending through a long series of sittings were all more or less linked together, and, what is the most important element in it of all, these conversations were constantly relating themselves, in the intervals between the sittings, to the actual course of life in daily affairs. No one seance stands out isolated; each and all bear the interrelation of a constant communion of spirit to spirit, which apparently persisted—and persists—between Miss Field and myself. Thus, all the seances with Mrs. Piper were like actual talks, *viva voce*, in certain meetings with the friend with whom one has been all the time in perpetual daily correspondence. At such meetings friends are apt to speak to each other more or less of the matters which they have mutually discussed in their daily letters. Now, substitute telepathic intercourse for epistolary correspondence, and there is the analogy of my communications from Miss Field through Mrs. Piper's hand, as relating itself to my constant telepathic intercourse with her, day by day. Again, as these seances were by the kind permission of Dr. Hodgson, the matter, strictly speaking, belongs to the records of the Psychical Society, to be drawn upon by Dr. Hodgson as he sees fit in his reports, which are so valuable in their authoritative nature. By the generous courtesy of Dr. Hodgson, I was enabled to

use a portion of these experiences in my books, "After Her Death" and the third series of "The World Beautiful."

At one time I asked Miss Field about a provision of her will which involved matters unknown to me. The hand of the medium wrote pages describing a business transaction which I afterward verified in every particular.

During the first autumn after her death I saw and talked with, at various intervals, four friends of hers from Honolulu who visited this country. Two of these conversations were held in my own room, one in Brooklyn, New York, and one in Cambridge. In the seance following any one of these meetings Miss Field would comment on things that had been said, often taking the initiative, and surprising me by her assertion or comment; and in one case (this conversation having been in my own room) telling, with great vehemence, that a certain assertion made was not true, and it turned out to have been an entire misapprehension on the part of the person who had made it to me, although a very natural and entirely pardonable mistake.

But to touch on Miss Field's communications through Mrs. Piper in this unrelated way is to offer no adequate idea of them at all. Kate Field was herself a psychic. She was always deeply interested in the subject. Planchette wrote under her hand, and she published the matter in a little book called "Planchette's Diary;" and since I have gone through all her journals and private papers, in preparation for her biography, I find frequent references to her own "sittings" with mediums. All this, I think Dr. Hodgson would say, has greatly helped her in communicating. She apparently took up the possibilities of psychic communication from her new life with just that intense ardor that characterized her when here in penetrating into the phenomena of the telephone, or in her research and thorough investigation of the Mormon problem. It has been my privilege recently to meet Hon. P. C. Jones, of Honolulu, a former member of President Dole's cabinet, who knew Miss Field well in Hawaii, and who tells me of the marvelous thoroughness of her investigations while there. "I never saw



any person so keen in arriving at all the facts," said Mr. Jones. "She ought to have been a lawyer." Now, it was just this thorough persistence in investigating a new means of communication that was evinced by Miss Field in the seances with Mrs. Piper. The absolute identity of the expressions with her expressions and cast of mind when here impressed me forcibly.

Q. Do you not believe that psychical research is destined to be one of the chief weapons in combating materialism,—the most important, indeed, when we come face to face with the materialistic spirit that pervades much of the modern scientific thought?

A. Most certainly I believe that the entire extermination of materialism is the heaven-destined work of psychic research; or, to phrase this better, psychic research, conducted as it is by leading scientific men whose conclusions must, perforce, be accepted as true by all intelligent people, is making the scientific demonstration which is the corollary of religious teaching. Jesus said that blessed were they who had not seen, and yet had believed; but there are minds so constituted as to be more or less impervious to purely spiritual recognition, and although to a great degree spiritual things must be spiritually discerned, still, to a certain degree, also, spiritual things can be scientifically proved and demonstrated. When Miss Field said, "I look to science to prove immortality," she touched a great truth with prophetic foresight.

The spiritual realm interpenetrates this, and the worlds of the seen and the unseen are in the closest relation. In fact, there are not two lives, but it is all one life, the change called death not breaking the continuity; and the "other life" and the "next world" bear to this life and this world the same relation of evolutionary progress as the life of the child bears to the life of the man. In infancy, childhood, or maturity he is the same individual, only at different periods of evolution. As we are all primarily and permanently spiritual beings, and only secondarily and transiently on the physical plane, we live in two realms all the time, as Mrs. Reifsnider has so vividly dramatized in her helpful story,

"Between Two Worlds." In this romance she has presented a great truth in a very attractive manner, and no one can read this book without benefit.

But don't understand me as affirming that the present is a materialistic age. On the contrary, it seems to me that we are so entering into a practical knowledge and use of the forces in the unseen, and into such a beautiful consciousness of the larger life, that it is an increasing joy to live. Is it not indeed true, as that most eminent biblical scholar, Rev. Dr. Briggs, said from the pulpit of Trinity Church when Dr. Donald recently invited him to preach, that the world is advancing from the age of faith to the age of love? The best evidences of spirituality—its highest fruits—are love to God and man; and truly, if man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? The world is coming into the age of love; man's spiritual nature is developing so that in his daily experiences he is able to persist because of the light of larger hopes and of a faith informed by knowledge, and to endure as seeing Him who is invisible. In an age when man discovers the nature of the stars, when he penetrates the secrets of the universe, shall he not learn to know the nature of his own life? Psychic research is one of the divinely appointed factors of the day in leading men to a truer knowledge of the nature of life and its constant evolutionary progress toward the Divine. Still I think it is true that even the greatest leaders in this work,—Sir William Crookes, Professor Oliver Lodge, Professor William James, Dr. Richard Hodgson, and others,—feel themselves to be as yet only on the threshold of the opening revelation of knowledge. Mental phenomena are so varied in their character that no one law of identity can apply to all. The communications given through a medium, for instance, may be from a friend in the unseen; or from a friend still in the physical body, or from the subliminal self of the sitter; and whether its origin is one or the other must be determined just as we determine the varied phenomena of intercourse with our friends in the physical world.

"What the spiritualists ascribe to friends in the unseen I ascribe to God," said an estimable lady to me one day.

"But certainly," I replied, "we may all ascribe everything to God; only is it not possible that in the part of life a little farther on, just as in the life here, he works by means and not by miracles? If you give a pair of shoes to a man who needs them, I suppose it is primarily God who thus meets the poor man's need, only he does not materialize shoes before him, as a miracle, but puts it into your heart to buy and give them. God wants to send a poor family a load of wood, but he does not precipitate it through the roof. He puts it into the heart of some one to act as his messenger. Our great reward in this part of life, in endeavoring to live in purity and prayer and abounding good will, is that we may be not quite unworthy to be coworkers with God in this way. Is it not conceivable that our friends in the unseen thus find their employment and enjoyment in all forms of co-operation with the divine power, to carry out his will, to give his messages, to minister, in short, in every possible way? The highest and noblest among us here minister most largely and truly to humanity. Does not the analogy hold true as we develop and progress?"

"The onward progress of man will comprehend the development of his spiritual faculties so that he shall no longer need to resort to any special 'mediumship' to

hold intercourse with friends in the unseen; but by the unfolding of his own powers he shall see and hear what is beyond the present usual range of eye and ear. My dear friend, Miss Field, once said to me, 'Lilian, you—all of you—in your world seem so stupid to me. You seem like persons who are blind and deaf and dumb, for I stand by you and you do not see me; I speak to you and you do not hear me, and as you do not hear you do not reply.'

"How do we look to you?" I questioned. "When you see us, what do you see?"

"I see the spiritual body," she replied, "and the physical body as a dark shadow surrounding it."

"At another time she told me that this shadow was more or less dark or dense, according to the degree of the spirituality of life on the part of the person,—that one who lived nobly and prayerfully, with high purpose and generous thought, had thereby a far lighter and clearer physical body or 'shadow' surrounding the real (or the psychic) body, and, conversely, to live on a low plane made this surrounding shadow dense and gloomy."

There can be little doubt that humanity is pressing onward with an accelerated ratio of development into the finer perceptions and the clearer knowledge of the nature of life considered as spiritual evolution.

## II.—THE POET AND THE COMMON LIFE, AND THE OUTLOOK FOR POETRY

### A POET OF THE COMMON LIFE.

#### EDITORIAL SKETCH OF SAM WALTER FOSS.

"Be of some service. Do not be fastidious when so much depends on being good."—*Victor Hugo.*

Each age has its key-note or dominating ideal. Ours is utility. This may sound prosaic and unpromising to the poet and dreamer, until he remembers that the poem which has no real influencing power and the dream that is not actualized are as the dead in a world palpitat-

ing with life. The present age more than any other demands the utilization of art for the service of man; for here may we do much to neutralize the downward pressure of the brutalizing spirit of the modern market, which subordinates all else in the mad struggle for gold. Art, considered in the broadest sense of the term, if true to her high trust, is one of the mighty levers by which humanity shall be uplifted and glorified. We must have done once and for all with the idea that art has naught to do with utility. All

work should be service. To gladden the heart and inform the mind; to enrich, dignify, and exalt all life; to awaken the sympathies until the soul blooms in the glory of that helpful love which is all-inclusive, and nowhere so beautiful or beneficent as in the presence of life's miseries,—this is the high mission of poetry, literature, and art. All work that is worthy must have a high aim, and that aim, broadly speaking, should concern the betterment of life's conditions. This view of art must more and more obtain as the broadening conception of life, born of a rising civilization, takes possession of the conscience of man. The old idea that the pleasure and gratification of the few, who through fate and circumstance were better conditioned than the many, were all that concerned art, is disappearing before the recognition of the solidarity of the race, the interdependence of the units in society, and the mutual duties, responsibilities, and obligations devolving on all who are loyal to the summons of divinity. It is a happy sign of a better day when an increasing number of scholars, poets, and artists are consecrating their God-given gifts to the service of humanity, and are faithfully working for the amelioration of the conditions of the masses and the elevation of the people. The aim is one, but the demands are various as the needs and capacities of the people are varied. Some speak to small groups; others appeal to millions. Some with a sermon, some with a song, some with a story, some with a bit of homely verse, are driving home truths which live in the heart until they bear fruit in a better manhood. I remember being surprised some time since at a young lady telling me that the little poems of one of the humble singers of the people had done her more good than any of the works in her father's magnificent library. The splendid thought of Carlyle and Browning, who were especially dear to the father, did not influence her, but the homely philosophy of a writer of verse had strengthened, touched, helped, and softened her heart, and had awakened the better impulses in her nature, while bringing her in sympathetic relation with the miseries of life.

Did you ever ask yourself whether the simple poems of Burns or the splendid periods of Milton's stately lines were proving more helpful to upward-struggling humanity? Browning and Carlyle are towers of strength to many; but are they reaching the multitudes with heart messages that are vital because comprehended and felt, as are such poets of the people as Mackay, Massey, Morris, Clark, and Markham?

Like James Whitcomb Riley and Will Carleton, the subject of our sketch seeks to represent to a certain extent the common life; but Mr. Foss, though far less finished and not so deeply poetic as Riley, is more philosophical and didactic. He is a born teacher. He is never so happy as when, with homely phrase and quaint dialect, he forces truths home to the common mind so simply, artlessly, and impersonally that the needed lesson is given without occasioning offense or rousing prejudices, as would have been the case in many instances if direct appeals had been made to the individual. The unschooled farmer and illiterate laborer in his poems become teachers who in homely words impress philosophical truths and practical lessons relating to the life that now is and the conditions confronting society. The mission of the artist is to enrich and benefit the life of the people, and this has ever been the aim of our poet. His views are admirably set forth in these lines, which form the introductory poem in his last volume.\*

Who will write the best song, who will paint  
the best picture,  
Whose music is best?  
He who understands man, knows the heart  
of him, loves him  
Above all the rest.

Put stars in your song and put skies in your  
picture,  
Put mountains and seas;  
But one heart-throb that's tuned to the heart  
of a brother  
Is greater than these.

Man first in your song; man first, and then  
mountains,  
And the woods and the seas;  
And know, while you picture the star groups  
of midnight,  
He is greater than these.

\*"Songs of War and Peace." Price, \$1.25. Boston, Lee & Shepard.

What is art, what is art and the artist's  
achievement,  
Its purpose and plan?  
'Tis the message that's sent from the heart  
of the artist  
To the heart of a man.

And how rich in human kindness and  
tenderness are his poems; how broad his  
loving sympathy. It is to the common  
life he speaks and of the common life he  
sings. Seldom indeed do we find the  
drunkard and the wanderer coming in for  
kindly consideration at the hand of the  
poet. Too many of us are inclined to re-  
gard him as a vagabond, and dismiss him  
from our thought without stopping to  
consider what is behind the life, the many  
battles fought, the complex influences  
which have often seemed to conspire  
against him and force him downward.  
We forget what heights of joy and depths  
of bitterness have been his. We are  
prone to forget that he is our brother, and  
that such as he is we might have been had  
our fate been similar to his. We also are  
liable to overlook our duty to him, a duty  
which if rightly performed may bring  
light into the darkened life and redeem  
his soul. Such thoughts are subtly sug-  
gested in the following poem, entitled  
"The Volunteer Organist," which is  
thoroughly characteristic of our poet:\*

The gret big church wuz crowded full of  
broadcloth an' uv silk,  
An' satins rich as cream thet grows on our  
ol' brindle's milk;  
Shined boots, biled shirts, stiff dickeys, and  
stove-pipe hats were there,  
An' doods 'ith trouserloons so tight they  
couldn' kneel in prayer.

The elder in his pulpit high, said, as he  
slowly riz:  
"Our organist is kep' to hum, laid up 'ith  
roomatiz,  
An' as we hev no substitoot, as Brother  
Moore ain't here,  
Will some 'un in the congergation be so  
kind's to volunteer?"

An' then a red-nosed, drunken tramp, of low-  
toned, rowdy style,  
Give an interduct'ry hiccup, an' then stag-  
gered up the aisle;  
Then thro' the holy atmosphere there crep'  
a sense er sin,  
An' thro' thet air er sanctity the odor uv  
ol' gin.

\*"Back Country Poems." Price, \$1.50. Boston,  
Lee & Shepard.

Then Deacon Purin'ton he yelled, his teeth  
all sot on edge:  
"This man purfanes the house er God! Why,  
this is sakerlege!"  
The tramp didn' hear a word he said, but  
slouched 'ith stumblin' feet,  
An' sprawled an' staggered up the steps, an'  
gained the organ seat.

He then went pawin' thro' the keys, an' soon  
there riz a strain  
Thet seemed to jest bulge out the heart, an'  
'lectrify the brain;  
An' then he slapped down on the thing 'ith  
hands an' head an' knees,—  
He slamdashed his hull body down kerflop  
upon the keys.

The organ roared, the music flood went  
sweeping high an' dry,  
It swelled into the rafters, an' bulged out  
into the sky,  
The ol' church shook an' staggered, an'  
seemed to reel an' sway,  
An' the elder shouted "Glory!" an' I yelled  
out "Hooray!"

An' then he tried a tender strain thet melted  
in our ears,  
Thet brought up blessed memories an'  
drenched 'em down 'ith tears;  
An' we dreamed uv ol'time kitchens, 'ith  
Tabby on the mat,  
Uv home an' luv an' baby days, an' mother,  
an' all that!

An' then he struck a streak uv hope—a song  
from souls forgiven—  
Thet burst from prison-bars uv sin, an'  
stormed the gates uv heaven;  
The mornin' stars they sung together,—no  
soul was left alone,—  
We felt the universe wuz safe, an' God wuz  
on his throne!

An' then a wall uv deep despair an' darkness  
come again,  
An' long black crape hung on the doors uv  
all the homes uv men;  
No luv, no light, no joy, no hope, no songs  
uv glad delight,—  
An' then the tramp, he staggered down an'  
reeled into the night!

But we knew he'd tol' his story, though he  
never spoke a word,  
An' it wuz the saddest story thet our ears  
hed ever heard;  
He hed tol' his own life history, an' no eye  
wuz dry thet day,  
W'en the elder rose an' simply said: "My  
brethren, let us pray."

Though his habit of thought and style  
of delivery is entirely unlike the aggres-  
sive poets of the people, like Massey, Mac-  
kay, Morris, and Markham, his sympathies



are in accord with theirs. In common with all the finer spirits of our time he has caught the vision of a better age than this. The ideal of the golden rule supplanting the rule of gold is his, and this thought is finely expressed in many of his poems, an example of which is found in the following, entitled "The Dialogue of the Spirits:"\*

Says the Spirit of To-day to the Spirit of All Time:

"Have you seen my big machines?  
My fire steeds, thunder-shuttlecocks that  
dart from clime to clime?  
Hear the lyrics of their driving-rods, the  
modern chant sublime."

Says the Spirit of To-day to the Spirit of All Time,

"Have you seen my big machines?"

"Hear the thunder of my mills," says the Spirit of To-day.

"Hear my harnessed rivers pant.  
Men are jockeys with the lightnings, and  
they drive them where they may,  
They are bridlers of the cataracts that dare  
not say them nay,  
And the rivers are their drudges," says the Spirit of To-day.

"Hear my harnessed rivers pant."

Says the Spirit of All Time to the Spirit of To-day:

"Haste and let your work go on.  
Tap the fires of the underworld to bake your  
bread, I say;  
Belt the tides to sew your garments, hitch  
the suns to draw your sleigh."

Says the Spirit of All Time to the Spirit of To-day:

"Haste and let your work go on.

"But," says the Spirit of All Time to the Spirit of To-day,

"Tell us, how about your men?  
Shall they, like live automations, still drudge  
their lives away,  
When the rivers, tides, and lightnings join  
to help them on their way?"

Says the Spirit of All Time to the Spirit of To-day,

"Tell us, how about your men?"

"Yes, harness every river above the cataract's  
brink,

And then unharness man.  
To earth's reservoirs of fire let your giant  
shaftings sink,  
And scourge your drudging thunder-bolts,—  
but give man time to think;  
Throw your bridles on the rivers, curb them  
at the cataract's brink,—  
And then unharness man."

\*"Songs of War and Peace."

Says the Spirit of All Time: "In this climax  
of the years

Make no machine of man.

Your harnessed rivers panting are as lyrics  
in my ears,

And your jockeyed lightnings clattering are  
as music of the spheres,

But 'tis well that you remember, in this  
climax of the years,—

Make no machine of man."

Mr. Foss's boyhood was spent in the country, and later he came to the city. Hence he has observed the exodus from the farm to the town which for years has gone on at such a rapid rate that the New England country is filled with abandoned farms. He has doubtless beheld the many tragic sequels which have followed the city coming of the buoyant, strong-hearted boys and girls who had fallen under the strange fascination exerted by the glamour of metropolitan life; but he is sufficiently philosophical to know that it is useless to argue or appeal to the young person who has set his or her heart on entering that strange, wonderful, and romantic world with its bustle and roar and excitement. But he also knows that perhaps a word or thought thrown out impersonally and artlessly may effect much more than a labored personal appeal; and I think it was with some such thought as this in mind that he penned "The Road to Boston:"\*

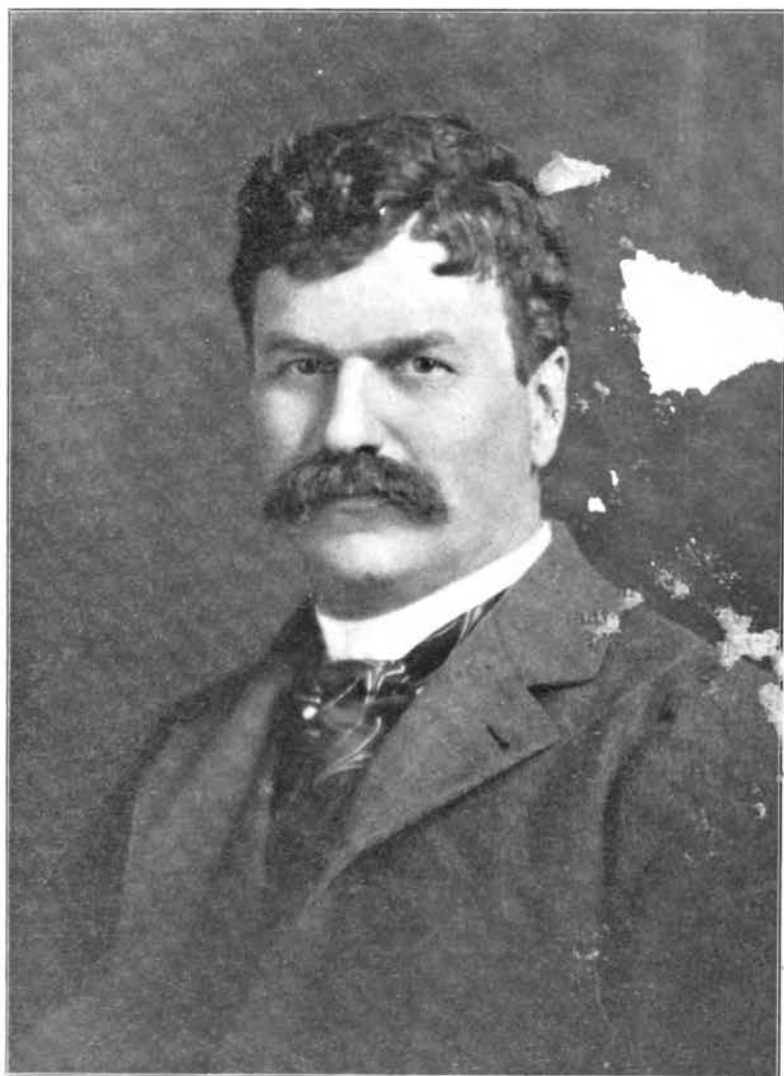
The little road goes past my house, goes  
winding like a snake,  
Climbs up the hills of hemlock, and winds  
through swamps of brake,  
It leaps the sweeping river, and climbs the  
mountain height,  
Bends down into the valley, and goes glim-  
mering out of sight.

But there are travelers tell me that the little  
road grows wide,  
And leads through many villages down to  
the ocean side,  
And still keeps stretching onward,—they  
have followed day by day,—  
Until it reaches Boston town, two hundred  
miles away.

My boys and girls, when they grew up,  
they felt the heavy load  
Of this quietude and dullness,—and they  
traveled down the road,  
And they wound across the rivers, and far  
o'er the mountains gray,

\*"Back Country Poems."





Yours Sincerely  
Sam Walter Foss

To the biggest street in Boston, two hundred  
miles away.

But my boys they write from Boston that,  
for feet that waded through  
The early fields of clover and the daisies  
and the dew,  
The stones are hard and cruel there on Bos-  
ton's biggest street,  
And are pressed each day and hour by a  
horde of tired feet.

And that men are cold and selfish, each one  
busy with his plan  
To climb to wealth and power o'er his pros-  
trate fellow-man;  
That the few have ease and rt, and  
the many toll and die,  
Shut in by brick and granite from the sun-  
light and the sky.

And I write my children letters; tell them  
that their father still,  
Still is tolling by the roadside on the green  
and quiet hill,  
And to come away from Boston, with its  
cruel noise and roar,  
For the biggest street in Boston passes by  
their father's door!

Our author is able to place himself in  
the position of the farmer, and thus his  
descriptive verses are very true, while the  
quaintly humorous handling of his sub-  
ject is quite effective. These character-  
istics are well brought out in the following  
lines from a poem, "The Railroad  
through the Farm:"\*

There's the black abomination, thet big  
locomot. there,  
Its smoke-tail like a pirut flag, a-wavin'  
through the air;  
An' I must set, twelve times a day, an' never  
rai my arm,  
An' se thet gret black monster go a-snortin'  
through my farm.

My father's farm, my grandsir's farm,—I  
come of Pilgrim stock,—  
My great-great-great-great-grand-sir's farm,  
ay back to Plymouth Rock;  
Was, back in sixteen hundreds it was in our  
family name,  
An' no man dared to trespass till thet tootin'  
railroad came.

I sez, "You can't go through this farm, you  
hear it flat an' plain!"  
An' then they blabbed about the right of  
"eminent domain."  
"Who's Eminent Domain?" sez I; "I want  
you folks to see  
Thet on this farm there ain't no man so  
eminent ez me."

\*"Back Country Poems."

An' w'en their gangs begun to dig I went out  
with a gun,  
And they rushed me off to prison till their  
wretched work wuz done.  
"If I can't purtect my farm," sez I, "w'y,  
then it's my idee  
You better shet off callin' this 'the country  
of the free.'"

The great corporations which years ago  
built the railways had little patience with  
the farmers who cried out loudly against  
the right of eminent domain. At that  
time great organizations engaged in ex-  
tending the railways and telegraphs in-  
sisted not only on the necessity, but on the  
wisdom and justice of this recognized  
right of the state. Now, however, when  
from city and country, from the Atlantic  
to the Pacific, the demand is going forth  
for the nation to own and operate the  
great natural monopolies for the good of  
all the people and for the preservation of  
the integrity of the state, these same great  
corporations affect to be amazed at the  
presumption. They seem to have entirely  
forgotten that they once extolled and  
summoned to their aid the "Right of Emi-  
nent Domain."

Though most of Mr. Foss's dialect  
poems deal with the farmer and the  
laborer, he is no less happy when taking  
off the modern dude whose mind is a  
weary waste, a Sahara destitute of vital  
thought, as will be seen in the following  
conceit, entitled "A Modern Martyr-  
dom:"\*

The Weverwend Awthur Murway Green,  
They say is verwy clevah;  
And Sister Wuth could hear him pweach,  
Fohevah and fohevah.  
And I went down to heah him pweach,  
With Wuth and my Annette,  
Upon the bwave, hewoic deaths  
The ancient mawtahs met;  
And as he wepwented them,  
In all their acts and feachaws,  
The ancient mawtahs, dontcherknow?  
Were doocid clevah cweachaws.

But, aw deah me! They don't compah  
In twue hewoic bwawewy,  
To a bwave hewo fwiend of mine,  
Young Montmowenci Averwy.  
He earned foah dollarhs everwy week,  
And not another coppah;  
But this bwave soul wewolved to dwess  
Pwe-eminently pwoppah.

\*"Dreams in Homespun." Price, \$1.50. Boston,  
Lee & Shepard.



So this was all the food each day,  
The bwave young cweachaw had,—  
One glass of milk, a cigawette,  
Foah cwackers, and some bwead.

• He lived on foabteen cents a day,  
And cherwished one gweat passion:  
The pweclous pwoject of his soul,  
Of being dwessed in fashion.  
But when he'd earned a suit entlah,  
To his supweme chagwin,  
Just then did shawt-tailed coats go out,  
And long-tailed coats come in;  
But naught could bwreak his wigid will,  
And now, I pway you, note,  
That he gave up his glaws of milk  
And bought a long-tailed coat.

But then the fashion changed once moah  
And bwought a gwilevous plight;  
It changed from twousers that are loose  
To twousers that are tight.  
Then his foah cwackers he gave up,  
He just wewounced their use;  
And changed to twousers that are tight.  
Fwom twousers that are loose.  
And then the narwow-toed style shoes  
To bwoad-toed changed instead;  
Then he pwocured a bwoad-toed paih,  
And gave up eating bwead.

Just then the bwoad-bwimmed style of hat  
To narwow bwims gave way;  
And so his twibulations gwew,  
Incweasing everwy day.  
But he pwocured a narwow bwim,  
Of verwy stylish set;  
But, bwave, bwave soul! he had to dwop  
His pweclous cigawette.  
But now, when his whole suit confohmed  
To fashion's wegulation,  
For lack of cwackers, milk, and bwead,  
He perwished of stahvation.

Thus in his owah of victowy,  
He passed on to his west;  
I weally nevah saw a cawpse  
So fashionably dwessed.  
My teahs above his well-dwessed clay  
Fell like the spwingtime wains;  
My eyes had nevah wested on  
Such pwoppah dwessed wemains.  
The ancient mawtahs,—they were gwand  
And glowious in their day;  
But this bwave Montmowenci was  
As gweat and gwand as they.

Since the days when Socrates was put to death for alleged impiety, the priesthood of the various great religions have time and again waged a relentless war of persecution against those who failed to see the truth as the dominant sect or religion beheld it, and the word infidel has been hurled at many of the noblest sons of God who have glorified the earth. Mr. Foss in

the following poem breathes the freer spirit of modern New England. When we reflect that these lines on "The Infidel" have proved very popular, and then call to mind the fact that in its time Michael Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom" was the most popular poem in New England, we can realize the marvelous revolution in religious thought which has taken place during the past two hundred years.

Who is the infidel? 'Tis he  
Who deems man's thought should not be free,  
Who'd veil truth's faintest ray of light  
From breaking on the human sight;  
'Tis he who purposes to blind  
The slightest fetter on the mind,  
Who fears lest wreck and wrong be wrought  
To leave man loose with his own thought;  
Who, in the clash of brain with brain,  
Is fearful lest the truth be slain,  
That wrong may win and right may flee,—  
This is the infidel. 'Tis he.

Who is the infidel? 'Tis he  
Who puts a bound on what may be;  
Who fears time's upward slope shall end  
On some far summit—and descend;  
Who trembles lest the long-borne light,  
Far seen, shall lose itself in night;  
Who doubts that life shall rise from death  
When the old order perisheth;  
That all God's spaces may be cross't  
And not a single soul be lost,—  
Who doubts all this, who'er he be,  
This is the infidel. 'Tis he.

Who is the infidel? 'Tis he  
Who from his soul's own light would flee;  
Who drowns with creeds of noise and din  
The still small voice that speaks within;  
'Tis he whose jangled soul has leaned  
To that bad lesson of the fiend,  
That worlds roll on in lawless dance,  
Nowhither through the gulfs of chance;  
And that some feet may never press  
A pathway through the wilderness  
From midnight to the morn to be,—  
This is the infidel. 'Tis he.

Who is the infidel? 'Tis he  
Who sees no beauty in a tree;  
For whom no world-deep music hides  
In the wide anthem of the tides;  
For whom no glad bird-carol thrills  
From off the million-throated hills;  
Who sees no order in the high  
Procession of the star-sown sky;  
Who never feels his heart beguiled  
By the glad prattle of a child;  
Who has no dreams of things to be,—  
This is the infidel. 'Tis he.

William Morris turned from the mystic earthly paradise of the old Greeks

•"Songs of War and Peace."

and the wanderings of Jason to sing the songs of to-day,—songs of toil and justice and right; and Mr. Foss hears no siren song from the olden times half so sweet or alluring as the music of the present. To him the childhood age was good, but to-day with all its short-comings, all its wrongs and injustice, arising from selfishness and blunted moral sensibilities, is incomparably better than any age known to civilized man. And so he sings, "Ah, let us rest."\*

Ah, let us rest beneath the trees,  
Nor seek with an adventurous prow  
The magic isles of distant seas,  
But sing the songs of Here and Now.  
The world has long been sailed around,  
And El Dorado's still unfound;  
The quest is vain on many seas  
For apples of Hesperides;  
And in no land of woods and flowers  
Doth Norumbega lift its towers;  
And in the sunset-mantled west  
There are no Islands of the Blest.  
But there is magic in the near,  
And beauty blooms on every bough;  
And there are Hesper Islands here,  
And there are El Dorados now.

The seas are wide the swift ships plow,  
And long is the Platonic year;  
But all the best of time is now,  
And all the best of space is here.  
A trace of Eden still must be  
Where blooms a rose or grows a tree;  
And Paphian glories wander by  
The man who gazes on the sky;  
The Isles of Peace, the Seats of Rest,  
Are not in islands of the west;  
The Golden Age that knew no tears  
Is not within the vanished years;  
Not far the Golden Age, but near;  
Fate's fruit is on the nearest bough,—  
So sing the songs of Now and Here,  
The brave, glad songs of Here and Now.

Some of his poems are very sweet and winning, as for example the following little waif called "Ownership."†

There is a fiddle I call mine,  
Made of most ancient wood  
That in the babyhood of time  
In primal forests stood.  
The tree from which my fiddle came  
Grew in a forest glen,  
And reached its long arms toward the sky  
Through many lives of men.  
But when I try to play a tune  
Upon its ancient strings,  
Responsive to my bungling touch,  
Harsh is the song it sings.

There came a beggar to my door  
In raggedness and woe;  
He took my fiddle in his hands,  
And drew its ancient bow;  
It sang the wind-song of the pine,—  
A voice that weeps and grieves,  
Then murmured like the rustling lip  
Of multitudinous leaves.  
And then there came the giant crash  
Of wild, wind-driven rain,—  
The old tune of the ancient wood  
Played by the hurricane.

And then the sunlight smote the leaves,  
And then there rushed a throng  
Of glad bird-voices in a storm  
Of million-throated song.  
My fiddle in the beggar's hand  
Sang all the songs it knew  
And learned long years ago within  
The wood in which it grew;  
And as I heard those wondrous tunes,  
I could not help but sigh:  
"The beggar owns that fiddle of mine;  
He owns it, and not I."

The following little creation, which breathes forth the spirit that actuates the life of the poet, was suggested by Homer's line, "He was a friend to man, and lived in a house by the side of the road."\*

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn  
In the peace of their self-content;  
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,  
In a fellowless firmament;  
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths  
Where highways never ran;  
But let me live by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,  
Where the race of men go by,—  
The men who are good and the men who are bad,  
As good and as bad as I.  
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,  
Or hurl the cynic's ban;  
Let me live in a house by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,  
By the side of the highway of life,  
The men who press with the ardor of hope,  
The men who are faint with strife.  
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears,—  
Both parts of an infinite plan;  
Let me live in my house by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead  
And mountains of wearisome height,—

\*"Dreams in Homespun." †Idem.

\*"Dreams in Homespun."

That the road passes on through the long  
afternoon

And stretches away to the night.  
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,  
And weep with the strangers that moan,  
Nor live in my house by the side of the road  
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the  
road

Where the race of men go by,—  
They are good, they are bad, they are weak,  
they are strong,

Wise, foolish—so am I.  
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat  
Or hurl the cynic's ban?

Let me live in my house by the side of the  
road

And be a friend to man.

How many of us would not feel as did  
the ghost of John Gear in the following  
lines? And indeed this poem suggests a  
great and solemn thought, born of the  
growing consciousness that in the other  
world we reap what we sow here.\*

In his coffin bed John Gear lay dead,  
But John Gear's ghost stood near;  
And the clergyman talked at the funeral,  
And the ghost bent low to hear:  
The waiting ghost of the man who was dead,  
He lingered to hear what the clergyman said;  
So the clergyman spake and the people wept,  
And the ghost looked on and the dead man  
slept—

And the dead man slept.

"The man who is dead," the clergyman said,  
"Was the true, true salt of the earth;  
Who shall gauge the good of his well-spent  
life

And the measure of his worth?  
For he was a man of the olden type,  
Of the honest, noble, sterling stripe."  
Shame fell on the ghost as he stood nigh,  
For he alone knew these words were a lie—  
These words were a lie.

And the ghost was afraid and sore dismayed  
As he heard the words of praise;  
And he thought of the wreck and the wrong  
he had done

Through the stretch of the long-gone days;  
And a woman's face that was blanched with  
tears  
Loomed up from the vast of the clamoring  
years;  
But the ghost, while he heard all the praise  
of the priest,  
Felt burn on his forehead the mark of the  
Beast—

The mark of the Beast.

And the priest preached on, but the ghost  
of John

Heard naught but the woman's tears;

\*"Dreams in Homespun."

For the silent tears of her silent life  
Were thunder in his ears.

And the priest still preached with his words  
of praise,

And the Face loomed up from the long-gone  
days;

The priest still praised and the people wept;  
And the ghost passed on and the dead man  
slept—

The dead man slept.

If in the other life our works follow  
us; if there we confront our past, be it  
beautiful, barren, or bad; if there the soul  
appears as it is, bereft of the body that  
now so often masks the real self,—how  
shall it be with us? This to me is one of  
the most solemn thoughts which the  
broadening view of life and the growing  
sense of justice and right have forced  
upon the consciousness of our civilization.  
It is a conception that I profoundly be-  
lieve to be the most absolute truth, and  
the more we come to realize its signifi-  
cance the more will we frame our lives  
into the likeness of divinity by the daily  
practice of deeds of love and justice, the  
entertainment only of noble and pure  
thoughts, and the utterance of words that  
never lie.

The old, old story of form and rite,—  
the letter instead of the spirit,—is happily  
hit off in a simple little poem entitled  
"The Prayer of Cyrus Brown."\*

"The proper way for a man to pray,"

Said Deacon Lemuel Keyes,  
"And the only proper attitude,  
Is down upon his knees."

"No, I should say the way to pray,"

Said Rev. Dr. Wise,  
"Is standing straight with outstretched arms  
And rapt and upturned eyes."

"Oh, no, no, no," said Elder Slow;

"Such posture is too proud.  
A man should pray with eyes fast closed  
And head contritely bowed."

"It seems to me his hands should be  
Austerely clasped in front,  
With both thumbs pointing toward the  
ground,"

Said Rev. Dr. Blunt.

"Las' year I fell in Hodgkin's well

Head first," said Cyrus Brown,  
"With both my heels a-stickin' up,  
My head a-pinting down;  
An' I made a prayer right then and there,—  
Best prayer I ever said,  
The prayin'gest prayer I ever prayed,  
A-standing on my head."

\*"Dreams in Homespun."

In the following poem, entitled "Work for Small Men," we find much philosophy crowded into homely verse:\*

Don't hate your neighbor if his creed  
With your own doctrine fails to fit;  
The chances that you both are wrong,  
You know, are well-nigh infinite.  
Don't fancy mid a million worlds  
That fill the silent dome of night,  
The gleams of all pure truth converge  
Within the focus of your sight;  
For this, my friend, is not the work for you:  
So leave all this for smaller men to do.

Don't hate men when their hands are hard,  
And patches make their garments whole:  
A man whose clothes are spick and span  
May wear big patches on his soul.  
Don't hate a man because his coat  
Does not conform to fashion's art;  
A man may wear a full-dress suit,  
And have a ragamuffin heart.  
This, my good friend, is not the work for you:  
So leave all this for smaller men to do.

Hate not the men of narrow scope,  
Of senses dull, whose brows recede,  
Whose hearts are embryos; for you spring,  
My dainty friend, from just this breed.  
Be sure the years will lift them up;  
They'll toil beneath the patient sky,  
And through the vista of long days  
Will all come forward by and by.  
Hate not these men; this is no work for you:  
So leave all this for smaller men to do.

Despise not any man that lives,  
Alien or neighbor, near or far;  
Go out beneath the scornful stars,  
And see how very small you are.  
The world is large, and space is high  
That sweeps around our little ken;  
But there's no space or time to spare  
In which to hate our fellow-men.  
And this, my friend, is not the work for you:  
Then leave all this for smaller men to do.

We close our selections with the following beautiful and suggestive sonnet entitled "The Word:"†

The Word Divine vouchsafed by God to man  
Is uttered through the years of many an  
age;  
And there are lips touched with the  
prophet's rage  
To-day, as there have been since time began:  
Not to a far-off patriarchal clan,  
To Idumean or Judean sage,  
Did God alone indite a sacred page  
In narrow lands, 'twixt Beersheba and Dan.

\*"Whiffs from Wild Meadows." Price, \$1.50.  
Boston, Lee & Shepard.

†"Dreams in Homespun."

God's voice is wandering now on every wind,  
And speaks its message to the tuned ear;  
And here are holy groves and sacred  
streams;  
On every hill are sacred altars shrined;  
And prophets tell their message now and  
here;  
Young men see visions and old men dream  
dreams.

Few fugitive waifs of recent years have been so widely copied by the press as our author's "The Calf Path" and "He Worried about It;" but since they are so familiar to the general reader we do not reproduce them here. Of Mr. Foss's four volumes, "Back Country Poems," "Whiffs from Wild Meadows," "Dreams in Homespun," and "Songs of War and Peace," it is difficult to say which will prove the most popular as the years go by. They are all filled with verses which appeal to readers who love the common life and who enjoy simple and heart-felt lays. "Back Country Poems" and "Songs of War and Peace" have, I believe, had the greatest sale. Our favorite volume is "Dreams in Homespun," though "Songs of War and Peace" is very full of good things. The last two volumes are more tender and full of that noble humanity which is born of the quickening of the spiritual than the two earlier books. Among our present-day poets of the people Mr. Foss stands midway between James Whitcomb Riley and Will Carleton and such aggressive popular poets as Massey and Markham. His work is broad in spirit and full of human interest. It is wholesome and helpful. The poet belongs to the army of workers who are helping civilization onward,—helping to usher in the advent of the Golden Age of man.

## THE POET AND THE COMMON LIFE, AND THE OUTLOOK FOR POETRY.

CONVERSATION WITH SAM WALTER FOSS.

Q. As one of many thousands who have perused your interesting poems of the common life during the past few years, there are some questions which have occurred to me and which I should be very glad to have answered for the benefit of our readers, because I know



how interested those who admire a writer's work always are in all facts and details connected with the genesis of his creations. From many of your poems I am led to infer that you are a lover of the country. Has any considerable period of your life been spent away from our cities, and, if so, will you tell us something about the way in which you regard the country and its people?

A. Most poets have glorified the country, and then still continued to live in the city. I am not a believer in the line that declares that "God made the country and man made the town." God and man had a hand in making them both. Possibly I have written of the country more than of the city, because I was born on a farm and passed the most susceptible years of my life there. Those years were happy and miserable ones,—just as most boys' lives are happy and miserable,—but the memory of them as a whole is very beautiful. A babe born in a farmhouse has in reality a more royal birth than a babe born in a king's palace. He is born to a heritage of humble and homely memories that will grow more and more dear and beautiful to him every year with the glamour of added distance. At the same time, I do not believe that life in the country is the ideal life, any more than life in the city. The symmetrical life would be a mixture of both; and I believe that the inventive skill of the coming century will make it possible for the poorest man and his family to live half their time in the country and half their time in the town. I believe in communion with nature; and am almost persuaded that there is a soul in the trees, and in the streams, and in the very rocks, that responds to the soul in man. But I believe in man, whether he is found in the fields or in the slums, and it is the first business of the poet to love man with a love greater than the love of trees or oceans or stars. This is his first and great commandment.

Q. Will you tell us something about your boyhood,—its dreams, hopes, and aspirations? I remember quite distinctly when very young that my father employed a cousin of mine (who, by the way, was a sister of Rev. George Frederick Pentecost) to instruct us in his home.

We were then living in southern Illinois and the school facilities were not very good. This cousin took the *Atlantic Monthly*, and, as Dr. Pentecost was then pastor of the Warren Avenue Baptist Church, she was hearing constantly from Boston and kept in touch with the intellectual and religious life of this city. She talked to me a great deal of her home in the East, of its men and their thought; and I remember very distinctly how even at that early date I experienced an intense longing to come some time to Boston, and also a desire some time to be the editor of a magazine, although at that period nothing seemed more improbable than that either of these hopes would be realized. I have often thought since that frequently the future is strangely glimpsed when we are very young, and that our hopes and aspirations are frequently realized by a succession of changes and incidents which accomplish what had seemed impossible. In your early life had you any thought of literature, as you were growing up, and do any incidents stand out as silhouettes in the past, which seem to have given a turn or course to life?

A. These are things of which a man dislikes to speak; but at a very early age I had an ambition to become a poet,—an ambition to which I feel I have not attained, but which will probably always persist. When quite young I secured a copy of Longfellow's poems, and unconsciously committed many of them to memory. Whittier afterward moved me powerfully, but Emerson a little later became an overmastering literary passion; and then Carlyle and Wordsworth and Shakspeare. I used to scribble many things in those days, always in imitation of my last literary favorite. Of course, I soon learned that it is not easy for one to make himself into a fac-simile of Shakspeare. I suppose, however, all the time I was gathering material for literary purposes from things around me, rather than from books; although I was profoundly unconscious, at the time, that my environment had any literary interest whatever.

Q. Do you believe that we are passing through the "Twilight of the Poets?" There is a wide-spread impression that the materialistic activities of the age have

crowded out the imaginative, and that there is no foothold for the poet in our era. Do you share in this belief?

A. Not at all. There is far more of the raw material of poetry in the world to-day than existed in the time of Homer. Macaulay's idea that poetry could only flourish in a primitive age is a vestige of the old notion that the world was once good, and is now worse. But the world was once good, and is now better; and though there have been immeasurable giants of song in the past the greatest poetry is yet unwritten and the greatest poets are yet to come. God is not fond of an anticlimax. He does not make a Homer and a Shakspeare, and then forever content himself with making inferior men.

Q. I see you are of Victor Hugo's opinion in regard to the power of God and the promise of the future. The great Frenchman splendidly expresses this thought in the following language, when answering the cry of conventional critics:

Men say, "This is as far as God advances. Ask no more of him. He starts from here and stops there. In Homer, in Aristotle, in Newton, he has given you all that he had. Leave him at rest now; his strength is drained. God does not begin again. He could do that once, he cannot do it twice. He has quite spent himself upon this man; enough of God does not remain to make a similar man." At hearing such things, wert Thou a man like them, Thou wouldst smile in Thy dreadful deep; but Thou art not in a dreadful deep, and, being goodness, Thou hast no smile. The smile is but a passing wrinkle, unknown to the absolute.

Phidias created does not hinder Thee from making Michael Angelo. Michael Angelo formed, there still remains to Thee the material for Rembrandt. A Dante does not fatigue Thee. Thou art no more exhausted by a Homer than by a star. Auroras by the side of auroras, the indefinite renewal of meteors, worlds above worlds, the portentous passage of those flaming stars called comets, men of genius, Orpheus, then Moses, then Isaiah, then Aeschylus, then Lucretius, then Tacitus, then Juvenal, then Cervantes and Rabelais, then Shakspeare,—all that does not weary Thee. There is room in Thy immensity.

And this is undoubtedly true. Our century has proved a veritable Milky Way in the stars of the first magnitude which have appeared. Take, for example, four fields of activity, music, literature,

invention, and science. Richard Wagner, the greatest of all musicians, has around him Mendelssohn, Weber, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, and Rubenstein. In literature we have Hugo, Ruskin, Carlyle, Emerson, Browning, Tennyson, Longfellow, Lowell, Bryant, Whittier, Byron, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Tolstoi, Ibsen, and scores of other luminaries. In invention Morse, Howe, Edison, Crookes, Roentgen, and Marconi are but a few of many who have contributed toward making ours pre-eminently the age of inventive progress; while in science we have Darwin, Wallace, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, Lyell, Proctor, Haeckel, and Agassiz. Why should not the future produce a Homer or a Shakspeare?

A. There are other Homers and Shakspeares waiting to greet us in the future. The universe is not an anticlimax. I cannot conceive why the noises of our times should frighten away the poets. They have been frightened at our steam whistles, and despised the most darling activities of our era. But poetry should no longer moon about sylphs and fairies, and scorn locomotives and trolley cars; it would do well to cease its rhapsody about dryads and hamadryads, and try to take a more contemporary interest in cotton mills and coal mines. In sighing for the greatness of the age of Priam and of Abraham it must not forget the grandeurs of the age of Darwin and of Edison. A bicycle is more poetical than a war chariot. The locomotive, the telephone, the trolley car, the biograph, the ocean steamship, the Boston subway, and the New York elevated are more wonderful than the horses, the ships, the giants, and the river nymphs that Homer sang about; and they would really seem so to us if some modern Homer would treat them with the same mastery ancient Homer treated his themes. The great world-upheaving theme of evolution has had its Darwin, and is now waiting for its Shakspeare. The great scientific discoveries that have revolutionized the practical life of man are waiting to be glorified by the poets. The great sociological revolution that is now in progress, whose ultimate aim is the abolition of drudgery and the destruction of poverty, is a theme

worthy the imagination of any poet. The activities of the modern world are immense and cosmic in their range; and great and happy will be that band of singers who shall mellow all the voices of these activities into the music of song.

Q. Then you believe that our industrial life, with its manufacturing, farming, and commerce, gives legitimate themes to the poet?

A. Certainly. We are in a period of measureless activities, and the poet should not weakly say, "There is too much noise for my feeble song to be heard. I will stand aside and sulk." Let him go into the noise and listen and understand it, and he will find it is a music larger than the music that ravished the seers and singers of those olden days. Let him sing the song of the workers. Let him enter into sympathy with every man who wields a hoe, or turns a tiller, or holds a throttle, or pulls an oar, or drives his team afield. This thunderous noise of hammers and spindles and steam whistles is simply the bustle of the *Zeitgeist* getting his morning chores done that he may be ready for the heavier work of a greater day that is to follow. A poet should not join in lamentation with John Ruskin over the unloveliness of railroads and the hideousness of factories. Railroads and factories are beautiful and poetic to the larger vision that sees their cosmic meaning. A railroad is not simply parallel iron rails for the transportation of freight and passengers. It is a highway for the march of mind, an iron turnpike for the progress of the soul to higher latitudes. It is one of the *Zeitgeist*'s short-cuts to his destination. These thousand factories do not exist simply for making calico and killing men and women,—although they do both these things to perfection. These are all intermediate stages in the evolution of man to higher things. It is the business of the poet to discern their higher purport, and again, like Milton, justify the ways of God to man.

Q. I notice in a large number of your poems a deep, sympathetic interest in the toilers,—an interest quite unlike the artistic interest which has characterized so much of the poetry of the past, in which there was no note of human sympathy.

Have not your works been called forth largely through a deep personal interest in the well-being of our bread-winners?

A. Yes; I believe the best way to get at men is by loving them. The best way to get at the heart, the aspirations, the hopes and despairs of the men who labor is by sympathizing with them.

Poetry has alienated itself from the sympathies of men by its patronizing air toward the workers of the world. The poet who regards a farmer simply as picturesque, and only cares for him artistically, will never get at the heart of him and comprehend his significance. The farmer, the fisherman, the woodman have been exploited sufficiently for their literary values. "Ah, little reckes the laborer how near his work is holding him to God," sings Whitman. He is the true poet who sees that all workers are working out with God the development of the universe, the building of the worlds. It is such a view of labor that glorifies it and makes it sublime and epic. It is the business of the poet to see this. But yet, while work is divine, drudgery is devilish and the most hell-like thing in the universe. The poet should work toward that consummation when work shall increase and drudgery diminish. I do not believe a time will ever come when man will cease to work, for work is the one thing that man supremely loves. But there will come a time when man will cease to drudge, for that is the one thing that man supremely hates. There seems to be a psychic wave of universal sympathy sweeping over the world for the drudges and the industrial slaves of mankind. It is well to sing of the "nobility of labor, the long pedigree of toil;" but there is no nobility in drudgery. It is brutalizing, soddening, degrading. The being of whom Mr. Markham's "Man with a Hoe" is a type is one of the most melancholy sights the world affords; and Mr. Markham did a real poet's work to paint him in strong colors. How to get our arms around these hopeless drudges and lift them into the plane of workmen is one of the major problems of the coming century. "Let no man drudge and all men work," is a creed grand enough to inspire any poet.

# ORIGINAL ESSAYS

## THE SCHOLAR IN SOCIAL SERVICE

BY GEORGE C. LORIMER, D. D.

"Give me more wisdom and knowledge that I may go out and come in before the people."—*II. Chronicles i. 10.*

Youthful Solomon began his brilliant reign with a sacrifice of the most costly description; and sacrifice thresholds every noble career. Success, with but few exceptions, has to be paid for in advance. Self-suppression, self-detachment, self-abnegation—the scorn of enervating ease and the joy of exacting toil—precede and condition excellency and achievement. Still, it is true, as Dante sings, and will be forevermore:

Not on flowery beds, or under shade  
Of canopy reposing, heaven is won.

But when the young monarch had offered on the brazen altar at the high place of Gibeon his "thousandfold holocaust," as the Septuagint calls it, there appeared to him in the night season a vision of God. There passed before his sleep-sealed eyes the majesty of the unseen, and, with the soundless voice appealing to his soul, he became conscious of possible usefulness and greatness.

Nor are these sublime moments of spiritual discernment without parallel to-day. We, too, may have our visions of God, and they are not uncommon in the earlier years of life; and, in the words of Aristotle, "The visions of the noble are better than those of common men." But how is nobility evinced? By superiority to selfish indulgence, gross appetites, and scandalous passions, or, in other words, by sacrifice. When the student abandons himself enthusiastically to his task,—when for the crown of knowledge set be-

fore him he endures the cross, and when he is willing to mortify the flesh that the mind may be enlarged,—then may he expect the glorious dream of what he may be, bringing with it the unmistakable intimations of a universe transcending the material. But if he, and if others as age advances, shall ever surrender themselves to the base, the sordid, and the mean, trampling on every generous instinct and scoffing every lofty impulse, then the night shall follow the day, and night succeed the night, without even the invasion of divine ideals or the birth of exalted aspirations.

But, remember, the vision never comes without an increase of responsibility. "Ask what I shall give thee," was the burden of Heaven's message to the youthful king, thus laying at his feet the treasures of time and even of eternity. No bounds, no restricting limitations are imposed on this imperial munificence. Solemn and supreme the moment that brings with it such a choice, and to every one of us the same opportunity presents itself when we are in exalted mood, and when we obtain an insight into the potentialities of our own being. But if, when various roads seem opening before us, we shall choose "riches" or "the blood of our enemies," and if, of all possible pursuits and successes, we shall decide on the least dignified, we shall forever rue our wretched and frivolous decision. Solomon committed no such criminal folly. Like Plato's pupils, Dionysius and Dion of Syracuse, the prince aspired to be wise as well as regal, enlightened as well as powerful, and enlightened that he might be



beneficently powerful. Nor did he seek knowledge for its own sake or for his own sake, but rather for the advantage of the nation over which he had been anointed to rule. "Give thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad." Even he, in that early day, perceived the value of mental discipline and illumination to the well-being of society, and correctly estimated their responsibility and mission. Of the extent and varied character of his knowledge I shall not discourse. Much has been written on this theme, and we have been assured by Sirach, Josephus, and others that he surpassed in wisdom the Arabians and Chaldeans, and the learned though mystical Egyptians. These tributes may suffice; but it does concern us to note that, under his administration, the kingdom prospered, its boundaries were extended, its inhabitants were blessed in various ways, its religious spirit was fostered by the building of the temple, and its material magnificence was promoted. The era was marked by the policy of national construction and the absence of war.

No war or battle's sound  
 Was heard the world around;  
 The idle spear and shield were high uphung;  
 The hooked chariot stood  
 Unstained with hostile blood;  
 The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng.

That in several respects the course of civilization which the great monarch promoted is open to modern criticism must be conceded; but that it was distinctly an improvement on what had gone before the most captious among us must admit. It is not, however, incumbent on us to defend his political institutions or to apologize for his administration. Our interest centers exclusively in the use he made of the gift conferred by God, disclosing, as it does, the momentous principle that society is dependent for its development and happiness on the offices of enlightened intellect, and that, consequently, scholarship can always find one of the noblest spheres for its activities in social service.

When Lord Melbourne announced to the Princess Victoria her accession to the

throne of England, he opened the Bible and read to the young sovereign the story of Solomon's dream. This was a suggestive act, and prophetic of good to the empire. Similarly influenced, I have ventured to bring to your attention the same narrative.

In 1837 Mr. Emerson delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa an address on "The American Scholar," which Dr. Holmes characterized as "our intellectual declaration of independence," and in which the cultivated classes of New England were informed that their apprenticeship to the learning of other lands was drawing to a close and that they must henceforth create literature and not contrive to borrow from European books. That was an auspicious utterance, but the hour has arrived for another and for one of equal moment. We need to-day to realize that literature is not the only or the supreme vocation of scholarship. It can exercise its varied resources in other fields—in the domains of politics, sociology, and practical reform. As chaos waited the light, so does society. Culture has yet a great part to play in molding and shaping the institutions of government, in modifying or revolutionizing industrial methods, and in delivering the race from the barbarities of its own ignorance and from the savagery of its own vices. Believing this, I desire to interest you in some thoughts on "The Scholar in Social Service."

That there is need for special service on behalf of humanity will hardly be questioned. To this the audible groans of a suffering world bear witness. Man himself is the sad original of Prometheus bound; he is himself the weary Atlas, staggering beneath the weight of the moaning globe; he is the true Laocoon, with himself and children engirdled by writhing serpents; he is the real gladiator who, in the amphitheater of life, looks into the stern face of imperial Fate, and proudly cries, "Moriturus te salutat," and goes forward to struggle and to death; and he is the historic Hercules who, after his abundant labors, and after bringing to the earth the three-headed dog Cerberus, and after he had humbled himself in giving his armor to a woman while he sat to spin with her female servants, put

an end to the tragedy by erecting a burning pile on Mount Aetna, in whose flames he voluntarily sought death. Alas for the untold multitudes that are bound to the flinty rock of want and woe, with the vultures of greed devouring their life! Alas for the many families where strong drink and crime hiss their hatred! Alas for the army of conscripts that wages an unequal war against

The oppressors' wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes!

And alas, alas, for the throngs of men and women that are busy in their careers overcoming evils and achieving for themselves fame and honor, and that, when most successful, receive from some Dejanira of a wife, daughter, husband, or son, the infected tunic of the Centaur!

It has frequently been intimated that the educated classes do not feel as keenly as they should the appalling miseries of the race, or take the interest that they ought to take in the many vexed problems to which they give rise and which were never more perplexing than at the present hour. But, notwithstanding the sneer of Voltaire, that philosophers are not apostles and have no mission to the illiterate, and the aristocratic superciliousness of Goethe, I am satisfied that the allegation is essentially unjust. While it is to be admitted that the suffering masses have raised up leaders from their own ranks,—peasants, artisans, plowmen, who have eloquently pleaded their cause, or have expressed their wrongs in immortal verse, or have even organized their forces for battle,—it is unfair to overlook what has been undertaken in their behalf by men and women distinguished for their culture and refinement. William Langland is surely matched by Sir Thomas More, and the "Vision" of the former, which "speaks from the people," has not a higher social value than the "Utopia" of the latter, which "speaks for them." Wat Tyler and John Brown are entitled to homage for their devotion to the blind and the slave; and yet who shall exalt their names above those of Hampden and

Wendell Phillips? And the fact is, were it not true of former times, the present century has witnessed a most remarkable solicitude on the part of the scholarly for the well-being and happiness of the commonalty. This is apparent in the writings of three men who have exercised a wonderful influence on the opinions and sympathies of our age,—Thomas Carlyle, John Ruskin, and Matthew Arnold. These authors, differing from each other radically in spirit and in style, arraign modern society and claim for man as man certain rights now difficult for the majority to obtain,—the right to work, the right to rest, and the right to essential lordship over himself.

Reviewing civilization, Carlyle indignantly denounces it as wicked, Ruskin brands it as ugly, and Arnold cynically sums it up as absurd. But they are alike looking for some new and purer order that shall put an end to the materialism, vulgarity, and brutality of the present system. Carlyle exclaims, "There must be a new world, if there is to be any world at all;" and this saying, which was discounted as hysterical rhetoric in 1850, was restated in 1870 by the master of deliberate prose, Matthew Arnold, when he declared that our advance is stayed because "we are trying to live on with a social organization of which the day is over." But let us remember that these men are representative rather than exhaustive. They denote a tendency in which multitudes of their own type delight to share. There are the Christian Socialists and the Fabians, with their tracts, novels, sermons, and essays, with their college settlements and their other schemes of social betterment, all making for revolution through reform. Nor does this, even, tell the entire story. Never before was literature so charged and surcharged, whether proceeding from the pen of a Victor Hugo, a George Eliot, a Whittier, a Lowell, a Browning, a Belamy, with sympathy for the disendowed and degraded and with aspirations for a nobler order of society.

These things being so, it is manifestly indefensible to decry higher education as inimical to a profound interest in the progress of the people. There may be

graduates of schools who are unmindful of others, and it is more than likely that culture, if not sweetened by grace, may lend itself to selfish indulgence; but even these qualifications do not and cannot obscure the fact that scholarship has not been indifferent to the claims of social service. And instances to the contrary only add point to the warning which this message would convey, and only intensify my appeal to you, young gentlemen, that you regard your attainments as a sacred possession, not to be lavished on your own enjoyment, but to be devoted cheerfully in ministrations for the final regeneration of society.

But what can the scholar do? Even he cannot always write books, or grace the forum, or shape the policy of nations. What then? Why, he can ennoble social service by the beauty of his ideals. The world suffers for lack of these, as night is forbidding without its stars. It is unreasonable to expect that the loftiest conceptions of life should be developed in neighborhoods where vice and ignorance consort together; and rarely, if ever, are they to be found among the Philistines of our great cities. They do not demand wealth and luxury as conditions to their growth, and they have often flourished where poverty has made inroads upon happiness. Poor, immeasurably poor, were Socrates the philosopher, and Epictetus the moralist, and Virgil the poet. Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, and Emerson were far from being rich in perishable treasures. Hawthorne and Longfellow were never overburdened with money; Emerson abandoned his Boston church that his soul might escape from the restraints which impaired its simplicity; Thoreau retired to his cabin on the shore of Walden pond that there he might commune with nature and not be ruined by the luxurious artificialities of modern civilization; and Wendell Phillips preferred the cause of the hunted slave to all the respectability of the plutocratic patricians, whose gilded heartlessness disgraced the fair capital of New England. Cervantes and Bunyan moved countless multitudes from their prison, as Rousseau, Richter, and Goldsmith have influenced generations from their garrets. And

from the lives of these children of genius, as well as from their writings, we learn that in freedom from dependence on external elegancies, in the subordination of the material to the mental, and in the essential dignity of the man himself lie the germs of these ideals which are to work together for the salvation of society. Nor can it be denied that these ideals are at least as common among the educated classes as elsewhere, and that they owe much to their advocacy.

Matthew Arnold perceived the difficulties in the way of democracy finding and helping high ideals, as the elevated feeling and fine culture which an aristocracy once supplied have ceased with the very creation of the democracy. He is fearful that the nations will suffer for lack of this inspiration. Neither does he discover abatement of inequalities in this political leveling. He is oppressed by the evils growing out of the very opposite condition of things, and writes: "Our inequality materializes our upper class, vulgarizes our middle class, and brutalizes our lower;" and then sums up his indictment in the sentence, "We owe our uncivilizedness to our inequality." As a remedy, he proposes culture; for "it seeks to do away with classes, to make the best that has been thought and known in the world current everywhere, and to make all men live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light." "This is the social idea."

Certainly, it does not prevail to-day. The ideal now governing individuals and communities is to be richer than their neighbors,—to be more comfortable, more gorgeous, to have more money, more diamonds, more luxuries; and in the main these are esteemed more highly than the spiritual and intellectual, and, as a result, crime and cruelty are rampant throughout the civilized world. Thomas Carlyle was appalled by the mischief and misery entailed on humanity by the hard and sordid conditions of modern life. "It is not because of his toil that I lament for the poor," he writes; "we must all toil or steal (however we name our stealing), which is worse. . . . But what I do mourn over is that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray of heavenly or

even earthly knowledge should visit him; but only in the haggard darkness, like two specters, fear and indignation bear him company. Alas, while the body stands so broad and brawny, must the soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated?"

Not an unfaithful picture, this, of millions of our fellow-creatures whose lot has been cast where material progress has gained its chief conquests. Our commercial leaders and our masters of industry do not act as though they believed Carlyle's saying: "We touch heaven when we lay hands on a human body." No; if railroads are only built, and copper stocks advance, and national manufactures are protected, and trade flourishes, little thought is bestowed on the unbearable burdens which are maiming, disfiguring, and degrading the man both spiritually and physically. And yet Ruskin has raised the serious question whether this selfish policy, in the long run, may not terminate in economic disaster. He asks whether, among the products of a country, "that of souls of a good quality may not at last turn out a quite leadingly lucrative one;" for "there is no wealth but life,—life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration. That nation is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings."

This truth is beginning to dawn on some communities, and they are wondering why their merchandise no longer commands unrivaled the markets of the world. But not until there is a complete change will merchandise improve; and not until the domain of business abates its greed, and not until it realizes, as Ruskin argues, that as soldier, doctor, clergyman primarily uses his profession, not for his own gain but for the good of community, so must the captains of industry pursue their craft, first of all as a social service, and secondarily as a matter of profit,—will the oppressed and mutilated millions of our fellow-beings be rehabilitated and redeemed.

The immediate need is that the base and grotesque ideals which have for ages shaped society and determined its development should be exposed and dis-

credited. Their folly, worthlessness, and absolute repugnance to our native craving for justice, order, beauty, must be revealed. And to whom can we look for this service if not to the educated classes? They are familiar with the motives which have inspired the mightiest achievements of the ages; they have contemplated the power of corruption, display, and selfishness in undermining the stability of prosperous empires; they have tasted of "the pure wells undefiled" of philosophy, which have disclosed in their depths the precious spring of idealism, sweetening and purifying the world; and they have traced in history the transformations of the poets' and prophets' dream into reality, and have learned without the vision to expect no marvelous fulfillment. As the youthful Solomon cherished in his mind the fair image of a temple surpassing all other structures in grandeur, and as he aroused his subjects, even to the humblest hewer of wood, to anticipate its glory, so the scholar is qualified to keep before society the form and pattern of what it should be, and to stimulate the race to convert his glowing ideals into a sacred edifice where the perfection of humanity and the perfection of happiness may be attained.

But more than this. The scholar can revolutionize social service by the vigor of his thought. Knowledge is not everything. The ability to reflect, to initiate, to execute, is indispensable to effective activity, and this ability is presumably developed in college and university. In "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" we have these suggestive words: "Life lies before us as a huge quarry lies before the architect; none deserves the name of architect except when, out of this fortuitous mass, he can combine with the greatest economy, durability, and fitness some form the pattern of which originated in his spirit. All things without us—nay, I may add, all things in us—are mere elements; but deep within us lies that creative force which, out of these, can produce what they were meant to be, and which leaves us neither sleep nor rest till, in one way or another, without us or in us, that same may have been produced." It is surely the business of education to



quicken this creative force, and in no other sphere is it more needed to-day than in that of social service. We are in danger of drifting, of permitting mediocrity to hold the helm, instead of bravely confronting the peril and of finding a northwest passage to the open sea.

Originality is lacking in the study of social problems, and the paralysis of timidity rests on multitudes of inquirers. There is a wide-spread fear lest discussion should take too large a range and lest vested interests should be jeopardized, and even not a few scholars may be described as

*Wandering between two worlds, one dead,  
The other powerless to be born,—*

and without ever a feeling that on them rests the obligation to make alive. Some of them, at least, are as ineffective as the Girondins, who, when the Revolution was in its earliest stages, could rhapsodize, could invent heart-thrilling phrases and describe current events in language appropriate to brilliant romance; but when, with the 10th of August, political power passed over into their hands, the incapacity of the party became painfully apparent. But this inefficiency is inexcusable, and that it is not necessarily the result of higher education is proved by the many men of affairs who have gone forth from college and university to mold the destinies of nations.

Society has a right to expect of the student the courage of his enlightenment and the venture of his originality. It has a claim on his stored-up treasures of knowledge and on the benefits of his creative genius; and, were he loyally to lay these at its feet, a new social temple would speedily displace the present worn-out and tattered tabernacle, and the constructive glory of Solomon's reign would be rivaled. He is naturally fitted to modify and benefit social service in various ways, even though he should fall short of this transcendent achievement. By his training he is prepared to detect sophistry, to recognize empiricism, and to despise the charlatanism of the quack reformer and the demagoguery of the professional patriot. If he is true to himself and to his culture, he will demand thor-

oughness, straightforwardness, and disinterestedness in every department of thought and activity. The flighty generalizations of too many clergymen, the inaccurate reports of too many journalists, the unblushing misrepresentations of too many politicians, the fraudulent schemes of too many traders, the shoddy productions of too many manufacturers, the superficial and slovenly work of too many artisans, and the explosive vituperation of too many agitators,—he is abundantly qualified to rebuke and restrain.

A few illustrations of my meaning may not be entirely out of place. For instance, lately the press has given currency to the statement that "living constitutions grow, and that when they cease to grow they are no longer living." It is understood that this representation is put forth to cover and justify certain questionable movements and methods on the part of the present government. With the cause of the statement we have here nothing to do. Whether the administration at Washington has acted wisely or not is totally apart from the principle involved in this position. The authors of this declaration mean that infringements of an existing constitution and deviations from its mandates are features of its growth. If they do not mean this, then there is no point to their declaration; and, if they do mean this, they are undermining the authority of law and are preparing the way for anarchy. The English constitution has grown, but not by ignoring and repudiating itself or by suppressing Magna Charta. It has grown by extending its privileges, as under Gladstone's premiership, to the people, and by a more liberal interpretation and by a wider application of its provisions. So, also, ours grew when the first amendment on liberty of thought and of worship was adopted, and when the fifteenth amendment enlarged the freedom of the negro; but it is only dwarfed, stunted, and marred when it is set aside in the interest of some passing policy. But it may be said that constitutional guarantees, in times of war, may have to be suspended. This I nothing doubt. What I object to is the mischievous looseness which calls such an act "a growth of the constitu-

tion," which misleads, and which opens the way for astute and unscrupulous statesmen to rob the people of their rights under the cover of constitutional growth.

Another bit of sophistical juggling, that has gone far toward perpetuating social ills, we have in the assumption that business has developed itself under certain so-called "laws of trade," which, like the laws of Medes and Persians, change not, and which, like those of nature, are sacred and irreversible. Two or three gentlemen combine to corner the market or several corporations enter into a trust, and commercial values are deranged, opportunities for employment are diminished, and they assume an attitude of benignant virtue, intimating that the "laws of trade" and not themselves must be blamed for the result. They are like David, who had Uriah placed in the front of the battle, where he would be slain, and who then moralized that "the sword devours one as well as another." I hold that this obscuration of the truth should be exposed, and that it should be plainly shown that these manipulators are deranging and defying the laws of trade, not honoring them. The prime cause for existing industrial troubles is to be found in the willful and oftentimes illegal interference with these laws, and there will never be any marked improvement until a different line of action is adopted.

Educated men and women should also confront the misapprehensions that exist concerning the need and the power of charity in modern life. It may seem ungracious for one in my position to speak a word that may sound as a discouragement to the exercise of this practical grace. Nevertheless, I am constrained to express the view that too much attention is being given to its development and too little to the cultivation of that by which it should be superseded, namely, justice. Whenever industrial conditions are injurious, and when working people suffer from commercial greed, an equivalent or compensation is usually sought in munificent alms-giving. At various periods in the world's history this phenomenon has occurred. In proportion as justice between man and man has declined, that form of charity which consists in giving

money has been more quickened. In France, London, New York, and Boston existing eleemosynary institutions abound. Against these various economical writers have raised their voices, as it is manifest to the trade intellect that uncontrolled and almost excessive gratuities tend very largely to pauperism of the community. Personally, I believe that a great deal that passes for charity is simply an organized effort to repress discontent and to reconcile multitudes of people with the unhappy conditions of their lot. I, for one, do not call that charity which is essentially mechanical, and which turns a man's soul inside out and pries to the innermost secret of his nature before a dole is bestowed. Charity is something diviner, grander; it is the revelation of the heart of God. Its object is not merely relief from a passing evil, but such a relief as shall tend to quicken all that is best in manhood and in womanhood. To accomplish such an end, something more is needed than an agent with a notebook, prying into the life and creating the impression that human sympathy is certainly remote if not altogether absent from the gift. Of course, charity is needed. We do not underrate its value, but the scholar should insist on what his own reading must have taught him—that the one thing pre-eminently lacking to-day is justice, and the one thing that would cure many of the evils that now assail our social life would be the restoration of justice, not merely in courts of law, but in the ordinary dealings between man and man.

The Philistines of society cannot be expected to understand this. They are worshipers of commercial success. They are continually bowing down before their golden or their silver shrines. They do not stop long enough to realize that this universe itself would become again a wailing and disconsolate chaos, were it not for the eternal justice beneficently disclosing itself in the governances of mankind. And as the Almighty acts so should his creatures act; but, if they are to do so, they must be led into such conduct by the men and the women who have thoughtfully pondered the annals of mankind, and who have come to realize deeply

in their own souls that society can never permanently prosper unless its foundations are laid in everlasting right and justice.

These examples of pernicious errors circulated as self-evident propositions could easily be multiplied, and they should appeal to the student class. If scholars do not expose current fallacies, and if they do not combine to put an end to their mischievous workings, to what source can we look for deliverance? It has been said by Welcker that in the middle ages there was a strange inspiration to transfer all feeling of self to a corporation, which gathered into a narrow union the artistic growth of entire districts, and in which all, with a complete renunciation of individual renown, offered their powers of mind and body to a single creation of art. It is thus that things otherwise inconceivable in greatness were attained, and in this way it is assumed that the Greek epic grew and that every noble style of architecture, every original school of music or of art, and every notable mechanical invention was perfected. And, similarly, only through the guild of knowledge can we hope for such exposure of fundamental delusions and such combinations of endeavor as shall result in the supreme social transformation.

And yet education by itself can never succeed in this sublime undertaking. The obligation of the scholar extends farther. He can and he should sanctify social service by the devoutness of his spirit. Never will the best be done until the work is recognized as work divine. When the artist prayed before he painted, then there crept into his canvas an expression that was of the heavens, heavenly. But where God is denied and his creature is ranked with the animal, we can readily understand how it comes to pass that he is degraded by his masters without scruple. Ten years ago the Forum printed these words: "This it is that justifies Von Hartmann's description of the nineteenth century as the most irreligious that has ever been seen,—this and not the assault upon dogma or the decline of the churches. There is a depth below atheism, below anti-religion, and into it the age has fallen. It is the

callous indifference to every instinct that does not make for wealth."

I am not prepared to follow the pessimist in his characterization of this century, but I accept what is implied in his denunciation, that without religion an age must come under the heartless cruelty of mammonism; and, if that reign of cruelty is to be broken, religion must resume its authority over conscience and life. Occasionally culture has antagonized this position. Condorcet thought that the first step toward perfection lay in annihilating the idea of a personal God. Madame Roland sympathized with him, and, in her hatred of an aristocracy superior to herself, believed that "the earth, relieved of such an incubus, would bring forth Brutuses and Timoleons with all the austere virtues of imaginary republics." The same inanities are occasionally uttered by fanatical infidels on lyceum platforms in our own day, and there is an impression that in America the gospel is non grata with those who are highly educated and refined. It is likewise very probable that not a few of our humane enterprises and industrial reforms fall short of our expectations, as there seems to be a settled determination on the part of some people to reject their offices and spirit. For now many years there has been an evident desire to save society by secularism. Religion has been ejected, as Christ was in his day, from politics, from business, from recreation, from education, and even from philanthropy; and the result has not been encouraging. It cannot be shown that this divorce between the spiritual and the temporal has forwarded in any degree the well-being of the world; nor can it be shown that any great social benefit has accrued from this attempt to impeach the faith.

Nay, rather to the contrary. Nearly every endeavor looking to the social betterment of mankind may be traced to the revivals which characterize the beginning of this century, and even to the Oxford movement. I know as well as any one else that the character of this movement was essentially sacerdotal, not social; but I also know that it recognized the practical unity of a multitude of men, and

claimed that the church should not be governed by worldly motives and should be superior to earthly and fleshly delights. It was not difficult to extend the principle involved in this position beyond an ecclesiastical organization to the entire race. And just in proportion as this has been done, and only when it has been done, has modern civilization been modified, softened, and purified. Soon after the Oxford movement, Chartism appears on both sides of the English Channel, and with it F. Denison Maurice, Charles Kingsley, and Lacordaire, Montalembert, and Lamennais, and from it the new Christian sociology formulated in the eloquent words of the latter: "When each of you, loving all men as brothers, shall act to each other like brothers; when each of you, seeking his own well-being in the well-being of all, shall identify his life with the life of all; when each shall be ever ready to sacrifice himself for all the members of the common family, who are equally ready to sacrifice themselves for him,—most of the evils which now weigh upon the human race will disappear as the gathering mists of the horizon flee at sunrise, and the will of God will be fulfilled."

It may be well here to recall the fact that, in King Solomon's religious mood, he went forward to erect the temple and to extend the commerce and strengthen the fortifications of his kingdom. But national decay began, in the midst of all his glory, when his moral and spiritual life declined. All of the calamities which overtook his dynasty and country may be attributed to his departure from faith and purity. He married an Egyptian wife; he involved his people in endless financial burdens; and, in the intoxication of his magnificence, trampled beneath his feet the sacred laws of which he was custodian and defender. His writings have been criticised as containing no signs of personal penitence and no proof that, in all his knowledge, he grasped the significance of an atonement for sin. His reign comes to us as an acted parable of what society in any age must become when the sacred sanctions and the benevolent spirit of religion are withdrawn. And this great lesson our scholarly men

should lay to heart. It is said of Stradivarius that, when he completed one of his precious violins, he hung it up for some time in a high attic room where it was fully exposed to the sun. The wood had to be saturated with light for it to yield the sweet sounds for which his instruments are famous. So it is with Christianity as a faith. Never can all of its possible harmonies be evoked without culture. There may be extracted from it, when enlightenment is absent, many soothing or quickening strains, but not its complete soulfulness. There will always be something narrow, provincial, and fanatical in a religion that has been shut up in the darkness of ignorance and bigotry. To do its best, to be its best, it demands light, just as the throat of the lark is only thrilled by the day. But, remember, all the light in the universe, apart from the violin, can never produce a symphony of Beethoven; and all the culture that ever delighted humanity, separated from the cross of Jesus Christ, can never rescue society from its vices and its miseries. In you, then, rests the responsibility of redeeming social service from the suspicion that it is a poor secular thing. It needs to be sanctified. It needs to be shown that it, not rituals and ceremonials and ecclesiastical observances, constitutes the true medium for the expression of Christian life. What you can do, what you ought to do, is to make this manifest in your own conduct and career. Believing that the saving of society is as grand a mission as conquering savages by the sword or destroying alien fleets upon the sea, carry into it the spirit of Jesus Christ; then will your endeavors acquire a sanctity which shall ever render them beautiful to God and precious to mankind.

Permit me, in conclusion, to remind you, however gifted and cultured you may be, that the service I have called on you to render is worthy your noblest efforts. Talleyrand is reported to have said: "There is one who has more intellect than Voltaire or Napoleon; it is the body of the people;" and Guizot confirmed the singular conviction, saying: "There is a deeper observer than Bacon, a greater



thinker than Kant; it is mankind." Do not forget this. The dignity of humanity as a whole excels that of individuals; and if it also transcends the ability of individuals, they should never blush or hesitate to consecrate to it the wealth of their learning and intellect. Neither need they wander far to find the altar on which to lay their offerings. It is as conspicuous in the United States as elsewhere. You doubtless have heard of Emma Lazarus's sonnet on Bartholdi's Liberty statue in New York Harbor; but whether you have or not, these lines are worth recalling. Describing freedom as "the Mother of Exiles," the poet continues:

From her beacon-hand  
Glowed world-wide welcome. Her mild eyes  
command  
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.  
"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!"  
cries she,  
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your  
poor,  
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe  
free;  
The wretched refuse of your teeming store.  
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed, to  
me;  
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

And the invitation has been heard. The "huddled masses" are already here; but if they shall "breathe free," their social surroundings on these shores must not resemble a ghetto or a sweater's den. This great trust have we from God. The poor he has laid at our door; and social chaos waits for the light. I beseech you, as you go forth from this sacred retreat, as you bid adieu to class-mates and teachers, not to undervalue the need that exists for the fulfillment of the scholar's social mission. If you shall esteem it aright, and if you shall devote yourselves to its accomplishment, then shall you find a glorious compensation for all the sacrifices you have made in your student years; for then shall you bear your part in rearing a temple grander than King Solomon built—a temple, yea, the temple of humanity, God-filled and God-blessed; for then, if I may venture to adopt a daring conception from the eloquence of Mazzini, shall you help to loosen the arms of Christ too long stretched out on the cross, that they may clasp in one embrace the entire race,—no longer pariahs or brahmins, servants or masters, but only and forever men, men and brothers.

## THE SPIRITUAL SIDE OF ART\*

BY F. EDWIN ELWELL

The most subtle and invincible foe to art is materialism in whatever disguise it may mask itself. The sources of art are spiritual, and no degree of technical training can compensate for the want of that contact of spirit with spirit of which every true work of art is begotten.

We may delude ourselves with the thought that art is chiefly a matter of technique, but we come one day to realize that we have accomplished something in our profession, without knowing whence came the power or by what means our work came to be impregnated with that elusive spiritual something which we call genius.

We are not satisfied to remain in the belief that what has been produced is en-

tirely material, despite the fact that we have produced something that is visible to the outer eye of this outside world. It is lame teaching which aims no higher than to lead the young artist to delve in the work of the past, or to think within the prescribed limits of fixed opinion.

Happy indeed is it for us that here, surrounded by generous nature, we can gather together under this flag of spiritual peace, and lift the inner eye away from the material side of that which appeals to the intellectual and spiritual side of human nature. It is necessary to the life of the artist that he contemplate his profession from its spiritual side. Only thus will he grow to the full stature of a true priest of the beautiful. When one of artistic tendency was born in ancient Egypt, he was likely to be put into one of

\*The writer is indebted to Mr. Joseph Jefferson and Mr. Edmond G. Spencer for suggestions that were valuable in writing this paper.—F. E. E.

the grand temples of that period and reared within the mysterious atmosphere of that religion which evolved into modern Christianity. He was reared to become a teacher of the people, and he proves also after these many centuries to have been their chief historian. It was he, and none other, who cut the splendid bas-reliefs on the walls of the temples and painted the wonderful decorations that still exist.

Much of the detail of the life of those times has vanished, but what little is left was a legacy from the artists of long ago, who worked with a spirit of grandeur, simplicity, and strength, who did not forget that great art depends first upon spirit, and then upon making only the essentials, and upon rendering the material thing in the simplest, strongest, and most dignified attitude. In this way, and in no other, can one in the least approach the real dignity of the spiritual impressions that find their way unbidden into the mind of the artist.

The Egyptian artist contributes to modern life most of the knowledge which we have of a civilization that must have been in some respects quite equal to ours.

What was written on papyrus has lasted well; what was chiseled in stone exhibits more enduring qualities, and renders today a faithful account of the daily life of the great nation whose influence is still felt. We cannot, however, deny that the law of progress is fixed and exact, and that the modern man has pushed farther into the mysteries of life than his ancient brother; yet how much more of our spiritual and intellectual life shall we leave behind us than is now on the walls of the still existing temples in Egypt? Have we lost our sense of a power external to self, that in our art we should have drifted into materialism, and have forgotten the principle by which things are great?

There is no doubt that we have moved along lines of general progress as regards certain things relative to the race life. Whatever advancement we have made may be attributed solely to the enlargement of spiritual vision and rational independent thought.

If the artist of that period of the world's life were teacher of the people because of his inspirational power, then there must have been some principle at the bottom of the desire of the time to confine what may be called artistic genius within the limits of the Mother Church.

We find in the early evolution of Christianity from this ancient church the purpose to secure as much of the talent of the artist as possible in depicting the ideals of Christianity. This purpose will be revived in the American Renaissance.

Botticelli, Fra Angelico, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and countless others of lesser spiritual power were constantly employed in presenting the wonderful mysteries of the Mother Church. Would it not be an unwarranted position to take to say that the old priest-artist and the early Christian church-artist worked from knowledge acquired entirely from fragments of some prehistoric art or from stilted educational methods? To those who pass lightly over the work of the ancient sculptor on the walls of temples there seems to be a sameness, as though the artist had copied faithfully from some standard set up by church authority. This is, however, only a seeming, for as one studies deeper there comes into the mind a great deal of individual feeling in the rendering. One may see this in the early Christian masters of the Italian Renaissance.

Benvenuto Cellini denied entirely the right of his eminence the pope to subjugate his genius or spirit, and told the wise teacher to go to the place invented for the reception of those who were of doubtful church character. The venerable father in God was wise enough to leave the great artist to his own individuality, and as a result the works which he developed in silver were among the most remarkable of that time.

The pope well knew that the life of all that was good inside and outside of the church depended on the working of the Spirit, and he who would hinder its inflowing into a human soul would do wrong to mankind. Yet in these days of overlegislation, when every one has a desire to reform every one else but himself, there has arisen in a large city in this

country an attempt to govern and control art, and to set up standards,—to govern art by what is termed expert opinion, which really amounts to nothing more than the opinions of a few who are working in the same profession.

If we believe in the influx of life into the natural man from a power without himself, the belief will influence our theory of art. We shall perceive that art depends on the individual reception of the Spirit, in entire freedom from contact with lower conditions, conditions always found among groups of men who would determine the ways of the world by their sense of responsibility for its life.

When the artist reaches that point where he sees nothing but faults in the art work of others, and wishes to reform the very public that gives him his opportunity, then it is reasonable to suppose that he has drifted away from the one central source of power and is slowly beginning to rely upon himself.

The nervous trepidation that attends many art students in their attempt to execute in material media is due in large measure to their having never been led to realize to what their moments of inspiration are due. Their teaching is very often entirely technical and subject to the moods of their instructor. They are not grounded on fundamental principles, and are all at sea after they have left the studio or class-room to begin the work of making artists of themselves.

It is indeed a serious matter when one has to learn by sad experience that he has nearly lost his own soul by warping himself into the shriveled form of the materialist. There should be no hesitation on the part of any living being in doing or attempting that which the mind longs to do.

We waste much of our valuable time listening to those who would have us believe that all things can be regulated and controlled by standard measurements that the materialist can set up. Most of the great men of our profession have got a splendid start from solitary communion with that loving spirit which is the life of man.

Some one has discovered their work and has then added to it what technical training can supply. But, mark you, it is always after the youth has grown strong in his own thinking that this later training is found useful; and so it should be with the training of every art student,—the material or technical side should always stand second, and never by any means first. It would be useless for any one to reason that technical training is of no value. It is of great value in its proper place, which is second to the instilling of spiritual principles into the mind.

Often has the layman seen some beautiful impression, and longed to attempt its transfer into a form that would give joy to others. He may not have the courage to do it, but he is tenfold more the artist than the man who has delved in the work of the ordinary art school all his life, thinking that technique is all that is required. It is this spiritual desire to produce an impression for the pleasure of others, as well as for his own, that makes a man a great artist.

The law of use in this world is one that every artist should believe in and establish well in his mind. Spirit is so vast in its generosity and love toward every one, that one must take the very highest mental attitude toward it to be in tune with its splendid harmony.

Lower down in the scale of humanity, one finds art looked upon as a luxury of no great importance to the life of man; as we ascend in the scale, we find the thinking mind slowly rising to the plane of the great artistic mind, seeing art as a necessity because it reaches out into the world of spirit as nothing else can. The lower order of men regard the ideals of the artist as dreams in no way connected with the making of money, and which are therefore useless in the daily life. After one has squandered almost a whole life in amassing wealth, he finds that there are other things in this life of ours. Some art dealer unties his purse strings, and for a time unloads a lot of doubtful pictures upon him; but as he sees more of art he dictates to the dealer, and then the best work by the best men adorns the walls

and galleries of the once sordid money-maker.

It is only by having beautiful works of art about him that a man can satisfy that something in his soul which money could not procure. These spiritual impressions are conveyed to earth in material form by an individual mind.

A wealthy man once paid in this country fourteen thousand dollars for a small canvas, and, when asked why he squandered so much money on a thing that could be so easily destroyed, he remarked: "There you are wrong. Once having gazed for a day or two on that picture, its spirit will remain with me always as a great pleasure. The money I can make again in a few days, and it is soon gone. But my picture,—that, is mine forever; it has become a part of my soul life."

It is reasonable, therefore, to take it as a matter of fact that there is something in a work of art that does not depend entirely on this material life of ours; otherwise, when men are tired of all sordid things they would not seek in art that pleasure they cannot secure elsewhere.

These beautiful impressions come from a power within our spiritual selves, and we can without any loss admit that they are spiritual in their origin. There may be those who do not care to admit this fact, but a little thought will doubtless convince the receptive mind that they cannot be accounted for entirely on the material plane.

The larger we make the horizon of our life here, the more things we think about and take an interest in, the less we become separated from our fellow-men, the wider is our range of receptivity for the inflowing of the Spirit, that sooner or later we must acknowledge. The less fear we have in attempting to do what the heart loves, no matter to what branch of the world's work it belongs, the more easily will it be done, and the more useful will it be to our fellow-men.

What a wonderful thing that the mind can run from one language to another, and think and converse in several different tongues!

It would seem to indicate that what has been said on a former occasion is true, that "there is in every soul all that there

is in any soul." Our difference is only in the degree of receptiveness to the Holy Spirit. As we put ourselves in an attitude of simplicity to receive this spirit we become fine instruments in tune with the infinite. Why, then, the fear of attempting to do great things, though we have not been to some popular art school, or have not caught on to the latest fad in mixing paints or rubbing clay?

When one realizes how absurd is all this attempt at established materialism, he will begin to think for himself and commune with that Spirit which is ever ready to fill the human soul, if only the material man will stand out of the way long enough for the Spirit to enter the mind and be recognized by the will.

Watch the daily life of a great artist, and see how varied and wonderful are his thought actions. He covers almost the entire gamut of human thought at times, and yet so easily that there is apparently no effort of will. It all seems to be the inflowing of some force that is constantly seeking channels for expression on this plane of life.

No wonder that the ordinary business man, whose time is entirely spent with his ledger and who never has another thought all the day, fails to understand the artist and often looks upon him as unworthy of recognition. The moment this same man begins to find his ledger dull and monotonous, he is glad to bask in the free thought of the artist and to interest himself in other things.

Many artists are said to be too free in their natural life. This is due in great measure to the desire or impulse for human experience and to break down any hinderance to free thought.

Spirit loves freedom and will pass by the cold man full of self-love and piety, and will rest his power on the one who has at least freedom and generosity of soul left to receive the spirit of genius. The writer is not condoning the faults of the artist, only showing him due charity.

The modern art school where nothing but technique is taught is like a man reaching out into the dark for the open door he hopes to find. When his head comes in contact with the wood then he wishes he had not found what he was



searching for. Many students pound their heads against the door that shuts them forever from a knowledge of what art really is, the knowledge that it depends for its very life on spirit and individuality.

The artist receives his impressions, many and varied, sometimes so varied from those of his last work that he hardly thinks himself the same man who worked so long under the last inspiration.

If one is conscious of the power of spirit, he seems to be many men in one, all capable of executing the one impression as well as the other. At one time it is one language he speaks in his work, at another it is entirely different, but yet running through all his work is that major chord of individuality which is the guinea stamp of the artist.

In the lives of such men, is the man making use of the spirit or the spirit making use of the man?

Perhaps the reason that our greatest men of genius have developed such wonderful power of inspirational thought is that in their youth they established in their own sweet freedom the rational relation between mind and spirit before any one else was aware of how intimate was their communion with the unseen but real things of life.

Poverty or seclusion has kept many a great man from being spoiled before he had taken firm hold of his own share in the life of the spirit. Fortunate is the man who firmly establishes his individuality before the reformer or dilettante in art gets in his hand.

The art school often teaches the man to forget to dream as he did when alone with the infinite. Are not our day dreams the very best part of this natural life, lifting us for a few moments so far above ourselves that we forget the confinement of the flesh and really live? No art school ever did more than to add a little important technique to what had already been the outgrowth of communion with the spirit.

In the Christ man we find a wonderful example of the freedom of individuality, spiritual independence, and perfect intellectual thought in one blessed life. Showing man what can be accomplished for the

good of the world by reliance upon the power of the Spirit. What cared our Great Example for those weak human beings who saw but evil in the picking of corn on the natural Jewish Sabbath? His life was devoted to the setting forth of spiritual truth, and the material Sabbath was only a symbol of a state of mind useful to those who can come no nearer than the outermost circumference to the knowledge of what spiritual life really is.

As the blessed Christ is the evolution of Horus, the son of the Virgin Truth, the Truth and the Light, so the principle of what we now term spirit is an evolution of Christ. When Christ rose from the dead it was a symbol of what had taken place in all probability for countless ages of man.

The principle of spirit may die in the breast of man; may be crucified, nailed to the cross of natural things; be utterly despised and forgotten by the materialist; yet the third day, after the threefold nature of man has been traversed, the Christ, or the Spirit of life, the Comforter of man, will rise from the grave of materialistic thought, and the world will be blessed and its life renewed.

The whole life of the Saviour is a wonderful symbol which applies to every soul on this planet. We deliberately or thoughtlessly crucify the Christ in us, or the Truth and the Light. We nail our spirit to the wooden opinions we hold most dear. Who rolls away the stone from this sepulcher of our dead inner life and frees it for the larger life? It is Spirit itself.

It is the risen Lord. It is the holy, blessed Virgin Truth that comes early in the morning before the dull five natural senses are awake. We feel again his presence and the power of spirit; we hear that gentle, generous voice of the inner consciousness calling to us, "Follow me, for I am meek and lowly of spirit." When the artist hears this "Follow me," then it is time that he leave material things, the things of the flesh, and follow that divine spark of spirit which every human soul will find by seeking it within himself.

So the wonderful principle so long ago made known to the race lives over again in man in the form most suited to the needs of developed humanity. Again and again comes the blessed Lord, the Spirit, and

touches the eyes of the blind man; he receives his sight and straightway goes and tells it to all his friends. He goes his way desiring to know more, and to receive more of the blessed spirit, the holy one in himself.

It is the artist who has kept fresh in the race mind these beautiful symbols of spiritual life. He cut them in stone in Egypt, he carved them in marble in Rome, and he painted them on canvas in Italy and Holland, and is still picturing a side of life that without the artist would be in danger of losing its hold on the rational mind.

The old priest-artist knew in his soul that all his inspiration came from Ra, the only holy one of the blessed spirit of truth and life, the ever eternal, and lovely, the life of the race.

It is well for the artist and all mankind to dwell long and earnestly on the thought that every instant of life on this earth is an influx of the Holy Spirit, and that by recognizing this truth and making way for the working of the Spirit one may do things that shall transcend even his ideals.

Ideals after all are only the outer circumference of what is in the soul.

## THE NATURAL LAW OF PERMANENT PEACE

BY SAMUEL RICHARD FULLER

The natural law of permanent peace is mutual interest. So long as the nations of the earth stand ready to spring at one another's throats there can be no permanent peace. Only the occasion to fight is lacking, and when suddenly it appears war follows.

The explosion of the battle-ship *Maine* was the occasion. The cause of war lay far back of the occasion,—in the readiness on the part of any and of all nations to fight. To this America proved no exception. To secure permanent peace the cause of war must be removed, and the cause of war is a psychological one. It is a temper, or what is called in New England a "frame of mind." It is readiness to fight, and the readiness awaits only the occasion. The occasion may be fanciful or real. The war spirit needs but the spark to set off the mine.

This readiness to fight rests upon a traditional belief, as old as savage tribes, that the interests of tribes and nations are antagonistic. What is well for Spain must be bad for Germany. What is bad for Russia must be well for England. China's and Japan's interests cannot be mutual, cannot harmonize, must be antagonistic. And this the world over. Among nations there must be supremacy on the part of one nation, not equality among all. The natives of India must be kept under, and England must be on top, as if it might never occur to any sane statesman that

both might be on top. And because the interests of nations are antagonistic, each nation must be ready to defend its rights; not only this, but be alert to grasp more.

No one seems to dream that the logic of all this is isolation first, and lastly total annihilation.

Because to cripple another nation reduces the commercial value of that nation; to destroy that nation makes one less customer. And to cripple and destroy many nations looks to a logical result of leaving the destroying nation in a state of isolation, till one day it remains alone in the awful stillness wrought by subjugating extermination. Of course, this extremity is never reached. This is only the logic of it, but courses rarely run to their logical ends. And I point this out only to show that the principle involved is at fault somewhere. The truth is this,—the interests of nations are not antagonistic, but are mutual.

To set up this principle of mutual interests is to remove the cause of war. I admit that temporary advantage often arises from the misfortunes of others, and this temporary advantage has blinded statesmen to the truth that mutual interest is the condition upon which rests the permanent prosperity of any nation.

A famine in India makes the London stock market active, and wheat is bullish. But when thousands and tens of thou-

sands perish of hunger there is something involved besides sentiment. A generation of consumers is swept from the earth, little or much as may be their consumption. The future markets react, and the bull market in wheat becomes a boomerang. It all illustrates the principle that nations, like individuals, and they in turn, like the members of the body,—arms, legs, and hands,—are members one of another; and where one suffers, in the long run, each and all must suffer.

It is a relic of barbarism civilization is slow in sloughing off—this faith that the interests of nations are antagonistic. Buckle, in his "History of Civilization," convinces us that the farther we descend into the barbaric past, the more frequent is the appeal to violence and the narrower are the bounds of peace,—province against province, town against town, family against family. Savage tribes are incompetent by their very savagery to get beyond this. To torture and to starve, to rob, to slay, from another tribe, must be to one's advantage,—this is the brute instinct. But, on the plane of evolution removed even one stage from the savage state, it becomes apparent that this faith is a superstition. All nations and all individuals are knit in a web of mutual interest that cannot be broken, and the welfare of all is fixed in its dependence upon the welfare of each.

But why tarry on so self-evident a proposition? Only to emphasize the need of shifting the point of view, if we hope to strike at the root of this evil of war and discover the natural law of permanent peace.

But it is objected that mutual interest, as a law, may perhaps obtain on a plane of evolved life sufficiently high to be regarded as civilized, but on lower levels it would be chimerical. But the answer is that human nature at root is the same on all levels. Mutual interest lies deep in the breast of the wildest savage, and is capable of response to the rational appeal. Proof of this is not lacking on every side.

Livingstone penetrated into the wilds of darkest Africa, with folded arms, with love in his heart, with belief in human nature, with the instincts of a gentleman,

with a spirit of honor never off its guard. And he conquered. His only defection, under severe trial, from this heroic path cost him twenty years of deep regret. In the early days of his inexperience he witnessed awful cruelty to slaves, and in an unguarded moment let loose his hot indignation in violence and bloodshed. Who could blame him as he beheld the writhing tortures under the slave-drivers' lash? But he found to his sorrow that a new generation must first come on the stage before confidence could be regained. Force had lost where patience and love elsewhere never failed him.

William Penn established under the Shackamaxon elm a peace among the ten powerful and barbarous tribes of the savage Indians of Pennsylvania,—a peace lasting more than seventy years, with no military defense whatever, and a peace even then broken only by violated pledges of the white man.

Some of England's best missionaries, notably Patterson, bear similar witness to the wisdom of this policy of affection among the savages of the islands of the sea. A weary century of brute force in India still waits for the people of India to come to their own. Love would have made that century light of foot and gay of heart in the rapid strides of the progress of India. Change the policy and India would come to the front as one of the noblest of the sister nations of the earth, as under present conditions she never can come.

Among the sovereign States of our own country, note the results of this change of policy. Maine does not seek to injure New Hampshire; Vermont, to cripple Massachusetts; Connecticut, to antagonize Rhode Island; New York, to crush New Jersey; but as the great Empire State or any State prospers, so do all the States feel the beneficent effect of that prosperity.

Mutual interest has made the sovereign States of this Union a prosperous and a healthy nation. The antagonisms of interests, first in the early days of our country's life and later in the turbulent day of the slavery contest,—the antagonism of interest alone jeopardized for a time the welfare of our Fatherland.

I maintain, therefore, that what we have found to be true as separate States is yet to be found true of the separate nations of the earth. Mutual interest will be found to be the natural law of permanent peace. It is true also in trade. Who doubts it? Like honesty, mutual interest has proved itself to be the best policy. It is the best of advertisements. The customer whose interests have been served is again a customer. He is grappled with hooks of steel.

Antagonistic interests hold no one. Only necessity makes even the temporary customer. Mutual interest allures, invites, persuades, convinces, and holds. Permanence is thus set up.

Again, mutual interest among employers and employed has proved the truth of my principle. Antagonism sought to pay the lowest wages and it got just what it paid for,—the lowest efficiency of dull, stolid, stupid, under-nourished hands, leaving labor cost high because of the low efficiency. Now come higher wages by reason of a golden law of mutual interest, and the higher efficiency of the stimulated brain under better conditions of food and training and larger and truer living, with an increased inventive skill, forthwith pushes, by a natural law, the labor cost down to the lowest level of competing industries. It pays to adopt the principle of mutual interest; it is the natural law of prosperity; it is the natural law of permanent peace.

In the family life mutual interest is the higher law of efficiency and of prosperity. To whip the child, or what was often much worse, to jeer at the child, brow-beat him, ridicule him, cut him to the quick with slights and taunts, never in after life altogether obliterated,—all this chastening of the child has been discarded as a mistaken policy. But until very recently it was accepted as unquestioned truth. "Spare the rod and spoil the child," alas, is responsible for many a ruined nature, many a lost soul, and this because it was a violation of the eternal law of the nature of things. Such violations bring misery. The rod has no place in the home, nor has the dum-dum bullet any place in the family of nations. The moral triumph of wisdom and tenderness,

of intellect and gentleness, of a patient parent over a willful child, is the only conquest that brings prosperity and permanent peace. It is the law of mutual interest. It can be shown to the child that it is for his interest to conform to the higher law of spiritual behavior, as it is for the parent that this higher law shall be supreme in the home.

In every sphere of human activity, from the highest to the lowest stages of human evolution, among the most enlightened as well as among the most depraved and brutal and savage, the same law holds good—the law of mutual interest. Yes, and lower. Animals are now being subjugated not by force, but by this same law of mutual interest. A horse trainer in well-conducted stables would not hold his place a day if he sought to break rather than to train a colt. The breaking days are gone.

That is just what is not wanted. We do not want the spirit broken, or even bent, whether of horse or boy. We want the will unbroken and strong, yes, and stubborn, only if it be trained in wisdom by the law of mutual interest. Mutual interest is a supreme law. With its observance come prosperity and peace.

What, then, of wars? Are not wars natural, and as a matter of course to be looked for and taken for granted at ever-recurring periods? Are they not ordained of God? Is there not a God of battle? This is the plea of so-called religion,—a plea which must be denied in toto if my argument is sound and my contention well taken.

I do not believe a word of it. On the contrary, I assert that war is unnatural and monstrous, that it is abhorred of God, and that God looks on battle-fields as upon all fields of murder with averted face. A God of battle is to my mind a contradiction in terms. God is a term we use to define powers or functions, or qualities or attributes, that make for order, for peace. And, if mutual interest makes for order, then fighting cannot.

I will not turn away from the last extremity of this argument. Is war never right,—never justifiable? I make answer that it is never wise. The cup of hemlock could have been resisted, for I as-



sume that fighting in self-defense is the last ditch of this argument for justifying war. Socrates could have fought for his life, and perhaps preserved it; but that would have ended Socrates. There is a power more potent than life. The moral forces that have lifted humanity to higher levels have sprung from sacrifices,—the sacrifices of the arena, the sacrifices of the stake, and the sacrifice of Calvary. There are moments when there is one wiser thing to do than to live; it is to die. Not wiser for the selfish man. Oh, no; the selfish man has but one course open to him. It is to fight for his life, for life is all he has. But for souls that, by reason of their quality, belong to the universe, to lay down the life is to secure for posterity unending blessings.

The moral victories of history are the permanent ones, and they were won by love, every one of them. But what of our Civil War and its moral victory of emancipating the slaves?

Alas, the moral victory of the rights of the negro is yet to be won; and, when won, it will have been done by the supreme law, not of force, but of love.

The golden rule is based not on sentiment, but on fact. It is a prophecy as well as a record. Men shall prosper and be at peace when mutual interest is obeyed, as men in the past have prospered and been at peace when they have done unto others as they would that men should do unto them.

Hence, I thankfully and reverently place Jesus, not only among the wisest philosophers in this respect, but I confidently place him as the future leader of the race. The new civilization, depend upon it, is to be based on his golden rule,—not because he declared it; though he discovered it, as Newton and Darwin discovered eternal ways of the Spirit; but because it lies deep embedded in the nature of things, and in him it found visible and practical expression. He himself lived the golden rule, and men doing so in his spirit are yet to lay the foundations of our new civilization whose corner-stone will be perpetual peace.

I believe that here we have discovered the law of permanent peace. We know a law by its results. And if we find in

the past, as I believe I have succeeded in showing, that prosperity and peace have followed the observance of the principle of mutual interest, then we have discovered the law of mutual interest as the law of prosperity and permanent peace.

But what of wars of invasion? Shall not a country defend itself? Yes; as a fire department puts out a fire. Yet with this difference,—a peaceable country is the least likely to be invaded, just as a peaceful country, in which for generations has been inculcated the principle of mutual interest and where this principle has been a dominant one, needs, as a matter of fact, the smallest police force.

In the process of evolution, when new generations shall have been born, their blood filled with this principle of mutual interest, and with that sympathy with humanity which shall then permeate all society and shall anxiously desire to ameliorate all misery, then the martial spirit will wane and become feeble till it ceases,—ceases to control communities as it fails to poison the spirits of individuals.

In private life we have tender hearts, and have a care for the cat and for the sparrow, for the dog and for the horse, for the sick, the feeble, the aged, and the insane; compassion and mercy are virtues taught in childhood, fortified in youth, and honored through life. But in war? Atrocities no longer shock the moral sense, brutalities are overlooked, cruelties are condoned, murder is no longer murder, robbery is no longer robbery, but requisition, burning villages represent only "secured position." Concerning all defiance of the moral law, of humanity, or of decency, we hear only, "This must be expected," or "War is hell," as if, having said this much, our moral responsibility ended with the oracular announcement.

And, again, the God of battles is not the God of evolution, as the God of battles was not the God of Jesus, whose God was the God of love, of justice, of peace, and of mercy, the eternal Father. But "just so vindictive, exactly so inconsequent, exactly so childish as themselves is this imaginary God whom human beings have thus set up as the embodiment of even-handed justice and mercy." In

heaven the God of battles does not exist. There only is the Heavenly Father.

Says the distinguished writer, Baroness von Suttner, and author of "Ground Arms:" "Every war, whatever the result may be, contains within itself the seed of future wars." Of course, this is Milton's thought. Note this in our recent war with Spain, followed by our present war with the Filipinos. And what next?

Naturally one act of violence leads to another, and they proceed in an indefinite procession.

Note also the warlike spirit of this generation, born thirty years ago at the close of our Civil War. It is in the blood, this thirst for blood, this desire to fight. Heredity must undo her work to save the generations yet to come. A new spirit must create a new belief, a new sentiment, a new conscience. The new spirit is here. It needs to become pervasive. Penn and Garrison still live among us. Greenacre stands for this spirit of peace as opposed to war.

But the great public on both continents are not yet awake. They fumble with the problem. Dreamily they chirp and mutter of peace, and plan peace meetings where war is advocated. On a recent occasion a recognized and honored leader of the so-called peace movement explicitly and avowedly advocated war as justifiable in more than one instance, e. g., in defense of property. And so thinly on the surface does the peace feeling lie that, at this same conference, the urgent and beseeching request was made that no allusion be made to the question itself of peace and war, lest differences of opinion might disturb the harmony of the occasion.

I submit that, while attention is drawn to the Hague, is there not danger that the sorry spectacle in the Philippines may be pushed aside?

When the new spirit shall have permeated the mass of the people of the civilized world,—when from Japan and India, from Europe and America comes the tidal wave of conviction that mutual interest is an eternal law, finding its home in the bosom of God, in the phrase of the "judicious Hooker,"—then gradually new

generations coming upon the stage will no longer tolerate bungling methods of destructive policies. They will be too absorbed in the triumphs of peace, the spread of education, the development of the heroic qualities of self-sacrifice and consecration, of life-saving rather than life-destroying agencies, of inventive skill, harnessing the forces of nature, and lifting burdens from human shoulders to shoulders of iron and steel,—too absorbed in the glory of the achievement of wiping out poverty as a blot, a blemish on the fair surface of this earth, in the glory of universal wealth and prosperity, the sure and assured concomitants of permanent peace,—too absorbed thus to waste thought and breath upon the puerile quarrels of an earlier stage of racial development, when honor and fame were measured by the scalps dangling from the warrior's girdle. In truth, the time must come when the absurdity of war becomes apparent. To laugh a thing out of court,—nothing can withstand this.

Thirty years of peace have wrought marvelous results in America. Seventy billions of money, seventy millions and more of people! Give the world but a century of peace, and the preceding twenty centuries would count as nothing in comparison. This fighting business is absurd. If it were not so shockingly cruel, we should see its absurdity.

"Make your enemy your friend," is not only good politics,—it is good statesmanship. It is a conquest that lasts. And two hundred millions spent in schools, in industrial training, in moral science and in physical inventions would have outstripped in permanent advantage any possible amelioration in Cuba or elsewhere wrought by fire and sword. The principle is so wide in its application that it is not easy to confine it to a concrete case. But the red Indian and the negro should have been dealt with by the law of mutual interest, and it is not yet too late. The science of morals—morals as a science—not as a Sunday-school make-shift, but as a strict science—should be taught in every hamlet, home, school, and college. This should be accompanied—side by side, neither preceding nor following—this should be accompanied by practical

training in homely industries. Forthwith race problems would find solution, and militarism would give place to the friendliness of mutual interest. Had England had the shrewdness, to say nothing of the conscience, to adopt this policy in Africa, Kitchener would never have been heard of and Livingstone would have been worshiped as the conqueror by love. In India no longer would plague and pestilence and starvation and degradation, and the crushing of the aspirations of her noblest sons, have been the outcome of England's stupid policy of subjugation; but mutual interest would have made both Africa and India what one day they yet will be, gardens of wealth and prosperity, and homes of man-loving and God-fearing men. With a good conscience can I thus glorify peace, because of the consciousness of having eternal law on my side of the argument.

And why should not literature take up the story of the victory of peace? Where are the prophets of the new message, the historians, the poets, the romancers, to portray the glory wrought by peace, the achievements reached by mutual interest? Painters have not dared exhibit the horrors of the battle-field. Such attempts made in New York in the shop windows, during our Civil War, were suppressed by law. A photograph of the death agonies, the slow tortures of wounded left to die and rot on the field of battle,—this was too great a shock even to those who believe war to be justifiable to defend property, and the law stepped in to forbid it. But let painters vie with poets to portray the beauty and the glory of peace.

I insist that our school histories should be rewritten, and the space allotted to man-fights be reduced to the minimum. Let history take up a truthful pen and show the forces, mightier than the sword, the spiritual, moral, intellectual forces, which are the real agencies in bringing civilization to its present stage of development. It is false to facts to inculcate the belief in the minds of children that fighting has hewn a pathway for progress. Brains have done it. Love has done it. The golden rule has done it. And childhood must be taught the truth.

I do not see fond parents providing toy cock-fights or rat-baits or prize-fights or duels. Why tin soldiers and drums and swords and cannon and bayonets? Why not thumbscrews and gallows and heads-men's blocks and racks and martyr stakes? Familiarity with instruments of cruelty generates cruelty. But Mr. Roosevelt would have us believe that this sort of training toughens the moral fiber, gives virility to the character, and affords due proportion to what he is pleased to call a "strenuous life." I think I know what is a strenuous life from persons in whose hand a sword was never clutched, and from whose lips there never fell a syllable but to bless. Will he ask me to place side by side a Caesar and the strenuousness of that One who had the moral force not to resist even the tortures of crucifixion? Yet where stands Caesar's empire to-day? And where stands the empire of the patient Nazarene?

Respectfully, I ask him to consider this. The discovered law of the golden rule is making its conquests of tens of thousands, and is yet to conquer the world; while the sword of conquest snaps at least once in every generation. The sword makes no lasting conquest.

But are there no activities of the strenuous sort to develop and strengthen and perpetuate the strenuous life other than boxing-gloves and rapiers and military campaigns? He himself knows, as does every observing and thoughtful man, that the commonplace activities of daily experience are full of such opportunities. Homely enough they may be. The patient self-denial of the earnest boy, seizing moments at dawn or by candle-light from the farm life and the long hours of chores and field work, or from the mill, or from the shop,—moments for study, that he may, by a strenuous life in his youth, become prepared for a strenuous life in his mature years and be fitted for places of opportunity and usefulness,—is this of no significance? Look back at your Garrisons and your Lincolns and a hundred others, not fighters, but defiers of untoward circumstances, and do you find any lack of a strenuous life? Were it not so illogical, it would be ludicrous.

"For many years before the U. S. Life-Saving Service was established, the Massachusetts Humane Society maintained along the coast of that State homes of refuge for shipwrecked sailors, and stations equipped with life-saving apparatus, in charge of keepers who, when the emergency arose, summoned volunteer crews."

"Captain Joshua James Hull is the hero of this volunteer corps. In less than twenty-four hours he saved twenty-eight lives from four vessels stranded during a heavy gale and snow-storm in Nantucket Roads."

Here is my suggestion. For boys' brigades trained in the tactics of life-destruction I would substitute boys' brigades trained in tactics of life-preservation. The careful discipline in the world's great cities of the wonderful fire brigades, and on our sea-board the work of shipwreck rescue,—these should serve as suggestions of the tactics to be observed, of training and discipline, of obedience and order, of alert attention, of willing sacrifice, of noble consecration, of an exalted strenuous life. "Life Saving" would be the motto. And would not this draw out all that is most virile and true and lasting and worthy of maintenance and perpetuation and transmission to posterity?

What better strain of blood could heredity have to pass on and down to succeeding generations than a generation of youth trained in life-saving service rather than in life-destroying militarism? And how far-reaching is this method! Training to preserve life soon sweeps in methods of rescuing life from moral perils as well as physical, from perils of ignorance, perils of poverty, perils of hopeless degradation. How mighty is the sweep of this method. How, of necessity, it touches municipal affairs. Colonel Waring trained, and trained successfully, the children of New York in cleaning and beautifying the city's streets. How also it affects political life. The training of youth in ways of righteousness will transform our political life. At present such training awaits the wise leadership of some one who is so sufficiently convinced of the law of mutual interest as to compel its being taught to those boys and girls who are to

become the future makers of the public conscience.

To create a public conscience, to transform municipal and national politics, to remove the causes of war and establish the foundations of permanent peace, the beginning must be made in arousing the consciences of youth and inculcating the principle of mutual interest,—making the end of noble and brave and strenuous endeavor the saving of life and not its destruction.

Thinkers, profound and earnest men the world over, are beginning to see that war of whatever kind, foreign as well as civic, is suicidal as well as murderous. Thus an aroused conscience is fortified by an aroused instinct of preservation. This doubtless is at the bottom of the initial movement at the Hague. Statistics are vague, if not confusing. But it needs no arithmetician to pile up the burden of modern armaments under modern military inventions to such a height and of such an intolerable weight as ultimately (and that at a day approaching with alarming celerity) to crush out the very life of the nation itself, first by impoverishing the masses, and then by overburdensome taxation, destroying the revenues of the people themselves till the end is a collapse.

If to-day it is half true that a soldier is saddled on the back of every peasant in Europe, to-morrow it will be wholly true that militarism, swiftly borne on by the exactions of inventions, new yesterday and old to-day, to proportions beyond the possibility of being sustained, will, as an avalanche or as a mountain landslide, rush to destruction the strongest fabric of the mightiest nation now on the face of the earth. It is only a question of time and the multiplication table. Statesmen know this, and are afraid. Broken laws are always a thing of dread. There are to-day in Europe seven millions of men in arms. The combined war debts of these governments are sixteen thousand millions of dollars.

"The cost of our Civil War was half a million killed, a million crippled and wounded, the devastation and destruction of all the material interests and visible property of ten States, and the loss in



money on both sides eight thousand million dollars."

Small wonder is it that Cicero, "the greatest lawyer of the whole Roman period, saw, what few seem able to see to-day, that a craze for conquest creates great armies, but when great armies return flushed with victory amid an inflamed and intoxicated people, lo, the vision? He saw that beside the captive chained to the chariot of the conqueror, as it proudly rolled along the Appian Way, stalked also in chains the figure of Roman liberty."

I make no comment on this reference made by the eloquent senator from New York. Nor do I strive to make application of this vision. But this sentence I quote:

In a republic a dictator always stands in the shadow of a large regular army. According to the census of 1890, we have nine million two hundred thousand fighting men. In three months we could mobilize three millions of soldiers.

Is it not time that we seek earnestly to create a public sentiment against war,—that we arouse the public conscience to stand stoutly for peace? When the public conscience insists that there shall be no wars, that disputes shall find rational settlements and shall not seek settlements in irrational hate and in killing, then international courts will come into existence as permanent tribunals of justice.

Dr. Hale has taken the phrase of Henry IV. of France, "The United States of Europe," and made it read, "The United States of Christendom," that is, the federation of the world. And similar is the message of the New York State Bar Association to the congress now in session at the Hague. It reads:

First. The establishment of a permanent international tribunal, to be known as "The International Court of Arbitration."

Second. Such court to be composed of nine members, one each from nine independent states or nations, such representative to be a member of the supreme or highest court of the nation he shall represent, chosen by a majority vote of his associates, because of his high character as a publicist and judge, and his recognized ability and irreproachable integrity. Each judge thus selected to hold office during life or the will of the court selecting him.

Third. The court thus constituted to make its own rules of procedure, to have power to fix its place of sessions and to change the same from time to time, as circumstances and the convenience of litigants may suggest, and to appoint such clerks and attendants as the court may require.

Fourth. Controverted questions arising between any two or more independent powers, whether represented in said "International Court of Arbitration" or not, at the option of said powers, to be submitted by treaty between said powers to said court, providing only that said treaty shall contain a stipulation to the effect that all parties thereto shall respect and abide by the rules and regulations of said court, and conform to whatever determination it shall make of said controversy.

Fifth. Said court to be open at all times for the filing of cases and counter-cases under treaty stipulations by any nation, whether represented in the court or not, and such orderly proceedings in the interim between sessions of the court, in preparation for argument, and submission of the controversy, as may seem necessary, to be taken as the rules of the court provide for and may be agreed upon between the litigants.

Sixth. Independent powers not represented in said court, but which may have become parties litigant in a controversy before it, and, by treaty stipulation, have agreed to submit to its adjudication, to comply with the rules of the court and to contribute such stipulated amount to its expenses as may be provided for by its rules or determined by the court.

"A Permanent Tribunal, a Supreme Court!" This is the future's watchword.

This is what Immanuel Kant hoped for in his "Eternal Peace." It is what William Penn believed to be possible in his "Plan for the Peace of Europe." It is what the New York State Bar Association now formulates as a practicable method of adjusting differences among nations without butchery and without wars of conquest or of extermination.

The findings of such a permanent international court would meet with respect, and their decisions would be obeyed.

I may be permitted to offer this much as a possible contribution to the question. The findings of the Supreme Court of the United States meet with respect, because the court itself springs from the people and is representative of them. But its authority runs no higher than its source, and when the decisions of the Supreme Court have been in violation of principles of righteousness, as in the famous *Dred*

Scott decision, the consciousness of the people of this unrighteousness made remedy for it by legislation and constitutional provision.

The decisions of the Supreme Court are accepted by the people only so far as they are ratified ultimately by the public conscience, which is always the final court of appeal. The Supreme Court is the supreme form of government function. But the function of the body is always subordinate to the will of the body itself, and the Supreme Court is subject as a supreme function of government to the will of the body of the people, that is to say, to the public conscience. Otherwise government ceases where despotism begins.

Aristotle's famous definition of the governmental powers of the people holds good to the present hour. The powers of government are defined as legislative, judicial, and executive. But all three conjointly rest upon the conscience of the people. If the executive usurp the powers of either the legislative or the judicial, or both, there is despotism. If the judicial, as here the Supreme Court, usurp the powers of the legislative, there is the rule of the Rabbis of the Law,—again a despotism; or, in Mulford's pungent phrase, "The Israel which once had kings and prophets will then have only Rabbis of the Law." This would thwart the enduring purpose of the people, and fasten upon them an intolerable tyranny. For, says Blackstone:

To give to the courts the power to annul the law of parliament were to set the judicial power above that of the legislature, which would be subversive of all government.

And further, if the legislative usurp the judicial or the executive, or both, there result both lawlessness and the rule of the mob.

These so-called checks and balances are rooted in the principle of the enduring purpose of the people, the foundation of all liberty, and being so rooted can always be trusted. The awakened public conscience of the civilized world can be trusted that the permanent tribunals of the nations do no wrong.

I began by saying that the cause of war was a psychological one. So also is the way of peace. Its law is in the soul of man. Its method is the way of the Spirit.

And our hope for the triumph of the cause of perpetual peace rests in the pervasive and controlling power of an idea. The idea is here. It has arrived. Men are pondering it, are asking of the law of peace, What is it? They are learning step by step that the law of peace is the law of mutual interest. Little by little the awakened consciousness of these later days is seeing in the golden rule of Nazareth the hope of the coming generations of men.

Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the sons of God,—sons of God whose ways are ways of pleasantness and all their paths are peace.

## MR. HERNE'S CONTRIBUTION TO AMERICAN DRAMATIC LITERATURE

BY B. O. FLOWER

### I.—REALISM AND IDEALISM IN THEIR RELATION TO PROGRESS.

Youth, whether it be expressed in an individual, a nation, a people, or civilization, is usually rich in a virile and vigorous imagination which is, on the whole, normal and wholesome. At least it is uncursed by artificiality. As age creeps on customs, forms, rites, and other paraphernalia of conventionalism rear their barriers, and artificiality becomes more and

more predominant unless life is dominated by a spiritual ideal. Now, artificiality ever destroys all that is most vital in life, thought, and art. It exalts the letter and ignores the spirit. It concerns itself with the scaffolding and neglects the edifice for which the scaffolding exists. It sees only the cloths which swathe the body, or beholds only the body which masks the soul. All the great vital protests in ethics, art, and literature have been made as protests

against death-dealing artificiality. In the early years of our century romanticism in Europe arose. It was a vigorous attempt to unshackle the imagination and burst the iron bands which conventionalism and artificiality had forged around literature and the drama, and to breathe into them a measure of life by giving them a real purpose or motive. The German school of music, which culminated in Wagner, was moved by much the same impulse which actuated the leaders of romanticism under Victor Hugo. So also the modern movement known as veritism or realism, led by such men as Ibsen, Tolstoi, and Sudermann, was another protest against artificiality. It emphasized points upon which previous revolts had laid too little stress—the importance of holding the mirror up to nature, the depicting of life as it actually exists. Like all great protests or reforms, however, it went to the extreme and narrowed the vision, concerning itself too exclusively with the details of life as it is, without exercising the philosophical and the imaginative faculties, thus failing to unite what is with what should be in a perfectly consistent way. Realism divorced from idealism tends to degenerate into animalism and pessimism. Idealism ignoring normal realism becomes too visionary and unsubstantial to take hold upon the popular imagination in a vital way, when, indeed, it does not become artificial through ignoring fundamental facts of life as they are daily experienced.

There has been a vast amount of idle and profitless controversy over idealism and realism. Each, when viewed in a rational way and in proper relation, has its place and is essential to the full expression of truth in art and literature. This is a fact which must become more and more apparent as we become less partisan and more philosophic and judicial, so we can discern that we have assailed that which was false in these two vital aspects of life, under the mistaken idea that we were opposing idealism on the one hand or veritism on the other. The realists have made the common mistake of reformers in that they have gone to extremes. This perhaps is necessary for progress. When the pendulum has been

pulled to one extreme it may be necessary to draw it to the other in order that it may the more readily adjust itself to right or normal relations to truth. Ibsen, Tolstoi, Sudermann, and other great thinkers have performed an important and necessary service, but they have been too photographic. They have too frequently ignored the ideal which floated before and inspired the lives they depicted. They have made existence too, somber and tragic. They have erred much as did the man who, having become aware that his stooping gait was attracting unpleasant attention and remarks, assumed a position in which his head and shoulders were thrown so far behind the center of gravity that he was equally the object of remark and mirth. Life is not the tragedy which the realists make it, nor is the aim or the inspiration which gives to life its chief purpose and greatest pleasure what many of them seem to imagine. They have become so absorbed in the details of humdrum existence that they have too frequently missed that which is most profoundly real in life,—the vitalized ideal which impels upward and which enriches the soul. The realists have done a good work, but they fetter progress when they fail to see that picturing life as it is now is not the whole, any more than babyhood is all of life. The ideal which feeds the best in life, and which is true to the noble real, must be present to vitalize that which is normal and add in a real way to the evolution and enrichment of life.

## II.—THE THEATER AND PROGRESS.

Since the days of Oliver Cromwell a large proportion of religiously inclined people throughout the Anglo-Saxon world have looked askance at the theater, even when they did not regard it as a positive agency of the evil one, put forth to compete with the church and neutralize the religious influence exerted by the latter. Much the same views were once entertained regarding art and music, especially instrumental music, while fiction, up to within the last few decades, was viewed by a large proportion of the religious world much as is the theater. This was doubtless chiefly due to the extremes







*Yours truly*  
Joe C. Hume

which marked the powerful reaction from the reign of license, sensualism, and corruption which prevailed after the church emerged from the narrow bigotry, superstition, and fanaticism of the middle ages. Happily for civilization, we are coming to view all these things more rationally. We are beginning to understand that not only are the novel and the play good or bad,—precisely as the many other agencies which appeal to the intellect, the imagination, and the emotional nature,—according to their atmosphere and the dominant thought or ideal which they shadow forth, but also that in them the world's best workers may find two of the greatest engines for awakening the sleeping conscience and arousing the dormant moral energies of millions who never come under the influence of the pulpit or other educational factors in a vital way. What is most of all needed to-day is the arousing of the individual to the all-importance of loyalty to duty and right, the awakening of a passion for justice, and the kindling to flame of the divine spark which makes the soul go out in love to all life. Now, there are not wanting signs which to me clearly indicate that during the twentieth century the stage, as well as fiction, will be utilized in such a manner as to make it an important moral factor in the forward movement of civilization. But in order to be in a high degree effective, it is essential that the plays, no less than the novel, come nearer to nature, or express life and ideals more truly than they have in the past. Truth in art,—this is the first great essential; and when this is supplemented with the moral force which radiates a pure and invigorating atmosphere while carrying forward a great, inspiring thought or shadowing forth a noble ideal needful to growth, we behold the drama becoming a handmaid of progress, even as the errant lightning is now the servant of science.

### III.—MR. HERNE'S RECENT DRAMATIC CREATIONS.

The author of "Shore Acres" is one of a very few dramatists of ability and broad philosophical vision who have refused to surrender their art to the demand for cheap and essentially ephemeral produc-

tions,—productions which, when not false, artificial, and demoralizing, have sought to cater to a pleasure-loving public without leading or directing thought in a serious or worthy manner. Mr. Herne has for many years been a deep student of Herbert Spencer in philosophy, of Tolstoi, Ibsen, and Sudermann in fiction and the drama, and of Henry George in economic science. Hence, his vision has grown broad, his purpose has been serious. He has become more than a dramatist. The vision of the philosopher is shadowed forth in his work. He has striven to be real or true to life, but his breadth of thought and appreciation of what lies before the race, when justice and freedom prevail, have invested his work with a noble idealism which, though transcending the real, is in perfect alignment with it, and therefore is free from the taint of artificiality or untruth. It is true that he has in a measure shared the fate of great innovators, but, thanks to the rapid growth of intelligence and serious thinking, he has suffered far less than most of those who have preceded him. Shakespeare was little appreciated in his lifetime. Richard Wagner frequently stated, during the nineteen years of laurel-crowned success that came to him, that for twenty-five years he was the only man in Europe who had any faith in Richard Wagner. When we remember how unconventional are the late dramatic creations of Mr. Herne, the degree of favor which has been accorded them is surprising; for they are protests and prophecies, and conventionalism is always offended at the man who challenges her verdict, and nowhere is conventionalism so firmly entrenched as on the stage. Moreover, the public mind is always slow to adjust itself to that which is new. It has become accustomed to instituting comparisons with that with which it has been acquainted, without asking whether the new is better, because truer and higher. It is liable to resent the presumption that it could have been satisfied with that which was faulty. Hence, it requires time and, on the stage, a vast amount of capital as well for the innovator to conquer a place. This is the explanation of the twenty-five years of ridicule and defeat which Richard Wagner

was compelled to undergo, and to a great extent the same is true of Mr. Herne's work. This fact was illustrated in "Shore Acres." For two weeks its fate on the Boston Museum stage was very problematical. Fortunately, Mr. Field had no strong plays in reserve for his company, else I doubt not but that at the close of the third week "Shore Acres" would have been withdrawn and labeled a failure, or at best a partial success; but in the absence of any dramatic attractions in which Mr. Field had special faith, the New England drama was permitted to hold the boards. The audiences grew from week to week, increasing nightly, and during the months of March and April it played to full houses, while during May, when most dramatic attractions fail to draw, it played to packed houses. Yet, when it went to New York, its first reception was no more encouraging than in Boston. In fact, it was considered a failure until Mr. Miner took hold of it and removed it from the Fifth Avenue Theater to Daly's, where he patiently waited for the public to become acquainted with its merits. And what was the result? It played a whole year to magnificent audiences in that theater, making one of the phenomenal successes of modern times. In Chicago it was at first received coldly; but, as in Boston and New York, it came to be one of the greatest drawing cards of recent years. These circumstances are very significant as illustrating the fact that a playwright, no matter how good or great his creation may be, cannot confidently hope for success if his work is unconventional, unless he is able to keep it on the boards until it conquers a place in the affection of the public. For several years I have followed Mr. Herne's work with the deepest interest, because I felt that he was a noble pioneer along the highway of truth. He was laying the foundations for a robust American drama, which should not only picture truly the life and aspirations of our people, but by atmosphere and dominant thought prove elevating and ennobling. In this paper I propose to make a brief study of his last three dramas, as I think in this way we can best appreciate something of the character and value of his work.

Any student of life who makes a study of Mr. Herne's recent dramatic creations will be impressed with the fidelity to the different phases of American life portrayed. They are photographic sections of the panorama of existence, true in atmosphere as well as detail to the life that the past forty years have witnessed in our midst; and yet this realism is vitalized with a noble moral idealism which gives an added beauty and value, even as the rising sun clothes mountain and vale and lake with an added glory. And it is ethical idealism which invests the plays with greatness. Uncle Nat, Margaret Fleming, and Griffith Davenport are colossal creations in much the same way that Hamlet, Othello, and the Merchant of Venice are colossal. The old Maine farmer is a type of the possible saint in the simple-minded toiler clad in homespun and environed by poverty. Margaret Fleming is the incarnate voice of twentieth-century womanhood demanding that man come up higher, and that the double standard of morals no longer blast the life of to-day and curse posterity; while in Griffith Davenport we have a lesson of supreme importance impressively presented through the embodiment of fidelity to duty in a life which the genius of Mr. Herne has made distinctly great.

#### IV.—"MARGARET FLEMING."

The play of "Margaret Fleming" is the most powerful plea for a white life for two that I have ever seen, heard, or read. It carries home to every auditor the injustice and immorality of the double standard of morals as it prevails in conventional society, which stones the woman and lets the man go free. The play opens at the business office of Philip Fleming, a fairly prosperous manufacturer in a little New England city. The entrance of a peddler who chanced to be a school-mate of Philip Fleming, while furnishing an interesting character study and affording the dramatist the needed opportunity to introduce a little comedy element into a play which soon develops into somber tragedy, also illustrates by suggestion the result of two lives which side by side learned the same lessons, and together went forth to battle with life, one with the settled purpose to

succeed in business, the other with no definite ideal to guide him. Philip Fleming has become a man of means, though his business is somewhat involved, and the brandy bottles on a stand hint at the fact that his young life is being lived on a rather low plane ethically considered. Joe Fletcher, the peddler, like Philip, has an appetite for liquor, and attracts the attention of the audience to the decanters by asking his school-mate which contains the "cooking" brandy. The conversation discloses the fact that Philip has married a beautiful, devoted woman, and is the father of a child which on that day is one year old. After Fletcher has left the family physician of the Flemings enters. He appears rather brusque, and when the manufacturer offers him a cigar he declines to accept it. The meaning of the visit is graphically set forth in the following selections from the dialogue which ensues:

Phillip. You used to respect my cigars. (Laughing.)

Doctor. I used to respect you.

Phillip. Don't you now?

Doctor. No!

Phillip. Why not, for heaven's sake?

Doctor. Because you've no more moral nature than Joe Fletcher has.

Phillip. Oh, come now, doctor; that's rather—

Doctor. (Looking sternly at him.) At two o'clock last night Lena Schmidt gave birth to a child.

Phillip. (His eyes meet those of the doctor, then drop to the floor.) How in God's name did they come to send for you?

Doctor. I don't believe she'll ever leave that bed alive.

Phillip. Well, I've done all I can to—

Doctor. Yeh have, eh?

Phillip. She's had all the money she needed. . . . If she'd a' done as I wanted her to, this never'd a' happened. I tried to get her away six months ago, but she wouldn't go. She was as obstinate as a mule.

Doctor. Strange that she should want to be near you, ain't it? If she'd got tired of you and wanted to go, you wouldn't have let her.

Phillip. (With a sickly smile.) You must think I'm—

Doctor. I don't think anything about it. I know just what such animals as you are.

Phillip. Why, I haven't seen her for a—

Doctor. Haven't yeh! Well, then, suppose you go and see her to-day.

Phillip. (Alarmed.) No, I won't. I can't do that!

Doctor. You will do just that.

Phillip. (Showing temper.) I won't go near her.

Doctor. (Quietly.) Yes, you will. She sha'n't lie there and die like a dog.

Phillip. You wouldn't dare to tell—

Doctor. I want you to go and see this girl! (They face each other.) Will yeh or won't yeh?

Phillip. (After a pause subdued.) What d' ye want me to say to her?

The doctor further urges Philip to take his wife away for a few weeks, as she is in a delicate nervous condition, and any shock which she might receive would be likely to be followed by total blindness, something he has long been fearing. The manufacturer promises to do so, but, being one of those careless natures who refuse to take life's problems seriously, fails to appreciate the impending danger which hangs over his home and life.

The next two acts are in the beautiful home of the Flemings. Here mother and baby present one of those rare and precious pictures which speak of the deepest joys of life. Mrs. Herne, for whom the role of Margaret Fleming was created, invested this scene, when it was produced in Boston, with all the charm which that consummate art which conceals all art carries with it. The crowing baby, the proud and joyous mother, the infectious happiness shadowed forth in every one who comes into the home, almost lift the spectator out of the depression which the preceding act has cast over him. But the third act is in the shadow. It takes place in the lodging-house where the betrayed girl has lived. Margaret has been sent for by the unfortunate one who, however, dies before she reaches the house. The betrayed girl, however, has left a note to Philip which her sister discovers. In a sudden burst of fury she turns on Margaret, as though she were responsible for her sister's death. The horror of the situation, involving her husband's infidelity and the death of the girl, breaks on the devoted wife, who a few moments before was the happiest of wives and mothers, with overwhelming power. The acting of Margaret Fleming in this scene, as interpreted by Mrs. Herne, has seldom been



approached on any stage. I was never so profoundly moved by a dramatic representation as I was the first time I witnessed this awful scene. It was tragedy in the supreme sense of the term. The auditors forgot all save the beautiful wife whose joy and love and devotion, as witnessed in the preceding scene, had won all hearts, and who now is overwhelmed by a grief far worse than death,—a grief which pierces the soul and banishes all the light of pleasure from life, while upon the heels of this awful discovery comes, as is so frequently the case in this strange life of ours, another calamity only second in terrible severity. Margaret suddenly becomes totally blind.

The closing act occurs after a lapse of four or five years. Philip had failed in business, and with the failure and the exposure of his immorality he, true to his nature, fled. The home was broken up, and after a long and dangerous illness Margaret had recovered only to find that her child had suddenly disappeared during the catastrophe. For years she patiently searches for her child, visiting asylums and schools and homes in many cities and towns, but all to no purpose.

The sister of the ill-fated girl had entirely dropped from view during the excitement which followed the closing scenes of the preceding act. It later developed that she had abducted the little child and was rearing it in the slums of Boston. By a series of happenings, which are by no means improbable, the child is discovered by Philip, and during an altercation with the abductor the two are arrested and brought into court. Margaret, having come to Boston on the strength of a clew, is made aware of the discovery of her child; and the last scene presents the blind wife and the recreant husband face to face in the office of the magistrate. The court officer, seeing a chance for a reconciliation, thoughtfully withdraws, saying as he retires, "When you want me, ring the bell." The husband, beholding his blind wife and seeing how in the once beautiful face the untold agony of the past years has left its stamp, is overpowered by a sense of guilt, and the old-time feeling comes over him also.

But here let us give some of the passages which disclose the unconventional ending of the play:

Philip. Margaret!

Margaret. Well!

Philip. This is terrible.

Marg. You heard the inspector. He calls it a "common case."

Philip. Yes. I was wondering whether he meant that or only said it.

Marg. I guess he meant it, Philip. We'll be crowded out of his thoughts before he goes to bed to-night.

Marg. Ah, well, it's done now, and—

Philip. Yes, it's done. For four years I've been like an escaped prisoner that wanted to give himself up and dreaded the punishment. I'm captured at last, and without hope or fear,—I was going to say without shame,—I ask you, my judge, to pronounce my sentence.

Marg. That's a terrible thing to ask me to do, Philip— (She hesitates.)

Philip. Of course, you'll get a divorce?

Marg. Don't let us have any more ceremonies, Philip. . . . I gave myself to you when you asked me to. We were married in my mother's little home. Do you remember what a bright, beautiful morning it was?

Philip. Yes.

Marg. That was seven years ago. To-day we're here!

I am calm. My eyes have simply been turned in upon myself for four years. I see clearer than I used to.

Philip. Suppose I could come to you some day and say, Margaret, I'm now an honest man. Would you live with me again?

Marg. The wife-heart has gone out of me, Philip.

Philip. I'll wait, Margaret. Perhaps it may come back again. Who knows?

Philip. Is it degrading to forgive?

Marg. No; but it is to condone. Suppose I had broken faith with you?

Philip. Ah, Margaret!

Marg. I know! But suppose I had? Why should a wife bear the whole stigma of infidelity? Isn't it just as revolting in a husband?

Then can't you see that it is simply impossible for me to live with you again?

Philip. That's my sentence. . . . We'll be friends.

Marg. Yes, friends. We'll respect each other as friends. We never could as man and wife.

As they clasp hands, something latent, organic rushes over her. She masters it, puts his hand aside: "Ring that bell!"

This ending has been the occasion of no end of criticism. It has been urged that it is not true to life, and I am inclined to think the case made out by the objectors is a strong one; but, to force home most effectively the tremendous lesson the play teaches, it should end as it does. Whether Mr. Herne does not sacrifice realism to ethics and make the lesson overshadow the probable ending in real life, even with a woman like Margaret, is a question.

I have never read a sermon, argument, or treatise on marital infidelity or the social evil so powerful and effective as this great play. It is one of those tremendous pieces of work which, once seen, lives forever in the imagination.

#### V.—"SHORE ACRES."

Mr. Herne's next great work is very different in theme and treatment, though no less true to the conditions portrayed. The curtain rises on a pleasing rural scene. It is haying time in Maine. On the left is a large, comfortable appearing farmhouse. Flowers are blossoming in the yard; trees also make up much of the foreground, while in the distance is the ocean, stretching away until it is lost in the horizon. On a reef some distance from the shore stands the Berry Light-house, which later in the play is to be the scene of a terrible quarrel between the brothers. In this first act the children making their mud pies are delightfully natural, as is also Uncle Nat when he gives them a wheelbarrow ride. Here we also see the land boomer enter the idyllic garden and poison the mind of the owner of the farm by filling it with wild dreams of wealth to be acquired without the earning. We note the curse of American life,—speculation, with its seductive allurements,—fastening itself upon Martin Berry, and henceforth his peace of mind is gone. And here also we are introduced to Nelly, the frank, wholesome country girl, endowed with strong will power and evincing that intellectual hunger which children in cities, who from childhood are surfeited with literature, never know. Nelly is a most attractive type of New England girlhood, and with her clear head and warm heart she wins the sympathy of

the audience from the first, as does her lover, Dr. Warren, who has scandalized the community by delivering a lecture on evolution and giving expression to certain other heretical views. Moreover, he seems to have offended the conventionalism of the country by not only practicing homeopathy, but actually curing some persons whom the medical wiseacres of the neighborhood had declared to be incurable,—cured them on "sugar shot." Certainly such an innovator might well be regarded with suspicion, and it was further rumored that he took little stock in the cherished dogma of an eternal lake of fire and brimstone reserved for the majority of God's children. So it was not altogether strange that the faithful came to regard him as a dangerous character whom self-respecting persons should avoid. Martin Berry, the father of Nelly, is a man of iron will, one of those persons who cannot tolerate any dissension from old views in religion or politics. The Bible and the Bangor Whig are the only products of the printing-press he seems to feel are safe to read, and therefore it is easy to imagine that with Nelly Berry the course of true love runs along the traditional tortuous and uncertain course. Indeed, Martin has expressed his dislike for Dr. Warren and the dangerous books he reads in no uncertain words to his daughter. Therefore he is by no means prepared to find the lovers seated side by side perusing Mr. Howells' "Hazard of New Fortunes." A little altercation ensues between the father and lover, in which they almost come to blows, and Dr. Warren is warned that in the future he comes on the Berry premises at the peril of his life. The young doctor has also roused the anger of Nelly's little brother, who nurses his wrath against a day of reckoning not far distant.

The dialogue is bright, and there is no dragging of the action in "Shore Acres." Scenes from life flit across the stage, giving a series of moving pictures whose faithfulness is due largely to the fact that Mr. Herne, who is a close student of life and nature, spent several summers in the region depicted.

After the quarrel between the young physician and Martin Berry, and the exit

of Mr. Blake, the land boomer, the dinner-horn is blown and the hands from the field enter the stage. Seldom has anything appeared before the foot-lights so true to life as the little pleasantries indulged in by old Joel Gates and the hired men from the hay-field. It is a glint of sunshine before the shadow which is to follow. This banter and sport, though rough and uncouth, is one of those natural outushings of farm life which relieve the monotony of existence. The great scene of this act is reached after the hands enter the house for dinner, and Martin, the younger brother, informs Uncle Nat of his wish to cut up the farm for town lots, because he is sure a boom is coming. Here it is that we begin to see the tremendous strength of Mr. Herne as an actor. There is nothing loud, nothing boisterous, about the words and actions of Uncle Nat. He is a man of peace. He shrinks from discord, most of all discord in the home. The proposal is by no means a pleasant one to him. He distrusts the proposition; but when his brother suggests that they take up the remains of the mother, which, according to her oft-expressed wish, had been interred on a knoll overlooking the sea, the elder brother feels that a moral crime, partaking of the nature of sacrilege, is contemplated; and it is interesting to note how he appeals to his brother in such a way as not to provoke a quarrel:

"You do not remember father, do you, Martin?"

"No."

"No; he died when you were a baby."

And then he recounts the tragedy which left them fatherless, in such simple yet vivid language that the auditor is made to feel all the horror of that memorable afternoon when a fishing sloop went on the rocks of Alligator Reef, and in answer to the signals of distress the heroic farmer had faced the sea, while the mother and little Nat stood on the knoll, beholding the struggle with the waves, and finally the disappearance of the hero. Long the mother stood riveted to the scene, her wide, staring eyes fixed on the spot where the loved one was last beheld. The boy at length became alarmed at the strange look on the mother's face, and tugging at her skirts called her several

times before she answered; and when she spoke her voice sounded as though she were far off. She bade the son return to the home and care for little Martin, while she remained to watch for the possible reappearance of the father. All this and more is given, and we are made to feel the awful suspense of that eternal night when the little boy was compelled to remain alone and watch over his brother, with the father under the waves and the mother so changed and strange that the memory of her last words and the look she gave him fill the child's mind with nameless dread.

But Uncle Nat's eloquent and urgent appeal to Martin is brushed aside by the exclamation, "Oh, that's sentiment!" even as those in the modern mad race for gold so frequently dismiss all the holiest and truest things of life as of little worth.

The second act represents the interior of the great kitchen and dining-room of the home. It is the twentieth anniversary of Martin's marriage. The turkey is roasted to a turn; the celery and cranberry sauce are enough to excite the appetite of an epicure. The guests are typical,—men of the farm and followers of the sea, such as we find along the New England coast, honest, whole-souled, simple-hearted characters, who heartily enjoy the little pleasantries of each other; and as they gather around the table all thought of the stage disappears amid the bright, simple, and genuine conversation, so joyous and innocent in character that it little presages what is about to come. At length, however, something is said about the farm being cut up, and the wife instantly protests to her husband. Some sharp words and confusion follow, which are merely the prelude to what follows, for Nelly's little brother, who is working for Mr. Blake at the latter's store, rushes in declaring that one hundred dollars has been taken from the safe and that Sam Warren was in the store. Blake promptly expresses the conviction that Warren is the thief, as he had tried to secure the loan of a hundred dollars that morning from the speaker. The girl hotly resents the cruel imputation, and a scene of great dramatic power and intensity ensues, in which the father and daughter clash in

a terrible way, and the guests silently steal from the room which, a few moments before, had been the scene of such good-natured mirth. Uncle Nat and Nelly are left alone, and she expresses the wish that she might leave with her lover, since home will never be home to her again. Uncle Nat helps her to leave, and when her courage almost fails he diverts her mind from the things which are holding her, as he guides her out to the buggy which shall take her to the boat on which her lover sails. Here Mr. Herne presents a fine study in the power of suggestion exerted (frequently unconsciously) by one mind over another,—a power which, in fact, all persons are more or less under the influence of and which is to-day exerted by the press to a greater degree than any other agency.

The third act, which occurs in the Berry Light-house, has been criticised by some, who imagine that simplicity excludes intensity, and who, because the ocean is usually calm, would deny the legitimacy of introducing the savage awfulness of the tempest without and within. Yet it seems to me that this scene is as faithful as anything which has gone before. It pictures a supreme and terrible moment in life, and we catch a glimpse of the incarnate God grappling with the aroused savagery of the animal,—unselfish love battling with a nature rendered insanely blind through passion,—a scene which typifies the struggle of the ages. The student of present-day events sees in it a miniature representation of the conflict now raging, upon whose issue hangs the civilization of the morrow. That no such idea as this entered the brain of the dramatist is highly probable; for a genius continually reflects colossal thought upon his canvas, and deals with types without knowing the significance of his own creation. There is nothing in this great act which is untrue or overdrawn. It is the embodiment of high art; and representing, as it does, the emotional climax in the drama, it is not only perfectly legitimate, but without some such strong exhibition of human emotion the play would have been artistically incomplete. In this act Martin Berry, mad with rage and crushed under the false idea that his

daughter has fled with her lover because she has been ruined, seeks to prevent his brother from lighting the lamp in the light-house tower, which in the midst of the wild storm has suddenly gone out. The boat bearing the runaways is liable to be dashed on the reef, and in the course of an impassioned appeal Uncle Nat informs his brother that he had loved the woman whom Martin had married, but, finding his brother cared for her, he had gone away to the army. Now he declares that, though he had given up the mother, he would not stand idle and see the daughter murdered. The two grapple, and after a struggle of some moments the elder brother succeeds in reaching the ladder, which he ascends.

Great, however, as are the preceding scenes, the charm of the closing act eclipses all that has preceded it, for here the saint, always visible in Uncle Nat, shines out so impressively that each auditor catches a glimpse of that love which some day will redeem the world. Then, too, in this last scene the artist touch is everywhere visible. It is Christmas eve. The children are undressed and the stockings are hung up. Bob is not the only boy who has wished to hang up his trousers instead of his stocking, under the vain delusion that quantity of possessions measures the pleasure of life. The radiant eyes, the innocent prattle of the expectant children; Millie's indignation at her older brother's skepticism in regard to the existence of Santa Claus; the somber shadow cast by the sober, silent, and almost heart-broken Martin; the absorption of little Nat and his mother in the exciting novel; then the home-coming of the loved ones, and the saving of the farm; the entrance of Joel Gates, and the pathetic picture of little Mandy,—all these and other scenes in this quickly moving panorama reveal behind the play a great artist and a true man. It is not, however, until one by one the actors retire, leaving Uncle Nat alone in the great farm kitchen, that one fully appreciates the courage of Mr. Herne in throwing to the winds the traditions of the stage. Here, for ten minutes before the curtain drops, not a word is spoken. Uncle Nat is alone. He seats himself, and the audi-



tors, in rapt attention, follow the train of thought as his face reflects emotions which swell in his soul. The smile of the dear old face is something never to be forgotten. During these moments the audience becomes thoroughly fascinated by the wonderful play of human emotions; and, when at length he rises, the spectators, as one person, regard him with breathless interest as he locks the doors, removes the teapot, places the kettle on the back of the stove, raises the lid, and with candle in hand ascends the old stairway as the clock strikes the midnight hour.

In "Shore Acres" the character of Uncle Nat dominates the drama as does that of Margaret Fleming in the play of that name. The noble-hearted New England light-keeper is as true a creation as it is ethically great; and though a type, and therefore colossal in character, it is in perfect alignment with the love-lighted real. It is perhaps true that the dramatist has to some degree idealized the simple-hearted old man, whose every smile reveals the divine ego which crouches, cowers, or rules in the brain of every one; but in this he has been absolutely faithful to life, even though he may have carried his creation a little in advance of the vanguard of progress. Uncle Nat is the embodiment of human love. The affection for the old home, owing to its associations; the tenderness shown for the memory of father and mother; the love for his younger brother, which led him to make the supreme sacrifice of life, that his brother might be happy; the wealth of affection for the children, which is in essence parental love, and the broad, tolerant spirit evinced toward the socially ostracized young doctor,—these are all phases of the one supreme passion which illumines without dazzling, which warms but never scorches. In the degree in which this full-orbed love is revealed, we gauge man's progress from the animal to the divine. Uncle Nathaniel, from his first entrance to the drop of the curtain, is delightfully natural. Every act, every utterance, is true to the finer impulses of life; and every manifestation of the triumph of love over selfishness has found its counterpart in millions of lives. Not that all these manifestations are usually

seen in a single individual, for, as I have observed, this creation is colossal; but it is also true, and being true, it carries with it a vital and uplifting inspiration, revealing the possible saint in every man.

#### VI.—"GRIFFITH DAVENPORT."

Mr. Herne's next play displays his genius in a marked degree. He has made all his characters live, while under his genius Griffith and Katherine become distinctly great creations. The play of "Hamlet" had existed long before Shakspeare's time. It had been played with indifferent success, but it was not until England's greatest dramatist breathed into it the breath of life that it became a great creation, destined to live so long as English literature lasts. So with this play. The drama is founded on a novel dealing with social and political conditions immediately preceding and during the war, whose greatest merit lay in its conspicuous impartiality. This excellence has been preserved and accentuated by Mr. Herne, while, instead of allowing himself to be fettered by the course of the story, he has constructed a play of great dramatic strength. It is a faithful study of the mighty social problem which occasioned the most terrible civil war of our century. The title role of Griffith Davenport, as created and played by Mr. Herne, is one of the most impressive pieces of work which the modern stage has produced. Katherine, the cultured southern matron, as interpreted by Mrs. Herne, is only second to the character of Griffith in its essential greatness.

The play opens in Virginia a few months preceding the nomination of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency. The whole nation had been profoundly stirred by a series of portentous events which had marked the formidable growth of the abolition cause. The bloody struggle in Kansas ominously presaged a greater contest, when a riven nation should grapple in a life and death battle. The murder of Lovejoy, the raid of John Brown, and many other incidents serve as signals of the coming storm.

Griffith Davenport is a Methodist circuit rider who had inherited a beautiful estate from his father. He had ever striven to follow the dictates of duty. For

many years the institution of slavery had been growing more and more odious to him, though in his own home, as was the case in thousands of southern households, the slaves were treated with great kindness, and were being led forward from the savagery which marked their state a few generations before to a civilized condition more rapidly than any other people known to history had ever before risen from barbarism.

The little household of the circuit rider is unconsciously ranging itself on opposite sides; the father and younger son are swerving toward the North, and the mother and the eldest boy are reflecting the sentiments dominant in the South. Mrs. Davenport had beheld only the brighter side of slavery, and, not being able to grasp the larger view of the question, was at a loss to understand the influences which were impelling her husband to sympathize with those in the North, whom all regarded as fanatics; and yet she respected his noble purpose too much to seek to make him do anything contrary to the dictates of duty.

The opening scene of the play gives a most realistic and charming picture of the brighter side of slavery. This, however, is ere long placed in antithesis with the darker aspects of the institution. Events move rapidly. Lincoln is nominated. The father votes for him. This is enough. He is virtually driven from his home by his infuriated neighbors, and with his family, save his eldest son who remains behind, he goes to Washington, taking the slaves, whom he had previously freed, with him. The third act occurs in Washington. Governor Oliver P. Morton, an old class-mate of Griffith Davenport, is quick to see that the circuit rider of Virginia would be invaluable to the government as a guide for an engineering corps which is going forward for the purpose of mapping the Shenandoah Valley. A scene of great dramatic power takes place when the governor urges the circuit rider to lead the detachment into the country he knows so well. At last a sense of duty overmasters all else, and Griffith promises to undertake the odious task. His wife hears, with something like horror, of the

resolution of her husband. To her this work smacks of treason to the loved State. Moreover, her oldest son is in the Confederate army, and the South has always seemed to her as her home. The southern people are her people. The thought of one son in the southern army, another in the northern army, and her husband arousing the hatred and contempt of his old neighbors by guiding the hated Yankees through the land he is so well acquainted with, calls from her the first tremendous protest which she has made. But the husband is inflexible. He must follow the dictates of duty. She will not say more, but she also will follow the promptings of her heart. She visits the president, secures a pass through the lines, and on reaching the old home begins nursing the sick and wounded of the Confederate army. At length the old homestead is transformed into a hospital presided over by Katherine. Months fly by. The war is drawing to a close, as in the last act we are introduced to Davenport after he has successfully guided the scouting party and engineering corps over the valley in such a way as to enable them to make an accurate map for the guidance of the generals. He is now near the old home, and, having heard that his wife was there, an uncontrollable longing to see her takes possession of him. The command goes on without him, and he is to meet them later, but his plans go wrong and he is captured by a detachment of the Confederate army officered by his son, and brought for preliminary trial to the old home where he meets his wife. After the trial, it being proved that he is not a spy, the order is given to send him to Libby Prison, where he would have to await the close of the war or exchange.

In the closing scene of the play the husband and wife are together, reviewing their past life from the days when, as a youth, he courted her, through all the years of joy and sadness, even up to the present time. At all times each has followed, as far as possible, the guiding star of duty. Love is strong and warm in both breasts. Indeed, we may say the play closes with a love scene, but it is the love of the grandfather and the grand-

mother in the eventide of their well-spent lives. Here again we see, ethically considered, the idea of duty brought to the foreground. As Hamlet is "doubt counseled by a ghost," as Othello is jealousy incarnate, as Shylock is avarice, as Margaret Fleming is the aroused voice of womanhood demanding a higher standard of morals, and as Uncle Nat is the typification of human love, so Griffith Davenport stands for unswerving loyalty to duty.

Of Mr. Herne's new play, "Sag Harbor," which is to be presented to the public at the Park Theater in Boston, on October 23d, it is impossible to write at length at this time. It is sufficient to say, however, that it will not disappoint the lovers of the best in modern American dramatic work. Its scenes are laid

on the shores of Long Island, where the dramatist spends his summers. The life depicted is as true and as typical of its locality as "Shore Acres" is faithful as a presentation of farm life in Maine. It abounds in charmingly quaint characters, and unless I am greatly mistaken the part which Mr. Herne is to essay will prove as great as any of his creations.

As one who is faithful to the high vision which has come to him, as one who is giving us wholesome plays true to the common life, and as a truly American dramatist, Mr. Herne is entitled to the grateful regard of all thoughtful friends of the stage. He is doing a work of incalculable value for the drama of our country, and in a broader sense for art in the new world.

## HOW SHALL WE DEAL WITH THE TRUSTS?

BY I. L. ALBERT

The trusts at present are receiving a large share of public attention. They are the subject of frequent discussion, but the discussion seldom goes beyond the point of denunciation. So far no adequate remedy for their control has been suggested. Nor is this surprising, for any plan that may be proposed for dealing with them would be opposed, not only by all those who are directly or indirectly benefited by the trusts as they exist, but also by those to whom the plan might not commend itself. Hence, the individual who undertakes to formulate a plan for dealing with trusts may count on the certain opposition of one class with the support and opposition he may receive from the other an unknown quantity.

There is another reason why many men hesitate to discuss plans for dealing with trusts, and that is, it would involve an inquiry into the causes which produced them, and these causes lie so near the foundations of the whole existing industrial system that a discussion of the former might seriously disturb the latter. Conservatism shrinks from such a possibility.

The comprehensive charge against the trusts is that they prevent competition. To the popular mind there appear to be two stings in this charge. First, to prevent competition, many combine under one general head, and, instead of a multitude of small concerns, in perpetual warfare for a larger share of the markets, there is practically one, and the warfare is at an end. This enables them to dispense with a large part of their working forces. The men thus thrown out of employment naturally see little good in the trusts, and unite with those opposing them. A moment's reflection will convince any thinking person that this does not, of itself, constitute a valid objection to the trusts. The wages of every man enter into and become a part of the price of the products of his labor. The fewer men required to place a given product on the market, all other things being equal, the lower its price to the consumer. If two men are employed to place a product on the market, where the services of one would be sufficient, there is an absolute waste to the consumer to the extent of the wages paid to the man whose

services were not required. So far as dollars and cents are concerned, the public might as well support the superfluous man in idleness. Personally, the discharged man might be the better off had the trust not been formed which occasioned his discharge, but, if his wages are deducted from the price of the product, the consumer is the gainer, and, as the consumers outnumber the discharged men, there is no reason why the maxim of the greatest good to the greatest number should not be applied. So far as this point of the charge is concerned, it applies with equal force to every labor-saving device that was ever invented. They all deprive some men of employment, but at the same time lessen the cost of production. In either case the public, if permitted to enjoy its fair share of the benefits of such diminished cost of production, have no just cause of complaint.

But the second point of the charge against the trust is that the public are not permitted to enjoy their fair share of the advantages of a diminished cost of production, but, on the contrary, having destroyed competition, the trusts arbitrarily fix the prices of their products; that in many instances, while the cost of production is reduced, the price to the consumer is increased; so that the public, instead of deriving any benefit from the improved methods of production, are actually injured. The question then would appear to be, not how to suppress trusts, but how to secure to the public the benefits of their improved industrial methods. Shall we fix, by statute, the prices at

which they are to furnish their products to the consumer? Even if such a plan were practicable, which no sane man believes, it would be intolerable. It would violate every notion of property rights. It would be more futile than the farcical attempt to regulate railroad tolls. There is but one feasible plan, and that is what may be called a restricted socialism,—the government ownership of every subject of monopoly. The trust principle has come to stay. Its application marks an advance in industrial methods. The trusts have solved the problem that has vexed men in every age, and that is, how to destroy competition. Legislation will never prevent them from availing themselves of this wonderful discovery. However unpopular the trusts, the discovery itself is popular. All men, from the great captains of industry to the lowest laborer, to the extent of their ability, are applying it to their advantage. Individual effort is a thing of the past. The world will never return to the wasteful methods of the competitive system. As well might we expect it to return to the old method of transportation, of transmitting news, or of farming; one is as likely to happen as the other.

But socialism, even restricted socialism, is not a pleasant thing for many of our people to contemplate; but to such it may be said that the world in the grasp of private combinations is a far more appalling spectacle. Yet that is the alternative. Men now living will see one or the other of these conditions prevail.

## THE CITY OF MAMMON

BY REV. T. E. ALLEN

I had been reflecting for a long time upon the kingdom of heaven, its meaning, and how men can enter it, when I fell asleep and dreamed, and this is what occurred:

I saw before me a city stretched out upon the plain—a manufacturing city with tall chimneys, factories, railroads, paved streets, and the signs of traffic upon every

hand. At my left flowed a river bearing many vessels upon its breast. There were parks, and in certain quarters I noted the houses of the wealthy, and in others the cheerless abodes of the poor,—crowded, repulsive, and unwholesome. "It looks about like the cities I am familiar with," I thought; and then my attention was called to groups of men distributed here



and there, many working industriously, and a few, apparently, with leisure upon their hands.

I walked toward a number of men who were repairing the street. "There he goes now," said one of them, pointing to a man who was being driven rapidly through a square near by; "you can always tell him by his flunkies and his four black horses. Two horses are not enough for him," he continued, with a sigh, "but he must always flaunt his riches in our faces and so remind us of our poverty. Why," he resumed after a moment's silence, "I knew Bob Turner when he was as poor as I am, and look at him now,—the leading nabob of the city."

"Yes," replied another, "and they do say that he has fixed the wages in all of the cotton mills in the city. He don't own 'em all, but he has threatened to smash the others if they pay any higher wages than he does, and they are all afraid of him, and do as he says, though most of 'em are glad enough of an excuse for doing it any way."

Seeing a park upon a bluff a few blocks away, I walked toward it. "The conversation of those men reminds me of business affairs as I have observed them in my waking hours," I thought; and, wondering what would happen next, I soon reached my destination, and sat down upon a bench which commanded an excellent view of most of the city. A peal of laughter broke upon my ears, and then I noticed a few feet back of me a picnic party of young ladies and gentlemen, partially concealed by the luxuriant foliage of the vines that grew over a summer-house.

"I tell you what, Madge," said a feminine voice, "the party at Mr. Turner's last night was the swellest thing this town has ever seen. Such music and flowers, and such a spread! I've been to a good many parties, but never to one equal to that."

"Well," said another, "I suppose that we must all confess that no one can compete with Mr. Turner. But then, he has more money than any one else; so, why shouldn't he outdo us all?"

"He should," replied the first voice. "It's the proper thing. What I don't

understand, though, is how he made so much money. My father was wealthy, just as many other men were, when Mr. Turner was a poor man and worked on the streets. I confess I can't understand it."

"You will pardon me, Miss Simpson, if I appear uncomplimentary," said one of the young men; "but I have heard some of the leading business men of the city discuss the matter, and they concluded—though it galled some of them to say so—that Mr. Turner must be the smartest financier in the city."

"Oh, he is," broke in a lady. "I've heard my father tell about some of his transactions and express the greatest admiration for him. He says that he is the shrewdest man he ever knew."

"Well, for my part," said another, "I never liked the way he cheated Mr. Flanders out of his mill."

"Cheated him out of his mill!" exclaimed a masculine voice. "Why, Blanche, I am astonished at you; it was a perfectly legitimate operation. But, I forgot, Mr. Flanders is your uncle, isn't he?"

"Yes, he is, and you'll never get me to think any other way than I do now," retorted Blanche, in an indignant tone. "Mr. Turner took a mean, wicked advantage of my uncle. That's my opinion of the matter, and I don't care who knows it."

"You've heard the old saying, haven't you, Blanche, about those who live in glass houses throwing stones?"

"Of course I have," she replied, plainly showing the vexation she felt; "but I don't see that that has anything whatever to do with the case."

"Nothing to do with the case, eh? Have you ever heard how Mr. Flanders got the mill from Mr. Sawyer?"

"No, and I don't care anything about it, either," said Blanche, speaking in a very spiteful tone.

"Well, I'll not press the matter, and I don't want to offend you; but, from what I hear, it is very doubtful taste, to say the least, for Mr. Flanders's friends to make such charges. What do you say, George?"

"Yes, indeed," replied that gentleman; "you are right. But what do women know about business? I always say that the

best thing for a woman to do is to take all the money her husband can furnish her, and spend it on gowns and bonnets and enjoying herself generally, and not bother her dear little head over where it came from or how her husband got it. As I am sixty years old,—though I pride myself upon being as young in spirit as any of you,—you can accept my words as the quintessence of wisdom in the present year of our Lord, and I think in all years to come.”

“Capital! capital!” said a lady, clapping her hands; “that’s just what my mother says. She’s a disciple of our dear Mr. Watson here, and she says she wants to know how a woman is going to keep her beauty and enjoy life if she pesters her head about the lottery of business. Up one day and down the next, that’s the way of the world. She believes in letting the men do the fighting in the arena of commerce, and in the women having a good time as long as they can. It’s time enough to grow dowdyish, to mope, and to cry, when you lose your money, when society cuts you, and when you can’t help yourself.”

“Why, Maud! I am astonished to hear you express such sentiments,” said a voice I had not yet heard; “they are positively shocking. But I want to ask Mr. Watson whether morality has not something to do with business.”

“We all know,” responded the gentleman addressed, “that Miss Pauline here is the bookish woman of our set, the would-be philosopher, ethical and otherwise, of us all. I take off my hat to her learning,—of course, she knows a great deal about books, more than I ever shall; but, bless you, when it comes to the world as it is, she hasn’t cut her first tooth yet.

“If by morality in business you mean the application of the precepts of Jesus, or even of the abstract teachings of most moralists, to the financial relations of men to each other, then all I have to say is that the most successful men of my acquaintance are not moral in that sense. When you strip off the superficial layers of their thought and get down to the bed rock, their real philosophy of life,—mind, I am not speaking of professed beliefs,—is as follows:

“The real end for man is happiness. With this the teachings of Christianity, as I interpret them, are in accord. Next, happiness depends upon material possessions, material environment. With this the precepts of the dreamer of Nazareth do not agree. The present life is the only one we are sure of, though Christianity teaches immortality. Consequently, common sense teaches one to strive for happiness in this life. That means to get more money, for that means more happiness. And, as to get money you must compete with other men who want the same thing, you must get ahead of the others if you can. To this end, then, the men I am talking about hold that might makes right, that things belong to the man who can successfully seize and hold them.

“This theory pares off all sentimentality in business, and brings one face to face with the questions, ‘What is the law?’ ‘Can I get the legislation I want?’ and, ‘Can I get judges and officials to do my bidding by bribery or otherwise?’ Where the so-called interests and will of the people are concerned, and our successful man comes out ahead, he simply says, ‘It was a contest of my intelligence and will against the people, and I came out ahead, that is all. If the people as a mass are stupid or, according to the standard they profess to accept, less moral than they ought to be, that is my good luck and not my fault, and I don’t think that I am to blame for taking advantage of the conditions that favor me.’ There is their philosophy in a nutshell; they are right, it is my philosophy, too. But you look distressed, Miss Pauline. What is the matter?”

“What you have said, Mr. Watson, does distress me,” she said. “I grant that you know men far better than I do, and I cannot dispute what you say. But what you have said is not the philosophy of all men. What have you to say about churches and charity?”

“I do not claim, of course,” he replied, “that I have spoken for all business men. I do maintain, however, that I have spoken for the majority of the conspicuously successful men, for most of the millionaires. And note, too, that just so far

as other men are deterred by their beliefs from availing themselves of every possible advantage that they can safely employ, just so far are they crippled in their contest with those who believe and live out what I call the philosophy of success.

"The millionaires for whom I speak have a sufficient motive for helping to support the churches. It is good form to go to church. That is the principal reason that I go. Then, just so far as the preachers,—in the main an impractical lot of dreamers,—succeed in impressing their views upon people, they handicap them in the race for wealth with the commercially enlightened, actually make them easier victims. As for the working people, so far as they go to church, if the preachers can make them believe that they are going to have their good time in the next world, they will be all the more patient in doing the hard work of this world, thus providing the means for our enjoyment. I look upon the church, then, as many others do, as a good moral policeman, and, as it performs a valuable service for our class, as worthy of our support.

"As for charity, we haven't succeeded, I confess, in altogether drying up our sympathy for the toiling masses, and then, too, it furnishes many good cases of Christian brotherhood by citing which the ministers do their part in keeping down the people. By relieving the pressure somewhat, and rendering their condition more tolerable, too, it exercises a restraining influence upon the forces that carry the masses toward revolt. No, I don't say that some wealthy men are not prompted by a true love for humanity,—silly though I hold that to be,—in building hospitals, libraries, etc.; but I do assert that there are many others who sacrifice to pride or who realize that the support of churches and charities is a true self-protective measure which yields just as positive a return to our class as an investment in government bonds."

As the argument of Mr. Watson proceeded, I had found myself growing more and more indignant until, when he reached the point mentioned, it was impossible to listen longer, and I walked rapidly away. "Oh," I thought, "what a heartless, fierce, savage, yes, even blood-

thirsty, view of human relations that is! Are human beings no more than so many stones washed up by the surf and rounded by friction against one another? How can people have such views? How can they so completely cast out all feeling and deal with the toiling millions as though they were nothing but machines?" I felt humiliated by the knowledge that members of the same species as myself could take such a sordid view of life. The ideas to which I had listened possessed me as utterly as though they had been repeated over and over again by some avenging demon sent to plague me.

I partially wore off my irritation by the violent exertion of rapid walking, and sat down upon a bench far away from the pleasure-loving group, somewhat exhausted by the stress of emotion I had experienced.

Soon a stranger stood beside me, and said, "Pardon me, but have you any objection to my occupying this bench with you?"

I looked up and beheld a kindly face that seemed to have an immediate soothing influence over me, and almost knowing that he was not in sympathy with the detestable philosophy expounded by Mr. Watson, I answered, "None whatever. I should be pleased to have your company."

"Thank you," he said, seating himself. "I heard the conversation of the party over yonder. I judge that it offended you?"

"It did, sir, deeply," I replied.

"You do not surprise me when you say that," he continued; "but they will outgrow their present condition some time."

"Tell me," I cried, "are you familiar with this city? Tell me about it, if you can."

"Yes," he said; "I know all about it. I formerly lived here for many years. I once believed as Mr. Watson does, but I have learned better. No matter about the name of the city, you may call it 'Mammon.' That will express its spirit, for all who dwell here make riches their god. I was born and reared here. My parents were very poor. I became a machinist, and as all my life I had wanted many

things that it was impossible for my parents to give me, and as the very atmosphere was full of the philosophy you have heard,—although I never before heard it so clearly expressed,—the desire for money became a consuming ambition. I determined to become rich, and concentrated all of my energies upon the achievement of that end. An invention that I made yielded several thousand dollars, and gave me a start. Some other inventions, shrewd investments, and some transactions which it would now be impossible for me to repeat, but which affected my conscience but little then, and were greatly applauded by my friends, made me a very wealthy man.

"Then I married a rich wife, and settled down, fully expecting, as every one assured me would be the case, that I should be as happy as a man could be. I lived in a beautiful house, had everything that goes with such an establishment, entertained, and gave large parties. Every door opened to me. I was courted and received with consideration, and was an object of envy. But somehow I did not feel happy. Men I had looked up to all my life, and who had been wealthy ever since I could remember, failed and came to poverty. I saw the families of some suffer cruelly from social ostracism, and for the necessities of life. In some cases the men became utterly discouraged and took to drink, and then the delicately nurtured daughters were forced to earn money as best they could to help support the family.

"Worst of all, I knew of some cases where, of those who seemed to be the nearest and most trustworthy friends, one deliberately ruined another. 'Is there no honor among men?' I asked myself. 'Is every man's hand turned so completely against all of his neighbors that no one can be trusted?' These thoughts seemed to haunt me continually, and the more I thought the more I distrusted others, and the more I feared that some false step might hurl me over the precipice into the abyss of poverty now grown more terrible to my imagination than it was before I made my fortune.

"I analyzed the philosophy that held practically undisputed sway in the

thought of the city, among rich and poor alike. I perceived that it was so thoroughly selfish that every man regarded every other almost solely from the standpoint of his possible value as a tool in some money-making or other scheme that would contribute to his own aggrandizement, or else he looked upon him as an obstacle in his path to be got rid of if possible. I came to realize that there was no room for anything worth the name of friendship in such a community. I looked back into my own past life, and observed and questioned the poor with whom I came in contact, and even sought them out to learn their opinions, and everywhere I found the same spirit animating society from top to bottom. My eyes were wider open than those of most men, and yet I was far from comprehending the enormity of the conditions under which we were all living. I still believed that wealth furnished the only means of happiness.

"Then I lost my wife after a lingering illness. I loved her after the selfish fashion of the city, and as I mourned her departure I queried whether money had the power to banish the pain in my heart, and found to my surprise that it had not. This suggested that, if I were to recover even the comparative happiness of the past, I must rely upon something other than money, and also that, if anything else could restore happiness in one case, it or even some other thing might produce it under other circumstances of life.

"It required a great deal of observation and thought even partially to free myself from the strong grip of the Watsonian philosophy. I came gradually to see, however, that dependence upon wealth as the only source of happiness, though it had seemed of all things the most substantial in human life, was the greatest and, perhaps, the most unfortunate delusion that could afflict humanity. I came to see that the most that material things can do is to furnish some of the necessary conditions for happiness, that, while no one could live with absolutely no matter under his control, he might yet have illimitable wealth and be extremely miserable.



"I saw that material conditions, though in a certain sense the most primary of all in this life, still covered but a few degrees of the complete circle, that they made it possible for the soul to manifest its powers in mortal life, but that the things that most influenced man to make him happy or the reverse were not material things at all, but things of an entirely different kind, as, for example, his attitude of mind toward other men, and toward the great universal Power that was gradually beginning to seem a reality to me.

"I was reminded of the passage in the Bible where it is said, not, as so often misquoted, that money is the 'root of all evil,' but that 'the love of money is the root of all evil,'—a very different thing. Then the scales seemed to fall from my eyes, and I realized how inevitable was the separation from one another of those who served Mammon rather than God, and how only through love and co-operation could happiness come to man. My insight became clearer still when my wealth, like that of so many others, was swept away through the treachery of a

friend. This seemed at first a great misfortune; but very soon the new light it brought, and its influence upon my subsequent life, caused me to look back upon it as one of the best things that had ever befallen me.

"And now I perceive that the time has come when you must leave me. I shall meet you again soon, and then I will tell you of my life in quite a different city, and how completely Mr. Watson's philosophy has been driven out by a nobler one that has made me happy, and that has the power to make all men happy."

As the stranger ceased speaking, I wished to express my sense of obligation for his kindness; but I suddenly awoke, filled with wonder, and feeling that there was much food for reflection in all that I had seen and heard. I thought, however, that no matter how strong the Watsonian philosophy in the City of Mammon, it could not possess the souls of my contemporaries in real life to the same extent, and I determined to ask my dreamland friend about this when we met again.

## THE VICTORY OF THE WILL\*

BY REV. R. E. BISBEE

The forces that make for life are four,—heredity, environment, the ideal, and the will. Heredity is what our ancestors have done for us, environment is what society and the home do for us, the ideal is what God does for us, and the will is what we do for ourselves. These forces, of course, act and react the one upon the other. They mingle, change, and blend, but they are always present and acting in a greater or less degree. All other forces can be resolved into these. They form the character, shape the destiny, and make up the sum of life.

The book before us deals with the last of these, the will. There is a sense in which each force includes the others, and yet each may be thought of separately.

We must not, however, confine our attention to one to the exclusion of the others, or allow ourselves to think that one force alone can save us. A perfect character is the result of all working in harmony. A crank is one who, seeing a single force, having his vision filled with it, thinks he has discovered all the laws of life. Hence, we have heredity cranks, environment cranks, idealist cranks, and will cranks. Each may do good by calling a deeper attention to his one force, but the well-balanced mind will not follow without reserve.

Monsieur Charbonnel has not, I think, given undue prominence to the will. He recognizes the ideal, and directly or indirectly the other forces. His book is, however, far from a systematic treatise. It is rather an expression of feelings and emotions, is intuitive rather than argu-

\*"The Victory of the Will," by Victor Charbonnel, translated by Emily Whitney, with an introduction by Lillian Whiting. Cloth. Pp. 331. Price, \$1.50. Boston, Little, Brown & Company.

mentative, and has at times a critical and at other times a poetical quality. For this reason it is a hard book to analyze, and almost impossible of condensation.

I do not find it an epoch-making book, nor do I find in it much that is new in thought. It is rather a beautiful and helpful expression of that which has been felt and known for many ages. The author deals with great, immortal, though oftentimes familiar thoughts. He dwells among the mountain peaks. He quotes with readiness and ease the great minds of the ages. He is at home with Emerson, Carlyle, Maeterlinck, Thomas a Kempis, Tolstoi, and scores of others. His words carry grace, conviction, inspiration. I will now attempt to give the reader some idea of the subject matter of the book, and he who deeply meditates on the quotations offered cannot fail to be benefited.

The subject of the first chapter is, "Let us Live in Ourselves," the key to which is found in the author's own experience. He was reared a Catholic. He had been taught that others were to do his religious thinking, furnish his creed, become to him the authority and guide of life. From this he breaks away, discovers himself, the resources of his own soul, the prophetic instincts of his own nature, his personal union with God, the possibility of walking in the direct rather than the reflected light of heaven, the possibility of having within himself a well of water springing up into everlasting life. In short, he discovered that God does not grant special privileges, as do so often our city councils and legislators, but that he is willing to admit all into the Holy of Holies, and grant each to drink of the fountain of the water of life freely. Hence he exclaims:

External authority may enlighten and guide us, but it never can create life within us. The wisdom taught by the prophets, by the philosophers, by a divine revealer, perhaps, and more intimately by those of our own family, this is the light which shines before our steps on the straight and narrow path. But from God, who rules both heaven and earth, and from our own wills, which by prayer shall have summoned their all-powerful energies, shall come the impetus necessary for our onward march and progress. Life is within us. Yes, but it lies deeper than habit and instinct. The highest life

is only to be found in the deepest recesses of our own souls.

Farther on he adds: "A soul is within us, and it is this soul which we must seek, of which we must become conscious, and by which we must live. 'Salvation is within you,' says Tolstoi. Yes, by means of our soul. Therefore, let us first learn to live the inner life."

The second chapter is on "The Awakening of the Conscience." The author quotes Rousseau: "O conscience! conscience! Divine instinct, immortal and celestial voice!" And Emerson: "A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the luster of the firmament of bards and sages."

Conscience, then, is the voice of God in the soul. We are not to rely on any spiritual director as the Roman Church teaches. "Nothing but our own ideal, however limited, however trivial, but sincerely cherished, has the power to lift us above ourselves, and to help us up the steep pathway of moral life. The Counselor who speaks within us is the only one to whose voice we should listen. The true power to live comes to us from within, not from without. We accomplish more by examining our inmost thoughts, by seeking with faith our mysterious destiny, and following the impulse of our inner powers, than by yielding indolently to an external impetus, even though it point us to the most dazzling heights of virtue."

The foregoing are very great words, and they are strengthened by a quotation from Emerson: "What I must do is all that concerns me; not what the people think." This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is harder, because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy, in the world, to live after the world's opinion; it is easy, in solitude, to live after our own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps, with perfect sweetness, the independence of solitude."

Among many other sentences worth quoting on this subject, are these:

Action has no moral value save as it is the development, the completion, and, as it were, the fruition of our own individual character. Outward grandeur and conventional morality are only questions of appearances. The spiritual and moral control of one man by another is extremely audacious and dangerous. Servitude is destructive to all energy; but the communion, the active understanding, by which the loftiest souls draw together, and impel toward a higher life the more feeble and dependent, is a source of the very highest good.

We have in our soul, our blood, our flesh, the irrefutable consciousness that, though the presence of a creator and sovereign ruler of the universe be contested, a God is in us whose unconquerable will and power we plainly feel. The divine will is inscribed upon our inmost soul. To study the tablets of our own hearts, to listen to the voice of conscience,—this is to read the message and listen to the voice of God. Thus there is given to us an unceasing revelation, which comes to every one out of the illumination of his own soul, which lights up his path wherever he may wander.

The last sentence of the foregoing is scarcely surpassed by Frederick W. Robertson when, in speaking of the impossibility of finding the infallible in priest, or creed, or book, he exclaims: "The soul is thrown in the grandeur of a sublime solitariness on God." The entire quotation reminds one of a passage from the wonderful sermon of Abraham W. Jackson on "The Immanent God:" "Do I vault into thought's ethereal regions? Light of my understanding and unity of my mind, God is there. Do I ascend up into the heaven to which virtue and holiness invite me? Even with the thorn crowns that may be for me, peace of my conscience and joy of my soul, he is there. Do I descend into hell, go down into treachery and greed and falsity and cruelty, harbor in my mind the unholy aim, lend myself to the ignoble deed? A haunting discontent, a gnawing remorse, a shadowing horror, he is there. Am I launched upon a sea of troubles? Even when the waves and the billows go over me, he is there. Do I say the darkness of the grave shall cover me? A light round about me, he is there."

Regretfully I pass by the beautiful and helpful chapter on "Silence and Reflec-

tion" and take up those on character and its formation.

The author quotes from Amiel:

The center of life is neither in thought nor in feeling nor in will, nor even in consciousness, so far as it thinks, feels, or wishes. For moral truth may have been penetrated and possessed in all these ways, and escape us still. Deeper even than consciousness, there is our being itself, our very substance, our nature. Only those truths which have entered into this last region, which have become ourselves, become spontaneous and involuntary, instinctive and unconscious, are really our life.

The author himself continues:

When moral consciousness is once awakened within us, and our higher self is aroused, we must learn to defend this self courageously from the temptations of the flesh, which tend to kill the spirit. For to live is to will life each day, and each day to defend it by a fiercer combat with sin. We must have, in appearance, in bearing, or in action, and above all in the hidden depths of our being, a sort of unyielding reserve, against which all winds beat in vain. We must have character.

In the distant perspective of the historic past, the figures of the strong fighters, of the mighty heroes, stand out in highest, boldest relief. History is not a confused game of chance and of obscure causes. It is rather a long procession of portraits, in whose expressive human faces thought, action, pain, and glory have inscribed what Emerson calls "the immutable starlike grandeur of character." The perpetual triumph of character over the commonplace,—this is history.

When we speak of character, and say of a man that he has it, we mean that in the best and strongest of us there exists a power, undemonstrable but ever present, which by its presence alone works mysteriously,—a kind of divinity of soul, or familiar spirit, whose inspirations give us light, and whose impetus guides our steps. It creates in the most retired sanctuary of the soul, deeper even than consciousness, a moral order and beauty, whose meteorlike splendor flashes upon the world.

Character is formed by the steady, unceasing, unyielding energy of the will.

The free will can even modify our original nature. The dark problem of heredity need not oppress us with an eternal burden; and a revolt of our personality can often cast to the winds the tyranny of ancestral traits, and the crippling restraint of outgrown creeds. It can be said of most men, at least

of those who have grown to any high stature, that they are what they have willed to be.

To live is to will unceasingly, and daily to renew the soul's energy. Harmony, the union of truth with personal energy, constitutes the center of life. Character is not once and for all time planted in the human soul. It develops later in life, and is created and transformed by our will. Character is a force with which we can endow ourselves; it is the glorious and difficult achievement of free will.

A noble life is the grandest masterpiece which any man can achieve, and it is an harmonious and beautiful achievement. It is our privilege to subordinate and co-ordinate in ourselves, by the exercise of our will, our varied and contradictory emotions. The best law for the development of the higher life is not the stern repression of our emotional nature, or the violent destruction of this part of our being, but the wise and firm direction of it. No repression, no suppression, no mutilation, but a peaceful and serene domination of the will in our harmonious soul.

The will is not an accumulated vital power, a reservoir of energies upon which we can draw at pleasure. It is a force which is increased by exercise, and it increases with every action. The proper way in practice is to will only a little at a time, but to will this little with all our heart. Each act of will should be preceded by deep reflection, then we must will without faltering. There is no longer time for depressing considerations, or for a criticism destructive of energy; we must achieve a definite vision, then abide by it and go straight to work.

The more I quote the author, or try to condense his statements, the more conscious I am of the impossibility of doing him justice. I will, however, give one more passage under the formation of character, and solicit for it the reader's deepest consideration.

In order to establish within me, by an effort of my will, that being of generous benevolence whose image I have seen in my calm reflections, I shall begin by affirming to myself the belief that a similar being reigns in the deep regions of my soul; and that some time or other, when life shall arouse it, this desire for goodness will rise from a state of unconsciousness to a free and conscious activity. I shall believe, forgetting all evil instincts, in the genius of my heart, and I shall hear its voice counseling me to be good. Then I shall love goodness for itself alone, for its moral radiance; I shall invoke it with earnest and constant

prayer; I shall be conscious of the mysterious granting of this prayer; and, extending in every direction the evidence of this goodness, by a sympathizing attention, a tender glance, a word of consolation, a friendly deed, or merely by kindly manners, I shall, little by little, construct a compact fabric of my generous wishes,—I shall form my character. After that, everything will be easy to me, even great acts of devotion and sacrifice, by means of a secret power to which those many little efforts and actions have given birth within me. I shall be good because for a long time, continuously and unchangingly, I shall have willed to be good.

It will thus be seen that God planted in the depths of the soul, incorporated in our very nature, an ideal, an image of himself. This may lie for a while below consciousness, but when it emerges, when we see it, our successive and continuous acts of will will bring us into its likeness. Our goodness, our character, is equally the gift of God and our own creation. Herein is both philosophy and religion.

The chapter on "The Inner Life" is made up largely of a discussion and criticism of Maurice Maeterlinck's "The Treasure of the Humble." I will simply weave together from this chapter a paragraph made up of isolated sayings of the author and of those whom he quotes.

Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string. We all live in the sublime. That is the only place of life. The infinity of being exists in our being; in every opening or closing of the eye, in every inclination of the head, in every clasp of the hand, there is a movement of infinity. A God is in us, dwells in us, and penetrates our being. The unexplored regions of our soul are inspired and animated by a power willing us to live, which unceasingly sends its vibrations into our very consciousness. The office of a seer should be to awaken the truths sleeping within us, to express more clearly whatever of the eternal we have in our own soul, and to aid us, such as we are, to discover our real selves; but never to blind us with a flood of light coming from afar, or to cast over the conscience a network of enslaving and dominating rules which we have only blindly to obey. Our natures must have freedom. There must be a free development of whatever is best within us. True morality does not consist in restraining and impoverishing the natural man, but in enriching our whole nature by a perpetual moral and spiritual progress, by becoming unceasingly, and adding new virtues each day to those we already possess. The highest and the most effective of all our powers is the power of love, love



for the ideal and the good. Do what thou wilt to do, not by force, but by love; this is the great law of life.

In the chapter on "Suffering and Life" we are brought face to face with the old, world-wide problem, Why do we suffer? Especially why do the innocent suffer, why did Job suffer, why did Jesus find his path to lead up Calvary? The answer is that suffering brings life. This is the old familiar answer, but it is the best that has ever been given.

Poverty, suffering, evil, death, and hence an eternal and frightful reaction of our being,—this is our real destiny. And it is in the midst of such a destiny that life must fashion, prove, and fortify itself. To protest, groan, cry, curse, with the fury of childish pessimism, and reproach the unknown Being who has made us what we are, and whom we hold responsible for our misery, all this would be a petty subterfuge. It were better not to revolt, but to accept the mystery bravely, and look suffering in the face. Suffering is not a cause of despair; it is, on the contrary, the very condition of life,—this is the beginning of our freedom. On the one hand, the suffering that oppresses; on the other, the soul which conquers, and reaches life, through suffering. These are the two irreducible terms. In bitterness is sweetness; in affliction, joy; in weakness, strength; in the God who punishes, the God who loves. Without suffering no one can really know happiness; and the redeemed are happier than the elect.

In the entire book there are scarcely more important words, words fraught with a deeper meaning for our time than those used in a paragraph on intellectual suffering. The author, as has been said, was brought up a Roman Catholic. The book is largely the expression of revolt against the attempt of that church to hold its people in intellectual bondage,—that is, the book contains many things which a Protestant writer would not have felt it necessary to say to readers in the freer Evangelical churches. Those of us who have always had our Wesley, our Channing, our Whittier, and our Emerson do not find so much new and startling in the book as would those who have been under more intolerant theological influences. And yet there is in all churches a tendency to pharisaism, intolerance, and dogmatism which must be constantly met and rebuked. For example, American Methodism, a sect founded by one of the freest

thinkers in the Evangelical world, and itself the freest of all Protestant Evangelical churches, has had the presumption to assume and assert that its articles of religion can never change or be changed, and to enumerate specific amusements in which its communicants must not indulge. If, then, M. Charbonnel is right, this church and all others with similar tendencies are wrong. He says:

Intellectual suffering! Do you really believe that a man who does not know what long days of fierce intellectual suffering are truly alive? To have solved every moral problem, never to be in doubt, to have fathomed the whole mystery of our destiny,—this is, indeed, a claim made by a few. But how puerile it is, and how directly contrary to nature! The law of intellectual vitality is in an eternal unrest, a persevering search for and a progressive conquest of truth. Never at any moment do we know the whole of anything. Our soul is always imploring more light; and, touched by the first gleams, it strives ardently to perceive truth in its entirety, in its distant realm. This is the true life of the soul.

Alas for the passive man who rests in his faith, in his philosophy, in a narrow and rigid dogmatism, and, yielding up his individuality, is sure of having nothing to learn and nothing to seek! Such a man has not life within him, for the intellectual life is not acquiescence and repose, but unrest, labor, and effort. Only those are really living who, in the face of uncertainty and danger, seek out their own road with a free, undaunted eye, and voluntarily explore its every fateful turning. We really love only the truths which we have wrung from mystery in mighty combat.

The chapter on "Plunge thy Cup into the Depths of the Waters" I quote entire. If not the deepest or truest, it is one of the most beautiful and inspiring in the book. In fact, it would be hard to find its superior anywhere. While we are in a sense to live within ourselves, to live a life of independence and spiritual solitude, we are not in any sense to withdraw ourselves from the world, its sorrows, its conflicts, and its strivings. We ought to be willing to plunge our souls, our lives, into the very depths of earth's woes, of earth's sufferings. This is the teaching of the example of Jesus, and it is the moral of the chapter before us:

It was twilight.

The close of the most beautiful of days reflected a golden glow in the depths of the

azure lake. The distant hills slept, shrouded in a shadowy silence. The shore was wrapped in serene peace.

At the margin of the lake a child was playing, a fair-haired child, with dark eyes. She was dipping up the water in a cup of mother-of-pearl.

As she looked into her brimming cup, her expression seemed one of disappointment; then she dipped again, looked at the water, and poured it out with a movement of scorn. Finally, after filling her cup for the third time, she gazed into it longingly and wept.

Those who passed by wished to comfort the child, and asked the cause of her tears. But her answer only made them smile, and they went their way.

An old man came toward the child; he was grave and thoughtful, his hair was white as mountain snow, his eye was deep and clear as the water of a spring.

The sobs of the child aroused him from his meditations. He slowly left the path and walked down toward the shore.

"What, my child, is your great sorrow?" asked he. "Why these tears?"

The old man's voice at once charmed and reassured the little one, and she replied:

"Kind sir, see how beautiful the water is in the lake. I would like some of this blue water, as blue as it is everywhere in the lake. But look, kind old man, so soon as I take it in my pearly cup the water loses all its beautiful colors and becomes quite clear and white."

"And that is why thou weepest? Come, follow me," said he.

The white-haired old man and the fair child untied a bark from its moorings, entered it, and the breeze swept them along. The bark cut, with a silver wake, the blue lake, blue as lapis lazuli; it rocked on the ripples of the emerald waves; it glided among the reflections where were mirrored the purple and gold tints of the sky, the most beautiful of skies.

And the child still dipped up the water in her cup.

"Thou seest," said the old man, "that in thy poor cup the water is not blue, as it is in the lake; thou seest that it has neither the silver gleam of the wake, nor the green of the ripples, nor the crimsoned glory of the reflections of the sky. Why does this make thee sad? It must be so. A supreme law of life decrees that neither child nor man can inclose within the limits of a cup, and hold motionless in his hand, close under his very eyes, splendors which in the distance, under the open heavens and among the movements of nature, fill us with visions, cast a charm over us, and inspire us with a belief in a glorious yet unknown future."

The child bowed her head in sad resignation, not understanding this mystery. And the old man was filled with pity.

"Do not despair, my child," added he. "Take thy cup and send it from thy little

white hand, deep into the bosom of the lake. Now behold it."

The cup, filled to the brim, glowed like a rainbow, with all the jewels of the lake. The line of the wake rushed through it in silver gleams; the ripples rocked it with emerald waves; and a whole world of sky seemed to move within it in reflections of purple and gold.

Transfigured and radiant, the fair child cried: "See, good old man, see how beautiful my cup is now!" And beside herself with joy, she tried to seize it again.

"No, child that thou art, leave thy cup, thy beautiful pearly cup in the depths of the lake!"

"Wherefore?"

"Because in this way, and in this way only, beauty is possible. It could not exist, if the hand of child or man held it in its power; because in order that beauty may exist, pain and struggle are necessary; because all the suffering in the world must resolve itself into one majestic harmony; and because the sovereign Master of mankind, he who puts beauty and grandeur into the gleam of a few drops of water, does not permit any man selfishly to isolate himself in the contemplation of his little pearly cup, but decrees that whosoever will know beauty and grandeur must confront the wild storms of the ocean, the swift eddies of the whirlpool, all the perils and all the sufferings under heaven. In short, he must wrestle manfully with life, and brave its most tragic ordeals."

The child was not able to understand all that the sage said, but her eyes looked anxiously into the distance toward the future.

The remaining chapters of the book are on the happiness of the dead, religion, the ideal, the religion of the ideal, the moral gospel, and a prayer to the unknown God. The chapter on the moral gospel is a review of Tolstoi. The one on prayer to the unknown God is something of a misnomer, for certainly no man knows God any better than the author. The book indicates a life in the closest possible union with the divine. Possibly M. Charbonnel meant the title to be slightly sarcastic. There are many who think they know God who only know about him. They can recite his attributes learned from theology, and think therefore that they know himself. To all such God is indeed unknown, and this perhaps includes a majority of us who profess to know him.

"The Victory of the Will" is a great and good book, careful and well balanced in all its vital utterances. It goes deep into the very foundations of our being and stirs up new life. It proclaims the essential nobility and freedom of man. It offers strong resistance to the constantly repeated efforts to put shackles on the human mind and conscience. It inspires hope. It repeats the glad evangel of the possibility of a universal salvation.

Joy and happiness are within the grasp of every man, however humble, however wretched, however vile. If he will only listen to the words of Christ, every man shall have his opportunity. He will understand, believe, and be saved.

In the presence of so much warmth, beauty, and devotion, it would be an ungrateful task to point out minor defects, or to distract the reader by unnecessary criticism.

## COLA\*

BY CHARLES MALLOY

There came a promise from afar,  
He left the skies where he arose,  
And wandered on alone, a star  
No friendly constellation chose.

Men saw it as the rays were shed,  
Two fires had mingled in the light,  
One shone a gleaming, Parsee red,  
And one a pure, Judean white.

What omen from good vainly willed?  
What parable the world to bless?  
But that high purpose unfulfilled  
Were better than a lone success.

Say not the star went down too soon,—  
He died because to die was best;  
Dark evening shadows came at noon,  
And then, a morning in the west.

\*The above lines were written by Mr. Malloy, in commemoration of a brilliant young Parsee who passed from earth in New York some time since. Mr. Cola was a familiar figure in Boston after the World's Fair, at which time he was attracted to this country owing to the world's parliament of religions. He was a versatile thinker, but, like the true oriental, chiefly loved to dwell in the subjective or interior thought-world. He was a great admirer of the works of Ralph Waldo Emerson, but of all the western poets he best loved Robert Browning, whom he could quote by the page and interpret with rare insight. The tendency to dwell on the subjective grew upon him, and his finely strung nature was little suited to the environment of the bustling and materialist

commercialism of the western world; hence, perhaps few of his friends were surprised when the delicately adjusted, nervous organism gave way.

One of the most common and yet tragic spectacles, due to the fierce and in many ways brutal competitive spirit which dominates our civilization, is the ineffectual striving of finely strung and sensitive natures to rise above the influences of an environment to which they are wholly unsuited, and which bears upon them from every side with crushing weight. Mr. Cola was one of these unfortunates, and, unable successfully to battle against the spirit which environed him, like many another fine nature, he passed beyond the veil long ere life had reached its meridian.—B. O. F.

# DREAMS AND VISIONS

## A RECORD OF FACTS

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

### ON THE BORDER

On the Wednesday before my father's death I received a letter from my sister Adele, stating that our father was looking very anxiously for me; indeed, she wrote: "It seems to me that the hope of seeing you again is all that keeps life in him now. Each evening he remarks, 'Another day is gone, and Anna has not come.'" He seemed to understand that I was ill, and that that alone prevented me from coming to him. When this letter came to my husband's office,—for I was so ill they were careful about sending me ill news,—he wrote me a note, saying that, if I felt I could undertake the journey (for it was a hard one, part of the way being inland and the roads very bad), he would come home at five o'clock to put me on the train. When his note came I felt it would be impossible to go; but, reading my sister's letter over and over again, I made up my mind that I would risk my life to see him once more, and I answered that I would be ready.

We did not go to the Union Depot, but to the flag station at Forest Park. While we were on the platform the train went flying past us, and I turned to my husband and said, "Certainly it was not right for me to go, or that train would never have passed; and yet my heart is set on it so much, and pa seems pulling me to him. My husband said, 'You will see him,—look there,' and, although the train had passed fully two miles in its rapid flight, it backed down just for me, for there were no other passengers.

When, the next evening, I stepped into the room where my father lay, his face lighted up, and he put out his hand and said, "I am willing and ready to go now." I asked him where he was ready to go, and he told me to join my mother and his chil-

dren. He told me that he had seen me at home, and how hard it was for me to realize I had strength to start. He seemed to have been cognizant, as perfectly so as I, of the train passing and then backing to take me, and had been with me every moment from the time I left home until I stepped into his room. He told me that he had seen our mother very frequently since she passed away a few weeks before, also my grandmother, and the children who had died in childhood. He also told me of a conversation that my husband and I had had, at home a hundred miles away, in which he repeated the words of the conversation, and smiled and called me the name that my husband always calls me in private; and I asked him, "Do you mean to say, pa, that you were in that room with us and heard that conversation?" and he said, "Yes; how else could I know?"

A peculiarity of his condition was that he had none of the indications that usually prevail with sick people, especially near death. Although his voice was weak, at times inaudible, his eyes were as bright as stars, his hearing most acute, and he told us that he understood everything that we said and even could read our thoughts. The breath was sweet and pure as a little child's; indeed, it seemed as though, just as my mother had been, he was spiritualized from inmost to outmost and lived consciously in both worlds for many weeks. I had been too ill to be with him for fear of adding to the care of those who were already overtaxed in the long watching with him. He enjoyed my reading to him, and especially the fourteenth chapter of John, and the twenty-third and the one hundred and third Psalms. He expressed not only a belief, but positive assurance of the immortality of the soul



and the life of the spirit in its bodily form after death, and said that our mother and grandmother, and all his friends and children, were at once recognized by him and were with and around him all the time. I have regretted more than I can tell my inability to have been with him during all his illness or rather his preparation for death, that I might have recorded all these experiences which occurred with him weeks before his death. My sister Adele was with him, and it was the appearance of my mother, who sat watching one night with her, and the fact that our father saw while awake what she saw in her dream, and described it to her so vividly, that converted her and made her a firm believer in the spiritual life in bodily form after death. Had she believed these things as firmly as I before this time, I think she could have made a record that would have been most interesting.

Owing to the fact that my father might, in that condition, live several weeks or months, as he had lingered so long, and for the reason that I was so weak and needed so much care, I returned home on Monday. My father had me kneel down beside him, and his hands put on my head, that he might give me, as he said, his farewell blessing. As I reached the door he called me a second time for one

last kiss. He had told me several things he wished me to do, and said it was better for me to return home,—that I was frail, but would not die yet for many years. I returned home, but the morning after my arrival when I first awoke I said to my husband, "I should like to know how pa is this morning." My husband said, "It will be easy for you to find out, for he will tell you." I closed my eyes, and in a moment I saw that he was dead; and I exclaimed, "Oh, dear, pa is dead." I saw the room where he was, and all the family standing around; and then saw the spiritual body as distinctly as I had ever seen the natural. I saw my brother go away to attend the last sad rites of burial; I saw the casket he chose, with its Masonic emblems; I read the telegram he sent to us hours before I received it; and when we were all sitting in my room we heard the bell ring, and I said to my husband and our daughters: "There at last is the message to tell us that pa is dead. It is signed by my brother Ed." It proved to be exactly true, and he had died at the time I saw him die, and my brother had started on his trip as I saw him. The casket was exactly the same, with silver handles and square and compass of silver, and the letter "G" in silver.

MRS. C. K. R.

## FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

BY J. R. TALLMADGE

Prophetic dreams are of such common occurrence that it seems quite superfluous to relate them for the benefit of the public, excepting as they are illustrative of the greater area of the powers of the human soul than are usually expressed in its outer manifestation. They occur with common, uncultured, materialistic temperaments as well as with the more spiritually advanced, showing an eclipse of its powers by material environment of body and brain formation, suggesting a depth of consciousness even with that class not suspected from merely outer observation. Out of the hundreds that flash into my "visions of the night" I select three.

### I.

Myself and wife seemed returning from a call upon a neighbor. I put my hand

upon the door-knob with much eagerness to enter, hearing some sound inside, and having in my mind the scene of our little girl playing on the floor in front of the stove; but when I threw open the door not a living person or article of furniture was to be seen. Looking across a hall into another room shadowy beings representing our ideas of ghosts put up their hands as if to prevent our entrance. The house was damp and covered with mildew. There was a low hooting of owls, all together forming a most impressive picture of desolation. As I awoke in the morning, reviewing the vision in my mind, the words, "Desolation, desolation to this house," came in upon me. After much reviewing of the situation of our family as to health and what might naturally be

expected, I dropped the matter from my mind as inexplicable.

Some two months later a telegram announced the sudden death of my wife's brother in Washington. The following spring my wife's father, a lovely old gentleman of eighty-two years, passed on. In the following autumn a sister of my wife came home to visit, took cold, and died of pneumonia. The next autumn our beautiful boy of five years was taken sick, passing out in early winter. At the same time we received the news of the death of another brother in Shanghai; and the following winter another brother—the last member except my wife of her family—left his body in San Francisco Bay.

At the time of this vision all these persons were in good health, of good habits and exemplary lives. It might be added many years have passed, and the little girl mentioned had grown to mature womanhood. She too has left for the higher life, leaving my wife and me, now old people, without the comfort and assistance of family interest.

## II.

For several years I kept a summer hotel on the shore of Elkhart Lake, near my present home. A brother out of health returned from California. He spent the summer under treatment, taking light exercise, and out much on the lake fishing. While suffering more than usual from a periodical attack of pain, I said on retiring: "If there is any help for him, I know I can receive some suggestion that will lead to its application." In the vision I saw him standing in the adjoining garden plat, not on the walk, as if walking along as usual, dressed in a perfectly new suit of clothes,—coat of Prince Albert cut, of a most beautiful shade of deep sky-blue, the pantaloons of lighter shade of blue, with a new silk hat. As I saw him

the symmetrical fitting of the suit would have been a pattern for an artist. His face was a little elevated, and as he looked away and upward the position suggested going away.

After relating my vision to my wife in the morning, I said: "We shall do all that is possible to make Frank comfortable; but he will put on that heavenly suit." He passed over the following winter from an attack of bleeding from the stomach.

Another item in connection may be of interest. My brother, a business man of Hornheads, New York, was asked while in the presence of a psychic, "What is the matter with your eldest brother?" She had seen none of the family except the one then in her presence. "I see blood flowing from his mouth." My brother remarked, "I guess you are off, for he has sound lungs."

## III.

When the Spanish navy was about to cross the ocean to meet our warships I could not but feel deep solicitude in our nation meeting the third navy in the world,—so called at that time; and expecting that at best some of our warships would go down with our brave men on board. Retiring in this somewhat depressed state of mind, I saw in the dream-vision stretched a long way on small sticks set up in the ground yard-wide muslin, and a dilapidated old warehouse in the rear. A typical Spaniard with a large knife came toward me. The vision seemed to say this was a symbol of the weakness of the Spanish defense.

Though so seemingly ridiculous was this symbol of intrenchment and fortification, nothing more fitting could have been suggested in representation of the most marvelous fact in the history of warfare on this earth—the destruction of the Spanish navy with the loss of one man.

## A DREAM VISION

Several years ago I was called to another pulpit a thousand miles distant. I did not find the field in a prosperous condition spiritually, which is not infrequently the case in larger cities.

In my dream I found myself riding into the country to inspect a farm I had come

into possession of, and was accompanied by my wife.

Upon reaching the place I saw at a glance that the house, which was a large frame one, was in a wretched condition exteriorly, as to paint, roof, weatherboarding, etc. The surroundings, as to

yard, shrubbery, flowers, fence, etc., were of similar pattern. I said to my wife: "Go in and inspect the house and ascertain what is needed to put it in comfortably habitable order, and I will look over the fields. On going to the orchard I found a man plowing, or attempting to do so. His team was in miserable plight, and his plow still worse, if possible. The share was worn out, and the point so rounding and blunt that it could not enter the ground, but only dragged over the surface without even disturbing the weeds.

Most of the fruit-trees were entirely gone, and the remaining ones were nearly dead, bearing but few leaves and no fruit. Addressing myself to the plowman, I asked,

"What are you doing here?"

"Plowing," said he.

I replied, "That is not plowing. What can you hope to accomplish with such an outfit?"

"What is that to you?" said he.

"It is of deepest interest to me," I replied. "This is now my farm."

He bowed with becoming regard, and stood at attention.

"Go at once," said I, "and get that plow put in order. No, rather, get a new plow of the best pattern, for there is nothing in the old one worth saving. Procure also a good team of horses, and break up this ground thoroughly. Have all dead branches trimmed from these remaining trees, and have others planted in the vacant places, and see that all is dressed and kept in proper order."

He at once addressed himself to the fulfilling of my directions.

On returning I found my wife had arranged for the putting of the house and grounds in order. We resumed our seats in the carriage, and, returning, we entered into the city.

#### INTERPRETATION.

I at once saw upon awaking that the panoramic vision was representative of my field of labor (appointed to me in the Divine Providence) and the necessary course for its proper cultivation, though its condition was no worse, but entirely

similar to most fields of moral and spiritual work in the world.

Husband signifies good, and wife signifies truth; and, taken together, they signify truth and good conjoined, without which conjunction there can be no useful life, no living results.

Horse signifies knowledge of truth, or the understanding of the Divine Word.

Carriage signifies doctrine, or a general principle of belief, especially Bible teaching on any subject. One is borne along and upheld or supported by his trusted doctrine, as in a carriage. Traveling thus represents one who is grounded in and living spiritual truth.

A farm or field is ground prepared for the reception of seed for a harvest; and spiritually it is a church, or an individual prepared for the reception of truths, as seeds of a good life.

Trees signify knowledge or perceptions of truths. Fruit-bearing trees—as an orchard—are the regenerate church or individual that produces good works as fruits of a life of good uses.

To plow is to prepare the field for the reception of the seed to be planted, or it is so preaching the Word in love for humanity that the affections of the hearer may be opened to receive and obey the truths thus proclaimed.

"The good ground are they which in an honest and good heart, having heard the Word, keep it and bring forth fruit with patience" (Luke 8:15).

The using of a well-wrought plowshare is the proper presentation of the goods of spiritual life by means of genuine truths.

Pruning off dead branches is the rejection of falses and evils for the sake of the good and the true.

The house is the mind—in one or in many, as to the will and its furnishings of love and true charity.

Such a man must the pastor be, and such the grand ideal up to which he must seek to lift his people by means of all his ministrations to them. "I will give you pastors according to mine heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding" (Jer. 3: 15).

A. V.

# ORIGINAL FICTION

## THE CLERGYMAN'S PSYCHOMETER—A STORY FOR THE TIMES

BY W. G. TODD

Rev. Joseph Ledual sat in his elegantly furnished study. It was extravagantly furnished; so he thought this morning, as he looked about him,—for him, a young man with such a small bank account, and who had been pastor of this city church for only three months. But it had all been done by a score or more of his wealthy parishioners,—those who had idealized him from the first day he appeared in this pulpit, and who now idolized him.

The thought troubled him this morning—just a little. In his preaching he had reached the steeper grades of the mountain ascent—the city pulpit's demand,—and the summit was before him. The social heights, too, were there. He had felt only their bracing atmosphere at first. Now he was conscious of its rarity, its thinness,—like light clothing too early in the spring. Ugh! It is cold in the room! He turned on the steam, and plunged his slippered feet into the Turkish rug.

In the pulpit he was earnest, fiery, impetuous. His adoring parishioners—especially the feminine portion—saw only the idealist in him, only the tall, gentlemanly figure, the high forehead beneath the thick mass of wavy hair, the dark, luminous eyes, the fine face, so spirituelle. To-day they might have seen the other side,—the strong jaw sunk deep between his shoulders, the back head rising above the chair, the square hand and fingers. Well, better that one is not always seen!

Rev. Ledual was not best known as a

parish worker, but as a popular preacher, a rising pulpit orator. His increasing congregation expected something each Sunday out of the ordinary, something fresh, original,—the old wine, but in new bottles,—very new, and clean, and fashionable. To-day his first doubts had come to him. Could he continue this? In that mood he had looked upon his surroundings.

He rose and went languidly to his writing desk. It was late in the week,—Saturday; he had never commenced his morning sermon so late before. His evening discourse was always an informal talk.

Somehow, he could not begin his work. The consciousness of the upgrade depressed him. The steam was low, the rails smooth with the social lubrications of the week. He wished he could run awhile on the lower levels of life.

Just then there was a knock at the door, and to his impatient, "Come in," a stranger entered. He was almost the double of the clergyman. There was the same brow, hair, and features; but the form was older, the features sharper, and the eyes had a little of a fanatical look. He introduced himself as the junior member of a firm of manufacturing electricians, and he fell at once to talking in an easy way with the minister.

"Yes, we have heard of you as a rising man. The world is beginning to talk of you; that is why I have taken the liberty to make this call. Our firm is interested in all popular preachers. I have now on



my list some hundreds of them. Most of them started well, but failed in the end; a few have succeeded, and these, where spiritual success was attained, we have aided. I have come to place our means of assistance at your disposal.

Rev. Ledual's mind fastened upon these words: "Most of them failed in the end; few succeeded." He had seen a similar vision.

"I do not fully understand you," he said. "In what way can you assist me?"

Then the stranger went on and pictured the minister's exact situation, all his feelings, his hopes, his fears. It was like a photograph of his soul, of his life at that very moment. He winced beneath this exposure of himself to himself.

"We have," continued his visitor, "reduced our means of assistance now to a perfect science, and given it mechanical expression. This, you know, my dear sir, is a mechanical age. The world is a mechanism, the human body, the mind also. I can show you. Excuse me a moment."

He went into the hall, and returned with an instrument similar in structure to a large thermometer. It was about two feet in height, heavily framed in oak. He placed it on the desk before the clergyman. No one would observe that it was other than a thermometer unless he noticed the small mirror at the bottom in place of the usual bulb.

Rev. Ledual looked at his visitor in astonishment. Was he insane, or only some harmless crank? This was no way for him to be spending his Saturday morning!

"Pardon me," gracefully protested the stranger, as he raised his hand, anticipating this feeling of annoyance. "I will take but a moment, and your sermon will be finished the quicker for it. This is an instrument for accurately recording spiritual impressions. It tells you, as you write, just when you touch the chord of spiritual truth which will vibrate in the hearts of your hearers. But I can best show you by illustration. Please humor me enough to let me take your last Sunday's sermon."

Thoroughly amused, the Rev. Ledual complied with the request. The stranger read. He seemed to know every delicate

shade of meaning in those words, and his finely modulated voice brought everything clearly to the consciousness of the listener. As he read, he pointed to the glass tube before them. A bright red spot, like a living flame, was playing up and down its walls. In the most spiritual passages, when the truth rose freed from all incumbrances, it ascended to the greatest heights; when the materialism of mere words prevailed, it fluttered near the bottom; when a false note was struck, it fell and disappeared. As the climax in the sermon was reached, and the spiritual application to life made, the flame fell from sight.

The minister covered his face with his hands. He had followed the instrument intently, witnessing the exact photograph of his every feeling, and this last revelation was too much. Its truth startled him, shamed him. He had had just that consciousness of missing reality when he delivered the sermon.

"Wonderful! Miraculous!" he exclaimed, as the reader finished. "Has the employment of electricity been brought to this? Why, it searches the deep things of the spirit in reality!"

"Very true," replied the stranger. "It is wholly a matter of vibrations. Truth realized sets in motion a spiritual vibration. There are earth vibrations, and spirit vibrations. It is in your power to lift your hearers from the lower to the higher of these, or the reverse. This instrument tells you which you are doing. You do not need to wait for the verdict of your audience. It is called the Clergyman's Psychometer. For obvious reasons, we do not advertise it. We bring it quietly before those who are able to use it."

The result of this interview was that the Rev. Ledual purchased the instrument. It cost high—five hundred dollars; but if it continued to do what it had already done, it was well worth the money; and it was guaranteed for a lifetime.

And the little mirror at the bottom? That was the test of selfishness and vanity. When the author wrote disinterestedly, unselfishly, in the interests of truth alone, the flame not only mounted in the bulb, but the writer's image in the glass grew

smaller and smaller, until it seemed far away.

The minister gave his check for the amount, and, until he went down to his midday lunch, felt that he could well afford the purchase. Then the thought came, "How will my wife like this?" "Strange," he said to himself aloud, "that I should have forgotten my wife in all this! Well, perhaps I need not tell her to-day—not until I have written one sermon by it. But I would like to know if she noticed that man. What a fascinating man he was! He must have charmed me!"

At the table no mention was made of the call of any stranger, and the clergyman felt relieved,—and yet not entirely relieved.

As he returned to his room the first thing he saw was that five hundred dollar check lying on his desk.

"Good heavens! What does this mean? Is my mind losing its balance? I certainly saw the stranger place this in his pocket-book."

Then he started down-stairs. He must solve this mystery. But his wife declared, and the door girl, and even the cook, that no one had been admitted that forenoon, and the house had been kept locked.

"What is it?" asked his wife. "Why are you so curious and mysterious?"

"Oh, nothing," he remarked. "Only I bought a spirit thermometer of some one, and he went away without his pay."

He answered carelessly, but his wife looked at him carefully a moment. What did it mean? Bought a thermometer of a man, when no one was admitted to the house! But there seemed nothing the matter with her husband's appearance! She would go up and see him in a moment, but the little one was calling now.

When she did go up-stairs, the door was locked, and her husband could not be interrupted. He was in the full tide of his thought now, and the sermon was running off his finger tips like a torrent. He had never written so easily before. The burning thoughts crowded his mind, the flame mounted in the tube, and his personality shrunk into a speck in the little mirror. In four hours his work was done.

After that he told his wife. He could not keep it from her any longer. Perhaps it was just as well for her to know. Anyway, she would find out if he didn't. What would she think? She was a matter-of-fact little woman. Well, well, he would tell her.

Mrs. Ledual put her husband to bed that night with hot applications at his feet and a cold compress on his head. I need not tell her thoughts, or try to repeat her conversations with her husband. She never criticised him; most of his actions seemed out of her reach. She could not fathom this case, but she could—doctor him a little.

The next day there was a large congregation in the First Presbyterian Church in this western city, and it was a day to be remembered. The audience dismissed, it buzzed—buzzed loud and long—like bees over their queen at swarming time.

"Did ever any one hear such preaching!" It was the common exclamation. One lady, who had been tempted to read up on Chrysostom through reading of him in one of George Eliot's novels, could only call the preacher Chrysostom. Another saw mirrored in his sermon the spirit of St. Augustine; another, that of Fenelon; while another declared that John Wesley was risen again.

The minister went home from that service a dazed man, and the state of the woman's mind beside him can be better imagined than described.

On this high plane the preaching continued. For two Sundays it almost drove the people wild. It was the spirit of the old prophets again on the earth. For four Sundays it made them enthusiastic. It was profound, brilliant, unusual. For one month more the people seemed filled with silent admiration; but at the end of three months opinions seemed divided.

There is in every religious society the prophet, the priest, the king. The prophet is the idealist; the priest, the officiating deacon; the king, the heavy contributor. The idealist was still delighted with Rev. Ledual; the deacon was doubtful; the king, trembling for his power. The first of these asked, "How long can he hold himself up to this pitch?" The last,

"How soon will he get through with all this?"

Such rich diet surfeited the masses very soon, and the masses were prized in this church. The spiritual-minded found the service like the manna of heaven. It fed their hungry souls. But it is not the saints who pay the heavy bills. They can be reckoned on any way. The rich publicans were growing uneasy under this searchlight of the spirit. The careless could not sleep. The fashionable lady was not entertained. Who is this that seems to mount into the clouds and call us all to account,—almost points the finger of shame at us?

It is the support of the worldly that the church must have,—of those who "bear the bag"—who look at everything from the business point of view. It was these men who were on the church committee. They were the men whose business foresight had discovered this young genius, had gone far to hear him in his former pulpit, had brought him to fill their own pews. He could do it. Why didn't he? He was neglecting this work to probe the hearts and souls of those who hired him! They were all right. It was the—other kind of sinners he should stir up. He drew a long bow; but—"Don't shoot this way, please! Aim at Jones, at Smith!"

Six months more, and the trustees of the church were positively alarmed. Could they continue to raise the funds required? People pay only small prices for spiritual truth. It is entertainment that draws the money. The paying part of the congregation was growing smaller. Prayer-meetings were thronged; but then they took up no collection. They were made up of rather an impecunious class.

The Rev. Ledual began to feel all this, at times,—not when he wrote or preached, he had his standard then,—but when he personally met the people at teas, at vestry festivities, etc. What seemed to him the smallness of this,—this love of the personal, the trivial, the cheap display,—this irritated him. Evidently people did not want the plain truth. His wife, more quick to perceive personal interests, saw this, and was sad. She was a practical little body. For her to see was to be ready for action. But what could she do?

She was startled one morning to see a distinguished caller awaiting her in the parlor,—startled because of her thoughts, her fears, her late presentiments. His card read, "Professor of External Christianity and Church Prosperity, in — Seminary." He was a round-faced, jolly-looking individual, and the curves of his low-hanging cheeks and of his waistcoat kept perfect time and rhythm in his Falstaffian laughter.

After the first formalities—quite flattering to Mrs. Ledual—he came round to the real object of his call, a conference with her in regard to the work of her husband.

"Your husband is in a critical period in his preaching," he said, "and I feel that his friends ought to help him. He is drawing the lines rather tight for—"

"Pardon me," interrupted Mrs. Ledual, somewhat icily; "I would prefer that you speak directly to my husband on such matters," and she rose to terminate the interview.

But the professor politely insisted on her sparing her husband, and on granting him one moment only in which to show her how his welfare was in her hands, and hers alone. In that moment he painted the whole situation of this church and pastor so perfectly that she could not but listen. She recognized the portrait. Here were all her suspicions confirmed. Then the visitor pictured in glowing colors the popularity that might be her husband's if only he would use his great talents for the social and material prosperity of the church in his charge. It was a beautiful future that he portrayed. It charmed her imagination. She had dreamed of such things.

"I will demonstrate all this to you," he continued, "if you will but give me the opportunity. I have a mirror here which is called the Pulpit Regulator. I invented it to offset the evil influence of science, 'falsely so called,' which parades itself in the name of the 'Clergyman's Psychometer.' That instrument chains one to a fixed idea, and it is dangerous."

He placed the mirror on the table before her. "Do me the favor," he urged, "to read this description of your last church entertainment," and he handed her a daily paper.

Mrs. Ledual saw that it was an account of the fashionable entertainment in which she had been much interested the week before. In fact, the only drawback to the perfect enjoyment of that evening had been that her husband looked bored, and that others observed it. As she read on, and became interested in the descriptions of dress and distinguished men and women present, her image in the mirror magnified itself and grew more and more beautiful, until she blushed at the evidence it furnished.

"You see now," the professor explained, "that this large mirror works in just the opposite way to the little mirror on the psychometer. The latter degrades the human personality. That little mirror is what is ruining your husband. It places him far away, far from his personal self as he writes his sermons, far from his congregation as he preaches to them, and—pardon me, madam—ultimately, it will be, far from those he loves best. He should preach more, not less, of himself. You know how the people were first interested in him for his own sake."

She did. She well knew, and she could hardly restrain the tears as she thought of it. It all seemed so far away now. The perspective nerved her to action. Duty called her. She, the timid woman, would save her husband. She would make use of this proffered assistance. "Himself! Yes, himself as she had known him! he should preach that! And how the people would rejoice! To see him as he is! Yes, that is it!"

"It all depends upon you now," said the professor. "The great burden of this church's prosperity has fallen upon your shoulders, and you must bravely bear it; and—it requires courage."

"I am ready," she quietly said, and her face wore the heroism of the martyr, lighted up with his hope.

"You must in some way substitute this mirror for the psychometer which is wearing your husband's life away, and reconcile him to the change."

She trembled. But she would do even this, if need be—boldly assume this direction of affairs. Were not these the cases in which woman could be strong, in which "the foolish things of this world were

chosen to confound the wise?" She would do it.

Her husband came down to lunch that day wearing an abstracted look. She had noticed it more and more of late. Was this that dangerous "fixed idea?" He hardly knew what he ate. Would he begin to look like a fanatic? And to be called a crank? Not if she could prevent it!

It was at this noon hour that she substituted the mirror for the psychometer, and secreted the latter in her closet.

The Rev. Ledual, a half-hour later, came rushing down from his study. Who had changed things? Where was his psychometer? He seemed beside himself.

She pacified him with her arms, with her soft hair upon his shoulder, with the cooing words in his ear. "No, he would not be impatient with her,—not yet." But what means that "not yet?" Was he conscious of a time coming when she, like all the rest, would seem far from him? So ran her thoughts. Yes, that was why he said "not yet." With this consciousness in his mind, the moment would be favorable to her.

She was a plausible little body then. She even outdid the professor. She first engaged him in talking about the mysterious person who had brought his psychometer, how they had never obtained any trace of him, though searching so long and so ardently, and with his money weighing on their consciences. Then she told him that another personage, equally mysterious, had visited her, "had come to warn her of her husband's danger in his church work. He had— He it was who had substituted this mirror for the psychometer."

How she hated herself for that little deception,—that he did it, when, if so, it was only by means of her brains and hands. It was the first time she had done such a thing. It seemed to her like Adam and Eve,—when "she did it!" Would they also be banished from their garden? But she could have done even more!

The Rev. Ledual wrote differently that afternoon,—that is, after he had thrown away the sermon already begun, on the "Mysticism of the New Testament," and had substituted for it, "Behold the Lilies." As he wrote, looking into the glass before



him, he seemed to grow younger, more important to himself, more as he felt the first time he preached. His picture grew in the large mirror until it filled the frame, and seemed struggling with its limitations. The view brought a sense of personal comfort. He enjoyed himself. He reveled in the warmth of it, like the kitten beside him rolling and basking in the sunshine. He would give of himself to-morrow! He would astonish his audience!

He did astonish them. It was a beautiful day, and there was a large congregation. Did the professor notify them? But they were all there,—all, and more. And what a sermon! Never was heard the like before. It was better than the best of the earlier days.

It was not Chrysostom this time. It was not Wesley. No one thought of such comparisons. And the more spiritual-minded did not miss anything in their great joy at the pleasure of others. They looked toward the crowds which were shaking hands with their pastor, and their eyes were filled with gratitude. Yes, every one must like him to-day.

The Rev. Ledual was truly the popular preacher this morning. He drew no spiritual lesson from the flowers, or from nature,—that is, if the spiritual has any meaning beyond the sentimental. The lilies he pictured were the people belonging to church and Sunday-school,—the children, the youth, the refined mothers, the brave fathers,—all these were the growths of Christian culture. Behold the lilies! And this church? It was the garden, the home of the lilies. The art of the ages was here, on these walls, in these hymns! It is the fruit of Christianity. Our ears, our eyes are greeted with it! Our hearts feel it! Rejoice and be glad in this garden of the Lord!

The minister drew no spiritual lesson, I say (though giving the historical side of it), but he dealt in that sentiment which rejoices the overworked brain married to an underworked heart,—that which abounds in the second-rate novel, and is so readily taken home to the swept and garnished chambers of shoddy magnificence and natural vacuity.

But "it took." It won the day. The heads of the church were more than satis-

fied. They smiled and congratulated themselves. It was as when stocks go up on the market, and those on the winning side meet together.

"Ah, that was a glorious sermon," said one of the heads of a gigantic commercial combination as he shook the pastor's hand. "It ought to be printed. I would consider it a favor to be allowed to pay for doing it. Such ideas ought to be disseminated!"

"That was perfectly divine," cordially whispered the daughter of another magnate of equal importance in the commercial world. "How could you have expressed our feelings so well? Do have it printed. Mother dotes on your beautiful 'poetic edifices,' as she calls them, and she is not in the city to-day. How unfortunate!"

These were only samples.

Church affairs went on after this like a newly-oiled machine. There was unction, personal unction, at every point of possible friction. The church doors swung open silently to the vast crowds that thronged its aisles. They were gracefully shown to seats by fashionably-dressed ushers. Flowers surrounded the pulpit, overtopped it, almost hid it from view. The trained choir caught the enthusiasm, and rendered difficult music with a corresponding ambition. The elders of the church deposited their hats and canes, and slowly looked around them with a self-satisfied air; and all went merry as the month of May.

So it continued for a year, and the prosperity of the church was a matter of remark in all ecclesiastical circles. The pastor had also become popular socially. No elaborate dinner or other social function of his society was perfect without him.

How did he write his sermons amid all this? you ask. It was perfectly easy. The mirror gave him his cue, inspired him with the ambitions of self-interest, and he wrote readily from out of the magnified self which he saw on its surface. It was a superficial self, but it pleased. His sermons were written in an easy style, and delivered in a graceful manner. His diction was elegant, his voice sonorous. None of the externals of Christianity were omitted by him. No suspicion of heresy was attached to his thought. His the-

ology was concrete, but somewhat in the background; it made a good screen for scenic effect. Sound, of course, and safe,—why should it not be? It was never called upon to stand the test of strain. . . . Yes, the Rev. Ledual was a safe man, and he was held up to students as a model.

He was also a different looking man now. No longer cadaverous, as in the last months of the past year. His strong jaw, then modestly subdued by the ideal side of his nature, now showed folds on each side which rounded it into the proportions required for life in the worldly world. He began to be a visible illustration of prosperity. Even his tailor spoke of it, as he increased the dimensions of his garments.

One year of this, and the Rev. Ledual had become dissatisfied with himself,—with the self he was manifesting. The better self within was not silent. It was hungry, imprisoned, asphyxiated. It cried out for food, liberty, pure air. His prayer and conference meetings had degenerated into mere social clubs. His conscience accused him. His sermons seemed to him like sounding brass.

From month to month it grew worse. He hated his work now, and despised the part he was playing.

But it seemed impossible to stop. His church was satisfied, and he—must live. Must he? The question sometimes thrust itself upon him. He had even reached this point. No; it was not absolutely necessary—not even to any one. Life looked shadowy. Is there anything real? Is not all life an illusion? Who knows? His appetite finally failed him. His strength seemed to go, though otherwise he looked well.

His wife, too, was worried. Dear little woman! She had not been satisfied with their life for some time past. Were they already out of the garden? Had she not fallen—like those before who, in their pride, tried to rule heaven?

One day she confessed the little deception she had practiced on him in the substitution of the mirror for the psychometer. She felt better—a little clearer in mind—as soon as she had made up her mind to do this. She told him timidly.

It was not—really—the mysterious professor who had done this, but she herself. In so far she had deceived him.

He did not complain. All people were deceiving him. They were palming themselves upon him for more or for other than they were, and he was doing the same with them. But what had she done with the psychometer? She brought it to him.

"Thank God," he exclaimed. "I may yet live. It shall be restored to its old place on the writing desk."

But should he take the mirror away? Is it safe? He compromised, and both remained, side by side.

"This study table," said he, "shall be as the world, the arena where principles and surfaces contend."

But he intensified the conflict to his mind by localizing it, by focalizing its forces. Could he endure the sight,—this vision of a discordant world made so perceptible? Could he work under the strain? Well, then he would harmonize the two. They should be brought to balance. In his mind he thought he saw this balance.

For three months he worked at the problem. He wrote his sermons with it before him. He faced the enigma of his life,—the balancing of dualities. He forgot that it was the old, old problem—the riddle of the Sphinx—that who guesses it wins the world; who loses, dies.

At the end of the three months he was a sick man. One Saturday found him without his sermon. The problem had absorbed him, drawn him into its depths. In the morning he failed to go to his church. He was still absorbed.

The doctor came to see him. It was a collapse, so he said—brain fever. It was a bad case. The fever ran on and on. Always, in his delirium, there was a balance that would not balance, and always he was going over the same steps to produce the balance.

He revived a little one day.

"Annie, the game is nearly over. I shall preach, and preach as never before,—when they balance. But they will not balance,—not yet."

Did he die? Or did he find the balance,—the answer to the riddle?

# WHO HATH SINNED?\*

## THE STORY OF A SCIENTIST

### CHAPTER XXIV.

A sweet calm had fallen upon us, hallowed by our faith that our Adiel would be spared to see our work and know why it was performed. A great deal of money would be required, but Mr. Heine's resources seemed inexhaustible.

"Louis," said Ruth one day, as we sat planning the management of the school, "have you discovered indigotine in coal-tar?"

"No, love; how should you know anything of that effort on my part?"

"I do not know; but during my illness I made the discovery myself."

"You did?" he said, quickly.

"Yes. If coal-tar turns the skin blue, it must be its chemical action on the blood."

"Yes."

"That was when a few doses of a coal-tar preparation turned me blue?"

"Yes."

"Now, as a chemist, you can find the mineral in nature that corresponds to the mineral in my blood that did that. Find that property, and experiment and find your indigotine, and its commercial value will leave you free and in possession of funds to run your school always."

He sat a moment without speaking, got up, put a hand on each of her shoulders, and looked into her face with a kind of wondering adoration. In less than a month the great discovery was made with the key she had given him, and the world was informed of the true use of coal-tar preparations that have caused so many deaths by heart failure since its reckless use,—in other words, by making indigo instead of blood in their veins.

Later Louis made this explanation to me: "Indigo is by far the most important

of the vegetable dyes, over fifteen million dollars' worth being used annually, produced chiefly in British India. With the success that has attended aniline dyes prepared from coal-tar, manufacturers have naturally sought to obtain by synthetic means indigo blue or 'indigotine,' the substance to which the dye owes its tintorial value, many of the large works paying research chemists to devote their entire time to the solution of the question. Several years ago Professor Baeyer, of Munich, demonstrated that the quest was not futile by producing indigotine from coal-tar; but the cost proved to be too great to compete with the vegetable product. But I see now the time when artificial indigo will displace the natural vegetable product, just as madder and cochineal have been supplanted by coal-tar products. Thus; you see, in seeking to discover one thing, another was found; and the peculiar power these coal-tar remedies were discovered to exert on the circulation of the blood, in reducing fevers and headaches, brought them into use for medicinal purposes, and they have been sold and used most recklessly by physicians as well as by persons who believed in their medicinal virtues and bought and used them without diagnosis of their case. The number of deaths from heart failure since the use of these 'anti' and 'onal' preparations is something appalling. As a chemist, I have, as I told you, tested them upon chickens, and found the blood changed to ink in an hour. With the key Ruth gave me it was not difficult to make the long-sought discovery, and the future will prove it to be one of the most important, as well as valuable pecuniarily, ever made. I have no fear about having now unlimited means to go on with the good work we have begun."

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## CHAPTER XXV.

The great chemist had set about devising the best method of proving his gratitude for the blessing he had received and the inexpressible joy he realized in the possession of his heart's idol.

Adiel was called in consultation. He entered into the spirit of Louis's work with the enthusiasm of his boyhood strengthened by his long suffering and bitter experience. The desire to devote the remainder of his life to some noble and useful work infused, for the time, a new vital power into the wasted form. At last Ruth and Louis resolved to leave the whole plan of the affair to him, and they would only approve and carry out his wishes. Thus given perfect liberty, Adiel might be found in the library every morning with his drawing materials, busy at work on the ground plans and elevation of the buildings that were to be erected as monuments devoted to a great and good cause.

Louis Heine owned one hundred acres of ground on the shore of the great lake, adjoining the home we lived in. Here Adiel decided the buildings should be erected, only a mile from a railroad station, and patients could come from any part of the country. The location was eminently suited to the purpose,—fine air, magnificent view of the lake and surrounding country, and a beautiful grove of trees planted by a former occupant. All was in readiness to begin work in the early autumn; one large building so planned as to admit of additions that would only enhance its beauty, and these additions all anticipated and planned by Adiel. Nothing was omitted,—library, lecture-hall, reading-rooms, baths, etc.

Had he been an experienced architect he could not have more completely covered all the needs of the great institution. We were amazed when we saw how minutely he had entered into all the details,—Adiel, who had always been supposed to deal in generalities, and who seemed to be unaware of the plan or structure of any building. His scale of drawings was so perfect that the estimate of cost was easily arrived at, and he told Louis, whom he called "papa" with the gentle accent of

his boyhood in saying "mamma" that had never left him, that he should watch every stroke of work from the breaking of the ground to the last touch that finished the interior.

"I cannot die," he said, "and I know I shall not, until it is done. But lose no time, I am so eager to live and work again."

My diary is dated, reader, and this story might have been told in facts and figures and dates alone; but I have checked with my pencil the dates that, at last summed up, made an epoch in our lives and told you the story that joined those epochs together. I say "our" lives, because no event could concern one of us that did not affect all of us; therefore, I pause only to show you the picture of our boy that great morning when the workmen came with their shovels and carts and teams.

"Give me your spade," said Adiel, eagerly, as a stout Irishman put the spade upon the earth and placed his foot upon it. Adiel's white hand grasped it as the workman let go in amazement. In a moment, with a strength we could not realize he possessed, his slender foot struck the spade into the earth, and Adiel himself broke the ground in that great foundation work. Louis and I congratulated him, and his mother, and the others in our little circle, declared he was growing stronger momentarily.

I wish I could dwell upon those busy months and live them over again as I do whenever I lay this old diary out before me; but I must hurry over the dates and give a summary.

It is finished! The great building is complete, and the setting sun strikes upon the western wall and lights up the windows like a glorious fire. The furniture has been purchased, the pictures and statuary chosen, for Louis is not furnishing for depraved men whose souls are stunted, whose minds are dwarfed; he has built and furnished for a class of men of whom our Adiel is a type, men whom the Maja\* has deceived, but who, entering here, may awaken to a reality of life in its highest, truest sense, and from which they may go forth useful and happy.

\*The veil of illusion.



I must recall one incident. Adiel joined us one day with a collection of photographs in his hand, all his own, taken at the ages of two, six, fifteen, and twenty, and the last just finished.

"Papa," he said to Louis, "a silent lesson is sometimes the most effective. I would like copies by a good artist of these pictures,—this when I was mamma's joy; this, her hope; this, her pride; and this, the beginning of her sorrow; this, the last, an answer to her prayer. I will show you where I should like them placed."

Louis promised, and a thrill like an electric shock passed through us as he laid them upon the table before us and quietly withdrew. A beautiful marble bust of him had just arrived, and we silently went out to see it placed.

Adiel had designed the jeweled windows in the hall, and they were artistic and impressive,—the Good Shepherd returning with the lost sheep, and Christ opening the eyes of the man who was born blind, were the subjects chosen.

No time was lost in the copying of the portraits, life size, in oil, and the placing of them was done under his own directions.

With all the memories of its bitter grief, would I cancel that day? But—I must turn another leaf. This is tear-stained and dim, but my trembling hand turns on.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

It is here before me at last. My fingers have trembled, and I have paused many times; for, man that I am,—strong, too, in spite of age and sorrow,—I cannot turn this leaf with steady hand or read this page with undimmed eyes. Tears fall upon my silver beard, but I am not ashamed. Oh, my boy, my boy! And I hear a wail, like the wail of a broken heart, coming down these long years, reverberating in every fiber of my soul,—oh, my son! my son! my son!

Yes, here is the date, the last date! Said I the other page is tear-stained and dim? Then what shall I say of this?—Easter Sunday, 18—. The wedding anniversary came last Wednesday; the very walls bloomed with flowers; friends came

to congratulate. Adiel and Lucia had planned it all, and moved among the throng, who could look but to wonder at the beauty of all. The buildings were filling rapidly with patients, come in answer to Adiel's and Louis's letters. This Easter morn the flowers are still fresh, and Adiel, after a stroll with his mother and Lucia about the grounds, has come in and thrown himself upon a couch in the center of the room, remarking as he does so that he has never felt so happy as at this moment.

"Mamma," he says, "you are all here now, and I want to try and tell you what has been in my mind since Wednesday when Lucia and I superintended the decoration of these rooms. I have gone over all my life and yours as well as I could since I could remember, and somehow I feel that every step in it was necessary for us all; for, had it not all been as it was, it could not now be as it is, and which of us would change any part of it if we could? Were I to do it, I should cancel such love and devotion, such untiring patience, as have melted my soul in love. Could you cancel the grief and sorrow, mother dear, that I have caused you, you would wipe out the shining stars of your beautiful earth life and your surest hope of heaven."

His mother sits at the right near the head of his couch, and he draws her head gently down upon his breast, draws out the comb and scatters her waving hair about him, as he remembers it in babyhood, he says. Lucia sits at the foot on the left of him, and the rest of us, very near, listen anxiously and eagerly. His face is radiant as the morning sun; his eyes, liquid sapphire, glow and melt by turns as he looks upon first one face and then the other. His white fingers never cease straying lovingly through the long bright hair that floats over his pillow and his breast, and partly shades that still white face that nestles lightly on his heart.

"Yes; I've lived my life over many times the last few days, and I have grown happier every hour. It is as though I had been born blind, and suddenly had received my sight; as though my soul had been imprisoned and was just made free;

and, mamma, darling, I can answer the question that I've heard you ask so many, many times, Who hath sinned? I see clearly how it was; just as it was then it is now! 'No man hath sinned, neither this man nor his parents, but that the glory of God might be made manifest in him.' He hath touched mine eyes. I see, I see!"

A silence. Lucia rose with white-face and strained eyes, and put forth one hand with warning gesture, and a finger on her lips.

On the bright morning he had floated out without the pain of parting.

For a moment it was as though we were paralyzed; then Louis, trembling visibly and white as death, leaned over his wife, took her in his arms, limp and apparently lifeless, and carried her into another room. She had floated out with him to the very gates of heaven; the action of her heart had not ceased, and we thanked God for this suspended animation that broke the shock. When she woke, several days afterward, the cry I never can forget floated upon our ears, "My son, my son, my son!" Louis clasped her in his arms, and silently we all knelt down together and thanked God that she was returned to us.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Our summers are still spent at the beach. Mr. and Mrs. Noel never returned to their old home. Three years have passed since Adiel left us, years replete with joyful labor and crowned with success. Louis and I were walking on the beach one morning while Lucia and Ruth, Dr. and Mrs. Heine, Mr. and Mrs. Noel sat upon the vine-shaded veranda.

We saw a very fairy of a child with a basket of flowers running toward us. She had come from the hotel, and her nurse ran behind unable to catch up with her.

She paused a moment and asked me,

"Are you Dr. Spencer?"

"Yes, my birdie."

"Do you know where Mrs. Ruth Heine lives?"

"Right there, sweet one."

She flew on her errand, and the nurse, finding the cottage so near, slackened her speed and walked slowly on, not attempting to follow her charge into the house.

Louis and I went back. The child singled out Ruth, and said, simply, "Will you have these flowers?" and held out her basket with both hands.

"You lovely child," said Ruth; "will you let me kiss you for them as well as thank you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Lucia rose hastily, too hastily I thought, and went in for a vase, and taking the flowers from the basket placed them in it. In the bottom was a small envelope. Ruth opened it, and read:

"I still believe in destiny. If anything befall me, will you remember my child?"

There was no name signed, but pinned to the perfumed note was a violet.

Lucia had recognized the child at once, and now Ruth stroked those long fair curls and looked into those beautiful eyes, and waited for an answer to come upon her lips.

"What is your name?"

"Rose Chanler."

"Where is your mamma?"

"Up there," pointing to the hotel.

"Say to her, Yes."

And the little maiden skipped off again, swinging her basket and singing merrily, "Yes, yes, yes," in a birdlike voice.

We never met Violet face to face, but saw her with her husband or friends at a distance. There was the same appearance of utter loneliness about her that I had observed at our first meeting that eventful night of Adiel's party. I saw her one morning with her child. Her arms were wound passionately about it, and the little one responded to the caress, its white arms not more fair than Violet's own as I remembered them as she lay asleep that sad night Ruth and Louis and I watched and waited for Adiel's return.

A month later there was quite a stir at the hotel. Some one was missing,—a lady; and her husband had been informed of the fact by wire.

I strolled early upon the beach to see the sun rise upon the great sea. I saw a man at a short distance sitting eagerly sketching. I hastened to him. The artist rested his tablet on one knee, the other buried in the white sand, and there

lay the picture he would copy. Her white face turned upward, her beautiful eyes closed as in sleep, her white arms thrown out, and her long bright hair mingled with sand and seaweed, she lay sleeping as peacefully as that sad night when Ruth and I gazed upon her, wondering if she were a guilty woman or an erring child. God knows his children, and giveth his beloved sleep.

"They are coming! I was waiting here till the hotel folks knew," said the artist, pointing toward the hotel path.

His sketch was correct and beautiful.

"Paint it for me," I said.

"Why, yes; I should like to."

Accident, or design, or destiny? We never knew, but she was buried, and her half-orphan child came eventually under Lucia's care at our school.

When I went to see the sketch I had another face drawn, just visible in the clouds above it, and from invisible hands a shower of violets rained down. This picture Lucia asked me for, and I gave it to her,—it fills the space next to Adiel's last picture,—as though the hand of that destiny she believed in had thus furnished a sequel to the story told silently by the portraits chapter by chapter.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

Our lives glide peacefully on, our work in the schools is more than satisfactory. I walk through them every day. I know

the history of many a wreck that has sought this house to escape ruin.

I see the brave chemist selecting and having prepared the proper food and drink. I see his work rewarded with cure always if taken in time, by means of quiet, proper food, air, and exercise; proper thought and speech; no ills discussed; no man looking backward after his hand has touched the plow. "No matter where you come from," he says to them; "the question is, Where do you want to go? No question what you were after I know the history of your case in order to deal intelligently with it; but what you are and may become is my sole and only care."

What a revelation in human nature when he came to supply his institution with nurses. "Ah," he said, "there are more 'Betsy Priggs' and 'Sairy Gamps' than Florence Nightingales in this branch of our business. So you see it is eternal vigilance on my part to see that these poor fellows are not irritated by the very people who are employed to keep them calm and quiet. Nursing has become a trade, and they can be found who are so heartless and unfeeling as the characters Dickens so vividly describes, albeit they are starched, and capped, and cuffed, and aproned with peculiar care. Many of them are monsters in woman's form, and devils wearing the garb of men, though few men comparatively take kindly to the trade."

*(To be continued.)*

## PHOEBE CARY'S WIT

Few persons who did not personally know Phoebe Cary imagine that the author of "Nearer Home" was one of the wittiest conversationalists in the brilliant little circle in which she moved in New York. The late P. T. Barnum, who was a warm friend of the Cary sisters, used to relate a number of bright sayings of Phoebe's. "On one occasion," he said, "when Phoebe was at the museum. I preceded her and had just passed down a couple of steps; she, intently watching an immense anaconda in a case at the top of

the steps, walked off (not noticing them) and fell. I was just in time to catch her in my arms, and save her from a severe bruising. 'I am more lucky than the first woman was who fell through the influence of a serpent,' said Phoebe, as she recovered herself." On one occasion Mr. Barnum announced to Phoebe that the skeleton man and the fat woman, then on exhibition in the museum, were married. "I suppose they love through thick and thin," was her quick reply.

# HEALTH AND HOME

EDITED BY

MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

## THE SURE WAY OF ATTAINING A LONG AND HEALTHFUL LIFE

BY LEWIS CORNARO

### CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

#### OF A SOBER AND REGULAR LIFE.

They who have the charge of public affairs committed to their trust are more obliged to it than any others; where there is no glory to be got for their country, they ought not to sacrifice themselves; they should preserve themselves to serve it, and if they pursue my method it is certain they would ward off the distempers which heat and cold and fatigues might bring upon them, or should they be disturbed with them it would be but very lightly.

It may likewise be objected that, if one who is well is dieted like one that is sick, he will be at a loss about the choice of his diet when any distemper comes upon him. To this I say that nature, which preserves all beings as far as possible, teaches us how we ought to govern ourselves in such a case. It begins by depriving us altogether of our appetite that we can eat little or nothing at all. At that time, whether the sick person has been sober or intemperate, no other food ought to be made use of but such as is proper for the condition wherein he is, such as broth, jellies, cordials, barley water, etc. When his recovery will permit him to make use of a more solid nourishment, he must take less than he was used to before his sickness, and notwithstanding the eagerness of his appetite he must take care of his stomach till he has a perfect cure. Should he do otherwise, he would overburden nature, and infallibly relapse into the danger from whence he escaped. But notwithstanding this I dare to aver that he who leads a sober and regular life will hardly ever be sick, or, if he is, it will be but seldom and for a short time. This way of living preserves us from those humors which occasion our infirmities, and

by consequence heals us of all those distempers which they engender. The defect of the cause does physically prevent the production of the effect, and the effect cannot be dangerous and violent when the cause itself is but slight and weak.

Since, then, sobriety lays a restraint upon our passions, preserves our health, and is both wholesome and beneficial to us, ought it not to be followed and embraced by all men? Self-love, if well understood, advises us to it; it is neither impossible nor difficult, and the method I take ought to discourage nobody from undertaking it. For I do not pretend to persuade everybody to eat as little as I do, or to debar themselves from the use of a great many things from which I refrain. I eat but little, because my stomach is nice, and I abstain from certain dishes because they are prejudicial to me. They who are not offended by them are not obliged to refrain from them, but are allowed the use of them; only they ought to abstain from eating too much even of that which agrees with them, because it would be prejudicial to them, since an overcharged stomach cannot so easily digest it. In short, he that is offended at nothing has no occasion of inquiring into the quality of his diet; he ought only to be cautious of the quantity thereof.

It signifies nothing to tell me that there are several who, denying themselves nothing, do yet live as long without infirmities as they who are sober. This is but rare, uncertain, hazardous, and in a manner miraculous. The instances of this nature do not at all justify the conduct of those persons who reckon it an extraordinary happiness, and are commonly the betrayers of their good constitution. It is more certain that an infirm old man will live longer by observing a strict regimen than a young,



vigorous, and a healthful man will that gives the loose to his appetite.

However, this is certain, that a good constitution with the support of a regular life, will carry a man farther than a weak one though managed with an equal degree of care. God and nature may form bodies so strong and robust as to be proof against all that is contrary to us; as I have observed at Venice the procurator Thomas Materini and at Padua the Chevalier Antonio Capo di Vacca; but among a thousand one shall hardly meet with the like. All others who are for a long and healthful life who would die without an agony and only a pure dissolution, who would lastly enjoy the advantages of a happy old age, will never come to what they aim at without sobriety. 'Tis temperance alone which supports our constitution without any alteration. It creates nothing but sweet and wholesome humors, which sending up no vapors to the brain leave the mind in the perfect use of the organs, and are no hinderance from raising its contemplation from the wonders of the world to the consideration of the power of its Creator. A man can be never the better for those reflections, when his head is full of the vapors of wine and meat; but, when once these fumes are gone, his understanding is clear, he observes and discerns a thousand agreeable things which he would not have known or comprehended in another state. He can then discern the falsity of those pleasures which voluptuousness promises, the real goods with which virtue loads us, and the unhappiness of those whom a fatal delusion renders slaves to their passions.

The three most dangerous are the pleasures of the taste, the hunting after honors, and the possession of riches. These desires increase with the age of old men, who having always led a disorderly life, have suffered their lusts to take root in their youth and manhood. A wise man does not stay so long before he corrects them; he declares betimes a war against his passions, of which he does not obtain the mastery till after several struggles, and then virtue in its turn triumphs and crowns the man with the blessings of heaven and the esteem of all the world.

Is he ready to pay the tribute that is due to nature? Full of acknowledgments for the favors already received from God, he throws himself into the arms of his future mercy. He is not afraid of those everlasting punishments which they deserve who by their intemperance offer violence to their own lives. He dies without complaining because he was not to live forever, and his reason sweetens the bitterness of this fatality; in a word, he leaves the world generously, when in a long track of happy years he has had time enough to enjoy his virtue and reputation, and considers that not one in a thousand who have lived otherwise

than he has done has arrived to such an age.

He is comforted the more upon considering that this separation will not be violent, painful, or feverish. His end is calm, and he expires like a lamp when the oil is spent, no delirium, no convulsions attending him; and so he passes from this corruptible life to that whose eternal happiness is the reward of the virtuous.

Oh, happy, blessed, and regular life, how worthy art thou of our esteem, and how dost thou deserve to be preferred before thy contrary! We need only reflect upon the different effects of both to be sensible of the advantages that attend thee, though thy name alone is sufficient to attract that esteem which thou deservest.

Having thus given the reasons which made me abandon an intemperate and take up with a sober life, as also the method I observed in it, and the benefit which I reaped from it, and the advantage which others may receive from the practice thereof, I shall now direct my discourse to those who suppose it to be no benefit to grow old, because they fancy that when a man is past seventy his life is nothing but weakness, infirmity, and misery. In the first place, I can assure them that they are mightily mistaken, and that I find myself, as old as I am, which is much beyond what they speak of, to be in the most pleasant and delightful stage of life.

To prove that I have reason for what I say, they need only inquire how I spend my time, what are my usual pleasures and business, and to hear the testimony of all those that know me. They unanimously testify that the life I lead is not a dead and languishing life, but as happy a one as can be wished for in this world.

They will tell you that I am still so strong at four-score and three as to mount a horse without any help; that I can not only go down-stairs without any concern, but likewise descend a hill all on foot; that I am always merry, always pleased, always in humor, maintain a happy peace in my own mind, the sweetness and serenity whereof appears at all times in my countenance.

Besides, they know that it is in my power to pass away the time very pleasantly, having nothing to hinder me from tasting all the pleasures of an agreeable society with several persons of parts and worth. When I am willing to be alone, I read good books, and sometimes fall to writing, seeking always an occasion of being useful to the public, and doing service to private persons as far as possible. I do all this without the least trouble, and in such times as I set apart for these employments.

I dwell in a house which, besides its being situated in the pleasantest part of Padua, may be looked upon as the most convenient and most agreeable mansion of that city. I there make me apartments

proper for the winter and summer, which serve as a shelter to defend me from the extreme heat of the one and the rigid coldness of the other. I walk out in my gardens along my canals and walks, where I always meet with some little thing or other to do which at the same time employs and diverts me.

I spend the months of April, May, September, and October at my country house, which is in the finest situation imaginable. The air of it is good, the avenues neat, the gardens magnificent, the waters clear and plentiful, and this seat may well pass for an enchanted palace. When I am there I sometimes divert myself with a sport that agrees most with my age, viz., in going out with a setting dog or with terriers.

Sometimes I take a walk to my villa, all whose streets terminate at a large square, in the midst of which is a pretty, neat church, and large enough for the bigness of the parish.

Through this villa runs a rivulet, and the country about is enriched with fruitful and well-cultivated fields, having at present a considerable number of inhabitants. This was not so anciently; it was a marshy place, and the air so bad that it was more proper for frogs and toads than for men to dwell in. I thought it advisable to drain the marsh lands, so that, being dry, the air became more wholesome. Several families have settled there and rendered the place very populous, where I may say that I have dedicated to the Lord a church, altars, and hearts to worship him, which reflection is a great comfort to me as often as I make it.

Sometimes I pay a visit to my friends of the neighboring towns, who procure me an acquaintance with the ingenious men of the place. I discourse with them about architecture, painting, sculpture, mathematics, and agriculture, sciences for which I had all my life long a great fondness, and the rather because they were very much in esteem in my time.

I saw with curiosity the new pieces of workmanship, and it was a new pleasure to me to take a second view of those which I had already seen; and I am always learning something that I am pleased to know.

I visit public buildings, palaces, gardens antiquities, squares, churches, and fortifications, passing by no place that may gratify my curiosity or give me any new light into things.

That which charmed me most in the little journeys I took was the various prospects of places through which I went. The plains, the hills, the rivulets, the castles, and the villages were as so many objects that offered themselves with pleasure to my sight, and afforded a delightful view; in short, the pleasures I take are not imperfect upon the account of the weakness of my organs. I see and hear as well as ever I did in my life. All my senses are as free

and as perfect as ever, especially my taste, which is better with that little which I eat at present than when I was a slave to my appetite.

Changing of beds is no hinderance to my repose. I sleep very soundly, and if I dream my dreams are pleasant.

'Tis with a great deal of satisfaction that I see the end of a work of such importance to this state, which has rendered so many places fertile that before were uncultivated and useless, a thing I never expected to have seen completed, considering how many states are loath to begin and weary of carrying on undertakings of so vast a charge and so difficult to be performed. I was upon the places for two months together with the commissaries that had the oversight of their works, and this during the greatest heat of summer, and yet, thanks to my regimen, the only preserver of my health, neither the unwholesome air of the fens nor the fatigue did me any injury.

Such as these are the employments and diversions of my old age, which is, blessed be God, free from those disturbances of mind and infirmities of body under which so many poor rheumatic and crazy old men as well as miserable young men labor.

If in discoursing on such a serious subject as this, it be allowable to speak of trifles, I might tell you that at the age of four-score and three a sober life had preserved me in that sprightliness of thought, and gaiety of humor as to be able to compose a play for the use of the stage, which was diverting without shocking the audience. Comedy is usually the product of youth, as tragedy is of old age, the latter by gravity of its composure suiting to ripper years, whilst the former by its facetiousness is more agreeable to those that are young. If antiquity has so far commended and admired a Greek poet for having in the seventy-third year of his age composed a tragedy which is a grave and serious poem, why should I be less admired and happy in having composed a comedy which is diverting at my age? For this I am sure of, that though that author was ten years younger than I am, yet he had not more health nor a brisker genius.

To conclude, as an addition to my happiness, I see myself as it were immortalized and born again by the great number of my descendants. I meet with not only two or three when I come home, but eleven grandchildren, the eldest of which is eighteen and the youngest two years old, all born of the same father and the same mother, all healthful, of good parts, and of promising hopes. I take a delight in playing with the youngsters, children between three and five years of age being generally very merry and diverting company, those who are older entertain me better. I often make them sing and play upon musical instruments, and sometimes I join in concert with them.

Call you this an infirm and crazy old age, as they pretend who say that a man is but half alive after he is seventy? They may believe me if they please, but in reality I would not change my age and life for the most flourishing youth which lays no restraint upon its senses, being sure that it is subject to a great many distempers which may occasion death.

I remember all the follies that I was guilty of in my young days, and am perfectly sensible of the danger and imprudence of them. I know with what violence young persons are carried away by their passions, and how much they presume upon their strength, but would think they had taken a sure lease of their life; they expose it rashly as if it were chargeable to them, and they run headlong into whatsoever their concupiscences prompt them to. They must gratify their appetites whatever it cost them, without perceiving that they feed those ill-humors which will render their lives miserable, and hasten the hour of their death.

Of these two the one is cruel, the other dreadful and insupportable by all sensual men, especially young people, who suppose they have a better title to life than others, and libertines, who are not so blind as to flatter themselves that God will permit their sin to go unpunished. As for my part, blessed be God, I find myself freed from those just fears which cannot but alarm them whenever they are capable of reflections. For in the first place I am certain that I shall not fall sick, since I take care by a regular diet to ward off infirmities. And then secondly, the time of my death approaching teaches me to submit quietly to that which is inevitable, and from which no man could ever secure himself. 'Tis folly to be afraid of that which cannot be avoided; but I hope, whenever the time comes, the merits of Jesus Christ will be available to me; and, though I am sensible that I must die, yet I am persuaded it will be a long time ere I shall, since this dissolution cannot happen but by the consumption of the radical moisture, which is exhausted by age.

The regular life which I lead has left death this only way of destroying me. The humors of my body can do me more injury than the elementary qualities which prevailed in my nature ever since my birth. I am not so stupid as not to perceive that, having had a beginning, I must of necessity have an end; but, since we must die, doubtless that death is attended with less terror which happens by the natural dissolution of the parts of which we are composed. Nature herself, having tied the bands of our life, can likewise untie them again without the least pain, and can stay longer before it executes that office than sicknesses generally do, which with violence break the bands of our life asunder, and which cannot happen to us but by foreign causes, since nothing is

more contrary to nature than that which tends to our destruction.

When a man draws near his end, he perceives his strength to abate by degrees; the organs and all the faculties grow weak. He can no longer walk, and can hardly speak. His judgment and memory fail him. He becomes blind, deaf, and bowed together. In fine, his whole frame is worn out. Blessed be God, I am not as yet in that condition. On the contrary, I promise myself that my soul finds itself too well in my body, where she meets with nothing but peace, unity, and concord (spite of all the different qualities of the humors which compose us, and the various inclinations that are produced by the senses), that she will be under no temptation to wish a speedy separation, and that it will be a long time before she can be brought to a resolution.

To conclude, I am assured that I shall still live several years in health, and that I shall long enjoy the pleasure of being in the world, which is certainly very comfortable when a man knows how to make a right use of it. I hope to reap a greater satisfaction from hence in the other life, and I shall lie under obligations to the virtues of the regimen to which I am indebted for the victory I have obtained over my passions. Nor is there any man but may hope for the same happiness, if he would live as I have done.

A sober life therefore being so necessary, its name so commendable, the enjoyment of it so beneficial, nothing remains after what has been said but to conjure all men as they love themselves to make the best of life and lay in stock of that which, being the most precious of all, deserves to be sought after if we have it not, and to be preserved if we have it.

'Tis this divine sobriety which is always pleasing to God, and always the friend of nature; she is the daughter of reason, the sister of all other virtues, the companion of temperance, always cheerful, always modest, always wise and regular in her operations. She is the root of health, of industry, and of whatever becomes a great soul to be employed about. She has the sons of God and nature both to justify and enforce her. When she reigns repletions, disorders, evil habits, superfluous humors, fevers, aches, and the fears of death do not disrelish or embitter our pleasures.

The happiness of it should invite us; the comeliness of it should allure us to embrace it. She offers to us the duration of our mortal being. She is the faithful guardian of the life of man, whether he be rich or poor, young or old, or of what sex soever. She teaches the rich not to abuse his wealth, the poor to bear patiently the inconveniences of his state; she teaches the man wisdom, the woman chastity; old men the secret of putting off their death, and young men the means of enjoying a long life. She flies the rust off of our senses, renders the body vigorous, the mind clear, the soul lovely; gives



us a happy memory, free motions, and just actions. 'Tis by it that the mind being disengaged from matter enjoys a larger freedom, and the blood runs smoothly in our veins, without meeting with any obstruction in its circulation. 'Tis lastly by it that all the powers both of soul and body are kept up in a perfect union, which nothing but the contrary vice can disturb.

Oh, sacred and healthful sobriety, the powerful support of our nature, the true physic of body and mind! How ought men to praise thee, and acknowledge thy benefits, since thou furnishest them with the means of attaining heaven, and of preferring life and health here upon earth.

But, not designing to enlarge any farther in commendation of this virtue, I shall conclude, keeping within the bounds of sobriety on this subject, not because I have said enough of it, but that I may say more of it another time.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE METHOD OF CORRECTING A BAD CONSTITUTION.

Several persons, whose weak constitution required great care in the management of it, having been well satisfied with what I have written concerning sobriety, the experience which they have had of the usefulness of my counsels, and the acknowledgments which they have made thereof, encourage me to take up my pen again, that I may convince those who meet with no inconvenience from intemperance that they are in the wrong in relying so much on the strength of their constitutions.

Let it be ever so well composed, yet it holds not good but to such an age. These persons seldom arrive at sixty, but they decay all of a sudden, and perceive themselves loaded with a complication of distempers. Some are gouty, dropsical, and rheumatical; others are subject to colics, the stone, and piles; lastly to abundance of distempers which would never have happened to them if they had been wise as to have taken care of themselves in their youth. If they die infirm at four-score years of age, they might have lived in health to an hundred, and so have run out the term of life which nature has left open to all men.

It is to be supposed that this common parent wishes that all her children might live at least a century, and, since some among them have lived to a longer date, why should not others have a right of expecting the same advantage?

I do not disagree but that we are subject to the stars which were predominant at our birth. Their good or bad aspects enfeeble or strengthen the springs of our life, but man, being endued with judgment and reason, ought to repair by his prudent con-

duct the harm which his planet may have done him. He may prolong his days by the means of a sober life to as long a period as if he had been born very strong and lusty. Prudence prevents and corrects the malignity of the planets. They give us certain inclinations, they carry us out to certain passions; but they lay no violence upon us, we may resist them, and in this sense a wise man is above the stars.

I was born very choleric and hasty; I flew out into passion for the least trifle, I huffed all mankind, and was so intolerable that a great many persons of repute avoided my company. I apprehended the injury which I did myself; I knew that anger is a real frenzy; that it disturbs our judgment, that it transports us beyond ourselves, and that the difference between a passionate and a mad man is only this, that the latter has lost his reason forever and the former is only deprived of it by fits. A sober life cured me of this frenzy; by its assistance I became so moderate and so much a master of my passion that nobody could perceive that it was born with me.

A man may likewise with reason and a regular life correct a bad constitution, and, notwithstanding the tenderness thereof, may live a long time in good health. I should never have seen forty years had I followed all my inclinations, and yet I am in the eighty-sixth year of my age. If the long and dangerous distempers which I had in my youth had not consumed a great deal of the radical moisture, the loss of which is irreparable, I might have promised myself to have lived a complete century. But, without flattering myself, I find it to be a great matter to have arrived to forty-six years more than I ever expected, and that in my old age my constitution is still so good that not only my teeth, my voice, my memory, and my heart are in as good a condition as ever they were in the briskest days of my youth, but likewise my judgment has lost nothing of its clearness and force.

I am of the opinion that this proceeds from the abridgment I make of my food proportionately to my growing into years. Experience, which tells us that infants have a greater appetite and are more often hungry than grown men, ought likewise to teach us that in old age we have less need of nourishment than in the beginning of our life. A man who is very old can hardly eat, because he can scarcely digest what he eats; a little serves his turn, and the yolk of an egg is a good meal to him. I shall be satisfied therewith to the end of my days, hoping by this conduct neither to die with violence nor with pain, not questioning but that they who will imitate me will meet with as easy an exit, since we are all of the same species and made up of the same materials.

(To be continued.)



## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

J. F. L.—Whole-wheat yeast bread is made exactly like wheat flour yeast bread. I think your failure has been in the baking. It should be baked a longer time than white flour, though few persons bake white bread long enough. It must go into a slow oven to allow the gases to escape before crust is formed. Thorough baking is the secret of wholesome bread. Whole-wheat cream of tartar biscuit are made precisely the same as white flour, except a little maple syrup should be added, say two tablespoonfuls to quart of flour. Put in hot pans, and bake in brisk oven.

Whole-wheat bread is wholesome and delicious when thoroughly baked. The best compressed yeast should be used unless you have excellent home-made yeast. I do not use salt in whole-wheat bread, but sugar or maple syrup instead.

I do not believe cold bread more wholesome than warm, if it is light as foam and well baked. No heavy, underdone bread is fit to eat, hot or cold.

Try the whole-wheat flour (Franklin Mills), bake thoroughly, and let me hear from you again. You must have the best of flour to make the best of bread. The best bread is baked three to five hours.

## MENU

ARRANGED BY DR. M. A. MATHEWS, HYGIENIST

### SUNDAY—BREAKFAST.

Peaches. Juice. Eggs. Rolls.  
Pettijohn's Breakfast Food.

### SUNDAY—DINNER.

Corn and okra soup. Mashed potatoes.  
Stewed lamb. Celery. Stewed tomatoes.

### SUNDAY—SUPPER.

Plums. Rolls. Mush.

### MONDAY—BREAKFAST.

Stewed apples. Rolls. Raw apricots.  
Cream biscuit. Mush.

### MONDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes. Sweet potatoes.  
String beans. Lettuce, with dressing.  
Dessert—Cantaloupe.

### MONDAY—SUPPER.

Fruit. Bread. Mush.

### TUESDAY—BREAKFAST.

Raw apricots. Stewed plums. Rolled oats.

### TUESDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes. Corn. Corn bread.  
Salmon. Cherries. Rolls.  
Dessert—Baked pears, with cream.

### TUESDAY—SUPPER.

Apple sauce. Fruit juice.  
Scone. Rolls.

### WEDNESDAY—BREAKFAST.

Corn mush. Rolls. Peaches.  
Stewed plums. Eggs on toast.

### WEDNESDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes. Lima beans.  
Cooked tomatoes. Squash.  
Dessert—Watermelon.

### WEDNESDAY—SUPPER.

Fruit. Bread. Mush.

### THURSDAY—BREAKFAST.

Cantaloupe. Stewed apples. Creamed potatoes.  
Rolls. Pettijohn's Breakfast Food.

### THURSDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes. Egg plant. Corn.  
Dessert—Cornmeal pudding.

### THURSDAY—SUPPER.

Mush. Raw fruit. Rolls.

### FRIDAY—BREAKFAST.

Apricots. Stewed plums. Rolls.  
Rolled oats. Corn cakes.

### FRIDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes. Corn. Corn bread.  
Greengage plums. Rolls.  
Dessert—Peach and manloc, with cream.

### FRIDAY—SUPPER.

Apple sauce. Scone. Rolls.  
Currant and raspberry juice.

### SATURDAY—BREAKFAST.

Raw apricots. Stewed apples.  
Rolls. Cream biscuit.

### SATURDAY—DINNER.

Mashed potatoes. Roast duck. Stewed onions.  
Dressing and gravy. Spinach.  
Cucumber, with lemon.

### SATURDAY—SUPPER.

Fruit. Bread. Mush.

# THE PASSING DAY

EDITORIAL COMMENT BY B. O. FLOWER

## I.—TO ABOLISH THE SWEAT-SHOP

There are reformers who mistakenly fight all movements which seek to better the condition of the toiler, but which are not of such sweeping and fundamental character as to meet with their approval. Now, while they can find much warrant for opposing conventional charity, which, in the nature of the case, is pauperizing in its influence, or at least so operates in many cases, there are other movements which in a real way help the helpless ones out of the social cellar of life in which for years they have been compelled to exist, and these movements, if not so sweeping and fundamental, should be welcomed by all friends of progress. Such a movement has recently been inaugurated by the great wholesale clothier, Max Ernst, of New York City. He has taken a large factory building at South Orange, New Jersey, and is having it remodeled, so that it will be a commodious workshop for the army of clothes-makers which he proposes to employ, under clean and healthful surroundings, to manufacture his goods. He is establishing an industrial settlement around his new factory, where over one hundred new houses are in course of erection, which alone represent an investment of two hundred thousand dollars.

These homes will be sold outright to

employees, who will pay six and a half dollars per month during the purchase,—a sum, by the way, which is less than the amount of rent paid in most of our great cities for squalid and disease-breeding quarters. Liberal monthly prizes will be awarded workers in every department of the factory for excellence of work. Other prizes will be awarded wives and householders for making the interior and exterior of the home neat and attractive. Other important features of this industrial community, which Mr. Ernst proposes to provide, are cooking schools for the girls, night schools for the grown persons, and a school for the teaching of agriculture and gardening for boys and young men.

Mr. Ernst states that he expects to make South Orange as much a center for the manufacture of clothes as Paterson, New Jersey, is a center for the silk industry. In a recent interview he observed, in speaking of the "sweat-shop," which has so long been a blister on our metropolitan life: "No matter what I might or might not do, the day of the sweat-shop is over. Sooner or later all the manufacturers of clothing will be obliged to adopt the factory system. I hope to reduce the cost and to reduce the hours of labor, and necessarily the cost to the consumer."

## II.—GOOD TELEPHONE SERVICE AT HALF MONOPOLY RATES

The dispatches to the daily press from Wabash, Indiana, on August 8th, were of special interest to every user of the telephone, and of general value to all citizens as affording a striking object lesson on the much discussed question of the ultimate result to the public of permitting

"trusts" and "monopolies" to operate public and quasi-public utilities.

In Wabash, Indiana, early in August, the Home Telephone Company declared its semi-annual dividend of three per cent. This plant was placed in operation four years ago at a cost of twenty thousand dol-

lars. It is to-day in a first-class condition, and has but four thousand dollars of indebtedness, which will be entirely wiped out within a year. The paid-up capital of the company is ten thousand two hundred dollars, and cannot be bought at par. The exchange is rapidly growing, having at present three hundred and twenty-five paying subscribers. Its rates are but one-half those of the Bell Telephone Company, and yet it has demonstrated that at those reduced figures it can earn a magnificent profit. These facts are very suggestive. Let the reader compute the approximate amount paid annually to the Bell Telephone Company, and then calculate the colossal fortunes above what would be a fair interest on the capital invested, which are being extorted from the citizens of the republic to augment the wealth of the great owners, operators, and those who gamble in this stock. Let him think for a moment of the amount which would accrue to the Government of the United States if the telephone was a part of the postal service, as is the telegraph in England, even though the tariff should be but one-half or two-thirds of what is now charged. Government ownership of the telephone

would mean: (1) Large revenues for the National and State Government; (2) The saving of hundreds of thousands of dollars to the business men and other citizens of our great republic. And the moment the people own and operate the telephone there will be removed one of those menaces to republican government whose lobbies, paid attorneys, in and out of office, and capital are always ready to block the action of the voter, when that interest threatens unjust and extortionate levies on the people. There are many evidences that the eyes of the people are becoming opened to the importance of municipal, state, and government ownership of public utilities, and it is safe to predict that the day approaches when public sentiment, in spite of the influence of a press and a government largely controlled by trusts and monopolies, will overwhelmingly demand that extortionate levies made upon the millions for the benefit of the few shall cease, and that the people shall collectively own and operate all public utilities for the benefit of all the people, precisely as to-day the government owns and operates our magnificent postal system.

### III.—AN OBJECT LESSON IN MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP FROM ACROSS THE OCEAN

Owing to the powerful influence of the corporations, which largely control the public press and the political machines, efforts to secure for the community the benefits of public utilities are constantly thwarted. Great Britain and other old-world centers are far ahead of our republic in this respect. From great cities like Glasgow and Birmingham to small towns and villages we are having impressive illustrations, showing the vast savings resulting from municipal ownership and the operation of public utilities.

A very interesting case of this character is afforded by the town of Widnes, in Lancashire, England. Every year since the municipality assumed ownership of its gas plant the town has realized a handsome surplus, and has been enabled to

reduce the cost of gas to the consumer. The price is now what in our money would be thirty-four cents per thousand cubic feet to ordinary users, and thirty cents to heavy consumers; and at this rate the municipality is realizing a handsome profit, as the total cost, including manufacture, distribution, and all municipal costs pertaining to the administration of the department, and interest on money invested, in short, every expense connected with it, is but twenty-five cents per thousand cubic feet, leaving a net profit of from six to nine cents on every one thousand cubic feet sold.

Is it not amazing that corporations exert such influence on the press and the lawmakers that cities like New York and Boston go on year by year paying a dollar

and sixty cents for gas, which the city under honest municipal management could furnish the citizens at fifty cents and net a profit to the municipality?

How long will our voters permit themselves to be robbed of this wealth, and the republic made the laughing-stock of British municipalities?

## IV.—RAPID TRANSIT BY THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE

Two horseless carriages recently made the trip between Paris and St. Malo, a distance of two hundred and twenty-six miles, in about seven and a half hours, making an average speed of thirty miles an hour. This fine record could only be possible in a country possessing such splendid highways as are found in France.

The immense benefit which we shall derive from this invention will be evident as soon as our people awake to the importance of good roads to the country. There are tens of thousands of our people who could enjoy home life away from the noise and bustle of the city, if we had such roads as are found throughout France, as the price of these horseless carriages is sure soon to come within the reach of people who could never afford the cost of keeping a horse, even if the animal could make the time necessary to enable one to live at a sufficient distance from the city to own a little home. But this is only one of many benefits which the people will reap from this invention as soon as we have good roads. The farmer, many miles removed from the markets, will be able to furnish the cities with the best of fresh produce at a far less price than those products can now be obtained, while he would be able to make a good profit on his work, which is impossible where the freight rates are so high as those prevailing at the present time.

When the government is wise enough to see that all her citizens who wish to earn an honest livelihood shall have the op-

portunity to create wealth, we may expect to see armies of men, who at the present time are condemned to idleness for many months of the year, actively engaged in internal improvements, part of which work will be the building of great highways from the Atlantic to the Pacific, which shall add to the real wealth of the nation and enable our farmers to enjoy the blessings so long enjoyed by the French gardeners and farmers far removed from the centers of life, that of having access to the great markets in a way which enables them to enjoy what they have created.

### THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE FOR HEAVY HAULING.

Not a year ago the statement was frequently made that, however useful the horseless vehicles might be for light loads on good roads, they would be of little service for hauling heavy burdens, especially up steep grades. A recent exhibition in Liverpool, England, however, has completely disproved this claim. There horseless trucks of English manufacture easily carried three-ton loads up steep grades, over cobble-stone streets, stopping and starting frequently on the steepest parts of the grades. It was the universal opinion among those who witnessed this feat with the truck that the utility of the automobile for heavy hauling, even up steep grades and over cobble-stones, was assured.



## EDITORIAL NOTES

We desire to call the special attention of our readers to the exceptionally fine contribution by Dr. Samuel Richard Fuller on "The Natural Law of Permanent Peace," and that of Rev. George C. Lorimer on "The Scholar in Social Service." They are serious discussions which merit the careful perusal of every thinking American.

Mr. Malloy's admirable papers on "The Poetry of Emerson" will be renewed in our November issue. These contributions by the president of the Boston Emerson Club have already awakened general interest, and have done much toward stimulating the study of the Concord philosopher.

We invite the attention of all our friends to the Prospectus for 1900, which appears in this issue accompanied by a premium list.

Every member of the great family of The Coming Age should be able to secure one or more of the magnificent premiums offered. Clubs, societies, and organizations, desiring to possess musical instruments, graphaphones, or stereopticons, may easily procure them by having one of their number employed to secure subscriptions from their own members and other public-spirited citizens of their community to the number required. In the same way town and circulating libraries can be furnished with the best books.

Our arrangements for 1900 are such that we feel fully warranted in promising our friends that The Coming Age for next year will be a stronger publication and in every way more brilliant and attractive than in the past. And we wish all friends of progress interested in the success of America's great progressive review of constructive thought and moral development to aid in extending its circulation by securing at least one new subscriber. Our success during the past ten months has been phenomenal in the history of magazine literature, and is far greater than we had dared to hope, when we founded this review. This success has been very largely due to the real support and generous aid accorded us by our friends, who have from the start rallied enthusiastically around The Coming Age, and made its success a matter of personal interest. And with the continued aid of our host of loyal friends we are determined to make this

magazine one of the greatest factors for the broadest culture and spiritual as well as intellectual unfoldment in the new world.

## A STRONG FEATURE FOR THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

One of the strongest features of our November number will be an extended paper of exceptional interest by the eminent scientist and physician, Dr. R. Osgood Mason, entitled "The New Therapeutics." In a brilliant introductory discussion Dr. Mason surveys the past in regard to the conflict which has been waged between science and religion, showing how largely misapprehensions have been occasioned on account of the entirely different view-points from which the phenomena of life and nature have been observed. He then passes on to the investigation of man in regard to his physical and psychic natures, and shows how the ignoring of the demand of one of these natures has marked the treatment of disease in the past. He believes that in the future a recognition and an increasing knowledge of the laws governing these two natures in man will lead not only to a complete revolution in the treatment of disease, but also to wonderful advances in curing those who are sick. It is a paper in which tens of thousands of thoughtful people will be interested, and which we believe will prove quite as popular as Professor Dolbear's brilliant and exhaustive discussion of "The Universe in which We Live," which appeared in the August number of this magazine.

## A SUGGESTION.

There are a great number of earnest, wide-awake young men and women throughout the country who are in need of just such a magazine as The Coming Age, but whose finances are such as to render it impossible for them to subscribe. If every friend of progress among our subscribers, who is able to afford an extra copy of the magazine, would send The Coming Age for a year to one such person among his acquaintances, he would not only be giving his friend a whole year of profitable pleasure, but would also be doing an immense amount of good which the future would reveal. Friends, think of this when sending in your subscriptions for the ensuing year.





Sincerely yours,

J. E. Brown

# THE COMING AGE

VOL. II

NOVEMBER, 1899

No. 5



## CONVERSATIONS

I.—THE ART OUTLOOK FOR AMERICA,

BY F. EDWIN ELWELL.

II.—X-RAY VISION, OR SUPERNORMAL SIGHT,

BY FRANK W. BRETT, M. D.

### I.—THE ART OUTLOOK FOR AMERICA

BY F. EDWIN ELWELL

Q. As a sculptor whose studies and work have acquainted you with the art work and art spirit of Europe and America, what do you think of the condition and outlook for sculpture at the present time? Are we approaching an age in which the appreciation of great art is liable to increase?

A. I should say there is only one way in which answer can be made to that question. If the materialism of the present continues for any length of time, it will be difficult to see how our sculpture can increase in strength and beauty.

There has, however, of late years been an awakening to the necessity of pursuing thought along the intellectual and spiritual lines which must have character-

ized the thought of the golden period of the profession, when men had time to think and dream. The poverty of thought and ideas at the present day is the direct result of a purely mechanical or scientific age, and is therefore a phase of race life that is in some way necessary to the maximus homo.

It may be doubted if the intense desire to be transported from place to place quickly and to secure the amenities of life for a trifling outlay of money has added to the dignity of thought. It would seem that dignity, poise, calm thought, and spirituality would be well-nigh impossible under the present nervous strain in everyday life. Great sculpture is the result of great thought and ample time for render-



ing in material substance. That we are as capable of great thought to-day as at any other period of the race life is no doubt a safe statement. When one contemplates that another thousand years will in all probability see very little that remains to tell of our present existence, it would seem wise at least to attempt to leave behind us some great works in sculpture that will indicate to what height the human mind has reached under these trying conditions of modern life.

With our present mechanical skill it is possible to render these works more easily than in former times, and of such lasting qualities that we may feel reasonably sure they will be in a state of preservation after several thousand years.

If the tendency among sculptors of mediocre ability in the profession is continued to any length, and the present attempt at art control settles down as an established political element in the artist life, then it is reasonable to assume that we shall not have many really good works in sculpture until this false premise has been replaced by the ideal that art rests fundamentally upon individual artistic merit and strength of character.

Q. As a rule do you think the artists have a higher conception of spiritual beauty than has been entertained in earlier ages? The Greeks and Italians have, it seems to me, caught in a marvelous way the highest ideal of the natural beautiful, or the highest conception of sensuous beauty; but they have, I think, seldom displayed a realizing sense of spiritual loveliness. Now, do you think the sculptors and painters of to-day are nearer to a realizing sense or true feeling of what spiritual beauty is than those of other days?

A. Taking the artists of the present day as a whole, their conception of spiritual beauty would be regarded by almost any one of average intelligence as somewhat below that of the time of the Greeks and the early Italian period. This is natural, as has been said above, because we have abandoned thought on the spiritual and intellectual plane for that which is purely mechanical.

This plane of life does not require thought of such high degree as is neces-

sary to develop a work of art, and consequently the more a nation or people become involved in that which rests entirely on the earth, the more easily the higher degrees of thought will recede from general use.

Some of the sculptors and painters of to-day are not far from a realizing sense of a true feeling for the spiritual in works of art. They are, however, somewhat hindered, not so much by reason of any lack of appreciation of true art on the part of the public mind, but because of the wide-spread poverty of ideal in the profession itself. In ancient times there was a harmony of effort in artistic minds, a reaching out for the higher side of art, that was general in character, and therefore forceful. As thought gathers in force it multiplies in action, and so we have with us to-day the mighty remains of a period rich in accumulative thought.

At this time, especially in America, there is little or no concerted thought or action in matters of art on the higher spiritual or intellectual plane. No amount of organization on a basis of mediocrity will ever develop a single worthy work of art.

This is a personal age, when a personal paragraph in a daily newspaper or a printed likeness gives more pleasure than a grand thought held in the mind. The making of portraits on canvas, in marble or bronze, has become quite a business. Cheap personal effigies of unimportant men line our thoroughfares, and the walls of public buildings are not free from the countenances of those who have done little but filch from time to time from the public purse. The men who do this work can hardly have time for ideal or intellectual thought in their profession. They belong with this mechanical age, and would come under the head of artisans rather than artists.

There are times when the public rises out of its lethargy and feels there is need of encouraging real art in the real artist. When this occurs an artist is brought to light, an Abbott Thayer or a Danyon Bouverett, a St. Gaudens, a Falguiere, Rodin, or Harry Bates.

Would it be reasonable to allow ourselves to think that the splendid artistic qualities which have existed, as is evi-

denced in the work of the Greeks, should have vanished entirely from the race mind? Are they not lying dormant in the mind of man, and, when this mechanical or scientific age has fulfilled its purpose, may we not hope that art, which depends for its very life on spiritual and intellectual thought, may be revived again with added splendor of accumulative ability?

Q. In other fields of life's work I think the broadening and spiritualizing influence of high ideals is very marked. For example, among philosophers, men like Ruskin, the altruistic spirit is overshadowing the egotistic. Our appreciation of the solidarity of the race, the mutual obligations, duties, and responsibilities which the individual owes to others, is coming to mean more than ever before in life and literature. It seems to me that art also should reflect the nobler and truer conception of life in a very sensible way.

A. What is said above of the broadening and spiritualizing influence no doubt exists in measurable importance.

The fact that Christianity has almost ceased torturing the flesh in order to save the soul from eternal damnation is certainly a great advance of which this world may feel justly proud. It is a remarkable fact that the Greeks and early Christian artists, with one accord, avoided presenting these horrible dogmas that were no doubt misinterpretations of the work of the early church fathers.

It was natural that as the race life progressed it should grow out into a more complete understanding of the value of individuality, and be impressed with the solemnity of the importance of individual thought and action. As there is nothing in the normal mind to indicate that there is any other spiritual state than pure love, these materialistic notions could not long remain as part of the daily thought of the rational mind.

There is at the present day a splendid foundation for the development of art such as has never existed before,—art that shall have as its fundamental basis an acknowledgment of the power of spirit and the necessity for individuality.

The range of possible artistic vision, devoid of material restraint, is beyond that

possible in the two periods of art above mentioned. As the artist's mind becomes unfettered, and he begins to think for himself, there will be borne in on the soul a longing to receive from that force which is life itself, which is genius itself. Ideas such as are only possible to an unfettered mind will find their way unbidden into the mind of the artist, and he will realize that the golden age of art was but the necessary foundation for present artistic thought.

The philosophers of to-day, whether of artistic tendencies or otherwise, must accept those fundamental truths that have inspired the best thought in the minds of the great men of all time. It is remarkable how each age produces only a variation of fundamental truths which are brought out into a broad, open field and down to the few fundamental principles on which the rational mind can rest with some degree of certainty. George Inness, our great artist, depended more on the influx of spirit than on materialistic thought. He was clear in his conceptions, a sound thinker and a good philosopher.

Q. What do you think of the outlook for great art in America? From the trend of life and art do you think we are justified in believing that America will give us a greater art than Greece did in the Periclean age?

A. Your last two questions are so nearly akin to each other that it may be well to consider them as one.

I said on one occasion, at the house of a friend in New York City: "The natural, innate refinement and spiritual insight of the American, coupled with the technique gathered in foreign schools of art, is likely to produce an art such as has never existed before."

This prophecy was made some years ago, and I still believe in it, despite the fact that since that time materialistic art control has crept into the minds of some artists, and organizations have been formed for colonizing artists as against the ideal of individual liberty of thought and action. These organizations may be termed "the artistico-political" of degenerate art.

These mundane efforts I believe to be only a form of materialism natural to a

mechanical age. It is noticeable that the artists who allow themselves to be led away from a reasonable attitude toward their profession in this matter slowly lose strength and beauty from their work. That spiritual quality which really puts soul into a work of art is entirely absent after these materialistic opinions have been held for a few years. The chief danger is not to the public in this false attitude, but to the artist himself.

The public as a mass are intelligent, and soon pass on, leaving the materialistic artist standing on the little island of self-conceit he has himself chosen. Public mind, however, is doing much to correct these errors. There is a largeness in the atmosphere of public thought that cannot be denied by the most skeptical. The first step has been taken toward universal peace, and it was suggested by the most despotic of nations. Whether for political purposes or not, this high ideal has reached the minds of the world.

The Christ man was born a Jew as the flowering of a plant of long growth. That nation represented the higher religious state of man at that time, and therefore it was necessary that the Divine thought and truth should proceed from the highest outward forms of materialistic religion. Russia represents to-day much the same materialism as was exhibited by the Jews as a nation. It was necessary for the world that this idea of peace, a spiritual ideal, should come from the most materialistically religious nation on the globe,—that spiritual law should be satisfied and justice become the rule of nations.

When war ceaseth art will take its place, and its revival in the souls of men will result in works such as have never existed before, because they will have in them the accumulated thought action of developed humanity.

Reform agitation can accomplish little. Honest individual effort, coupled with a reaching out for spiritual knowledge, will produce an art such as the world has not yet seen.

Responsibility for good art in the past, present, or future has always rested and will continue to rest upon the sincere

efforts of the individual artist. Deprive him of his freedom of thought and expression, and art ceases to exist until the spirit is again born in the soul of the man.

There is little doubt that here in America we shall progress in matters of art, despite the present materialistic tendencies in certain quarters. The genius of our nation is individual freedom, and any attempt to control it upon the intellectual or spiritual plane will be met by rational public opinion and finally discarded.

The public can only be raised by the artist himself to a point where they will desire nothing but good art, and the inferior productions will then remain unpurchased. As long as the artist shifts the responsibility for bad sculpture upon the public, and continues to make cheap, commonplace statues, we shall have them in our public places despite all the art control possible.

Art-control commissions, where artists form part of the commission, will always be made up of men in the profession who are short-sighted in their attitude toward art, for the reason that no great artist would consider it just to judge another artist from fixed standards on which all of the commission could agree.

The outlook, therefore, for American art depends entirely upon the attitude the artist takes toward his profession. If he feels that art is no higher than ward politics, then his art will be no higher.

For art is what the man is, and the man is what his art represents. If the American artist fails to create that which is noble and elevating in his profession, it will be because he has lost sight of the fundamental truth that art rests for its inspirational quality on that larger life which is entirely without the materialistic world.

While one is working toward the lifting up of the general level of thought in matters of art for the sake of general conditions in the mass of humanity, the fact must not be lost sight of that it is this general uplift on which the genius thrives when he appears.

## II.—X-RAY VISION, OR SUPERNORMAL SIGHT

PROFESSOR FRANK W. BRETT  
AND HIS SON.

AN EDITORIAL SKETCH.

Dr. Frank W. Brett, who for six years has been a member of the faculty of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Boston, was born in Hingham, Massachusetts. After graduating from the high school of his native town and the normal school at Bridgewater, he entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons. In 1893 he became a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and since his graduation from the College of Physicians and Surgeons he has acceptably held the important chair of professor of bacteriology and physical diagnosis. He belongs to a growing group of the younger members of the medical profession who are governed by a progressive impulse and possessed by the modern scientific spirit. These men are facing the morning, and to a great degree have broken away from the ancient spirit of conservatism and intolerance which has unhappily so long fettered the medical profession. The wonderful strides made in psychology, chemistry, and in the inventions which, like the X-ray, are of special value in the science of surgery and the art of medicine, have done much to call for a readjustment of theories in regard to disease, even among those who still strictly adhere to drug medication, and from the present outlook it will not be surprising if the changes already rapidly taking place work even a greater revolution in the medical art than has been wrought during the past century.

### THE CHILD WITH SUPERNORMAL VISION.

Professor Brett's son, who is the subject of the following conversation, is a healthy, normal-appearing boy of twelve years of age. On each occasion on which I visited the doctor I found the boy out playing with other children, and as soon as the examination of which I am about to write was over, he went out into the yard, jumped on his bicycle, and was soon lost to sight in quest of his playmates. I

mention this fact because many people imagine that there must be something strange or uncanny about those who possess psychic or supernormal vision.

The boy is a fine-looking child possessing regular and refined features. His perception is remarkably acute, and I should say that mentally he is above the average boy of his age. Dr. Brett related one interesting incident touching his schooling. "In most of his studies Leo," he said, "had no trouble whatever, but geography and history were exceedingly difficult to him. I tried the effect of suggestion with surprising results. He has had no trouble in mastering these studies since the treatment."

His vision seems to be different from the ordinary psychic sight, as he not only uses the visual organs of the physical body, but is apparently quite as dependent upon them for his supernormal sight as he is for seeing things in the ordinary way, whereas those possessing the psychic vision usually see with closed eyes. His father believes the sight to be in most respects analogous to the X-ray, with the important difference that the boy is able to recognize and indicate colors and shades of color, which, of course, the X-ray fails to disclose.

As his case has already attracted much attention, and is one which must deeply interest students of psychology and psychic research, I shall preface the discussion of the subject given by Professor Brett with a brief account of an examination made by the son, Leo, in my presence a few weeks ago. The descriptive notes given were made at the time of the examination.

### A CASE OF SUPERNORMAL VISION, OR SEEING THROUGH THE HUMAN BODY.

The examination took place at the residence of Frank W. Brett, M. D., at three o'clock in the afternoon. The patient was a young man from Fall River, who was accompanied by his father, a gentleman of intelligence, who seemed to be thoroughly familiar with the uses of the X-ray, having taken a great number of



successful pictures of his son's arm, which was the subject for examination by the boy.

Dr. Brett called his son, Leo, in from the street. The boy came in with face flushed and eyes dancing from the excitement of his play. He sat down and was almost instantly hypnotized by his father, who, as soon as he was unable to open his eyes, said to him, "Now, Leo, you will be able to see the young man's arm perfectly plainly when you open your eyes. Open your eyes." The command was promptly obeyed, and the boy was then requested to look at both arms and to describe what he saw. This he did, and in a few moments stated that he could see the left perfectly clearly, but the right arm he could not see plainly.

I will state here that the patient had his coat on, so it was impossible to see the nature of the trouble with the arm, although it was perfectly apparent from the way he held his right arm that it was wounded. The father then said, "We had better remove the cast." This was done, after which the boy was requested to look again. He said immediately,

"Why, part of the bone of the upper part of the arm is gone."

"Well, do you see any bone formation going on?"

"On the inside," he replied, "the bone is growing, because I see a place between the old bones where it looks like gristle, and I think the bone is forming there; but on the outer side there is a place where there is no bone."

He was then requested by the father to show just the location, which he did by touch. His father also requested him to draw a diagram of the bone, which he did, showing exactly where he contended there was no bone on the outer side and the part of the arm where the new-formed bone appeared more like gristle than bone. The father of the patient then stated that this description corresponded with the opinion given by the eminent surgeon, McBurney, who examined the arm when the patient had been under treatment at the Roosevelt Hospital in New York; and it was also substantially the opinion held by the physicians in Fall River.

Leo was then requested to see if he could not perceive anything else. He looked very intently. I noticed his eyes wandered apparently over every part of the arm from the shoulder down. He seemed to be concentrating his gaze almost as a microscopist would in examining something quite fine. He was seated about three and one-half feet from the subject. Finally he said, "I see holes, but I do not see anything." The doctor said, "Look again." He replied, "I don't see anything there. I see some holes."

The doctor then asked the father if he had any objection to his telling Leo how the accident occurred. Permission being given, the doctor explained to his son that the young man's arm had been shot almost off; and the father added that there were probably originally about five hundred shots shot into the arm, that it occurred a year ago last January, that several operations had been performed, and a great majority of the shot had been removed, but that the X-ray still showed some to remain. The doctor then said again, "Look and see if you cannot see any of the shot." Again the boy looked very intently over the arm, and replied, "No, sir; there are none that I can see. I see holes, but no shot."

I suggested the fact that as the accident occurred so long ago there would not be any holes in the tissues, and that it might be possible that what appeared to be holes to the child were in reality the shot. The doctor then asked him to point with his hand to where the holes appeared. This he did, and the father said, "That is exactly the place where the shots are." He then asked him if he saw any other holes, and he said, "Yes; up there," pointing to another place. "How many?" "Three."

The father said that this was correct. The X-ray revealed three shots in that location, but to the boy they appeared merely as holes. The doctor then asked him how many holes there appeared near the bone where he had indicated. He replied, "Quite a number. They are very close. I do not know how many." The doctor then pressed him. "Should you say there are ten, fifteen, twenty, sixty, or a hundred?" "I should say there were at least fifteen," replied the boy, "and

there seem to be some a little way off from the bone, only a few." The father replied that the X-ray showed about twenty shots in the locality to which the boy referred.

The candor and positiveness of the boy were very striking. Most children and, indeed, grown people would have wavered after he had been informed that the shots were there, that the X-ray showed them, and especially after the doctor had insisted that he continue to look and see if he could not see them. But the boy held from first to last that he saw no shot whatever; although before anything had been said about shot, or the nature of the wound, for that matter, he had mentioned the fact that he saw holes. The positiveness of the child in regard to this would impress any on-looker, I think, with the fact that he saw perfectly distinctly the holes; but as they did not create any impression of being anything but holes he refused to be influenced by either the statement of facts given or any suggestions that would doubtless have influenced a more impressionable mind. This to me was doubly interesting, from the fact that we usually suppose that a person under hypnotic influence is highly susceptible to impressions. He appeared perfectly normal while seeing, and was very positive and circumstantial in all his statements.

When the examination was over the doctor released him with a word and the suggestion that he rest for a minute. When he came into a perfectly normal state he was able to talk about and describe what he had seen just as intelligently as he did while hypnotized, but, of course, he was no longer able to see in any other than a normal way. The whole impression gained from this observation was that in some strange way, when hypnotized, the vision of the subject is extended, or the eye rendered sufficiently sensitive to the vibrations to be able to penetrate where it is impossible for the normal vision to explore. The fact that the shot appeared as holes, giving a light effect as looking through the holes of a colander, shows that this is unlike the X-ray in some particulars, as lead is very dense and readily visible under the X-ray, while to this boy the appearance was that

of a hole. As before stated, the child seemed perfectly normal the instant he was released by his father, and after answering such questions as were put to him he went out, mounted his bicycle, and went off with the lightness and gayety so characteristic of youth.

## X-RAY VISION, OR SUPERNORMAL SIGHT.

CONVERSATION WITH FRANK W. BRETT,  
M. D., PROFESSOR OF BACTERIOLOGY  
AND PHYSICAL DIAGNOSIS IN THE  
BOSTON COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

Q. Doctor, the supernormal vision possessed by your son, Leo, points to a power not generally recognized as potentially resident in the human mind, and the facts connected with his experiences cannot fail to prove of great interest to psychologists and those interested in psychical research, as well as to progressive physicians. I therefore wish you to give the readers of *The Coming Age* some facts about your son's supernormal vision, or, as you term it, X-ray sight. When did you first discover that the boy possessed this power of seeing?

A. A year ago last fall. It came about in this way: Leo was indisposed. He had had scarlet fever when young, and it had left his stomach very weak. His food was not being properly assimilated, and his general health suffered in consequence. As other treatment did not result as favorably as I could wish, it occurred to me that he might be benefited by hypnotic suggestion. The result was surprising and most gratifying, as he began to improve immediately and was soon perfectly well. He has since remained in excellent health. One day when I had hypnotized him he said, "Papa, I can see the bones in your body." This led to examination and experimentation, and I found to my great surprise that when under the hypnotic suggestion he was able to look right into and through the human body, apparently seeing the internal organism as readily as you or I would see objects through the window. I have recently discovered a fact about this seeing power. He is only

able to see when I hypnotize him. Now, he readily comes under hypnotic suggestion from his mother, but he can see nothing; and he says the sensation is entirely different when I hypnotize him from what he experiences after his mother has brought him under its influence. When under my control he feels a thrill all the time, which, as he describes it, must be similar to a strong electric current. I think his inability to see when his mother hypnotizes him may be due to the fact that from the first I have invariably left him with the suggestion, "Now, nobody else can do this." I threw this thought out as a protection, lest he might be injured by coming under some one else. Aside from his mother no one else is able to hypnotize him. Even Dr. Barnes, the expert hypnotist, had no control over him whatever. He tried to bring him under his suggestive influence, but entirely failed. Leo laughed at him. He said, "Why, Dr. Barnes, you cannot do anything with me. I can feel your presence and I can feel what you are trying to do, but you cannot do anything with me."

Q. From the fact that the supernormal vision is only present when you hypnotize him, might it not be possible that there is a telepathic connection between you, and he unconsciously catches your thought?

A. No, clearly not, as is seen from the fact that time and again his diagnosis of cases has been entirely unlike my previous ideas, although subsequent revelations have proved him correct. He also has seen things and diagnosed many cases about which I was entirely ignorant.

Q. Does he remember when released what he sees?

A. Oh, yes; perfectly, and converses about what he has seen. Nor does he forget; indeed, he frequently asks me about things he has seen in this way three or four weeks after the experiment.

Q. Will you now give us some illustrative cases where Leo has diagnosed conditions or seeming conditions of the human body with his supernormal or psychic vision?

A. There are so many interesting cases I hardly know what ones to give.

(1) Recently a little girl between two and three years old was supposed to have swallowed a cent. The parents, believing this, sent for the local physicians, who treated her for four days. They then called in other doctors. Finally Leo was sent for, and he told them there was no cent in the child, but that there was a mass just below the outlet of the stomach. They asked if the cent was not in that mass. He said, "No." "Was it lower down?" "No."

I told them the child would die, and I did not believe it was worth while wasting money exploring to find out about the cent; and the child did die the next day. I was called in to the post-mortem examination, and being the youngest physician present I had to perform the operation. Dr. C. and Dr. A. stood looking on, and the most careful and exhaustive examination was made, but there was no sign of any cent. There was, however, the fleshy mass below the pyloric opening of the stomach, just exactly as Leo had described it.

Q. I notice, doctor, you have just given the names of different physicians. Would it not be better to use simple initials, with the understanding that the names represented would be furnished by you to students or those who wish to verify these facts and further investigate?

A. Probably that would be best.

(2) A gentleman came here, sent by Dr. H., of Stonington. He wished to ascertain whether he could be operated upon. I had never seen him before. The man told us that there was a possible abdominal operation, but nothing more about it. Leo told him there were three tumors, one on the right, one in the center, and one on the left, and that they were connected by fibers extending into the other tissues. The one on the right inclosed the small intestine. The man said that that was according to Dr. H.'s diagnosis as far as the tumors were concerned, but nothing had been said about the fibers. The man could feel the tumors himself. He was fully clothed at the time of the examination. I asked Leo if they could be cut out, and he said: "No; if you cut them out you would cut a number of large blood-vessels; and if you cut out the

tumors you could not cut out the fibers, for they go through the flesh like the roots of a tree."

(3) Miss R. was matron of the Union General Hospital. She came into the office of the hospital while Leo was there one day. "Can you see through me?" she asked. He said, "Yes." "Well, I wish you would see what is the matter with me."

She was at the time hoarse and apparently had a bronchial cold, nothing more. He said, "I see a sore spot where your lungs join together on the left side." He did not tell her any more, but he told Dr. B. and myself that there was a hole there which looked as if a mouse had gnawed it, and it was white and brittle around the edges. We afterward learned that she had had two hemorrhages. That was in February. On June 14th I saw Dr. B., and asked him how Miss R. was. He informed me that she died on Decoration Day of acute tuberculosis.

(4) A gentleman in Boston was examined by Leo. He told him that he had broken both bones of his forearm, and when they were broken they were splintered. The man said that when about fourteen years of age he was thrown from a horse and fractured both bones of his arm exactly as described.

(5) One day Leo was at the office of my friend, Professor B. The wife of the professor came in while we were there, and wished Leo to see if anything had ever been the matter with any of her bones. After looking a few moments he said that she had broken the larger bone of her ankle, and when it was set the operation was not properly performed. One bone had slipped and made a little bunch there. She untied her shoe, and there, indeed, was the bunch. She knew, of course, of the broken ankle, but had never before noticed the bunch.

(6) One of my patients, a lady of fifty-two years of age, had the femur broken in the surgical neck, close up to the head of the bone, not farther down where such breaks usually occur. Leo described exactly where the break was, and after it was healed he described the process of healing, something he could not know as a boy; but he gave the exact physiological

description of it, just as such healing would take place.

(7) One day a lady was brought to me by her husband for treatment. Her heart troubled her, and her husband was anxious for Leo to look at the heart and tell us what he saw. This he did, stating that one valve of the heart did not shut well. It was stiff, and sometimes it did not shut at all. He said it acted as though it were tired and stiff. He said the other side of the heart was all right. I asked him how many valves he was looking at. "Three, of course." I knew previously by physical examination that there was tricuspid regurgitation. I treated her and told her what was the matter, and she has had no trouble for seven months,—not so much from my treatment as from the fact that she has learned how to live.

(8) One interesting case was that of a man who had acute inflammation of the bowels. He had it periodically, almost every year. I have attended him for three years, and I wondered if there was not appendicitis. There were tenderness and other things which would seem to indicate it. I took Leo over there, and he said that the appendix appeared to be in a healthy condition, but that the trouble was close up under the stomach. The intestines, he asserted, seemed to be coated with a brown substance. I knew that to be true, for I had succeeded in removing quite a mass by massage, which looked somewhat like cocoa shells.

(9) Another case was that of a lady whose trouble had been diagnosed as cancer of the liver. I did not think that was the trouble myself, although I did not think she would ever be well again. I asked permission to bring Leo up, which was granted. He sat by the bedside, looked at the woman a few moments, and said that her liver was white, with brown streaks through it, and all rough, and that the white part looked like tallow. The fact that the lady has lived a year since proves that it was not cancer, but fatty degeneration.

Q. Do you notice whether he can see at one time as well as at another?

A. No; he cannot see on stormy days. He says there is not enough light in the air to light up the subject when it is rain-



ing. You know you have to put a Holtz machine in a dry box and keep it there with some dehydrating substance, or you cannot produce the spark during rainy weather. Again, he cannot see in a large crowd, or where there is anything which would tend to make it difficult to hold the attention. I tried before the District Medical Society at the United States Hotel, but I could not concentrate enough for him to see clearly; but the next day but one he went over to Dr. B.'s hospital and diagnosed the very thing they wanted.

Q. Have you ever noticed whether he could see an object behind something else?

A. Wood is not pervious; thick paper is not pervious. Metals as a rule are not. Glass is not. Gold is to a certain extent. He told Dr. A. that there was writing on the inside of his watch-case. He said it was the old-fashioned kind of writing, and he could not read it. It was a solid gold case and was engraved inside in the old script lettering, not the modern vertical hand. An envelope, however, is not pervious.

Q. Does this seeing seem to exhaust him?

A. Yes; it exhausts him as it would if you kept him sawing wood for half an hour. I should say an hour of this seeing would be too much of a strain for him. Half an hour is quite enough at a time, for it is intense concentration. I have been using Leo on cases for over a year, although we have known of this power for almost two years. He is usually able to see without any great difficulty, but I only allow him one case a week. I do not think he sees any better now than he did at first. I make it a rule never to press him if he cannot see plainly, although sometimes when it has been necessary I have told him to watch and perhaps it would come plainer, and in most instances it has.

Q. Has he ever had any experiences except when in the hypnotic condition?

A. No; this is not the same as a trance would be. There was a time when he was an infant that he used to have a great deal of trouble waking up at night with horrors. He seemed to see something which he called "oolin." After he grew older we found out that that was the way he pronounced woman. His grandfather

was convinced that it was an apparition which caused this terrible experience in the night, and he also felt that it was on account of a skeleton of a woman which I had and at that time kept in a little closet off the room where the boy slept. I did not think this had anything to do with the matter, but to satisfy all hands I removed the skeleton, taking it down and placing it under the back steps. There was no more trouble. But I was so convinced that it was all nonsense about the skeleton having anything to do with the child's horrors that, unknown to any one, I replaced it in the closet. The next night the old trouble returned. The child seemed to see something, as he would sit up in bed and point, though not in the direction in which the skeleton was at all. Whether it had anything to do with the apparition or not, of course, I am unable to see.

Q. What do some of the physicians say in regard to this interesting phenomenon?

A. They cannot say anything. It is impossible for them to help believing, but they do not pretend to give any explanation. Dr. H., of the State Board, saw what Leo can do, asked a few questions, and then said: "I see you do these things, but I do not know how it is done. If you had done the same things fifty years ago you would have been expelled from the Medical Society, and if you had lived north of Boston a few centuries ago it would have given you a hemp necktie." It is a very peculiar thing, and I do not wonder that people do not understand it. I do not myself.

Of course, there are many people like the old farmer who lived near my boyhood home. He insisted on doing all his cooking in an old-fashioned Yankee baker because his father had baked everything that way. There are people who do not care to be progressive at all. It seems foreign to their intellectual make-up. So far as I am concerned, if there is anything new and good within my reach I wish to have the benefit of it.

I did not dare to say anything about Leo for some time. I would meet one of my friends who had something the matter with him, and would ask him to come

around to the office some evening and then would let him see what Leo could do; but I kept the whole matter under the seal of secrecy for some months, partly because I feared Leo might be abused by other people. I remember one of my first experiences in that way. There was a young man in this place to whom I mentioned Leo's peculiar power. He supplemented a very strong expression by incredulously demanding whether I expected him to believe any such nonsense.

"You will have to," I replied. "Did you ever break any bones?"

"Yes."

"Very well; the first time you have a little leisure come up to the office."

He came up, and I called Leo in and said, "This man has a broken bone." Leo looked at him a few moments, and then asked him to turn his left hand over, saying that that was where the bone was broken. It was the radius, and he could not see so as to describe it until the hand was turned over. After the examination the man frankly said, "I believe."

Q. I do not suppose Leo could hypnotize any one himself, could he?

A. Oh, yes; Leo can hypnotize me easily. The control is mutual. It is only a question of consent; that is all. I believe that no normal person can be hypnotized at all without his consent,—certainly not if he is sufficiently acquainted with suggestions and the possible psychological effects of mind over mind to be on his guard. The individuality of the person must always be sacredly regarded. Now, with Leo, when he says, "No, I wish to go to play," that is the end of it. I always leave him with the suggestion of rest and health. This I think should always be done.

With this our conversation closed. Dr. Brett impresses the visitor as being thoroughly frank,—one of those candid searchers after truth who are willing to follow its leadings, no matter what the result may be; and this is of course the true scientific spirit, the spirit upon which advancement and progress depend.

## THE UNCAUSED CAUSE

BY T. F. HILDRETH, D. D.

"I am Alpha and Omega."

As one who stands within the shadow of  
Some mountain peak forever draped with clouds,  
Till lost in thought amidst its silent grandeur;  
So Reason stands within the mists of  
Uncreated Cause, lost in the thought of  
Self-Existent Being.

Above the power of  
Finite minds to comprehend; profounder  
Than Imagination's depths; its presence  
Fills the soul with awe, as sunlight fills the  
Crystal with its golden rays.

When Reason  
Halts,—exhausted with its eager search to  
Find the hidings of Creative Power,—Faith  
Stands serene amidst the gloom of doubt; for,  
Through the mists that long have hung upon the  
Fields of Thought, it sees an Infinite Creator.

The world has turned its search-lights on the suns  
And stars, and men have analyzed the dust,  
And listened for the first, faint pulse of life;  
But suns, and stars, and dust are silent as  
The lips of Death. Too far away for  
Telescopes to sweep, containing forms of  
Life too small for microscopic eyes to find,  
Are regions of Creative Power yet lying  
Unexplored, in waiting for some coming  
Age, when pioneers of thought shall pass their  
Mystic bounds, and open to the world new  
Continents of Truth.

An Unseen Cause has  
Launched the planets on the shoreless seas of  
Space, to roll in unchanged orbits evermore;  
And noiseless as Aurora throws its tints  
Upon the evening sky, they sweep along  
Their unmarked ways.

Around, above, beneath.  
Far as the lines of Thought can reach, where suns  
Pale out, lost in the depths of space, all that  
The eye can reach or science can disclose  
Bears on its form, or in its life, the impress  
Of a Mind that planned the universe of  
Things in which each atom fills its place, and  
Shaped each form of life, from tiny monad  
Up the graded heights of vital force to man.  
Out from the distant past an echo of  
Creation's Hymn, sung by the Morning Stars  
And chanted by the Spheres, floats through the aisles  
Of time from Nature's grand Cathedral:  
"Before the mountains were brought forth, before  
The earth and worlds were made, from everlasting  
To eternal ages, Thou Alone art God."

# ORIGINAL ESSAYS

## THE NEW THERAPEUTICS

BY R. OSGOOD MASON, M. D.

The present is in a special sense an age of new thought. Not in any one department alone of human activities and knowledge is this true, but in every department,—in physical science, in psychology, in ethics, in religion, in art, in music, in hygiene, and in therapeutics. The beginning of this new era—one in which physical science has so strongly taken the lead—dates back three hundred years, when Copernicus made known the then astonishing fact that “the earth moves.” But it is the present century which has witnessed the greatest changes in the settled thought of the western world,—changes which when first observed were by the conservatives in all these departments pronounced revolutionary and destructive, but which fuller investigation and more recent thought are finding not only safe but reconstructive. Men build cathedrals, monuments, and towers, as well as lofty storied palaces of business, with the same expectation of permanence and success that they did six hundred years ago, when the earth was believed to be immovably fixed and solid upon its foundation. The religious sentiment still exists and flourishes, notwithstanding science has found mistakes in the Bible, and man, instead of being created out of clay in the garden of Eden, six thousand years ago, finds himself the product of an almost endless series of changes and developments through lower forms of life and through time incomprehensible in duration.

In considering the influences which have contributed to the present condition

of thought, we may especially note these two important elements: on the one hand, that which was dominant in Greece, and represented physical well-being, ethics, philosophy, literature, and art; on the other hand, that which was dominant in the Hebrew nation, namely, religion. The Greeks stood for democracy, discussion, ethics, free thought, the Hebrews for theocracy, authority, belief, obedience; and in the mixed civilization which has grown up from these two sources, as specially seen in the Christian world, these two potent elements have still been constantly present, at work and at war. The strife has culminated in the warfare which has been waged between science and religion.

In this warfare science was the bold aggressor, and has driven its old antagonist from one stronghold to another, for the past three hundred years, only to find her again and again armed with new weapons, assuming newer and more advantageous positions, wisely abandoning the indefensible that it might with greater security hold that which was valuable and true. The contest is even now scarcely ended, and it is pertinent to our present subject to inquire what is the essential point in the controversy and what is the present relation of the opposing forces.

For whatever else this contest may stand, it is first and foremost the contest for free thought in opposition to authority, the right to investigate and reason unhindered. And here the Greek element, reappearing in science, represents free thought, while the old Hebrew ele-



ment, theocracy, reappearing in ecclesiastical Christianity, the disowned but powerful daughter of the Jewish theocracy, represents authority.

Ecclesiasticism at first assumed unlimited power; it was a delegated theocracy; it controlled the bodies, minds, and souls of men. It exercised the power of life and death over the body; it dictated what the intellect must receive and believe, and what reject; its blessing gave the soul repose and access to heaven, and its curse doomed that soul to endless woe. It was the court of last resort upon all subjects,—religion, philosophy, ethics, and science.

Such a condition of things was possible only during the darkness of the medieval ages; with the revival of learning free thought rebelled, and science won its first epoch-making victory in the realm of astronomy. In that victory the earth-centered system of astronomy vanished. Aristotle's closed universe collapsed, and fell into irreparable ruin, and "The world moves" became the watchword of advanced thought.

The first of the strong chains which were binding the human intellect was broken; a new thought had come and been accepted. Then from the work of Kepler and Sir Isaac Newton came another new thought, namely, that the operations of the universe and of nature were governed by law.

Then came geology and paleontology, showing that in place of the six thousand years allotted by biblical and ecclesiastical chronology, not only the earth itself was old beyond all computation, but that living forms also had existed for millions of years upon its surface. During many a hard-fought battle upon these fields science again and again scored victories, and the possibility of free thought in opposition to ecclesiastical dictation became still more evident.

Then Darwin came with his doctrine of the origin of species and the descent or rather ascent of man from earlier forms of life. Here the battle again raged furiously. The honor of Jehovah was in peril. God, it seemed, was being left out in the making and managing of his universe. There was no longer any need for

a Creator and Governor. The whole power of ecclesiasticism was aroused, and all its forces were put in the field. It was indeed a battle of giants, a battle which only the elders of the present generation witnessed. But the victory was not doubtful,—ecclesiastical authority was again crippled and from so many defeats was almost brought into contempt. Science and free thought had again won all along the line; and now, as the smoke of battle cleared away, thinking men began to look about them to view the opposing forces, and realize if possible what it was that had been lost and what was won. One thing was evident,—whatever had been lost, the right to think had been secured.

And what had been lost? Simply the various anthropomorphic, that is, manlike, forms in which God had for ages been represented to the minds of men.

Evolution had taken the place of all these manlike conceptions, and with the overthrow of these conceptions of God, and of mere authority as the measure of thought, a new phase was introduced into the contest. The old question of cause in nature again appeared. Baldly put, the question now was, If Jehovah did not make the universe, who did? It was no longer discomfited ecclesiastical authority alone which asked the question, led the attack, and put science and free thought upon the defensive,—it was the religious sentiment in man; it was that same sentiment which in primitive man led him to personify the forces of nature in order to satisfy his craving for a cause of what he saw, first represented in terrible forms, then in forms of beauty, and finally in forms which it was not lawful to represent in materials, but only in the mind. But all the way along this course of development the God idea had stood for "cause"—and now science had come and destroyed it. What had science to put in its place?

The boast of science was that it had thoroughly investigated nature. It proclaimed that it had swept the heavens with the telescope and had examined the world of the infinitely small with the microscope, and it had failed to discover God,—it had simply found a mystery. It had found matter and force, and force

acting with a uniformity which science called law, but how life came in as a result of this action did not appear; how intelligence and consciousness and personality could arise out of dead, unintelligent matter or any combination of chemical elements, no one could explain, and no one attempted it.

Herbert Spencer is recognized as the great collator and expositor of science. His statement of the situation is this: "We are obliged to regard every phenomenon as a manifestation of an unlimited and incomprehensible Power." Science declares that this is the ultimate idea regarding a first cause, and that religious statements cannot go beyond it. Science has thus marked out its domain as regards man, namely, his physical structure and the intelligence which it regards as the outcome of that structural development.

There is, however, another element in human nature which from a scientific point of view is not fully taken into account. Science takes account of the physical and the intellectual, but practically ignores the psychic and emotional, declaring that scientific methods cannot be applied to them, and consequently that they are not within the limit of scientific investigation. But surely there are other elements woven into the texture of man's being besides his physical organism and his intellect,—elements that came there by the same process, abide there by the same right, and have their own field of legitimate action just as truly as has the understanding. There is the sentiment, for instance, of awe, and reverence for that which is grand and superior, just as surely as there is the faculty for mathematics or mechanics. There is the sentiment of love in its various forms,—the amatory passion which so profoundly moves the whole world of sentient beings, parental and filial love, the love of nature, of beauty, of poetry, of art; and in the same line stands another deeply rooted feeling, as old and universal as the understanding, and as lofty and dignified in its purpose and offices. There is a religious sentiment, which has its root in the emotional nature of man. From whence arose these various sentiments which go to make up man's complete nature? Is the origin

of sentiment and emotion different from that of the intellect and the understanding? Every new item of knowledge in this direction tends to make it more and more evident that the sentiments and emotions arise step by step in the process of evolution, and with the same regularity as the different grades of intelligence appear. The love principle, parental love, and especially the maternal sentiment, are evident in the lower animals; pleasures, also, derived from sources neither physical nor intellectual, such for instance as the pleasure of the dog in the approval and caresses of his master, or the shame and unhappiness evoked by his master's disapproval or chastisement. All these are sentiments and emotions developed by equal steps along with the understanding, from the same causes, whatever they may be, and by the same means.

The emotional, then, is just as truly a part of man's psychic constitution as the intellectual,—developed in the same manner, and consequently equally subject to law, and if subject to law then it is capable of being intelligently studied.

Regarding the short-comings of science, Herbert Spencer, with the perfect candor which so characterizes all his work, has declared that, "while it has been the agent of such a grand purification to religion, by forcing upon it broader and truer views of nature and the physical world, in which respect religion was ignorant and deficient, and to a degree even irreligious, science itself in each phase of its progress has rested content with superficial solutions; and this unscientific characteristic of science has all along been a part cause of its conflict with religion." "From the first," he again remarks, "the faults of both religion and science have been the faults of imperfect development." But still again he observes: "Some do indeed allege that, though the ultimate cause of things cannot really be thought of by us as having specific attributes, it is yet incumbent upon us to assert these attributes. That this is not the conclusion here adopted needs hardly be said. Our duty is to submit ourselves with all due humility to the established limits of intelligence and not perversely to rebel against them."

Now, while this may be strictly true as regards a full comprehension of the ultimate cause, it need not deter us from drawing certain inferences from what we see and know regarding it. If we study a single piece of architecture, noting its beauties and its defects, its character expressing grandeur or insignificance, somberness or gayety, gloom or brightness, we know that the ideas and feelings displayed in that piece of architecture belonged to and formed a part of the mind of the architect.

The ancient Greek nation has entirely passed away; but if we should study the architecture and the art of ancient Greece, even though we had none of its literature, nothing but the plain marble wrought into works of strength, beauty, and grace, and even expression of character and sentiment, we could not help drawing inferences regarding the character, taste, sentiment, and degree of development of the Greek nation and the Greek mind. We could not from these data know all about the Greeks, but we should actually know something about them, and that knowledge would be valuable, and valuable to a degree commensurate with our judgment, skill, and industry in making use of the data which we have. The same thing is true in regard to the absolute and infinite, in whatever form we attempt to present them to the mind. We cannot, for instance, comprehend infinite time, and we submit ourselves "with all humility" to the limitation of our intelligence; but that need not warn us off from all attempts to increase our intelligence even regarding time. We can comprehend some time, and that comprehension is valuable to us in proportion to our ability to realize in our consciousness the relation of events which have occurred during the time of which we form a conception. One conception of time might embrace the lifetime of a man, another historic time, another the vast periods contemplated and filled with events of a most interesting character by geology, and still more wonderful the vaster periods represented by cosmic time, marked off into periods by the formation of systems of worlds. So also of space. We cannot comprehend infinite space, but we

can comprehend some space, and our comprehension of it is valuable in proportion to our ingenuity, skill, and perseverance in exploring it and drawing inferences about it. So also with our ideas of an ultimate cause. We cannot comprehend the whole of that cause, for the perfectly well-known reason that that cause, like space and time, is infinite and cannot be comprehended by the finite; but we know something of even the ultimate cause from the effects which we witness. This is simply inductive reasoning—reasoning from the known to the unknown, from effects to causes. There is no terrible mystery about all this. It is simply necessary to acknowledge our limitations.

We have seen how the God idea has changed all the way along since its first inception in primitive man even to the present time. First the gross conception of terrible force in terrible forms; then force with an attribute—compassion, pity; it could be placated by prayer and sacrifices; then the Greek conception having beauty of form and intellectual and moral attributes, and finally the Jewish and Christian idea which we have been taught to revere as the highest possible conception of God. Now, this progressive conception of God has all along been most intimately connected with the conception of a First Cause. The two ideas have developed side by side,—one more especially representing the religious or sentimental side of man's nature and the other the scientific or intellectual side; and while they are in reality identical, merely opposite sides of the same shield, they have been constantly and vigorously tilting against each other.

This is the real state of the contest between science and religion to-day; but religion is beginning to see that the scientific aspect of the subject is not irreligious, and science is beginning to see that the religious or emotional aspect is not superfluous, weak, or unscientific, but equally a part of man's constitution, and equally with the understanding to be reckoned with in any theory concerning life, mind, the universe, or an ultimate cause.

What is the conception of a First Cause, as represented by science, and of God as represented by religion, which at the pres-

ent day best satisfies the most intelligent minds in both the formerly hostile camps? It must with truth and candor be acknowledged that science has furnished the needed formula whenever one has been presented. Lucretius, nearly a century before Christ, struck the key-note when he declared that "nature, free at once and rid of her haughty lords, is seen to do all things spontaneously, without the meddling of the gods;" and Bruno, the first important disciple of Copernicus, came still nearer to our present conception of the production of forms by evolution, not by creation, for he proclaimed that the infinity of forms in nature is not produced by any external artificer, but that nature by her own intrinsic force and virtue brings these forms forth.

But it was reserved for a noble, reverent man of scientific culture, in our own generation, to speak the word which in my judgment will constitute the ground upon which science and religion will more nearly harmonize than ever before, presenting a form of thought relating to a First Cause which in the highest degree satisfies the understanding of science and the sentiment of religion. On the 19th of August, 1874, almost exactly a quarter of a century ago, John Tyndall, as the incoming president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, stood up in that august assembly of learned men, and after reviewing the various theories which had hitherto been proposed for accounting for life, consciousness, and the visible world, pronounced these memorable words: "Abandoning all disguise, the confession that I feel bound to make before you is that I prolong the vision backward across the boundary of experimental evidence and discover in matter, which we, in our ignorance and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form and quality of life."

Consider reverently for a moment the step here taken. The doctrine of atoms and molecules had simply assumed that in some manner, fortuitous or otherwise, a combination of molecules without life became endued with life, and that these same molecules, without either life, sen-

sation, or intelligence, by some fortunate combination or the operation of some mysterious and unknowable cause or force, became endowed with life, sensation, and intelligence; and so the position of the man of science predicating an unknown and unknowable cause or force was just as unscientific and really just as supernatural as the position of the representative of religion who predicated a supernatural and unknown God.

Tyndall, on the other hand, saw in the constitution of matter itself—in every atom and molecule—the potency and promise of every form and quality of life. To him there was no dead matter. Inorganic matter had within itself the potency and promise of organization and development—of life, intelligence, consciousness, and personality. The unknowable was no longer far away and shrouded in mystery; it was before our eyes, doing its beautiful work in our very presence and under our own observation. It was known and read of all men. God was no longer an artificer, outside his universe, molding and governing it in man-like ways, and limited to human comprehension, but God is in his world, in every particle of it, throughout a limitless universe,—therefore in us; and the moment we recognize this fact,—that nature itself is divine, and we as a part of nature also divine,—that moment the highest, grandest, truest, sweetest, and most helpful thought is born in us that has ever yet come to the human mind.

Now, let us see how this conception works in biology and cosmogony—in the evolving of life and the making of worlds. In the old cosmogony three things were predicated,—matter, force, and an unsolvable mystery. It was impossible to evolve life, intelligence, emotion out of mere molecules of dead matter and mere force, arrange them as they would; so behind all phenomena stood this impenetrable mystery. But, says Tyndall, you have misapprehended the nature of matter. Instead of being the dead, soulless thing which you have considered it, matter has in its constitution, by virtue of simply being matter, certain qualities. It has affinity,—it has preferences, and these preferences cause constant changes in its arrangement.



Oxygen and hydrogen unite by virtue of this quality, and form water. The matter thus affiliated has advanced; it is on a higher plane; has other and nobler attributes and qualities; is capable of a thousand uses of which neither element was capable alone.

Again, other elements show their preferences; they unite and form crystals,—the quartz, the emerald, the ruby, the diamond. The matter utilized in this process has advanced to a still higher plane. Again new elements come in, and protoplasm is the result, a substance still higher than the crystal on the plane of evolution. Now, the chemist will talk learnedly about the elements and the equivalents which go to form water or a given crystal. We ask him what causes these elements to unite; he will tell us "chemical affinity." But what is chemical affinity? "Oh, that is the mystery,—it is a principle in the elements themselves which causes them to unite whenever the favoring circumstances occur and hinderances are removed." He has simply found our potency in matter itself, and did not recognize it. Coming to protoplasm, we leave the realm of the chemist and enter that of the biologist. We ask him whence comes this principle of life which we find in protoplasm. His reply is the same as that of the chemist: "It is the great mystery; perhaps the chemist may some time help us to the solution of it."

Passing on through the various grades of life we come to man, with intelligence, self-consciousness, personality. We have passed out of the domain of the biologist and come into that of the psychologist. We ask him whence came this active principle which you call mind, having so many wonderful qualities, having consciousness, personality, knowledge, and sentiment, and even power to create? He assures us it is all the product of organism. But, we ask, what then produces organism? We have traveled all along the course of evolution. We have consulted the foremost minds in each department, and they all declare a mystery, and refer us back to a previous condition of evolution for a solution. You refer us to the biologist, the biologist refers us to the chemist, and the

chemist gives us no satisfaction. The psychologist's only answer is: "We find certain grades of mind associated with certain forms of organization, and we infer that the organization produces the mind."

To this we feel bound to reply: Your conclusion, then, that mind is the product of organism is an inference, and is certainly subject to revision. Now, it is plainly evident that organism alone, without mind, can produce nothing; it is simply according to your representation a combination of dead atoms, of hydrogen, oxygen, carbon, phosphorus, etc.; it is simply a machine without power and without the means of generating power. How, then, can it produce sensation or intelligence, or in any way such a wonderful piece of work as the mind? Are you quite sure that you have not mistaken causes for effects and effects for causes,—that it is not mind that has produced organism, that you have not inverted the natural order of things, trying to make the cart draw the horse, or, as Mark Twain would doubtless put it, making the tail wag the dog? Have not the chemist and the biologist and you, Sir Psychologist, mistaken the character of the material with which you work? It is no dead matter such as you and your confreres have so long considered it. It has a psychic quality which you have overlooked, and which is ever striving to express itself in higher and more perfect ways. In its lowest estate it has this quality; you call it affinity; and so do not recognize that it is a psychic quality at all,—do not recognize that it is simply love. Unconsciously two molecules of matter respond to this affinity—this natural selection, this divine potency which is within them,—move toward each other, unite, and become one. By that act of union they rise to a higher plane; they have taken a step which exhibits potency, and gives promise that life and sensation, and intelligence and wisdom, will all in due time follow. The divine which was within them simply takes on a new form of expression.

Next comes protoplasm, but with certain added qualities before unknown. The psychic principle has sought and found a newer and higher form of expression; life

has dawned, but it is imperfect life; another step, and the same psychic principle has formed for itself a wonderful organ—the simple perfect cell, with its manifold functions, its absorption, nutrition, and magnetic forces, its perfect life.

Having found life existing in the simple cell, the biologist supposes he has a clear field for the evolution of higher forms of organism, and the corresponding higher psychic manifestations—sensation and intelligence. Heredity and environment are called in as sufficient motive powers, but the production of intelligence and emotion again presents problems that have always been stumbling-blocks in the way of the evolutionist. First of all, there is no motive for advancement, and, granted the motive, no efficient power is at hand, and the ever-present mystery is ceaselessly invoked.

After the hard-fought battle between science and religion, evolution in some form became an accepted fact. It is only laggards who deny it. But religion still to a degree holds to the old clumsy idea of a personal, anthropomorphic God—a Creator and Governor,—only acknowledging that evolution may have been his method of work. The scientist still grudgingly admits the existence of sentiment, emotion, morality as a legitimate part of mind, or the existence of a divine principle in nature to which these qualities correspond. In the mean time a few illuminated minds all along the slow way of intellectual development, sometimes on the scientific side, sometimes on the religious side, caught glimpses of the true solution and gave partial expression to it, until at length the harmonizing truth was formulated that in matter itself was the potency and promise of every form and quality of life, physical and intellectual, moral and sentimental.

The clamor which this statement excited gradually subsided; the scientific world is coming to see that no objection can be urged against Tyndall's statement that cannot with equal force be urged against any statement of a necessary self-existence, or an Infinite Cause; and the religionist finds God,—only in a different form from that in which he had been ac-

customed to view him. And so both the intellectual and the emotional natures of man can be satisfied and harmonized. Carrying Tyndall's statement on to its logical conclusion, we come out into the serene light of a divine quality in nature—even in the simplest form of inorganic matter—striving through the eons of time past, in ways now most beautiful to contemplate, for more and more perfect expression through the gradually ascending grades of organism, which it brought into being for that very purpose. It is this divine potency and principle which expresses itself through organism; without it organism has no power of expression and has nothing to express.

It is not necessary, then, to darken the mystery of being, by removing it from sight and sense in the infinitude of space or time. The power, the principle, the divine essence in nature is doing its work before our eyes. We may, if we have senses to discern it, behold this work in the dew-drop and the crystal, in the living cell and the sentient creature, in the perceptive and knowing animal races, and in reasoning, creative man.

We arrive, then, at the conclusion, scientifically as well as sentimentally, that organism, so far from being the producer of the psychic element, is itself produced by that element; that as the psychic exists, and is inseparably connected with matter in its lowest, inorganic condition, so, by gradual evolution along well-known lines, it secures higher and higher expression by means of more and more elaborate organisms, until finally by the same psychic power the human organism is evolved and regulated; and in this fact is the basis of the new therapeutics: for if the human organism is evolved by a psychic force within itself, then that force is recuperative as well as formative. And this, as a matter of observation and fact, we know to be true,—so true and so thoroughly accepted, that the "*vis medicatrix naturae*" is a power most confidently relied on in nearly every school of medicine, and is the foundation upon which every sensible method of cure is established.

As usually considered this recuperative power in nature is active without the consciousness or will of the patient. Is this

process in any way influenced by the conscious mind and will? Here again the consensus of all forms of medical belief and practice would be at least that a cheerful and hopeful frame of mind, and a strong and affirming will, assist this recuperative process in nature, while despondency, doubt, and a feeble will just as surely hinder nature's benign efforts at cure. But, still further, can the conscious mind and will directly influence a person's own organism, so as to produce physiological changes and therapeutical effects; and can the mind and thought of one person so influence and impress the mind and thought of another person, as through that means to produce the same physiological changes and the same therapeutic effects? Upon these last questions the medical world, and indeed the whole intelligent, thinking world, is divided.

Glance for a moment at the development of the therapeutic idea as shown in history. It is seen that the idea of cure was at first associated entirely with the supernatural. The cause of disease and the cure were equally according to the will of the gods; and certain rites and ceremonies were practiced whose purpose and office it was to placate the gods and insure their good offices to ward off disease and cure the afflicted. Not until the time of Greek civilization as represented by Homer does the office of the physician and surgeon as a distinct profession come into view, and even then the gods played a conspicuous part. It was the invisible arrows of Apollo that caused the epidemic which destroyed first the mules and hounds, and then sent whole legions of Greek heroes "to the dark cave where no light comes." And it is Calchas, the priest and soothsayer, who suggests the remedy, while Machaon and Podalirius, representing medicine and surgery, attended to the common casualties of war and camp. From this time on medicine has had a history; and it exhibits the same contest between science and sentiment regarding therapeutics as was exhibited on so grand a scale between science and sentiment regarding religion.

At the acme of Greek civilization, and contemporary with the best Greek philosophers and statesmen, Hippocrates ap-

peared as a representative of medicine. Of the science of medicine as now understood he knew but little, but he had a high conception of the office and status of the physician, as is shown by the Hippocratic oath still taken by so many educated physicians. He recognized disease as a process, running a course and governed by law, which the physician must know in order to know the needed remedy and whether his medicines helped or hindered this natural course of the disease. So close observation of disease, its symptoms, its course and probable termination, together with a belief in the power of nature to accomplish much toward recovery, and also the belief that art could often assist nature in her efforts to restore health, was the foundation upon which scientific medicine was established and has been built up. It was sound common sense making use of the true scientific method, namely, observation and induction.

On the scientific side the foundations have been widened and deepened by new knowledge, slowly acquired century after century. First came a knowledge of anatomy as studied at Alexandria three hundred years before our era; then by Galen, and then by Vesalius in the sixteenth century. Then in the seventeenth century came the discovery of the circulation of the blood by Harvey, and as a natural consequence the indications of the pulse, and a new physiology. Then came the closer study of special organs and their diseases, as for instance the diseases of the kidneys by Bright, of the chest and especially of the heart by Stokes, of the lungs by Laennec, and of the skin by Willan. No non-professional person can form any idea of the great value of these contributions to scientific medicine made by each of these and many other scientific workers. Think of the vast amount of comfort and usefulness which has come to the human race through the scientific study of the eye and its diseases and deficiencies. Think of the vast saving of life, and the incalculable amount of relief from suffering and misery, which have come to woman through the scientific work of Sims and McDowell and their followers in the development of gynecology.

But still again, consider the immense saving of human life through the discovery of vaccination by Jenner. Epidemics of small-pox no longer exist among people where vaccination is compulsory or is even voluntarily practiced. Where human beings were formerly swept off by thousands and tens of thousands, both in city and country, and physicians of every school were helpless to prevent, now to this disgusting, death-dealing plague it can with authority be commanded, "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther." Consider the saving of human life by antiseptic surgery and midwifery, and by antiseptic measures applied in hospitals and sick-rooms everywhere; and again by the potent means of preventing and cutting short diseases which have come to us by means of the discoveries relating to microscopic organisms known as bacilli and bacteria.

Such is only a faint outline of what has been accomplished by scientific methods by scientific medical men. At first weak and comparatively ignorant, scientific medicine has always pursued the one course,—observation of facts and common sense in endeavoring to find the principle which lay hidden in the facts. True, it has often erred, but it has desired truth.

From first to last there has always been opposed to this scientific or objective school of medicine, as represented by Hippocrates, Galen, Sydenham, and later by the great medical schools of Italy, Germany, France, England, and still later of America, another class of medical practitioners governed by subjective methods,—by sentiment and feeling. In the Homeric representation of medicine the physician and surgeon, Podalirius and Machaon, were offset by the priest and soothsayer, Calchas; and in the later Greek history the oracle and temples of health vied with the scientific medicine of the time. In Rome, in addition to these esoteric or subjective methods, the regular school of Hippocratic medicine was divided, and a so-called Pneumonic school was founded in the first century of our era. According to this sect the normal as well as diseased actions of the body were to be referred to the *Pneuma* or universal soul; and even Galen, in addition to his scientific studies,

was to a degree influenced by this thought. In the early middle ages, when medical as well as many other kinds of learning was confined to the monasteries, science, even such as had previously existed, was almost extinguished, and medicine presented an anomalous mixture of magic and superstition, with the distorted scraps of medical knowledge which had traditionally come down to those benighted times.

During the eleventh and twelfth centuries the influence of the art and philosophy of the Arabians and Spanish Moors began to be felt upon medical science. This influence is best represented by Averroes, of Cordova, with his theory of the oneness of intellect,—humanity being the chosen vehicle through which this intellect was revealed, and its difference in individuals being simply difference in its degree of enlightenment. These ideas greatly influenced his conception of medical science, and made the curative principle to reside within man himself, but to be guided by the highest obtainable medical knowledge.

Early in the sixteenth century Paracelsus taught in his vigorous and arrogant fashion the doctrine that the human body was a microcosm corresponding to the macrocosm, or external universe, and to know man sun, moon, and stars—all nature—must be studied. There was also an indwelling Archus which controlled all. Disease was not natural, but spiritual. His whole teaching was in opposition to accepted scientific medicine. In the next century Van Helmont revived the Archus of Paracelsus with variations and changes, and the symptoms of disease were supposed to be caused by the passions and perturbations of this Archus; and medicines were accordingly given to modify these perturbations.

Late in the eighteenth century Mesmer, an educated and scientific physician with a tendency to transcendental theories, appeared with his theory of animal magnetism, which afterward took his name and was known as mesmerism.

Without stopping to indicate minor attacks upon regular scientific medicine, we will hasten to notice the most important one of the early years of the present



century, namely, homeopathy as first set forth by Hahnemann. Here again appears the Archus of Paracelsus and Van Helmont as our spiritual, vital principle, and disease is the derangement of that principle. Psoria or itch was the chief cause of the chronic diseases. Hahnemann also held that the power of nature was not to be relied upon for the cure of disease,—on the contrary, it rather tended to do harm; but nature had provided remedies which when properly applied were sufficient for cure; that the law of cure was “like cures like,” and that, disease being spiritual in character, the remedies must, as nearly as possible, approach to the spiritual condition, and accordingly the potency of medicines increased with their approach to this spiritual condition. Hence the dilutions which characterized the homeopathic pharmacopoeia.

The latter part of the present century has been prolific in protests against scientific medicine. They have come in the form of spiritual healing, the various faith cures, mind cures, and especially metaphysical healing and Christian Science. The nature and attitude of these last named methods of cure are well known, and need not now be rehearsed. It is not my present object to criticise these various schools or methods of cure, but simply to indicate them and their relation to the great body of objective or scientific medicine. Their appearance all along the way has been a protest of the transcendental, spiritual, emotional side of man's nature against the purely physical and intellectual, of the subjective against the objective, of the esoteric, or that which comes from within, against the exoteric, or that which is learned from without. First it was supernatural—the direct interposition of the gods. Then it was the intellectual and spiritual oneness of Averroes carried out in philosophy, religion, and medicine; then the Archus of Paracelsus and Van Helmont; then the influence of animal magnetism as taught by Mesmer; then the spiritual nature of both disease and remedies of Hahnemann; and last the departure, quite outside the profession of medicine, faith, mind, and spiritual cures, and, most important and imposing, Christian Science and meta-

physical healing,—all except a more conservative portion of the last named cult discarding and ignoring both science and medicine.

While science was in swaddling-clothes, and sentiment only expressed itself in the supernatural, but little mutual influence was exerted by these two widely differing modes of thought; but little by little the claims of the sentimental, the subjective, became more and more definite and positive, and were met by more and more determined hostility on the part of science. It was the old battle between science and religion, between objective and subjective, over again upon another field. In each case the aggressors have obtained their object. It is fully recognized by religion, representing the psychic and transcendental side of human nature, that the intellect, the understanding, which is represented by science, cannot be ignored or stultified; and the intellectual side now fully recognizes the fact that there is a psychic element which has its laws and must be respected. So, in the struggle for adjustment regarding disease and its treatment, scientific medicine is coming to recognize a psychic element and to see that it is potent, and to-day that psychic element is being studied and observed from a scientific stand-point as it has never been studied before; and, on the other hand, the psychic, the transcendental element is learning and has yet further to learn that the intellect is an important factor in any system that is to endure, and that the results of scientific investigations cannot be ignored. In the adjustment of these two ideas is the construction of the New Therapeutics.

Having thus briefly indicated the two elements which have entered into the contest regarding the cure of disease, it is well to examine somewhat carefully the contribution which each has made to the system of therapeutics which must in the near future become dominant.

I have already indicated some of the more important contributions which scientific medicine has made to the world, and to the body of facts which go to make up what may be called the knowledge side of the health-preserving and health-restoring art. To it we owe the knowledge of

anatomy and physiology, the two noble pillars standing at the entrance gate to all true knowledge of medical art. To the same source we owe a knowledge of the circulation of the blood and the relation which pulse and temperature bear to disease; to it we owe all the delicate means of exploration of the different organs which characterize all sound medical teaching and practice,—auscultation and percussion, or listening to the sounds which different organs produce in health, and variations from the normal sounds in disease, especially of the heart and lungs, and the organs of the abdominal cavity. To science we owe all the instruments of discovery and of precision so necessary to the proper detection and treatment of disease; the discovery and practical use of anesthetics, especially chloroform, ether, and nitrous-oxide gas, and the inestimable blessings of anesthesia in surgery and midwifery; the discovery of vaccination and the uses of antiseptics both in surgery and in the sick-room; the control of epidemic diseases like cholera and yellow fever by cleanliness and disinfectants, and the as yet only half-developed blessings which have resulted from the scientific study of bacteriology.

These discoveries, quite independent of medicine proper or drugs and their uses, furnish a mere outline of the contributions of scientific medical men to the knowledge side of medicine and to the comfort, safety, and well-being of mankind.

On the other hand, note the contributions which have come from the representatives of the transcendental side of medicine. In the first place they all, from Paracelsus to the most recently inducted practitioner of Christian Science, consciously or unconsciously have helped to press and prove the claim of the psychic element in the cure of disease. Beyond that the two cults or schools of therapeutics which have contributed most that is of permanent value to the practice of the healing art are that introduced by Mesmer and his followers, and that by Hahnemann and his followers.

In regard to homeopathy. Its contributions to a true and broad system of cure have been partly positive or direct, and partly incidental. It directly and

positively declared a basis of refinement and spirituality in disease and the corresponding cure, and it protested against the violent medication of the time when it was introduced, by showing equally good and often better results while using what seemed practically to be no medicine at all; and incidentally it contributed one of the most important items of knowledge which have been added to scientific medicine during the present century, namely, a knowledge of the self-limited nature of a large class of diseases uninfluenced by medicine in any form. I will illustrate this fact by a single example: Scarlet fever was one of the diseases in which homeopathy in its early days claimed its greatest triumphs; and physicians of the old school looked on with amazement and envy seeing this scourge of childhood treated with far better results than were obtained by their own more severe methods, and they were led to inquire what was the secret of this success. They did not believe that the third or the thirtieth dilution of aconite or belladonna caused the cure. In their eyes it was equivalent to no medication at all, and they accordingly commenced to treat these cases entirely without medicine, simply giving the patient the advantage of fresh air, cooling drinks, and general comfort.

The results were startling, and fully equal to those of the homeopathic treatment. The same course was then pursued with other contagious diseases of childhood, and with the same success. The patients got well without medicine in the same time that they did with the most orthodox old-school or homeopathic treatment. Hence, the study of the natural limitation of many diseases uninfluenced by medicine was pursued in a truly scientific spirit, and with the result of differentiating a large class of absolutely self-limited diseases, and also establishing the fact of the small value of drugs and the great value of hygiene and good nursing in another large class, namely, incurable diseases. Thus, while the law of "*similia similibus curantur*" was neither original nor true in any broad sense, and its doctrine of high dilutions seemed opposed to reason and common sense, the influence, direct and indirect, of homeopathy upon

the general practice of medicine has been both great and salutary. Of late it is itself acknowledging the value of scientific knowledge,—of anatomy, physiology, and diagnosis,—which it formerly practically ignored, and science is accepting something of its finer sentiment and its use of small doses of medicine; and so an approach to a higher method of medical practice is symbolized.

The other subjective or transcendental mode of treatment of disease which has contributed its quota to a true scientific system of therapeutics is the method variously known as animal magnetism, mesmerism, hypnotism, and suggestion. This system or method has had a most singular and chequered career. While it has been known and practiced for thousands of years, it was introduced into modern use by Mesmer near the close of the last century. The French Academy investigated the subject several times, reporting sometimes favorably, sometimes unfavorably, and sometimes not at all, varying it would seem with the prejudices of the individual members of the investigating committee. Under the name of mesmerism it attracted much attention in France and England during the first thirty years of the present century, but always meeting with the fiercest opposition of the regular school of medicine and always being looked upon with suspicion as fraud and quackery. In 1842 it was taken up by Braid, a respectable English surgeon, rechristened hypnotism, and given a sort of doubtful or semi-scientific status. But it was soon neglected. In 1883 the subject was again studied by Charcot, the eminent French authority on diseases of the nervous system, in the wards of La Salpêtrière, and the hypnotic condition and phenomena were by him declared to be genuine and well established as matters of fact; and the prestige of his name gave it a standing among medical men such as it had never before possessed.

Then Liebeault and Bernheim, of Nancy, began the study by a most careful system of experiments carried on in general practice and in the wards of the general civil hospital at that place. These physicians also asserted the genuineness of the hypnotic phenomena, and declared suggestion

to be the main element concerned both in the production of the hypnotic condition and also in the numerous cures which were accomplished by it. Since then the subject has been still more extensively studied and proved by practical use in many great cities of Europe, especially in France, England, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Sweden, and Russia, and to a limited degree also in America.

The one important contribution which hypnotism has made to a rational system of therapeutics is its full demonstration of the influence of the mind over the various organs and functions of the body. It took a hundred years to put an end to doubt as to the truth and genuineness of the hypnotic condition and phenomena. Its effects were so startling and beyond scientific explanation that it was believed to be the result of fraud, of diabolical influence, of magic, of supernatural forces, of anything but the plain and simple truth; but, vouched for by such men as Charcot, Bernheim, Liebeault, and Voisin, in France, Braid, Esdaile, Gurney, and Bramwell, in England, and other equally well-known and reputable men all over the world, its genuineness and its usefulness were established in the minds of most candid and intelligent persons who really took the trouble to know about it.

Esdaile, an English surgeon in the employ of the East India Company, had performed more than six hundred capital, painless surgical operations in India under hypnotic anesthesia before the anesthetic use of chloroform or ether was discovered. Scores of physicians were using hypnotism and curing forms of disease, organic and functional, and also mental,—many of which had baffled their skill under any form of medical treatment,—by simply putting the patient into the hypnotic condition without suggestion of any kind. Then Bernheim added suggestion with its mighty influence to the results already achieved.

Here also it was demonstrated that the deep hypnotic sleep was not necessary, and often not desirable, in order to produce the best results by suggestion, but simply a passive, subjective condition, with the mind in harmony with the object to be attained by the suggestion.

It may here be fairly asked: Has it been definitely established by experiments fairly carried out that the mind can control physical, physiological processes in the body—the process, for instance, of digestion or lactation? Can it cause a blister to be raised upon sound and healthy skin without the application of any irritant or any medicinal substance whatever? These are test examples, and they have all been successfully carried out under the supervision of perfectly honest and competent witnesses, many of them under my own observation and treatment.

A principle, then, is here established. The mind can be so concentrated upon a physiological process as to stimulate that process to unusual activity, so as to produce curative effects, and even to superabundant activity, so as to produce pathological effects, or disease. For instance, in the hypnotic condition a key or a coin has been placed upon the healthy skin with the suggestion that at a given time, say two hours after waking, a blister would appear at the spot where the key or coin had been placed, and of corresponding size and shape. The key or coin is then removed and the patient awakened, having no conscious knowledge of the suggestion given; but at the appointed time the blister appears. Again, two blisters, one upon one arm and another upon the corresponding part of the other arm in the same individual, have in this manner been produced, but with the suggestion that one would rapidly heal without pain, while the other would become inflamed and painful; and the suggestions have been perfectly carried out. Nothing could more absolutely certify the power of suggestion over physiological processes.

Auto-suggestion—that is, suggestion made to one's self—under certain conditions is also found to be effective. The numerous cases of stigmatization, or the production of red and bleeding surfaces at certain points upon the body, especially upon the hands and feet, which have occurred, from the time of St. Francis of Assisi, four hundred years ago, to Louise Latau, of recent time, are cases of auto-suggestion. The pious devotee, reduced by fasting and penance, gazes intently upon the crucifix, which represents in vivid sem-

blance the bleeding wounds of the crucified one; a condition of ecstasy or self-hypnotization is produced, and the mind, shut off from every distracting object, and concentrated upon the wounds so vividly represented to the senses, by auto-suggestion produces similar bleeding points, similarly situated, upon the person of the devotee. Not only stigmatization, but cures at shrines, relics of saints, grottoes, and sacred places are all produced by a stimulating faith, consciously or unconsciously coupled with powerful auto-suggestion.

The powerful effect of suggestion and auto-suggestion, especially in the hypnotic condition, is in this manner fully demonstrated. It is a fact, and a fact of greater significance and greater value as a curative agent simply than any other single fact in the recent history of therapeutics. For, not only is it curative in physical ailments, but also in mental and moral deficiencies and criminal tendencies. In other words, it is the educational uses of hypnotic suggestion that constitute one of its chief claims to favorable recognition.

In speaking of the therapeutic and educational uses of hypnotism, I speak from an experience of many years, and covering a great variety of physical, mental, and moral ailments; but in nothing has the admirable effect of hypnotism and suggestion been so manifest and striking as in the changes wrought in the character and habits of neglected, vicious, and criminal children in every grade of society, and even in persons of mature age. While to relieve pain and suffering, and disease of the body, whether by those objective means which science points out or by those more subtle and often more effective methods which pertain to the action of the mind, is a humane and splendid mission, it is more especially in effectually saying to the thief, "Steal no more;" to the vagabond, "Look up,—let your ideals be elevated and your life made useful;" to the slaves of hurtful narcotic and intoxicating drugs, and degrading habits, "Be free,—be pure,"—that one realizes the divine that can be found in every human being, and also the divine mission of cure.

It will doubtless be asked, What relation do Christian Science, metaphysical heal-



ing, and the numerous sects of faith cures bear to the true system of therapeutics?

Against Christian Science there is at least this plain indictment,—it calls upon its adherents to give loose rein to the emotional, transcendental side of their nature, and ignore the scientific, intellectual side altogether. It discredits the senses and declares that their representations are false; that what we seem to see or hear or feel are but illusions, and have no real existence; that nothing exists but God, consequently disease, evil, and death do not exist. Matter and the external world are illusions of mortal mind. All that is wonderfully high-sounding and sentimental. It is just the kind of sentimentality to make people whose emotional natures are altogether dominant turn their eyes heavenward in an ecstasy of feeling, but, when the ship on which they sail strikes the rock, there is a strong inclination to think and to acknowledge that there has been an impact between two real and very material objects. When one is trying with pain and danger to escape from the blinding, blistering smoke and flame of a burning dwelling, it is a bad time for sentiment, and it is easy to believe that fire is material and has an existence quite independent of mortal mind; and when after days of fasting a cup of soup or a well prepared steak is presented, one has little doubt that protoplasm is a very real thing and has a function and mission in the world which mind alone cannot fulfill. In other words, our normal senses do not lie, and so to accuse them is the grossest insult to the grand combination of spirit and organism which we know as man.

Observe one of the senses. Let it be sight. How did its organ, the eye, come to be an organ? Millions and millions of years ago a portion of organized protoplasm, in animal form, existed. There were also sea and sky and light, but no eye to behold them. In the process of time, in a particular spot in the protoplasm of that animal form, a peculiar sensitiveness was set up in relation to light. Later a slight bulging appeared at that spot,—it was an incipient lens, as yet almost opaque. But there was a perception of light and then of the absence

of light; the difference between light and darkness could be perceived. Thousands of years later the lens had become semi-transparent,—the outline of objects began to be perceived. Again thousands of years passed (for nature does no constructive work in haste), the lens was transparent,—the whole wonderful apparatus was complete, and the sense perfected which we now know and enjoy as sight.

Nature labored through all these millions of years to perfect that sense along with others, to give us a knowledge of external objects,—to make two great sources of man's happiness, intelligence and beauty, possible. God took the trouble through so many ages to arrange and perfect this scheme, this action of the senses, for educating man, for giving him a sense of beauty and art and music,—this magnificent plan for making man a man,—and now Mrs. Eddy and our sublimated, transcendental friends have discovered that it is all a stupendous hoax. No such external world as our senses discover exists. All is simply a phantasm, an illusion of mortal mind.

But carry the argument on to its logical conclusion. Nothing but God exists, that is, nothing but a transcendental, unmanifested, unthinkable God. Then, the senses which deceive us do not exist, mortal mind does not exist; consequently, there is no thought, and no illusion or hallucination. What is the difficulty? Simply this. The transcendental, emotional side of human nature has been allowed full sway, uncorrected by the understanding, and it has run wild. Eddyism has been evolved out of an exuberant, ill-regulated, emotional, subconscious mind, without the supervision of a disciplined intelligence; and the consequences are, as they always have been, simply disastrous. It is the old story of Icarus with his waxen wings flying too near the sun. "*Medio tutissimus ibis.*" said his wise mentor. So say we to the Christian Scientist: "You will go safest in a middle course."

But you will reply: The results, the cures, what are you to do with the cures? Let us examine them. First of all, the adherents of Christian Science pride them-

selves upon their ability to dispense with all knowledge of the human body, of the location, kind, and nature of the disease to be treated,—and upon their disregard of hygiene and the laws of health. "If there were less thought bestowed upon hygiene there would be better constitutions and better health," teaches the prophetess. We are therefore called upon to accept the report about diseased conditions of people who know nothing about diseased conditions. We cannot expect their reports to be even approximately correct, and certainly they are not. I am not charging dishonesty; I am charging absolute incompetence to observe the class of facts concerning which they assume to report.

Supposing it became evident that a certain class of engines used by a railroad company had a vice which materially interfered with their efficiency, what sort of persons would the sensible and practical directors employ to discover and rectify the evil? Would they send persons who in the first place knew nothing of the construction of the engines, and in the second place did not believe there was anything the matter with them, and in the third place did not believe in the existence of engines? And yet it is exactly such persons whose report we are called upon to believe and accept regarding that most intricate and perfect piece of mechanism, the human body.

But, taking the reports as they come, and analyzing fairly a series of miscellaneous cases as reported by Christian Science healers, we should find the following to be a fair statement of the result. Of a hundred or a thousand consecutive cases one-fourth would be found to consist of trivial or imaginary diseases, simple cases which rapidly get well of themselves without interference of any kind. Another fourth would be the great class of self-limited diseases. Another fourth would consist of cases of real and perhaps grave disease which are reported to be cured, but which in reality are not cured. For Christian Science allows no case to be reported as not cured. If the thought of disease is banished the disease, in their phraseology, is cured, though the physical conditions remain unchanged. The "mani-

festation" of the cure is simply delayed. What are we to do with the statistics of such persons?

There is a remaining fourth, which is a liberal allowance for cases of real disease cured or relieved by the treatment. The important point is, what was the real element of cure in these last cases? Evidently some effect produced upon the mind of the patient, and so upon the diseased condition. We have seen how physiological changes can be made by suggestion, either auto-suggestion or suggestion impressed upon the patient by a second person. This must be reckoned an established fact. It is in this way and no other that all the cases of cure, whether by relics of the saints, at shrines and grottoes, whether by faith cures, metaphysicians, or Christian Scientists, are accomplished; and this is in full accord with nature's plans and methods.

"But," say the members of the cult, "we are following the example and commands of the Master." To which I would reply that the example and commands of the Master were given a long time ago. His was an age of supernaturalism in which the uniform course of nature was not known or even suspected; everything was by the will of God; consequently, reported events of a supernatural or miraculous character were received and believed without question; and what they believed has come down to us unsifted; we must sift it for ourselves. It was no stretch of the imagination or stultification of the intellect to believe that a man lived seventy-two hours in the entrails of a live fish and was then vomited up safely on the land, and was able at once to go on his mission a sadder but a wiser man; or that the sun stood still in the western sky in order to give light that the Israelites might the more surely finish the massacre of their enemies. But no properly enlightened mind at the present day for a moment believes these things, because nature's laws would thus be violated. Nor does such a mind believe that Jesus cursed an innocent fig-tree so that it immediately dried up and withered, or caused devils to go out of human bodies and into the bodies of well disposed swine, or that he raised to life any person that was actually

dead. Nor, for the same reason, can we believe the report concerning his miraculous birth or the resurrection and ascension of his physical body. None of these things—neither the miracles nor the teachings of Jesus—were recorded until nearly one hundred years after his death; and wonderful as they all are, and sure to attract wide-spread attention, they are not noticed by any contemporaneous historian except very briefly and incidentally by Josephus, and even that reference is of very doubtful authenticity.

So it is not easy exactly to know what was the example and command of the Master. It cannot for a moment be doubted that Jesus was a most remarkable and benign personage, most unusually gifted, physically, mentally, and spiritually. His touch was magnetic and overflowed with healing power; his personality and manner were sympathetic and faith-inspiring; and the faith of the subject was to him a necessary condition of healing just as it is to-day. Jesus and his followers literally went about doing good, giving courage to the down-cast, teaching the ignorant, healing the sick by health-giving laying on of the hands, and by inspiring confidence and a stimulating faith,—a genuine method of suggestion. The divine was in them as it is in us to-day, only in him in measure far superior to any of us. That divine force was a part of his own personality, and was made use of according to nature's method and law. We do not learn that there were any seances in which the patient was fully impressed with the "allness" of God and the non-ness of matter and of disease. He asked the sufferer the simple question, "Believest thou that I am able to do this?" and then told him the simple, straightforward truth, without any juggling with words, "Thy faith hath saved thee,—go in peace." The vital force is in thyself; make use of it; I will help thee. There was no large fee,—no complimentary golden crown, and no souvenir spoons.

The Christian Scientists may be following Christ, but it seems somewhat after the manner of Peter, who also on a certain occasion followed the Master,—but it was a long way off.

In the foregoing remarks my object has been to bring before the mind of the reader as clearly as possible, even at the risk of some reiteration, certain propositions which in my judgment are most important, and a careful consideration of which is most necessary to a proper understanding of the New Therapeutics. Among these facts are:

(1) That the things which have been established by science as practical and useful, such for instance as vaccination, antiseptics, and bacteriology, as well as certain well-proved means of cure, cannot be ignored in the construction of any new system of therapeutics, any more than the facts which relate to cure by psychic methods can be ignored.

(2) That cures by psychic methods of whatever kind or by whatever sect are not miraculous or supernatural, but are accomplished according to natural laws, physical and psychical, and hence are proper subjects for scientific study.

(3) Tyndall's announcement in 1874 of a "potency and promise" inherent in matter itself is a most important one as related to psychic therapeutics, since, carried out to its logical sequences, it means that this inherent potency is itself psychic, that it is the motive and formative power in all subsequent development, in the production of organisms and in the activity of the functions which maintain life and health in these organisms,—in short, that mind forms and dominates all organisms, consequently it forms and dominates the human organism; and, if it dominates, it can heal.

(4) That suggestion is the great principle by which psychic cures of every kind and degree are effected.

These propositions I deem fundamental in the organization of the New Therapeutics. The first relates to the ever-recurring conflict between objective and subjective methods, between the understanding and the emotions. I have endeavored to show how necessary to the best results is their union and harmonious action, and how disastrous is their divorce.

The subjective method, upon whatever matter engaged, represents foresight, initiative, motive power, but it is liable to misdirection in its application, to squan-

der energy and meet defeat. The objective method represents experience, knowledge, reserve force, caution, guidance. It has been the conservative clinging to the exclusive and excessive use of drugs in the cure of disease, and the scorn and neglect with which it has treated subjective, psychic means of cure, that have brought the therapeutic part of the old objective, scientific school of medicine into distrust. It is the dense ignorance and foolhardy disregard, on the part of some of its practitioners, of useful and sensible means of prevention and cure which science has put in their hands that is now bringing deserved reproach upon the exclusive and indiscriminate use of psychic methods of cure.

This mutual crimination and distrust, this claiming all for itself by each party, must cease. A union of what is found most true and useful in both the old and new, in the objective and subjective, must take place; and "truth, from whatever source," must be the watchword.

But suggestion must be recognized as the dominant factor in the New Therapeutics. At present it may be too transcendental for the majority of the objective school, and it is too scientific and objective for the majority of the transcendental school, but whether it be suggestion in the normal state or in the hypnotic condition,—whether auto-suggestion or suggestion given by a second person, whether audible or silent and mental, whether present or absent,—suggestion is still the active working principle, the subtle agent which influences all. But it is chiefly by direct, audible suggestion in the more or less complete hypnotic condition that the most certain results are obtained. Then the normal consciousness is in abeyance as in ordinary sleep; the subconscious mind, the subliminal self, is awake and accessible; and the subconscious mind is then responsive to true and wholesome suggestion. We do not say to the patient in this condition, "You have no disease," "You are well,—there is no such thing as disease," because it would be a lie and an insult to his intelligence, and very likely he would awake with a sense of disturbance and opposition; but we assure him that his

disease is curable, that there are within himself the means of cure, that they only need strengthening and directing, that physiological processes are even now being set up which will remove the disease and restore him to health. We say to the slave of alcohol or narcotic drugs, "You will no longer desire these drugs, they are your enemy, you will avoid and refuse them under all circumstances." We say to the dull and indifferent student, "Your power of concentration will be increased, your ideals elevated, your will strengthened, and your memory improved;" and to the criminal, "The sense of right and wrong will be ever present before you, and you will choose the right and shun the wrong."

Those absurd and superstitious ideas regarding hypnotism which even now to some extent prevail must be dispelled by science and enlightenment. It is only nature's method of harmonizing and increasing vital force,—of bringing two persons into such relations that the physical, mental, or moral needs of one may be more surely and effectively supplied by the other. The very condition of hypnotic sleep is healthful, useful, and elevating. The Greeks named it the sacred sleep. It is simply carrying out a divine law of rest and healing; and when to that is added the grand power of suggestion, the results are great beyond what at first seems possible.

But evil effects come from hypnotism, you say. Have you seen them? For nearly thirty years I have made use of the agent, and its evil effects have kept themselves carefully concealed from my observation. But even so. Are any of nature's forces benign when ignorantly used? Is light, or heat, or electricity, or even food or wine or love to be intrusted to ignorant or vicious hands? But do we therefore reject light or food or electricity? The more powerful the agent, the more care and intelligence in its use; and that is all. But let only clean hands and a pure heart administer this sacrament.

Finally, let it be remembered that there are two principles in nature, and they can never be divorced. There is matter and there is spirit, and either is incomplete without the other. It is impossible truly



to conceive of matter deprived of its psychic element, its attribute of attraction, its power of choice, its loves; and spirit without matter is unthinkable; it is impossible to conceive of the psychic element of attraction, of affinity, of love, of thought, except in connection with matter. God himself could no more exist in his completeness without a universe than a universe could exist without God. The soul can no more exist without a body than the body as a living organism can exist without a soul. "Nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul." But when this more gross material body is no longer useful for the soul's help and development, a more refined and useful one is provided; by comparison we call it spiritual, but, however refined, it is still matter.

We cannot, then, accept the teachings of those who command us to discredit our normal senses, those instruments which God has given us that we may become

intelligent regarding his wonderful works and beautiful world,—given us for the express purpose of instruction, development, and the beautifying of the soul; and without which we should still be the dull, unknowing piece of protoplasm which, sightless and almost soulless, was the highest development of matter those millions of years ago. Such a belief is unwholesome, immoral, and degrading alike to God and man. It is not refinement, it is not elevation; but, if it could be realized, it would simply be extinction. As matter and spirit are united in nature, so must the understanding and the emotions be united in all constructive thought, and what God hath joined together let no man put asunder. As in philosophy and religion, so in striving to arrive at the best in therapeutics, stimulate the understanding by the emotions,—correct the emotions by the understanding. Try all things,—hold fast that which is good.

## MISS WILLARD'S CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM

BY ELTWEED POMEROY

Often it requires a little distance from an object to get such a proper perspective or view as will enable us to grasp its full magnitude. It is the same with a person. And we are just beginning to get at a proper distance from Miss Willard's vigorous personality to appreciate how strong and ringing and true it was and is; for her work is not dead. Her memory lives after her. She was a source of enthusiasm which still burns. Her lasting monument was the institution which she did so much to create, and the inspiration and thought she developed in others.

Two of her most beautiful traits were her clearness of vision and her sincerity. Her words were clear and pellucid as crystal. They bore internal evidence of complete sincerity. If it had not been for the generous tolerance and sympathetic insight which her great love gave her, this uncompromising honesty of expression would have gotten her into trouble. Time and again she said things

which were in advance of her audience. She was a born leader. But these did not offend, because she was willing that others should have their opinions, and hers were stated with the persuasiveness of a reasoned belief and not the authority of a command.

Most people do not change after forty. Experience is only a deepening of ruts and not an added power for progress. Miss Willard was always developing, growing, particularly on social lines.

I want to take as my text for this article one side of her life and thought which unfolded with her growth, becoming in her later years an intense, burning conviction. It is found in a short extract from her letter to Miss Helen Mason accepting enrollment in the Brotherhood of the Co-operative Commonwealth. Miss Willard was nothing if not positive and clear. There was no misunderstanding of her position, albeit it was stated with a sweetness, a charity, and a tolerance

which disarmed offense. In this letter she said: "I believe the things that Christian socialism stands for, and, were I not 'teetotally' occupied, would go into the movement heart and soul, as indeed I have done in public utterance for many years. Oh, that I were young again, and it should have my life. It is God's way out of the wilderness, and into the promised land. It is the very marrow and fatness of Christ's gospel. It is Christianity applied."

The old infidelity is gone. There are no atheists now save a few belated survivals of a past epoch of thought. The great evolutionists are theists or agnostics, and most of them are reverent theists. The study of nature by the great naturalists and the study of the Bible by the great biblical students of our time have supplanted the imaginary cosmogony founded on the first chapter of Genesis by a truer view. They have banished the idolatry or almost unreasoning worship of the Bible. The idea of its verbal inspiration has been killed. But in doing this the Bible has been lifted to a higher plane. It is the history of the unfolding of the idea of God in the most spiritual race of ancient times. While there is noble morality and lofty spirituality in all sacred literatures, in none is the morality so noble, the spirituality so lofty as in this sacred literature of the Hebrews which we call the Bible. This book is a reservoir for all life, an inspiration for all time. This is a far higher, nobler, and truer idea than the old.

But there is a new infidelity which Rev. William T. Brown has well defined. "It is that form of unbelief which assumes that the plain teachings of Jesus are impracticable. The only infidelity that is possible to-day is that which denies in fact the absolute moral necessity of the life of Jesus in every phase and expression of human endeavor. I heard one of the most distinguished liberal preachers of New England—or, indeed, of America—say in a meeting of ministers that the principles of the 'Sermon on the Mount' cannot be applied to commercial affairs,—were never intended to be so applied. The speaker did not hint that the words of that sermon might not be the actual

words of Jesus. He assumed them to be authentic. Now, that is simply the frank admission of what is the silent assumption of practically the whole church to-day. The whole life of Christendom—political, commercial, industrial, social, religious—rests upon the tacit assumption that the principles on which Jesus lived his life cannot be applied to life—cannot be realized in the relations of man to man."

This infidelity Miss Willard fought with all the power of her strenuous nature. She believed that when Christ said, "All things are mine," he meant it; he meant that the spirit of love should control all things, economic, industrial, social, political. She believed that the greatest heresy of modern times is the division of the sacred from the secular. She believed that Christ's spirit should control not one day of the week only, but the whole seven; that it should control not only the religious side of life, but all sides. That Miss Willard understood the imperativeness of Christ's call, its universality and everlasting timeliness, is shown by the whole tone of her addresses, letters, and speeches. But a few quotations from her last annual address to the W. C. T. U. will clinch this. "We have worshiped Him with our words, but henceforth we must worship with deeds, or be set down as infidels and hypocrites. . . . We have consecrated our knees to him when it was our hands he wanted; we have courted to a man-made altar when he asked our obedience for humanity itself. . . . A bad life is the worst of heresies. Conferences and synods, revival meetings and prayer circles, will have written as their epitaph unless they make direct, honest, hard work to help man in the daily business of life: 'Behold, your house is left unto you desolate.' We Christians must not sit and let the fires of intemperance burn on; we must not permit poverty to shiver, and squalor to send forth its stench, and disease to fester in the heart of great populations. All must be stopped, and we are the Christ-men and the Christ-women to stop it, or else we are pitiable dreamers and deluded professors of what we don't believe. . . . Whoever does not apply Christianity to the special sins of his own age, in his own

person and by his own work, is, to say the least, a most unscientific Christian."

She realized that the churches were so sodden in their lukewarmness, so set with their faces looking back, so deep in the ruts of customs and creeds which have flowered and gone to seed, that it is almost useless to work inside them. She never antagonized them. She used them where she could. But her main work lay outside of them. With great sweetness she said: "The church conserves the fruits of victory, but has not been eager to endure reproach. . . . When the most courageous sons and daughters have gone forth to live the light that they have seen, then the church comes along in her sweeping robes and gathers up their work. I have no quarrel with the church."

She realized what the organic church does not begin to grasp, that our times, brooded over by the eternally applicable principles of Christ which have possessed our religion and our family or social life, are preparing for another great advance, the possession by these principles of our economic, industrial, and political life. At the London W. C. T. U. Convention in 1897, she said:

I have become an advocate of such a change in social conditions as shall stamp out the disease and contagion of poverty even as medical science is stamping out leprosy, small-pox, and cholera; and I believe the age in which we live will yet be characterized as one of those dark, dismal, and damning ages when some people were so dead to the love of their kind that they left them in poverty without a heart-ache or a blush.

Poverty is a disease; it is degradation; it has no right to be. . . . In the past we have comforted ourselves with looking upon it as the effect of wrong-doing, but have now aroused ourselves to the study of it as a cause. We are determined to burn out to its last infectious atom the stench of the slums. . . .

Full well I know that a majority of those who read these lines will first of all call me a crank, and then find leaping to their lips His words who said, "The poor ye have always with you." By such evasions is Christ blasphemed, who stated to the people of that time one of the blackest facts in their hypocritical record, but whose gospel is the gunpowder of poverty; and one of the ground principles of whose earthly church, God-made, was this, that "they had all things in common."

This she correctly called Christian socialism or Christianity applied. By it she would conquer the new infidelity which says Christ's teachings are not practicable.

Gladstone, quoted and pronounced good by Dr. Strong, makes the following estimate of the production of wealth in this century: "All the wealth which could be handed down to posterity produced during the first eighteen hundred years of the Christian era was equaled by the production of the first fifty years of this nineteenth century, and as much more was produced during the next twenty years. . . . There has been thus more than three times as much wealth produced during this one century as during the eighteen centuries preceding."

This vast and rapid enlargement of our life on its material side has its dangers. A sharp tool is a better implement than a dull one, but it will cut deeper into the flesh if the blow is misdirected. Our attention is now much called to Spain, and Dr. Strong, in his book, "The Twentieth Century," brings this point out. He says:

The gold of the new world was poured into the lap of Spain; but Spain failed to make a corresponding development of intellectual and spiritual life, and her material glory soon faded. England, on the other hand, made intellectual and moral progress no less remarkable than her physical growth. Increasing wealth, therefore, did not corrupt and weaken her. Her higher life was able to control the lower, and thus prepare the way for a still wider material expansion. Without an adequate moral development to control the physical and utilize it for ends above itself, the material becomes sensuous, then sensual; and sensuality means decay and death.

Speaking of Greece and Rome, he says:

Their material development, which was once their glory, became at length their weakness and destruction.

Of our own country he says:

The materialism of modern civilization is better illustrated perhaps in this country than anywhere else in Christendom. Not that we are more worldly and less Christian than other peoples, but peculiar conditions in the United States have made the pursuit of material good more eager, more intense

and absorbing, here than anywhere else in the world. . . .

It is to be feared that our increasing wealth is producing fewer philanthropists than sensualists and misers. . . .

The increase of material wealth is simply prodigious. There has been no corresponding increase in our wealth of literature and noble ideals; no such massing of moral and spiritual treasure. It is not intemperate to say that there has been more material progress during the nineteenth century than during the entire preceding history of the race. No one would think of making a similar statement concerning the intellectual and moral advancement of mankind; nor would any one venture the assertion that we in America have surpassed European peoples in moral and intellectual growth as we have in material development.

Few saw these dangers more clearly than Miss Willard. The Christian socialism which she advocated with a more thrilling intensity as her life drew toward its close is a putting of the breath of life into our material progress. It is the spirit which quickeneth. It is the converting of civilization. It is the turning of this vast material progress into ministering, not to the wants of a pampered few who have superior powers of grab, but to the benefit of all. In her last address she said: "Why is it that the men and women who made the furniture in our rooms would by no means be recognized as our equals or companions? Why is it that those who make our food are usually as much forgotten by those who eat as if they were machines like the stoves on which the food is cooked? . . . It is that unyielding, unwritten law of caste which says: 'Labor is under foot, money is on top; idleness is a token of refinement; pleasure is the mark of birth and breeding.'" The remedy is not the culture of a few favored individuals, but for the uplifting of man. It means an intelligent, Christly use of the powers of civilization instead of our present planless system. It means the cultivated garden, and not the wild jungle of business greed and competition.

Seldom, if ever, have the noble methods of Christian socialism been compressed into a clearer, more cogent, more comprehensive paragraph than the following from Miss Willard's last great address, at Buffalo, in 1897, when the angel of death

was hovering over her, when perhaps the light and beauty of the dawn gave an added clearness, strength, and intensity to her expressions:

I would take, not by force, but by the slow process of lawful acquisition through better legislation, as the outcome of a wiser ballot in the hands of men and women, the entire plant that we call civilization, and all that has been achieved on this continent in the four hundred years since Columbus wended his way hither, and make it the common property of all the people, requiring all to work enough with their hands to give them the finest physical development, but not to become burdensome in any case, and permitting all to share alike the advantages of education and refinement. I believe this to be perfectly practicable; indeed, that any other method is simply a relic of barbarism. I believe with Frederick Maurice, of England, that it is infidel for any to say that the law of supply and demand is as changeless as the law of gravitation, which means that competition must forever prevail. I believe that competition is doomed. The trust, whose sole object it is to abolish competition, has proved that we are better without than with it the moment any corporation controls the supply of any product. What the socialist desires is that the corporation of humanity should control all production.

Beloved comrades, this is the frictionless way. It is the higher law; it eliminates the motives for a selfish life; it enacts into our every-day living the ethics of Christ's gospel. Nothing else will do it; nothing else can bring the glad day of universal brotherhood.

Thus Miss Willard would make of our civilization a living, breathing institution, not primarily for the production of more wealth, but for the growing of men, higher, nobler, better than their ancestors. It was largely her influence which widened the institution of which she was the head, so that it stands for something more than the mere liquor question. It stands to-day for purity, honesty, and education as well as temperance.

At once some one says: "But we must save the individual, and as he becomes better the state will improve." Tolstoi says in one place: "We are wrong when we say that the Christian doctrine is only with the salvation of the individual, and has nothing to do with the question of the state. Such is simply a bold assertion of an untruth which, when we examine it seriously, falls of itself to the ground."



The state needs salvation as well as the individual. Our higher development is conditional on our lower development and environment. We must use "the entire plant of civilization" that each—not a favored few, but every babe born on this planet—may have an equal opportunity for development. As is said in another part of the report of the 1897 W. C. T. U. convention:

Another sign of the closer kinship of collectivism to the mind of Christ is in the elevation and nobility it gives to the struggle for life. Collectivism does not extinguish combat, but it lifts the battle into the worthiest spheres, reduces it to a minimum in the lower and animal departments, and so leaves man free for the finer toils of intellect and heart; free to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

The danger of our time is that our heaping wealth will conquer and own us, will overwhelm us with its flood. Christian socialism means that through the agency of the government, which the people will own and operate through direct legislation, we, the people, the whole people, the common people, shall conquer and own and operate this wealth for the common benefit, the common good.

"A dream," you say. Emerson in 1858 said it would be three generations before slavery was abolished in the United States,—it happened in five years. John Howard went out alone to reform the prisons of England, and met with ridicule and derision,—he did it. Wesley, trying almost single-handed to reform the Church of England, was the laughing-stock of his time. The great Methodist Church is his monument. An insignificant German monk started out to fight the great Roman Church, which had made monarchs bow before it,—his name was Luther. A poor Jewish peasant from a despised village in a down-trodden land dreamed of saving the world, and he had neither position, wealth, nor friends, but he followed this dream with an intensity and devotion that have made his name revered above all others. We know not the "times or seasons." It may be near or far. It is ours simply to do.

What does this Christian socialism mean? It means a community of inter-

est and a solidarity of action resulting in a community feeling and vital brotherhood, and these act and react on each other. St. Paul says: "We are all of one body." The Standard Oil Company says: "These are vested interests which are ours, not yours." Christ says: "Abide in me and I in you." Leiter says: "This wheat is mine." The time will come when the cornering of the market or regrating of food or any other necessary of life will become a legal crime as it was in the middle ages and under the Mosaic law. Meantime the cornerers of the market are demonstrating, in perhaps the only way which multitudes can grasp, how "the entire plant of civilization" can be used for the common benefit as they are using it for private ends. By abusing the plant of civilization they are showing that "all nations which on earth do dwell" are one.

We are living in great times. The American people have just refused to utter Cain's answer: "Am I my brother's keeper?" They have said "that the people of the Island of Cuba are and of right ought to be free and independent." The commercial class which mainly controls our government did not want the war with Spain, but they were beaten and forced into it. Even if evasive corruption has darkened the methods used, even if the results are twisted and distorted into the service of commercial greed, this is the flashing of the spirit of brotherhood beyond the bounds of the nation. Cuba is and must be free, and we will "leave the government and control of the island to its people," we have said officially. The world has known wars of offense and defense, of conquest and glory, but rare has been the war of pure sentiment for the freedom of the race other than the one fighting. So the spirit of brotherhood is stirring in our internal relations in what we call Christian socialism. The war with Spain is only, at its base, another manifestation of this spirit. Both indicate a fundamental belief in the often unrecognized fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man.

While we shall miss the sweetness of Miss Willard's presence, the inspiration of her winged words, the uplift of her

ever active life, we may well thank God she has been here, thank him for the purity and nobleness of her intentions, the keenness and clearness of her vision,

the readiness and energy of her doing, the broadness and power of her love and sympathy. They remain as a benison to us, a heritage for all time.

## THE POEMS OF EMERSON

BY CHARLES MALLOY

### NINTH PAPER

#### "MONADNOC."

It does not seem, at first thought, that a mountain could recommend itself as a very easy or inviting subject for a poem. Especially is this true of a mountain in New Hampshire, which has none of the adventitious luster given by historic associations and a well-known place in literature. The famous mountains of the world do not always depend for their fame upon what they are or where they are. What is their fame in story and song, what events have they known, what have poets said about them, if only in fable,—these things are often their only claim to distinction.

Monadnoc had none of these recommendations. Nobody in Europe and but very few in America had even heard the name; but Monadnoc will not any longer remain an unknown mountain. Emerson's great poem alone will make and keep it famous. I wish to write out a few thoughts which this poem gives to me upon a reading of many years, and so many of these thoughts have been after thoughts and dim writings between the lines that, for readers slow and dull like me, my long tuition may not be in vain by way of suggestion and interpretation.

"Inspiration is like yeast," says Emerson. "'Tis no matter in which of half a dozen ways you procure the infection, you can apply one or the other equally well to your purposes and get your loaf of bread. And every earnest workman, in whatever kind, knows some favorable conditions for his task. When I wish to write on any topic, 'tis of no consequence what kind of book or man gives me a hint or a motion, nor how far off that is from my topic."

Emerson's own wonderful eyes for the detection of obscure analogies would easily give him by-ways and inter-connections, and in this manner all roads, for him, would "lead to Rome." Monadnoc accordingly, as his ostensible theme, gives him "hint and motion" for profound conceptions in science, philosophy, and even religion. It is in these conceptions that we find our best estate in the study of the great poem. Monadnoc serves only for "egress and termination" in many applications.

Thousand minstrels woke within me.

"Minstrels" are the poet's personifications for the emotions and impulses by which one is driven "out of doors" and into nature at the first coming of pleasant spring weather. Cold and snow had been an excuse for the library, but now the "minstrels" sing, "Our music's in the hills," and not in books any longer. Then says the poet:

Gayest pictures rose to win me,  
Leopard-colored rills.

The minstrels resume the song, and say:

Up! if thou knew'st who calls  
To twilight parks of beech and pine,  
High over the river intervals,  
Above the plowman's highest line,  
Over the owner's farthest walls!  
Up! where the alry citadel  
O'erlooks the surging landscape's swell!  
Let not unto the stones the Day  
Her lily and rose, her sea and land display.  
Read the celestial sign!  
Lo! the south answers to the north;  
Bookworm, break this sloth urbane;  
A greater spirit bids thee forth  
Than the gay dreams which thee detain.  
Mark how the climbing Oreads  
Beckon thee to their arcades;  
Youth, for a moment free as they,

Teach thy feet to feel the ground,  
 Ere yet arrives the wintry day  
 When Time thy feet has bound.  
 Take the bounty of thy birth,  
 Taste the lordship of the earth.

All this, with the exception of the third and fourth lines, is the call and song of the "minstrels," which were only forms of consciousness in the mind of the "book-worm," but not less irresistible because they were merely subjective.

Gayest pictures rose to win me,  
 Leopard-colored rills.

These pictures, of course, rose in the imagination, for the subject of this call had not yet obeyed it.

"Leopard-colored rills." It would seem a slight artistic defect that only one example of these "gayest pictures" is given, and this a little far-fetched. One cannot be quite certain what Emerson means by these words. It has been suggested that the light shining through overhanging leaves and branches would give the water such particolored appearance as might resemble the skin of a leopard. That would afford varieties of light and shade, but not color. I like the observation better which interested me in thinking of this simile, namely, the mottled bottom of the rill made by patches, now of yellow sand and now of black mud. The color of the pebbles in the bottom of the rill might also help the resemblance. Changes of light would be adventitious, and not attributes belonging to the "thing itself."

Let not unto the stones the Day  
 Her lily and rose, her sea and land display.

Such a display were certainly worthy of intelligent spectators, and is too beautiful to waste itself upon insensate stones. "Her lily and rose" may refer to early flowers, particularly the Mayflower, and the blossoms of trees; or it might mean meteoric variations of the sky above.

"Read the celestial sign." The sun had swung well northward. The south had come at the call of the north. The fields and hills were fast putting on their festal garments. These decorations and the songs of birds and the "lily and rose" of flowers would ask the visitations of poets. What else was it all there for?

Well might they suspend the "gay dreams" of the library and parlor.

Mark how the climbing Oreads  
 Beckon thee to their arcades.

The following sentences may here be read in Emerson's essay on "Nature:" "The solitary places do not seem quite lonely. At the gates of the forest the surprised man of the world is forced to leave his city estimates of great and small, wise and foolish. The knapsack of custom falls off his back with the first step he makes into these precincts. Here is sanctity which shames our religions, and reality which discredits our heroes. Here we find nature to be the circumstance which dwarfs every other circumstance, and judges like a god all men who come to her. We have crept out of our crowded houses into the night and morning, and we see what majestic beauties daily wrap us in their bosom."

The Oreads were mountain nymphs, who, like other nymphs, seem to have been all of the feminine gender, with no corresponding correlatives of the other sex thus to complete the rhyme in which nature so much delights. This is perhaps because man made all the old poems, and, as in laws and institutions, he provides rights and amusements only for himself. I wonder if women care as much for this invention of nymphs as men do? I am afraid they found their society a little tiresome, while the nymphs on the other hand found each other the same, and this one-sided mythology is no doubt all wrong. The dreamers who wander out into natural scenes, fields, woods, or on mountains, no doubt correct this oversight on the part of the old poets, and please themselves in the matter of ideal companions, or who shall "beckon" them and whom they shall follow. Woman, moreover, has often had to carry more than her share of the blame when things have gone wrong, because man has told the story,—Eve in the garden, Helen of Troy, King Arthur's wife, and even Job's wife, for at Greenacre the other day we had occasion to notice this point. Somebody must say, "Curse God and die," and the man who wrote the poem gave that role to Job's wife. She well may have

got a little impatient, tending upon a sick husband and listening to the tiresome platitudes of his pretended friends, for whom she must also provide a dinner each day. The old literatures are entirely the work of man. If woman had done the writing it would have been quite different. These Oreads no doubt, which the woods are full of, would have been, in part, nice young men. There is a good reason in psychology why man has written it as we find it. Carlyle, in "Sartor Resartus," says that at the age when the young maiden is most lovely the young man reaches his maximum of contemptibility, and yet women somehow put up with him, though men cannot. This is the reason why the masculine poet keeps the woods clear of young men. It must be remembered that the Oreads are subjective creatures. We carry them with us, or we do not find them. But the female excursionist does not carry them. She pleases herself as to who shall be her ideal companions. She does not want Oreads. "The religions of the world," says Emerson, "are the ejaculations of a few imaginative minds." If the ejaculations had been made by women it would have hastened up all the beatitudes. History and poetry would have received many graceful felicities at her hands. But perhaps we are saying too much about the Oreads.

Bookworm, break this sloth urbane;  
A greater spirit bids thee forth.

Who is this "greater spirit?"

I heard, and I obeyed.—  
Assured that he who made the claim,  
Well known, but loving not a name,  
Was not to be gainsaid.

The foundation of this claim was in the nature of man and in the nature of things. The reality was too broad and vast for any one "name." Emerson, therefore, uses many names, or rather designations, but always uses them provisionally. In his essay on "Experience" he says: "Fortune, Minerva, Muse, Holy Ghost,—these are quaint names, too narrow to cover this unbounded substance. The baffled intellect must still kneel before this cause,—ineffable cause, which

every fine genius has essayed to represent by some emphatic symbol, as Thales by water, Anaximenes by air, Anaxagoras by thought, Zoroaster by fire, Jesus and the moderns by love; and the metaphor of each has become a national religion. The Chinese Mencius has not been the least successful in his generalization. 'I fully understand language,' he said, 'and nourish well my vast-flowing vigor.' 'I beg to ask what you call vast-flowing vigor,' said his companion. 'The explanation,' said Mencius, 'is difficult.' This vigor is supremely great and in the highest degree unbending. Nourish it correctly and do it no injury, and it will fill up the vacancy between heaven and earth. This vigor accords with and assists justice, and 'leaves no hunger.' In our more correct writing we give to this generalization the name of Being, and thereby confess that we have arrived as far as we can go. Suffice it for the joy of the universe that we have not arrived at a wall, but at interminable oceans."

"Well known, but loving not a name." That is, loving no particular name. So Emerson uses many names,—ten, indeed, in this poem. He would rather say "well known" than "unknowable." Instead of saying "unknowable" he would use any and all names. Any designation of what is real would be a "name." He uses the word "oversoul" in speaking more particularly of man, and "world-soul" in speaking of man and nature.

"I heard, and I obeyed." Emerson in this passage would emphasize his respect for all subjective commandments. It was written in the Transcendental period, when abandonment "to the spirit-breath of eternal nature" was the maxim of a new worship and the opening door to new and larger horizons.

Ere yet the summoning voice was still,  
I turned to Cheshire's haughty hill.

Monadnoc is in Cheshire County, New Hampshire.

From the fixed cone the cloud-rack flowed  
Like ample banner flung abroad  
To all the dwellers in the plains  
Pound about, a hundred miles,  
With salutation to the sea and to the bordering isles.



If one has noticed the rack of cloud which often stretches away from the top of a mountain, he will readily admit the force and beauty of the simile which calls it a banner. We do not know the extent of the circle such banner may command, or whether it would reach to the sea and the bordering isles, and to the dwellers in the plains generally for a hundred miles. Its reach would probably be less than this in some directions, and much more than this in others. In a passage farther on we have four lines pertinent to this question:

Every morn I lift my head,  
See New England underspread,  
South from Saint Lawrence to the Sound,  
From Katskill east to the sea-bound.

In his own loom's garment dressed,  
By his proper bounty blessed.

The reader will notice the etymological element in this connotation of the word "proper," according to which it means about the same as the word "own" in the line above. This is a trifle, but illustrates the care with which Emerson selected his words.

"To far eyes, an aerial isle." A mountain seen far away on the horizon often has the appearance of an island.

An aerial isle,  
Unplowed, which finer spirits ple,  
Which morn and crimson evening paint  
For bard, for lover, and for saint.

Emerson is pre-eminently happy in his phrases and in single lines. It is for this reason that he is to be quoted in the future more than all the writers of his time.

Which morn and crimson evening paint  
For bard, for lover, and for saint.

It is perhaps the bard in the lover and the saint that classifies the three as subjects of a common influence. A mountain gilded by the rising or the setting sun seems often a doorway into some world fairer and brighter than the world we know. This glory which comes of distance in space is a promise and symbol of distance in time, when dreams shall become real and the long defeated love of good and of beauty shall be satisfied. "I

shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness."

Gauge and calendar and dial,  
Weather-glass and chemic phial.

One who has lived long in the vicinity of a mountain, especially on the eastern side, will understand the way in which it serves as a "gauge and calendar and dial." The two points between which the setting sun will range or swing in the changes of the seasons may easily be marked, and the limits of each season and, approximately, the day of the month. Thoreau could tell this by the flowers he found in bloom. Also by lights and shadows the time of day may be learned. And a mountain is often a weather-glass to the observer. The farmer will look out for rain when in the morning the clouds hang low on the mountain.

How does the mountain serve as a "chemic phial?" I do not know, unless as furnishing many things for sickness, for good wives and mothers of a past generation, in the form of leaves, barks, roots, and berries in which they found medicinal values, but which are now superseded by chemical agencies at the hands of a "doctor." Emerson, in the following lines from the poem, "Blight," would seem to deplore this change:

Give me truths;  
For I am weary of the surfaces,  
And die of inanition. If I knew  
Only the herbs and simples of the wood.  
Rue, cinquefoil, gill, vervain, and agrimony.  
Blue-vetch and trillium, hawkweed, sassafras,  
Milkweeds and murky brakes, quaint pipes  
and sun-dew,  
And rare and virtuous roots, which in these  
woods  
Draw untold juices from the common earth,  
Untold, unknown, and I could surely spell  
Their fragrance, and their chemistry apply  
By sweet affinities to human flesh.  
Driving the foe and establishing the friend.—  
O, that were much, and I could be a part  
Of the round day, related to the sun  
And planted world, and full executor  
Of their imperfect functions.  
But these young scholars, who invade our  
hills,  
Bold as the engineer who fells the wood,  
And travelling often in the cut he makes,  
Love not the flower they pluck, and know  
it not.  
And all their botany is Latin names.

"The Titan heeds his sky affairs." This and the nine or ten following lines in "Monadnoc" are very fine, but so plain and simple that they do not need annotation.

The poet now turns from the mountain for a time to speak of the people around it:

"Happy," I said, "whose home is here!  
Fair fortunes to the mountaineer!  
Boon Nature to his poorest shed  
Has royal pleasure-grounds outspread!"  
Intent, I searched the region round,  
And in low hut the dweller found;  
Woe is me for my hope's downfall!  
Is yonder squalid peasant all  
That this proud nursery could breed  
For God's vicegerency and stead?

These lines gave the good people living around Monadnoc no little offense. They were in many respects a noble race, and as pioneers in the settlement of New Hampshire had shown many and heroic virtues. They did not like to be called "squalid peasants." They were often poor, and perhaps uncultivated according to the standards afforded by visitors from the cities. But they were generally honest, independent, and ambitious, if not for themselves, at least for their children; and among the offspring of this hardy race were some of the first men of the country,—ministers, lawyers, doctors, college professors, members of congress, governors of States, and even one president of the United States. Many of the settlers were Scotch-Irish, a very superior element in our population.

The first edition of the poem had lines still more offensive, and read as follows:

Intent, I searched the region round  
And in low hut my monarch found.  
He was no eagle and no earl;—  
Alas! my foundling was a churl,  
With heart of cat and eyes of bug,  
Dull victim of his pipe and mug.  
Woe is me for my hope's downfall.  
Lord! Is yon squalid peasant all  
That this proud nursery could breed  
For God's vicegerency and stead?

The "mug" was a symbol for cider. This was almost the only beverage of the farmers in olden times. Every farmer made and laid in several barrels, and most of them drank quite freely. When it be-

came old or "hard" it had some power to intoxicate. By drinking a gallon or two one could get drunk on it. An old farmer in Maine, as the story goes, took his mug one evening and started for the cellar to fill it with cider. He tripped at the head of the stairs and fell to the bottom. The good wife, hearing the noise, came running to the scene and said, "Father, have you broke that mug?" "No, but I will," he said, and smashed it against the cellar wall. He did not like to feel that the "mug" and not his head was the only care on the part of the wife.

"Hard cider" was a very democratic drink. It was said, in praise of General Harrison in the campaign of 1840, that he lived in a "log cabin" and drank "hard cider." These were very notable sayings in the songs and battle-cries of his party at that time. A log cabin and a barrel of hard cider were hauled in a political procession here in Massachusetts. The next degree above hard cider was "New England rum." It was said of Franklin Pierce, in the election of 1855, that "he imbibed the spirit of New England in his youth." "Well he might," said an opposition paper. "You could buy it for twenty-eight cents a gallon at that time."

One of the most remarkable changes in the last fifty years among the farmers of New Hampshire, and Maine as well, is seen in the disuse of cider. There is now but little cider made, though there are plenty of apples that are good for nothing else. There is a similar reformation in the use of other intoxicants. The "pipe," I am afraid, still holds its own, but is no longer a distinction of the farmer. It is a temptation to all classes.

The poet now goes on for forty or fifty lines in a further illustration of his "hope's downfall" in finding the people around Monadnoc unworthy of the mountain and of the "royal pleasure grounds" given them in magnificent landscapes on all sides. But farmers care little for landscapes. What will the land produce, and can we get a living off the land? These are their questions. Hard work takes the poetry and the romance all away. Farms are not things to be looked at merely. Farmers have too hard a chance at the

business end of the affair, as the farmer reckons his cares and interests.

But of Monadnoc still:

Is this colossal talisman  
Kindly to plant and blood and kind,  
But speechless to the master's mind?  
I thought to find the patriots  
In whom the stock of freedom roots;  
To myself I oft recount  
Tales of many a famous mount,—  
Wales, Scotland, Uri, Hungary's dells;  
Bards, Roys, Scanderbegs and Tells;  
And think how Nature in these towers  
Uplifted shall condense her powers,  
And lifting man to the blue deep  
Where stars their perfect courses keep,  
Like wise preceptor, lure his eye  
To sound the science of the sky,  
And carry learning to its height  
Of untried power and sane delight:  
The Indian cheer, the frosty skies,  
Rear purer wits, inventive eyes,—  
Eyes that frame cities where none be,  
And hands that stablish what these see:  
And by the moral of his place  
Hint summits of heroic grace;  
Man in these crags a fastness find  
To fight pollution of the mind;  
In the wide thaw and ooze of wrong,  
Adhere like this foundation strong,  
The insanity of towns to stem  
With simpleness for stratagem.  
But if the brave old mold is broke,  
And end in churls the mountain folk  
In tavern cheer and tavern joke,  
Sink, O mountain, in the swamp!  
Hide in thy skies, O sovereign lamp!  
Perish like leaves, the highland breed  
No sire survive, no son succeed!

This certainly is severe enough to give offense. It is some relief to feel that but few read it, and those who did would have given the pale and fragile scholar scorn for scorn. They could take care of themselves in hard conditions where he would have died.

But the scholar gives the obverse of this picture in the two following pages, and makes a generous amend.

Soft! let not the offended muse  
Toll's hard hap in scorn accuse.

This he had in reserve all the time. Emerson could not be unkind or unjust to men below, even amid the skies and stars of a poem. Read every word of this other side. I will not copy it, and will notice only now and then a line.

Whilst the country's flinty face,  
Like wax, their fashioning skill betrays,  
To fill the hollows, sink the hills,  
Bridge gulfs, drain swamps, build dams and  
mills,  
And fit the bleak and howling waste  
For homes of virtue, sense, and taste.

Delicate, fastidious gentlemen would hardly have been adapted to these hard tasks. Yet they had to be done by somebody. The strong, not oversensitive men to whom these works were allotted probably did not think their lot very hard. They were always near to nature, and she gave them many compensations. They had good appetites and could sleep well. This is not always true of scholars and millionaires. So says the poem:

The World-soul knows his own affair;  
Forelooking, when he would prepare  
For the next ages, men of mold  
Well embodied, well ensouled,  
He cools the present's fiery glow,  
Sets the life pulse strong but slow.

They bide their time, and well can prove,  
If need were, their line from Jove.

They proved this at the first outbreak of the Revolution, this region furnishing a company who fought at Bunker Hill. They proved this in the War of 1812 and in the War of the Rebellion. They have also proved themselves

Of the same stuff, and so allayed,  
As that whereof the sun is made,  
And of the fiber, quick and strong,  
Whose throbs are love, whose thrills are song.

The vocabulary of these mountaineers comes in for a friendly word:

Now in sordid weeds they sleep,  
In dullness now their secret keep;  
Yet, will you learn our ancient speech,  
These the masters who can teach.  
Fourscore or a hundred words  
All their vocal muse affords;  
But they turn them in a fashion  
Past clerks' or statesmen's art or passion.  
I can spare the college bell,  
And the learned lecture, well;  
Spare the clergy and libraries,  
Institutes and dictionaries,  
For that hardy English root  
Thrives here, unvalued, underfoot.  
Rude poets of the tavern hearth,  
Squandering your unquoted mirth,  
Which keeps the ground and never soars,  
While Jake retorts and Reuben roars;

Scoff of yeoman strong and stark,  
Goes like bullet to its mark;  
While the solid curse and jeer  
Never balk the waiting ear.

Too much cannot be said for that "hardy English root." We find it in Chaucer, in Shakspeare, in Bunyan, and in our English Bible. Fourscore or a hundred words give us the cream of it. Our dictionaries have become formidable, and words swarm like bacteria. Let us hug to the old familiar "root." When Daniel Webster left his law office among these simple people and moved to Portsmouth, then the largest city in the State, he met, as a regular antagonist at the bar, the distinguished veteran, Jeremiah Mason. Mr. Webster spoke of him afterward as in many respects the strongest lawyer in America. "He put me up," said Webster, "to all I know." Mr. Mason was not a rhetorician. He had no grace or polish. He was no match for the younger man in these advantages; yet, said the other, Mr. Mason "somehow got the cases." Webster found at last it was because he could make himself understood. He used those plain, simple words in which the jury themselves conversed. Webster

changed his speech and followed Mason. He was familiar with this language. He had grown up among these mountaineers. It was the language of his father and mother and all the people around him from childhood. Webster never lost again this "ancient speech." The scholar would not lose anything by taking a few terms in this school. There flashes out often among the "poets of the tavern hearth" a wit of which Shakspeare would have been glad and proud. The language of scholars is apt to be polished down till it becomes tame and soporific. It puts you to sleep. In this way the elegant sermon is often inert. I have heard much of this "ancient speech." How well I remember the "unquoted mirth"

Which keeps the ground and never soars,  
While Jake retorts and Reuben roars,

and the terrible "scoff of yeoman strong and stark," which "goes like bullet to its mark," and "the solid curse and jeer." Even the oxen seemed to understand it, and would jump to their work when they heard it.

"Monadnoc" will require another paper, and perhaps more. There still remain the principal problems of the poem.

## THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS

BY REV. S. H. SPENCER, A. M.

The spirit of Christ is the spirit of compassion, justice, and truth. It is this that gives to him "all power in heaven and in earth." The power of the church as a Christian institution, or as the chief and special representative of Christ, resides in its possession and exercise of this spirit.

The proper relation of the church to Christ is a vital one. Out of the vital relation it is antichrist. It is called the body of Christ, fitly joined to him as the Head. It is called his bride and wife, signifying intimate and faithful union. His disciples are called branches that derive their life and fruit from him, the Vine.

This vital relation means the perpetuation of the Christ spirit in the church and thence in the world. It means that

the church is the heart and lungs of society, pulsating and breathing into society the divine love and thought, quickening men's spiritual and moral perceptions and disposing them to seek after divine laws for their government. It means, on the part of the church's ministry and membership, the laying down of all selfish and untrue life for the sake of truth and the common good. It means wisdom from this love of truth and good, as from an inner source; for "if thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light." It means no love of self and Mammon that will eclipse and cut off the church's regenerating influence. To get the full effect of the church as a medium of the Christ spirit, the church must be composed of men and women who know



the full meaning of Christian discipleship, and who dare to live this knowledge to the outmost sphere of their being and influence; who shrink before no opposing custom, conventionality, or law; who make no compromise between Christ and the sensibilities or gifts of any who would corrupt the church; who have no fear of profaning sacred things by applying them for the removal of any social wrong. To the Christ all things are sacred,—human bodies as the temples of human souls, and politics and economics as the ultimate means of establishing his kingdom. The more outwardly and secularly the Christ principles are embodied, as in the individual, the municipality, the state, the nation, or the world, the more is the Christ glorified.

The possible unfaithfulness of the church is signified by the Christ's angel, unto his servant John, in these words: "Come hither, and I will show unto thee the judgment of the great harlot that sitteth upon many waters [or that resteth upon many false teachings]; with whom the kings [or ruling principles] of the earth committed fornication, and with the wine [or spirit] of whose fornication they that dwell in the earth were made drunk." This is her corruption and corrupting influence from the love of dominion. The meaning is that she has forsaken the principles of the Christ and espoused the principles that rule in the earth, and so has become an institution of abominable corruption and delirium. Corruption by another principle is signified thus: "And behold, a great red dragon with seven heads and ten horns, and upon his heads seven diadems. And his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and did cast them to the earth; and the dragon stood before the woman [the new church] who was about to be delivered [of a male child], that when she should be delivered he might destroy her child [the Christ doctrine of the new church.]" This dragon is the subtle and destructive doctrine of justification by faith alone—the doctrine of being made just without doing the works of justice.

False doctrines have been conceived and born of Romanism and Protestantism in an unlawful wedlock with dominion and

sinful indulgence. The abomination of desolation has thus come into the holy place of the Christian temple, and the stars of heavenly inspiration have been cast down. Yet this church has aspired to heaven itself in all her selfishness and filthiness and unconscious blindness. Her preaching has appealed to the selfish instinct in the offering of a ticket for seats in a heaven of sensuous delights. Having lost the spirit of Christ, she has degraded his actual mission, even as did the Jews his foretold mission, into that of establishing a sensuous kingdom for a people who say, "Lord, Lord," and do not the will of the Father in heaven.

But in the midst of the accumulated evils of centuries, in the divine judgment or exposure of those evils through world-wide suffering, the cries of the oppressed are heard in heaven, and are answered with new light and the pouring out anew of the Christ spirit. The voice of God is everywhere heard, "Come forth, my people, out of her, that ye have no fellowship with her sins and receive not her plagues; for her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities." Purification has commenced. Babylon is judged and falling, and the male-child is growing up in the wilderness, protected of God from the dragon. Practical preaching and rational views of God and his will have largely succeeded worn-out and lifeless dogmas. Right living is more emphasized as the way to heaven. Even the idea of heaven is changing from that of ready-made mansions to be entered upon forensic condition, to that of a heaven of mansions made by heavenly states of life on earth. The kingdom of heaven is looked for as possible even upon earth. The golden rule is coming into prominence as the essence and substance of all divine law and prophecy, and its application is gradually widening. The social or economic idea of Christianity, so long lost, is pushing irresistibly and universally to the front. All this is the male-child born of the new church, or of the new element in the church.

Still the theory very largely remains, that the church needs to be concerned only with individuals,—only with the single bricks of the social temple, and

not at all with the laying of them in order after the plan of the divine architect. Very sensitive to social readjustment are the ruling powers. This theory, however, may be adequately broadened by a more comprehensive view of individual duties. It is narrow and inadequate if civic duties are ignored, broad and adequate if they are included. Love to the neighbor as an individual makes a good neighbor or a good business man, but love to the neighbor as a civic community makes a good citizen. The latter love leads to a consideration of social conditions and to the study of economics. It employs the grander truths of the kingdom of God, and so is a love for the greater neighbor. It expands the soul into godlikeness, and regenerates the church to a grander scale. The greatest ones in heaven are they whose hearts are in the public welfare.

Does the church look expectantly forward to the fulfillment of the prophecy, "The kingdom of the world is become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ?" Then certainly she must include kingdoms in the sphere of her activity. The truths of Christ must enter the kingdom of the world and become its laws. Thus only can be removed the painful incongruity of multiplied churches and bibles, and missionaries in the midst of multiplied social miseries, and of multiplied obstructions to the manifestation of the spirit of Christ. Is the church forever to be the center of a civilization whose fruits are the opposite of Christian?

But effectively to impress civic duty upon individuals, that duty must be presented in definite form. The Christian preacher or writer must define the duty and show its reasonableness and imperativeness. He must be a truth-loving student of economics and politics—especially the former, since it is the more organic—and by his perception of economic and political fundamentals must illustrate the fundamentals of his religion. He must recognize the existence of a social problem, and study and teach its radical solution in the light of Christian principles. And yet more than this does the entrance of the social problem into the church involve. It involves the formation of classes

or clubs in the church building for the study and discussion of this problem, and the use of the pulpit by speakers who are specially qualified for showing its solution. It means every encouragement for the people to find out in temples dedicated to righteousness what is their duty as citizens of a municipality, state, nation, or world. It does not mean that the church shall father any reform movement by taking organized action. Indeed, this would be unwise, as interfering with free individual thought and expression and action, and so creating schisms. The church as such must never become a party in reform. I find Rev. B. Fay Mills putting it thus:

Do I believe in a church going into politics? Do I believe in a man going outside of his own house? Do I believe in people living in the world at all? What is the church here for, except to go into politics? I do not mean necessarily that it should decide whether this man who is after the spoils, or that man who is after the spoils, should have the spoils; but I mean that it is the business of the church, first of all, to apply to politics (which simply means the way that men live together in the largest association) the principles of faith and hope and love. In other words, the activity of the church should be as broad as the world, and its relation to politics ought to be immediate and effective.

The sole need is that the church's members be such lovers of truth for truth's sake as to expect and desire their minister or speaker or writer to proclaim what he, from a heart that is Christly in its love of humanity, perceives to be the truth; and as, in all their meetings, to relegate party spirit and selfish interests to the place where, in a society of Christ followers, these properly belong.

In the church, more than anywhere else, should we naturally expect a clear discernment between reforms that are fundamental and reforms that are superficial, or between radical cures and palliatives. She claims the gift of the Holy Spirit, even the Spirit of Truth, which convicts of sin and guides into all truth, which gives insight, which penetrates every body or letter of doctrine, and every movement "to the dividing asunder of joints and marrow." But what has been the character of the reforms which the church has

favored, or of whose activities she has been the seat? Have they not been mainly of the more popular, and superficial, and restrictive kind? Has she not, as from the throne of the powers that be, sought mainly to suppress evils that appear on the surface of the social body, instead of seeking to develop character and order from within by humanizing incentives and opportunities? Witness her efforts to put the word "God" in our national constitution, her sabbath laws, her prohibition resolutions, her measures for the suppression of vice, her word of blame or even of contempt for a man or woman who is sunk by the unequal strife of our civilization to a lower stratum of existence—for the half-clad, half-fed, and half-sheltered, for the uncultured, for the "slums," for the outcasts, for the "off-scourings," for the imbruted by the world's hard work, for the disinherited to whom are left only vices for diversion and sometimes only crimes for employment. Her charities are not to be forgotten, but are these not mainly of the kind that bind up wounds which cruel forces are continually more and more inflicting? She helps men to find a day's work, but is silent as to why the opportunities for their employment are continually diminishing. She gives bread to an army of tramps from year to year, but lacks the Christly courage to say or even see what is at the bottom, or rather at the top, of the tramp phenomenon. She would improve tenements without asking how increased rents can be paid, or without concerning herself about a system of taxation that fines owners of tenements for improving them, but permits them to reap sufficient profits from titles to lands whose values are made by the presence of population. She would save fallen women by opening houses of refuge, thus working with results instead of causes. Let her reflect that with hard-earned wages barely sufficient for keeping body and soul together, with the oppressive weight of disrespect which a working girl sensitively feels, with insulting propositions from employers, fiendish enough to take advantage of her dependent condition, with no hope of marriage to one who loves and can support her,—let the church reflect that a girl so situ-

ated needs a social reform more radical than a house of refuge and a table of religious tracts. And all of these institutions the church surrounds with inquisitions and records and watchings, in order that she may avoid indiscriminate charity, and win her objects of charity to a respectable and religious life! Palliatives these, and not the radical remedies that one should naturally expect of the wife of Christ or the institution of the Holy Spirit. That is a popular reform which does not unveil the character of the economic forces now operating, or that does not hint at readjustment upon just principles, and it seems that the church has been exquisitely prudent. We need more Tolstoists to tell us, even from Russia, that the world's submerged population will rise and walk upright in the image of God when their brothers and sisters can find another way of living than riding upon their backs.

Suppression, restriction, "slumming," condescension, charity organization, is not reform, though it is certainly necessary for bridging the way from social injustice and disjointedness to social justice and wholeness. It is not the kind of work for a disciple of Christ to devote his life to. It is not Christlike to permit the devil to destroy, in order to provide a school in which to develop the Christian virtues. The essential element of reform is incentive to manhood and womanhood; the essential condition of incentive to manhood and womanhood is opportunity to become men and women; the essential condition of this opportunity is equal natural and legal right. Henry George, the typical reformer for the coming age, though not a churchman, was a worker upon this sunny side, this side of opportunity and liberty. Thus his mission was of heaven, the source of light and liberty. Force, suppression, is of hell; for in hell there is no light, no true liberty, no true love. Force will not be necessary on earth, police and prisons will have disappeared, charity organizations will have disbanded, when bright-robed Justice, even the transfigured Christ, shall have been heard knocking at the door of the world's closed heart and admitted to the marriage supper.

And it will not be inquired by the church in that day, "How shall we reach the masses?" For they will have been reached by the ultimates of the gospel. And then shall the "Song of the Ascents" of the "masses" be heard:

I was glad when they said unto me,  
Let us go unto the house of the Lord.  
Our feet are standing  
Within thy gates, O Jerusalem;  
Jerusalem, that art builded  
As a city that is compact together:  
Whither the tribes go up, even the tribes  
of the Lord,  
For a testimony unto Israel,  
To give thanks unto the name of the Lord.  
For there are set thrones of judgment,  
The thrones of the house of David.  
Salute ye Jerusalem:  
They shall prosper who love thee.  
Peace be within thy walls,  
And prosperity within thy palaces.  
For my brethren and companions' sakes  
I will now say, peace be within thee.  
For the sake of the house of the Lord our  
God  
I will seek thy good.

And these "masses" will include the "classes," the old walls of caste built by former generations upon foundations of superior birth and privilege, being broken down by reason of the common ties of equity and brotherhood.

But will this opening of opportunities for all men and women improve the general morals? They who oppose a social readjustment, or claim that the church is a strictly spiritual institution, and has nothing to do with reforms, point to the rich as a class whose opportunities are unlimited, but whose morals are not correspondingly high. But the history of the degradation of the rich has always in it the element of idleness, and idleness is possible only where there is a dependent and laboring class. Absence of the need of work, with absence of the incentive or stimulus of useful exertion, is one prime secret of what is falsely called the curse of riches. The other secret is the conscious

power which evilly inclined rich persons have over those who are dependent upon them for employment and the means of subsistence. So we readily see that it is the separation of humanity into the two extreme classes that makes riches degrading. That enforced and dependent poverty is degrading will hardly be disputed.

It is a common remark that the best morals are to be found in the middle class, and why? Because in this class leisure and aimlessness and conscious ownership of the souls and bodies of dependents are possible in less degree than in the rich class, while also the temptations are less overpowering that come to the poor and dependent class from hardship and want.

So it is not riches that corrupt, but the idleness, the lack of incentive to useful labor, and the consciousness of power over the dependent, which are the peculiar temptations of people made rich by the impoverishment of others. Riches are God's blessing when they are distributed through equal economic opportunities according to the efficiency of the laborers who create them. They are the means of physical comfort and strength, the means of mental, moral, and social culture, and the ultimate means of the expression of that peace and good-will among men which it is the mission of the Christ to establish.

The church needs not only to awaken yet more completely to the existence of social problems, but to the existence of a fundamental social problem. She needs to see that on the solution of this fundamental problem hinges her own spiritual prosperity and the conversion of the kingdom of the world into a veritable kingdom of her Lord and Christ. The new Christianity will deal only incidentally with palliatives, and only thus until it can uncover the root of all evil and put into its place "the Root and Offspring of David."



# THE MAN WITH THE HOE, FROM ANOTHER VIEW-POINT

BY E. P. POWELL

Millet held his greatest work to be, "The Man with the Hoe." Painting with bailiffs actually in his house, he still refused to produce the conventional. He painted as he saw. But while "The Man with the Hoe" is the French peasant, as he is held down by autocracy, he is not what he appears in the great poem of Mr. Markham. "Behold," said Millet, "is he not on three legs? He has risen from four. He wishes to stand upon two. It is not that God has made him on two; he has to get there. I paint for you the man on the road." But Mr. Markham shows

us the workman of civilization, not going up from the animal, but going down from what God made him. Such an interpretation of man and labor, especially of agricultural labor, at this time, puts the poem in alignment with that pessimism and explosive arraignment of social order in which sentimentalism strikes hand with brute force. Society must remember that "it is a short downhill road from errors in words to errors in things." Literature leads the way to God or the devil. I suggest an amendment to Mr. Markham's interpretation of Millet.

Lifted by toll of centuries, he leans  
Upon his hoe; and gazes on the heavens;—  
The glorious light of ages on his face.  
Who made him rise above the earth and fate;  
A man! who grieves, but conquers grief with hope?  
Who loosed his tongue to speak articulate?  
Whose was the hand that fronted up his brow?  
Who kindled truth's red torch within his brain?  
  
Behold the man that God doth make; and give  
To have dominion over sea and land!  
To trace the stars; and search the earth for power;  
To make the seasons fertile to his will!  
This is the dream He dreamed who shaped the suns,  
And painted blue the firmament with light.  
Through all the stretch of heaven, to its last throne,  
There is no shape more glorious than his;  
More eloquent of hate for sensual greed; -  
More 'lumined for the future's high demand.  
  
What gulfs between him and the anthropoid;  
Master of axe and plow! Behold for him  
Shall yet speak Plato! of his loins the Christ!  
Unless for him, the dawns would rift in vain;  
The roses redden into thought;—and the hills  
Would hold their poems inarticulate.  
Here is the upward looker! Slowly rising up,—  
Yet master of the earth, he turns the glebe,  
And reaps rich harvest where the beast would starve.  
  
Ho, carpers! doubters! agnostics! in all lands!  
Can you not see God's hand-work here afield;  
Here upward struggling ever from the clod?  
How shall it be when whispering to the worlds

He calls "Our Father!" through the halls of heaven?  
 And God upon his brow shall write, Well done!  
 Over a few things victor! thou shalt yet  
 Be king!—the secrets of the universe  
 Unfold!—until the last shall lay its scroll  
 Upon the palm of him who wields the hoe!

How doth the future beckon to this man!  
 How answer the unthinking brutal sneer,  
 Which finds the Maker absent from his work!  
 Which foretells riot, and the passions' rule,  
 Instead of fateful evolution's work!  
 Lo, here the power that shall erelong exalt  
 All other power, all force, the dull red clod,  
 To serve man's wit, and wait upon his will!  
 He leans upon his hoe! and looks abroad  
 O'er realms God lifts him to subdue!

Behold how God doth work! Not in an hour;  
 But by a stroke that rings down all the eons!  
 All time is here, all struggles are rehearsed,  
 By which man rose from out the sea of hate,  
 And climbed the heights of all-revealing love,—  
 Where one sees God; and seeing God, himself.  
 Art-haunted Greece; and Egypt, womb of love;  
 India, with brain God-troubled, send here  
 Their deeds heroic and their marble dreams,  
 To find new birth! Here Thales, Socrates,  
 With Buddha and the Christ; and all that realm  
 That did a deathless deed;—spoke living word!  
 He is the Word! spoke down the ages vast!  
 No longer shameth God to say My Son.

Editorial Note.—In the above poem the well-known author of "Our Heredity from God" and other standard works gives our readers a picture of "The Man with the Hoe" from another viewpoint. Mr. Markham, in his wonderful creation, considered the man in his ethical relation to society, and in his presentation we see the prophet who appears in behalf of justice before the bar of public conscience and demands why social conditions are such that millions to-day, who are faithfully laboring early and late, are not better envired and conditioned. His words are timely and important; and yet there is, as Mr. Powell hints, always a danger in these impassioned appeals made during transition periods, lest the passions of men be so aroused that reason is obscured and an arbitrament of force is invoked instead of that quickening of the conscience and illuminating of the mind which must precede all revolutionary changes which are unaccompanied by a night of savagery and spoliation which turns the dial hand of progress backward for a time. On the other hand, there is, it seems to me, a

danger quite as real in the cosmic view of the upward struggling soul so vividly presented by Mr. Powell. Granted that the Man with the Hoe is rising Godward, we still are confronted with the issue raised by Mr. Markham,—the immeasurable advance which has marked his neighbors on every hand who have enjoyed better environment and more freedom in which to grow. His relative position remains as advanced by the poet, and is rightly a subject for an appeal to the conscience of civilization.

Mr. Powell gives us a magnificent picture of man's rise as seen by the evolutionist, who views life as a whole, and as such the picture is noble and inspiring; yet we must guard against indifference which such a view might beget, and which might lead some to feel that they were quit of all obligation to further to the uttermost the permanent advancement of humanity through the inauguration of juster conditions and the diffusion of that love which finds its most luminous expression in the golden rule.—B. O. F.

## PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PRESTON PAPERS"

Probably "there are others" fully as lacking in a sense of their natural responsibilities as the parents of whom I now write, but they have not fallen under my observation.

In the tenement districts of many of our large cities, and perhaps notably of New York, children are wage-earners for the family as soon as they can be made to evade whatever laws may be placed on the statute-books for their protection; but some States do not forbid child-labor in factories, mills, stores, offices, etc. Legislation on this point has to overcome greed of gain and lust of gold, not only of the parents, whose responsibility is of course chief, but also the greed which blossoms so freely, and so productively, in the hearts (and purses) of employers—corporations sometimes, oftentimes individuals.

A child's life is so helpless, of so little use from a sordid point of view, and the bread-and-butter question stands out so conspicuously and with so unvarying tenacity, that I am not always surprised when a parent permits children to help bear the family burdens, even when I know that the parent has absolutely no right so to rob childhood of its divine right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;" but it always angers me to have men and women coolly calculate as to their probable income from a given number of children, if the children are put to work at such and such things, and at a given age.

Why should such people be allowed even the custody of their children? Why should not the state, or the Gerry Society, step in to prevent high-handed injustice, and injustice of a kind and quality which will leave its hereditary taints upon its victims "unto the third and fourth generations?" Why should not our Solons legislate in behalf of these unfortunates, rather than waste precious time (and eloquence!) on men of straw and questions that can only interest the few whose dollars are their most impor-

tant claim to public recognition? And, why, also, should not legislation see to it that childhood has a fair chance to get that for which our forefathers struggled, and by them expressed as the birthright of all men, the right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?" Why should it not take the employer in hand, and say: "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther," and then see that not a step—not an inch—beyond that is taken?

Instances have been brought to my notice in which the parent has gone so far as to say to a weak-kneed employer (who had a faint idea that it was wronging the child to keep him at work in a factory during the fleeting years when nature and education needed to lend their molding influences):

"You can do as you please; but if you don't take my little uns you can't have the big uns another day."

That argument won, for, however uninviting the prospect of having one or two more untaught children in his employ may have been, he was in no mood to let the others go and put the profits of their skill into his neighbor's purse instead of his own. Money seldom fails to clinch an argument with this type of man, however weak it may be without this backing.

How is the question, then, to be met? How are the children to be brought into their inheritance? How are we to reach the root of the matter, the parents themselves?

Plainly, the education must begin before the advent of circumstances that give rise to the employment of children. We can each do individual work, by holding each one who comes our way to such responsibility as naturally devolves upon him. Do we buy goods of a careless merchant, who sends us something entirely different from what we ordered? We encourage his tendency to do business in a lax way unless we compel him to accuracy. Is Bridget wont to make toast when

we have ordered biscuits for breakfast? Let breakfast (and Bridget) wait, while she takes her lesson—perhaps her very first—in obedience and responsibility. Does the dressmaker fail to send her work home at the appointed time, or properly finished? Refusal to receive or to pay for it will be a lesson in fidelity which will reach far and wide.

Specifically, too, even rather thoughtless young people can be brought face to face with the serious question of parental responsibility, long before it becomes a personal one to them, if we are not too prudish to develop its free discussion, or so didactic or otherwise imprudent in handling it as to be either somnolent or offensive in its presentation. Marriage, motherhood, fatherhood, with all their in-

cumbent duties, might be taught as other things are, in classes, to our young people,—many of whom now go into matrimony, like the pictures of justice, blindfolded, instead of holding nicely adjusted scales.

Why should not evening schools be formed for this purpose, in the very districts where child-labor is employed; and wise, tactful teachers be employed to develop a spirit of earnest thought along these lines?

And why should not people in power everywhere delegate as much responsibility as possible to all their subordinates, thus helping lead up by easy steps to the highest type of all, that of the parent for children?

## TURGOT—STATESMAN, PHILOSOPHER, AND MAN

BY B. O. FLOWER

"Thy genius and thy deep sagacity,  
Thy manly probity full well I know.  
To unending toll  
Thyself thou hast devoted, not for praise,  
But that thou mightest thy country's cause  
advance."—*Lines on Turgot, by Voltaire.*

### I.

I have recently received from my friend, Mr. James M. Barnard, a copy of his just and graceful tribute to the eminent statesman and economist, Anne Robert Jacques Turgot. It is an interesting fact that the unknown tomb of the illustrious Frenchman was recently discovered through search instituted by M. Emile Turquem, at the instance of Mr. Barnard.

Turgot is one of the few men who belonged in an official way to the old regime in France whose life and thought should be carefully studied by Americans, for he beheld the vision of better things with the prophetic insight of a true philosopher. He was a great man, and, what is far more, he was good. In a happier age he might have guided his nation to a lofty destiny and won a name among

the immortals no less glorious than that of Washington; but fate willed it otherwise, and it is to his eternal credit that he refused to hold his position when to do so meant that he must become a sycophant, and sacrifice his country's weal and the cause of simple justice on the altar of personal ambition.

The France in which Turgot lived was ripe for revolution. After Richelieu, Mazarin, and after the long, nation-exhausting reign of the vainglorious lover of pleasure, pomp, and show, Louis XIV., came his voluptuous successor, while all the time the vintage hate, born of oppression, injustice, and corruption, was purpling for the press.

When Louis XVI. ascended the throne it needed but the inspiration of a powerful new hope to fascinate, aye, intoxicate the public mind; and that new hope came from over the sea. The great Declaration thrilled the manhood of the old world and sounded the knell of absolutism in western Europe.

The old regime had long tottered. Now it reeled blindly onward under the fatal

\*"A Sketch of Anne Robert Jacques Turgot," by James M. Barnard; with translation of his letter to Dr. Price, by Helen Billings Morris. Published by George H. Ellis & Co., 1899.



spell of indecision. Weakness and frivolity were seated on the throne, and served to check those who might have averted the pending doom by showing how a nation, even though in the depths, could prove her essential greatness and wisdom by being just. But perhaps it could not be. Perhaps the storm which for centuries had been gathering could not pass until it broke in fury on the order and regime which had given it birth. Certain it is that when Turgot became prime-minister only such wise, just, and far-sighted measures as he outlined, vigorously enforced by the government, could have saved the throne. Had Louis XVI. been more a statesman and less a locksmith he might have beheld in Turgot one who could have averted a revolution which horrified the world with its unreasoning ferocity. But here we come to one of those "ifs" of history which are ever rising before the contemplative mind when the cross-roads of destiny appear in retrospect.

## II.

Turgot was born in Paris, May 10, 1729. His paternal ancestors came from Scotland during the Crusades and settled in Normandy. His mother was a Martineau. His grandfather and father held important civil positions, and were known for their rectitude and the conscientious fulfillment of the duties entailed by their positions. The child early evinced a meditative disposition. He was a close observer and much given to silent contemplation. He shunned society and seemed ill at ease in the presence of strangers. This greatly distressed his mother, who fondly desired her son to shine in the social world. She sought to overcome his native timidity by constantly reprimanding him, and in other ways emphasizing what she regarded as a serious weakness. The result which might naturally be expected followed. The lad became so self-conscious that he shrank more and more from society, ever fearful lest he might do or say something improper. The well-meaning mother, by making her son supersensitive and self-conscious, so accentuated his natural bashfulness that in all after life he was unable to mask his

timidity,—something which proved exceedingly unfortunate when he was called to the court of the king, and which frequently led those not intimately acquainted with him to ascribe his timidity to hauteur, though this weakness was entirely foreign to his nature.

During his early years he attended the College Louis le Grand, College du Plessis, and the Seminary of St. Sulpice, and later, as his father desired him to enter the clergy, he was sent to the Sorbonne. In school he made rapid progress, and early evinced those characteristics which ever after marked the man. He was a passionate lover of justice. He possessed a strong mind, with rare penetration and a marvelous memory. In one respect he greatly resembled Confucius. He disliked extremes, and ever stood for the golden mean almost as earnestly as did the eastern sage. True, when called to save his nation from perils which he fully appreciated, he found things so hopelessly wrong that he was compelled to demand a programme which the beneficiaries of injustice and special privileges regarded as revolutionary and extreme. Yet, in the light of the later demands of the Republicans, his programme might be said to occupy the golden mean between the two extremes. His mental excellencies were reinforced by moral greatness rare in his age and country. In him, as has been justly observed, was found "purity, simplicity, modesty, frankness, and gaiety." The latter characteristic, however, was only appreciated by his friends, owing to his extreme diffidence. His generosity and kindness of heart were very beautiful in an age when the rich were very generally absorbed in selfish pleasure. When only a lad at school he was noted for being ever ready to share his ample allowance with his poorer classmates. Simple in his tastes, and spurning the low pleasures and base pastimes of many youths about him, he was able to smooth the pathway and brighten the heart of many a struggling class-mate,—something which afforded him a pleasure little known to those who were living in the valley of self-absorption.

In 1750, while at Sorbonne, Turgot composed and delivered two notable

papers, one on "The Advantages which the Christian Religion has conferred on the Human Race," the other on "The Historical Progress of the Human Mind." In this second discourse the author boldly advanced his belief in the perfectibility of the human race, a belief which, as Mr. Barnard observes, "became a part of his being, gave an impulse to his culture, and inspired his whole public life."

His schooling in St. Sulpice and the Sorbonne failed to impress him favorably with the clergy. He saw much in thought and life which was repellent to his nature, and at the age of twenty-three he renounced all thought of taking holy orders. His teachers, friends, and family sought to convince him that he was making a mistake. His true character, no less than his profound convictions, was expressed in his memorable reply to his friends: "It is impossible for me to go through life wearing a mask." From his religious studies he turned to law, not neglecting philosophy, science, mathematics, literature, and languages. In the latter study he was very apt, early mastering Greek, Latin, German, English, and Italian, and this knowledge served to furnish him the key to vast storehouses of information which would otherwise have been closed to him,—a fact which he fully recognized, as was shown by his translation, chiefly for his own use, of numerous great works from all the above languages.

In 1753 a heated controversy arose in France, owing to the Archbishop of Paris refusing sacrament to the Jansenists. This called forth a masterly argument from Turgot, "On Toleration and Against the Interference of the Temporal Powers in Religious Disputes." This plea for religious liberty was so able and convincing that it attracted general attention, and brought the author into sympathetic relations with many of the brightest minds representing the broader impulses of the age. He soon became somewhat identified with the philosophic party, and contributed several papers of marked ability to the *Encyclopedia*. It must not be supposed, however, that he became in any real sense a partisan, as it was one of the rules of his life, to which he consistently held in a time of extreme partisanship,

to avoid sectarianism, creedalism, and all party shibboleths, holding that this narrow spirit served to make "enemies to useful truths." "As soon," he used to observe, "as savants in their pride give themselves to form a body, to say, 'we,' to believe themselves able to impose laws upon public opinion, thoughtful public opinion revolts against them, for it wishes to receive laws from truth only, and not from any authority."

In 1761 he was appointed superintendent of Limoges. Here he found an opportunity to put in practice some of the economic views he strongly believed in. The province over which he was placed was in a most deplorable condition. Ignorance, poverty, and the brutalization which is ever present when people have long existed in a condition of seemingly hopeless want, were present on every hand. The soil was poor, the roads were wretched, and the people were sorely oppressed by the military system which then obtained and also by the few who were well circumstanced in life. One of the grievances of the poor was what was known as the "corvée," a system by which those least able to give their time were compelled to work on the roads without pay. Another grievance, still more bitter, was what was known as the "taille," "an arbitrary and cruel tax collected from the agriculturists." "It is estimated," observes Mr. Barnard, "that the amount of this and other taxes was four-fifths of the revenue of a peasant proprietor's income. From this tax the superiors in rank and wealth were exempt."

His work along economic lines was untiring and very effective. It has been summed up in these words: "He suppressed the corvée, he opened new roads, he introduced the use of potatoes, and distributed the burdens of taxation more equitably." Dr. J. H. Ingraham, in his thoughtful sketch of the great economist prepared for the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, observes, in speaking of his work at Limoges:

Turgot's administration of the district lasted thirteen years, and was marked by a steady pursuit of the public good and a firm resistance of inertia, prejudice, and corruption. In particular, he strongly maintained the cause of the industrious poor, and in-

sisted upon a more equitable assessment of the public charges which pressed unduly upon them. With nobly disinterested spirit he refused to be transferred to other généralités in which the salary was higher and the administration easier. Rising above the common prejudices of the philosophes, he sought the co-operation of the clergy, both to inform him of everything relating to the circumstances of the people which it was desirable for him to know, and to explain to their flocks the nature and the object of the measures he proposed to put in operation; and he acknowledges that he found in them earnest and active auxiliaries. But he was not seconded as he ought to have been by the central government, and had often to remonstrate with the Abbe Ternay, minister of finance. During the scarcity of 1770 and 1771, which was particularly severe in Limosin, he devoted himself with untiring assiduity to the relief of the distressed, and when he had exhausted such public funds as were available, incurred for the same object personal debt of more than twenty thousand livres.

It was Turgot's fondest dream to "do something to relieve the misery of France and to help the world's general advancement," and his labors at Limoges amply proved that he was as practical in his methods as he was sound in his theories.

### III.

In the summer of 1774 he was summoned to the cabinet of Louis XVI., who had recently ascended the throne. His position as minister of marine was soon changed for the more responsible station of controller-general of finance. He found the finances of the realm in a deplorable condition,—a condition which would be grave at any time, but with universal discontent fomenting sedition throughout the kingdom, with the wolf-cry of hunger going up from tens of thousands of throats, with hatred in the social cellar and selfish indifference at the social zenith, and with a new-born hope kindling the heart of the people, which spoke of a better day beyond the cloud-burst of revolution, the new minister could not fail to appreciate the extreme gravity of the situation. He sought an audience with the king, unwilling to take the responsibility of the task upon his shoulders unless he could count upon the support of his sovereign, for well he knew that the only escape for the throne depended on the insistence of reform and a recog-

nition of justice for the burdened ones, which the nobility and the court would be sure bitterly to oppose. Louis was deeply impressed with the picture drawn by his minister and the statesmanlike programme outlined to meet the critical situation. He pledged his support. The core of Turgot's demands was summed up in three phrases: "No bankruptcy; no increase of taxes; no loans." In a letter to the king in which he outlined his plan he said: "You must reduce expenditures below revenues to create a surplus to be applied to old debts." He urged wisdom, insisted upon economy, and refused to add to the already overburdened toilers' load of taxes. As he had foreseen, his sane proposals met with a storm of opposition from those who had long fattened off of the people's earnings and who now saw with alarm the words "honesty" and "retrenchment" written over every department; and to these clamors was joined a strong opposition from the privileged classes which Turgot insisted must help bear the burden. The king was importuned, but for a little time remained faithful to his better self. "Fear nothing; I will sustain you," he said to his noble-minded minister, and doubtless he was absolutely sincere at the time. It was unfortunate for the throne, and doubly unfortunate for Louis, that he was called to the head of government at a time when nature and man seemed leagued against the old order which he represented. Louis XVI. was as ill suited to govern France during the last quarter of the eighteenth century as Hamlet was unsuited to execute the grim command of his spectral father. The one virtue above all others demanded of the throne of France in the seventies and the eighties of the last century was firmness, and Louis was the incarnation of indecision. His head was right; his heart was right; he had been touched by the new light, and in his breast there had flamed something of the moral enthusiasm which had been wafted over the seas from the land where Washington was already rising to colossal proportions in the public imagination of France. But with head and heart more right than wrong, through the irony of fate, this man was so stationed that almost

every influence bore him away from his ideal and his heart's desire. There are few tragedies of life greater than those presented by men who, with heart touched and warmed by the divine light of justice and love, are remorselessly placed where station, custom, environment, and all the subtle influences that surround them war against their better impulses; and such was the position of poor Louis. He was sincere when he promised to stand by Turgot, for then he was under the spell of the lofty mind and high ideals of the great statesman, and the views advanced answered the natural promptings of his own heart. But the fatal fault of Louis was weakness. He, as we have observed, was the personification of indecision, and he had not counted on the overwhelming character of the opposition. It came from the horde of office-holders. It came from the court who fawned at the foot of the throne. It came from the jealous ministers and nobles who coveted Turgot's place. It came from a nobility which had not the wisdom to see what Turgot saw,—that it would be wiser to help bear the burden of taxation than to court a revolution which would sweep away all their possessions. It came from the clergy who no less than the nobility insisted that the burden of taxation be borne by the industrial millions. And last, but not least, it came from the gay-hearted daughter of Austria's proud queen, who lent ready ear to the ever increasing storm of opposition which was gathering around the serious statesman whom she could not understand, and who was forever croaking about economy and retrenchment. Hence, as the months sped by and the clamor grew louder and louder, the king wavered. Turgot set his face to the plow and refused to look back. To him duty was clear. He would give no heed to those expedencies which at best could only defer the storm. He was there to avert a bloody revolution. No measures less heroic than those he proposed could save France from the cataclysm which threatened her. He believed in free trade, and one of his first acts was to issue "a decree establishing free commerce in corn." He was approached by men who sought to win his favor by princely bribes. This

was nothing new. Ministers were in the habit of being thus "influenced." Turgot spurned the bribes and disclosed to the king the iniquity, thereby greatly increasing the number of his enemies. In the midst of his care and anxiety Turgot was stricken down by a painful illness, which confined him to his bed. This gave his enemies a distinct advantage. The critical situation was further aggravated by the corn riots which broke out in various places. The disturbances, however, were soon quelled.

Almost a year has passed since the statesman was summoned to the court. It is June, and on the fifteenth of the month the king was to be consecrated at Rheims. It was the custom for the ruler on such occasions to swear to exterminate heretics. Turgot vigorously opposed this, appealing to the king in an eloquent memorial on "Toleration," in which he says: "The church is not a temporal power. The prince who orders his subject to profess a religion he does not believe in commands a crime." This noble stand greatly increased the bitter opposition he had before aroused from the clergy.

In January, 1776, he urged the king to issue six edicts which would compass positive reforms. This further intensified and augmented the opposition, but the king still sustained his minister and compelled an incensed parliament to register the just decrees. "Turgot had gained a victory; but had lost the ministry." His foes became a unit from the queen down. They gave the king no peace when once it was seen that the monarch had grown cool toward his minister. Turgot cared little for himself, but he loved France with an overmastering love. He beheld with grave apprehension the fact that the king had ceased to confide in him, and was giving ear to designing and selfish men. He warned Louis of the ruin that confronted him if he yielded to the self-interested ones; but he was too late, and on May 12, 1776, Louis XVI. made an irreparable blunder. He dismissed his safest guide and counselor. The die was cast, and henceforth the throne reeled headlong, with but few pauses, toward the ruin which had long threatened it. Carlyle in his terse and picturesque style thus



characterized Turgot's part in the prelude to the supreme tragedy of the eighteenth century in the old world:

Turgot has faculties, honesty, insight, heroic volition. . . . On the very threshold of the business he proposes that the clergy and noblesse, the very parliaments, be subjected to taxes like the people. One shriek of indignation and astonishment reverberates through all the Chateau galleries. . . . The poor king who had written a few weeks ago, "There is none but you and I who have the people's interests at heart," must write now a dismissal and let the French Revolution accomplish itself peacefully or not, as it can.

A baleful fatality seemed to overshadow the ill-starred Louis XVI., but among all the grave errors he committed during his turbulent reign none were more essentially fatal to the cause of peace with progress than his consenting to the dismissal of the wise, heroic, and incorruptible statesman who was too great to compromise with injustice or to remain silent in the presence of wrong, and who chose rather to be dismissed from office than to swerve from the only course he believed could bring peace with justice and progress.

The official life of Turgot closed when he left the cabinet of the king, but much of the seed he had sown lived to germinate after the fury of the revolution had passed, while his masterly presentation of great fundamental truths in social science has been a help and an inspiration to many of the ablest statesmen and economists of our century.

#### IV.

In Turgot idealism and practicality were nicely balanced. All his dreams were noble, and looked toward advancing civilization through justice. He believed in the perfectibility of the race, the invincibility of truth, and the saving power of justice. He was a stranger to fear, daring to arouse the fierce antagonism of the court, nobility, and clergy rather than prove recreant to the demands of justice. He was equally "bold before the king, the people in riot, and official corruption," and yet he was no extremist. He knew the cause of freedom and progress was often more retarded by the ill-digested

thought and rash acts of earnest and well-meaning men who became fanatics, or who allowed emotionalism to carry them to extremes which hindered instead of helped the cause of human advancement. He expressed no social theory or economic truth until he had made it the subject of profound reflection and deep research; and though, as was to be expected, he sometimes erred in his views, on the whole no statesman among those who actively sought to secure justice for the people and avert bloodshed was anything like so profoundly sane, broadly philosophic, or far-seeing as Turgot.

He had great faith in manhood, and always sought to convince the reason of the people by a careful presentation of the facts and conclusions which led to the demands he made or the propositions he advanced. His philosophic and economic writings were filled with that love which goes out to the oppressed and seeks to make life easier and manhood nobler and happier. The industrial millions were ever near to his heart. He was broad, tolerant, and magnanimous. One of the grievances which the clergy had against him was the influence exerted over the king and the popular mind in favor of religious toleration.

His chief economic and social demands are thus admirably summed up by Mr. Barnard: "(1) Free trade; (2) Unrestriction; (3) One simple land tax; (4) Simple civil laws; (5) Humane and just criminal laws. He considered unjust laws the chief cause of immorality." Along the line of his luminous exposition of the principles of free trade Richard Cobden, John Bright, Sir Robert Peel, and William E. Gladstone followed more than half a century later. As to whether a simple land tax or a tax on land values would best solve the difficult problem of taxation there is naturally much division of opinion among earnest and thoughtful men, but the most clear-sighted are coming to see the need of simple or direct taxation taking the place of crooked or indirect measures, by which those who are best able to bear the needed burden of government are able to evade their rightful proportion.

Even Turgot could not fail to appreciate the curse of a multiplication of laws,

a large proportion of which, while pretending to be framed for the people, were measures for the benefit or enrichment of some class or for the securing of further special privileges. The warning of the far-sighted statesman of the last quarter of the eighteenth century is doubly applicable to us a century after it was uttered.

# V.

On leaving the French ministry Turgot retired to the quiet of his home, where, with the serenity which comes only to those who are conscious of having lived up to their highest while bravely confronting every obstacle in the path of duty, he pursued those studies which had always possessed a special fascination for his logical and analytic mind. Problems connected with economic freedom and the uninterrupted rise of civilization were dearer to his heart than anything else. He, however, devoted much time to philosophy, science, and literature.

As we should naturally expect, he was early interested in the success of our struggle against the throne of Great Britain. He, in common with thousands of the most thoughtful of his countrymen, followed with deep concern the progress of the ragged regiments of the American Revolution, and after his retirement to private life he was able to discuss the question with a freedom which would have been impossible had he been officially connected with the government. His vision of liberty, however, was so broad that he felt compelled to request his correspondents to hold as confidential some of his bravest utterances, lest, as he expressed it, "I should be found guilty of being too great a friend of liberty for a minister, even for one who has been disgraced." He was a friend of Benjamin Franklin, with whom he corresponded for several years; but perhaps the most interesting and valuable of his communications on America are found in his notable letters to Dr. Richard Price, LL. D., a learned Englishman who, though living in London, did not hesitate boldly to champion the cause of the colonies. In a letter written by Turgot to this gentleman, on March 22, 1778, we see displayed the deep, sympathetic, and intel-

ligent interest he took in our infant republic, and also the clear insight and wise and far-seeing statesmanship of its author. So suggestive and rich in important lessons and warnings are many of his prophetic words that I am impelled to make some extended extracts from this letter. In speaking of America, or more properly the young nation still struggling against England, Turgot observes:

We see her irrevocably independent. Will she be happy in her freedom? This new nation is situated so advantageously to give the world an example of a constitution where the individual enjoys all his rights, freely uses all his faculties, and is only to be governed by nature, right, and justice; but will the people know how to form such a constitution? Will they know how to ground it upon eternal foundations, how to foresee all causes of division and of corruption which may gradually undermine and destroy it?

After referring to some of the States which had placed religious qualifications in their constitutions, Turgot continues:

The church is only dangerous when it exists as a body separate from the state, when it believes itself entitled to rights and interests as an organization, when a religion pretends to be recognized as one established by the law, as if men could have any right or interest in regulating each other's consciences, as if the individual could sacrifice for social advantage the opinion upon which he believes his eternal salvation depends, as if the saving or damning of souls were done by wholesale. Where true tolerance is established, where the government recognizes its absolute powerlessness over the consciences of individuals, the ecclesiast, when he is admitted to the national assemblies, is only a citizen. He becomes an ecclesiast only when he is debarred from them.

In slavery he beheld a danger. "Especially unfortunate," he says, "is the great number of black slaves, whose bondage is incompatible with a good political constitution, and yet restoring them their liberty would cause an embarrassing situation, forming, as it would, two nations in the same state."

"I believe," he asserts in one place, "that the Americans are destined to become great, not by war, but by culture." And again, in discussing the true grandeur of nations that have the wisdom to cultivate the art of peace and who are so

situated that it is possible for them to avoid the crushing burdens of great armaments, he makes this solemn and suggestive observation:

The glory of war does not equal the happiness of living in peace. The glory of the arts and sciences belongs to whomsoever wishes to avail himself of them. There are harvests in these fields for every one. The range of discoveries is inexhaustible, and the whole world profits by the discoveries of each individual. I imagine that the American people are far from realizing all these truths, and they must acknowledge them in order to secure the welfare of posterity. I do not blame their leaders. It was necessary to provide for the needs of the moment, in the face of an enemy powerful and to be feared; and the only expedient was such a union as has been formed. There was not time to think then of correcting the faults of the constitutions of the various states; but great care should be taken not to perpetuate these mistakes, and means should be sought to unite the different opinions and interests, and to bring them to some uniform principles in all the provinces.

He hoped to see the new republic the leader of the world's civilization. "It is impossible," he declares, "not to formulate the wish that this people may attain the greatest prosperity of which it is capable. It is the hope of the human race; it may become its model. It should prove to the world by deeds that men can be free and peaceful, and are able to dispense with fetters of all kinds which the tyrants and various impostors have pretended to impose upon them under the pretext of public good. It should give the example of political liberty, religious liberty, and commercial and industrial liberty. The refuge which the American people offer to the oppressed of all nations should be a source of comfort to the world. The facility of profiting by this, to escape the consequences of bad legislation, will force the government to be just and to become more and more enlightened. The remainder of the world will open its eyes little by little upon the nothingness of the delusions which have always been practiced in politics. But, in order that all these good results may be brought about, it will be necessary for America to keep itself from becoming an image of our Europe,—a fact often reiterated by your ministerial writers. It must take care not to become

a collection of divided powers disputing for territory among themselves, and for the commercial profits continually cementing the bondage of the people with their own blood. All enlightened men, friends of humanity, should unite their knowledge at this time, and concur with thoughtful Americans in the great work of their legislation."

## VI.

Turgot did not live to see the storm of revolution break in its mad fury. He died at Paris on March 18, 1781. From the day he left the cabinet the hopelessness of the political situation was only broken by brief breathing-spells and hours when hope blossomed for a little time in the hearts of those who had not studied political events and the complex condition of the nation so profoundly as this wise statesman. To Turgot all the hopes based on temporary expedients must have appeared, as they were, elusive. He also saw that, whenever anything radical enough to save the nation from fratricidal strife was proposed, it met with the same determined opposition of the classes which had wrought his own overthrow; and the king who had once yielded seemed powerless to make the firm stand necessary for his salvation.

July 14, 1789, the people made that great aggressive step which may be termed the passing of the Rubicon in the history of the French Revolution. On that date the Bastille, which for so long had been the symbol of royal injustice and oppression, fell, and the more thoughtful and profound thinkers knew in their souls that the die had been cast and the grave day of reckoning had come. Then was discovered the solemn fact which could not be better described than by the following language in which Froude picturesquely depicts the overthrow of Wolsey's power: "But the time for reckoning at length was arrived; slowly the hand had crawled along the dial-plate, slowly as if the event would never come; and wrong was heaped on wrong, and oppression cried and it seemed as if no ear heard its voice, till the measure of the circle was at length fulfilled.—the finger touched the hour, and, as the stroke of the great hammer

rang out above the nation, in an instant the great fabric of iniquity was shivered into ruins."

It was well for Turgot that he passed away before the storm which he had so clearly foreseen, and of which he had given the king such timely and solemn warning, broke in its blind and destructive power. But the student of history will ever regret that the throne of France had not the wisdom to realize the importance of the wise, reconstructive, and progressive economic policy which the great statesman advanced as a practical and feasible plan for securing justice and progress with peace. Turgot was constructive. He believed that the ends of justice, freedom, and progress could best be conserved through constructive channels and by practical measures. He knew full well to what extent revolutions are likely to go when once the storm is in motion. He knew how great the waste and how much of good must go with the bad. He knew what a waste of innocent life must be incurred if reason gave way to force and the animal gained ascendancy over the rational. In this respect perhaps no statesman of our century more closely resembled him than William Gladstone, unless it was Sir Robert Peel.

Had his counsel been followed, it is probable that peace with progress might have been secured, and that France might have started anew on a career of greatness, accompanied by growing freedom and a broader recognition of the rights of the people. Indeed, our century has afforded a striking example of peace with progress, secured at a time when a great nation seemed ripe for revolution. The signs of revolt in France were even less apparent when Turgot proposed his broad, wise, and just economic programme than they were in England when Sir Robert

Peel, who had so long defended the corn laws, appreciated the peril that threatened the realm and had foresight enough frankly to yield to the just demands of the vast majority of the nation. Happily for England the great prime-minister was firmly supported by the sovereigns, and thus, what Turgot doubtless would have accomplished had he been upheld, Sir Robert Peel was able to realize, and the storm not only subsided, but England started forward on such a career of real greatness and prosperity as was never known before, because, besides establishing a precedent of vital importance to liberty—the formal recognition of the justice of the people's demands—a broad policy looking toward a wider meed of freedom and justice for the people was inaugurated, which, with the subsequent legislation, has served to make the England of the past fifty years the most progressively republican government of Europe. The right of franchise has been from time to time extended. Municipal government has made more rapid strides along true republican lines than elsewhere, while in many ways, when our own land has stood still or retrograded, England has pushed steadily forward, governed by what is more essentially the republican spirit or ideal than that of France or that of any other continental power, always excepting Switzerland. And this is precisely what Turgot sought to accomplish for France. The more we study his life and the principles he laid down, the more we appreciate the simple truth of Condorcet's estimate when he characterizes him as "altogether one of the most massive and imposing figures of the eighteenth century,—a character of austere grandeur and single-mindedness, absolutely unselfish. He lived for France, truth, and duty."

## WHY I BELIEVE IN SWEDENBORG

BY REV. E. A. BEAMAN

I believe in Swedenborg, because his writings help me to rational convictions in answer to the great questions of human life. Those questions are, Who and what is God? Who and what is Christ? What is man—man here and man hereafter? and,

What is man's relation to God? or, What is man's religion? and, What is the Word and its relation to man?

These questions cover a large field, and they especially interest the man of the "Coming Age." He must have them an-



swered, and rationally answered, to save him from atheism and infidelity. The coming man is a reasoning man. He is a full man. He is a man, therefore, that is going to do his own thinking. I do not believe in Swedenborg as "authority,"—there is but "one Master, Christ," and all we are "brethren." Swedenborg's mission—every man has a mission—was to help develop the coming man's capacity for true thinking.

What is meant, then, by the coming man as differing from the past man? This is the first question to be answered; and it must be answered very briefly. Humanity as a whole—as a race—has developed like an individual. It has had its infancy, its childhood, its youth, its natural manhood, and is now in the process of development of its spiritual manhood. The coming man is the man of the spiritual manhood of the race. He differs from the man of the past in having a growing internal perception of truth as living light, he is learning to think in that light, and by it his mind, at length, becomes illuminated. The past man knows nothing of illuminating truth; his truth, or truth as he recognizes it, is verbal truth, truth in verbal statements, truth covered up, or shaded as by clouds. The mind of the coming man is in the process of having its faculties, rational faculties, illuminated by the light of truth itself, which is as different from being instructed by truth in its verbal form—as the man of the past has been—as seeing objects by day is different from seeing the same objects by night. In fact, it is a wider difference.

Such is the coming man who asks the above questions. Such is what we mean by the "progressive man." Such is the man who is outgrowing the "creeds" and becoming heterodox,—a "backslider" if he has ever subscribed to the creeds. Who and what is his God as he is learning to think of him? I believe in Swedenborg because he answers this question—the first question in the mind of the coming man—so rationally, so convincingly. He was himself one of the earliest, one of the deepest and broadest students of the coming age. He thought and wrote in its light. Very early in life he followed the

"bent" of his mind by inquiring into the cause and mechanism of the universe. He wanted to understand its laws of evolution. He began on the lowest plane, and climbed up step by step. More than most men he was of a scientific and philosophic genius. This led him, as he came more and more into the light itself of truth, to the study of theology. All his previous studies, as well as his peculiar genius of mind, prepared him for this. This, therefore, became his mission, which was to help men to true thought on the great questions which men of previous ages were not capable of asking even, questions which never before came into the field of inquiry.

The first step toward answering the question, Who and what is God? is to get rid of the old false ideas concerning him. As men in the past have thought of and described God,—as is evident from their creeds,—he is the absurdest, the most inconsistent, the most contradictory in character, thus the most indescribable being in the universe. There is nothing at all like him, unless it be degenerate man. And this suggests the common saying, which has a good deal of truth in it, that "every man is like his God," "every man's God is like himself." And this saying is equally true in regard to the man and his God of the coming age. The distinctive characteristic of the fully developed man is that he is a loving being. Such then must be the character of his God; for him to be like his God and his God like him, he must be a God of love. Swedenborg says that he is "love itself." And this means, not love as an affection which is finite, but, infinitely more than that, the very fire itself of love, the divinely substantial essence of love, the very source and substance of all love as an affection or feeling. God does not love, but he is love. Man loves; but he does this only when he receives God as love, only when he "opens the door" of his mind and lets the Lord as love itself "come in." Hence the "attributes of God" are the attributes of love; they are the way love lives and acts; the way love works, creates, or evolves being, finite being from itself. These attributes all act simultaneously, as one. In fact, it takes them all

to make each one. And they are acting all the time, and unchangeably. Love itself is perpetual, unceasing life itself. Thus to say that God lives, and that all that is is the result, is, at the same time to express the unfailing operation of all his attributes,—his wisdom, his providence, his omnipotence, his omnipresence, and the like. Thus it is impossible that any attribute should be an expression of anything else than life itself, which is love itself at work. And love itself never ceases for an instant to work, whatever be the recipient condition of the field in which it works. And it never varies in its operation, so far as it is concerned, doing sometimes more, sometimes less. It never varies in its "influx," according to the nature of the subject receiving it; just as if it should be a different solar radiance flowing into the rose from that flowing into the violet, or flowing into the wheat-field from that flowing into the corn-field. All results, it is plain, and whether of the divine influx or of natural influx, must depend upon the conditions recipient of the influx. Divine influx is influx of all there is, hence of all the attributes of the Divine being, whatever be the character of the recipient, whether he be loving or self-loving; in the one case the influx results in greater and sweeter spiritual life; in the other case it is perverted to spiritual death. Just as solar influx is influx of all there is of the sun, the character of the results depending upon the character of the recipients of the influx.

Christ is not another God, not another divinity, but another manifestation of the same Divine being, of identically the same eternally omnipresent and omnipotent love itself. There is nothing in God, not a single attribute or shade or phase of an attribute, that is not in Christ. Christ is not God doing, or trying to do, something more or something different from what he ever did before. Christ is not an added power, nor, in any sense, an added effort to do something more or different from what God had always been doing. All the difference between God and Christ is only and simply a difference of manifestation of one and the same Divine being to developing humanity. But why, we spontaneously ask,

such a change of manifestation? Where and what is the cause? This is a vital question. A great principle is involved in it, a principle that could never be explained, understood, or conceived of even, but by the man of the coming age. An illustration from nature may help us to understand it. It is the operation of the same life—that is, the Divine life—that evolves the little universe of the tree, in all its stages from beginning to end. It is the same all-creative, all-evolving power that is always "coming," and unchangeably coming. For it is itself—not a division or part of itself—that "comes." In regard to the plant or tree, it is the sun in its omnipresence in the form of the sunbeam that comes; but how different the manifestations! Look at the tree, first in the leaf, then in the flower, then in the ripened fruit. But for the evidence of our senses, we should be inclined to ascribe such different manifestations to the comings of successively different powers of the sun to the tree. Both observation and reason teach us that this is not so. We are perfectly satisfied that the different manifestations are owing to identically the same solar power operating on successively different stages of development, thus to successively different recipient conditions of the developing tree. And such conditions are progressively changing all the time. And it is owing to such changes in recipient conditions that results are different, and not owing to any arbitrary design or change in operation on the part of the sun. If the tree is blossoming to-day it is not because there is a different influx from the sun, or from the creative life of the tree, from yesterday; but it is because of the different condition of the tree as recipient of that influx. Nature is full of illustrations of this great principle. In fact, not a creation or evolution takes place that is not an exemplification of it. And such is the all-pervading law of the natural world, because it is so of the spiritual world.

How plain all this makes it who and what Christ is,—that he is, in everything he did and does, in every shade and phase of his character, the one only eternal and unchangeable God—love itself—flowing into or operating upon a different recip-

ient condition of developing humanity from ever before. And how plain it is that, if there had been no such new recipient condition of humanity, there would have been no such new manifestation of the Lord as that called Christ.

What, then, is man that he should pass through such changes as recipient of the divine influx? is our next question; and we have partly answered it in our definition of the man of the coming age. As we have said, the human being passes through several radically and widely different successive stages in his development. In this he is different from any other creature. What the Lord gives him or does for him by divine influx is, in every stage of his development from infancy to ripe manhood, which is angelhood, identically the same. But different faculties, all along from the beginning to the end, are being evolved. The infant is only animal, but different from animals in having all the faculties of the future stages of its being folded up as it were in potency, to be evolved successively each in its turn. There had already been evolved the successively different faculties of the infancy, childhood, and youthhood of the race. We can judge somewhat of what these faculties were in the successive stages by our knowledge of what they are in the individual. Man in the infancy of the race was, even in his then adult age, characterized by the infantile genius. The like is correspondingly true of the following stages of the childhood and youth of the race. There could have been no intellectual thought in the man of the earliest or infantile stage. It is only the lowest and most external mentality that begins to be evolved in the second or childhood stage. There was then a beginning of thought, but only feeble, childhood thought. But this, innocent and pure as humanity then was, opened the mind to the light of heaven. Such light is the sunshine of love itself, which is a perpetual sun to man as, in his real character, different from any other creature, a spiritual being. The Lord, as love itself, is to man as a spiritual being what the natural sun is to him as a physical being. It perpetually shines; but it cannot shine into mind until there is mind evolved for it to shine into. And

this is the case when infancy becomes childhood. The childhood of the race was a lovely and loving stage of developing humanity. We can approximate a true idea of it by our acquaintance with the child as an individual.

Then came the youth of the race. And youth we know is characterized by the development of the rational faculties. The youth begins to want to know the why and the wherefore, and to understand the relations of things, of cause and effect, and the like. But man in his youth, as well as in his childhood, needs to be trained and guided and disciplined by parental care. The light of the spiritual sun has to come through the parent to the youth in the form of instruction and verbal precepts of life. The parent's relation to the youth should be such as to command obedience. If it does so it is well with the youth. But a new faculty, that of dawning manhood, at length begins its germination and development. This is the faculty of freedom. The youth yearns to be his own master, thus to leave his father's house with the goods that belong to him, that is, with such stores of knowledge and experience and with such developed capacities as he has thus far acquired in his youth. And such was the character of the youthhood of the race.

This was a most important stage in the development of the race, as it is in the development of the individual. This was the birth of the first stage of responsible manhood. The first exercise of freedom of choice of one's own way of life is a transition from youth to the first stage of manhood which is merely natural or self-love manhood. This is a very great change. It is a transition from the parent as teacher and master to the Lord as teacher and master. Humanity comes under the guidance of new laws of life. In this stage if man disobeys those laws the Lord appears to him, not as the sun of heaven, or as truth which is the light of that sun, but as a magistrate giving him commands and verbal precepts of life. He has not yet the form of mind developed that enables him to see truth as the light of heaven. That light, or truth, must come to him in a verbal revelation, and in a form representing God, love it-

self as an external, arbitrary magistrate, an invisible wrathful king, to be obeyed and worshiped. Man in this stage is the "prodigal son." He abuses his freedom; he yields to inordinate indulgence of his lower nature; he allows appetites which are right in themselves when in proper subordination to his newly developing higher nature to control him, and thus lead him into spiritually as well as physically diseased conditions. By perverting his freedom, and freedom is an indispensable prerogative of manhood,—there is no manhood without it,—he becomes "wayward," he becomes abnormal, dehumanized in all that is developed of him out of the order of life, in fact, "lost" to true life, for he becomes incapable of development in the higher, love stage of his nature. Mankind was in the early history of that self-love stage at the time of the Israelites.

The Israelites were the prodigal son going through the earlier experiences of natural manhood life; they were humanity on trial under self-guidance, experimenting, as it were, in the use of that newly developing faculty, freedom; they were man abusing that freedom; they were men, therefore, developing evil and abnormal dispositions, resulting, at length, in bondage to false reasonings and the kind of knowledges or mental stores gained thereby, which were perverted to aids of indulgence in the evil ways of life. This is what is meant by the "fall of man." It is man going down into Egypt. It is man allowing himself to become a slave to appetites and passions which, if under proper restraint and subordination, would become the basis of a higher manhood. The prodigal son is not man in a lower stage of development than the son who still remained in his father's house. He is man on trial for a higher stage of development. He is using faculties that did not exist except in potency while he remained under parental guidance and control. It was leaving his father's house that brought those faculties immediately into action and so far into development and power. It would have been well with him if he had followed faithfully the intuitions of his now developing higher, natural manhood nature, if he had obeyed its laws, if he had not so abused his free-

dom as to prevent his further normal development. It was such abuse that imposes upon him new trials such as he had never experienced before, such as were, in fact, impossible in any previous stage of development. And these were obstacles in the way of further manhood progress. He must repent, that is, cease doing the wrong. He must get out of that Egyptian state of bondage to the consequences of his wayward life. And to complete his natural manhood stage of development, his course must now lie through a wilderness of trial, sorrow, and suffering. If the human being violates the laws of human life, he must inevitably suffer the consequences of such violation, and must by repentance recover from such consequences before he can enter a higher stage of development.

The last stage of human development, which is the spiritual or love manhood stage, must follow the natural or self-love manhood stage, as the flowering and fruiting follow the leafing on the tree. In all cases, in the case of humanity as well as in the case of animal and vegetable life, the posterior stage is dependent for its means of development upon the prior stages. Its condition is most essentially qualified by their condition. Natural manhood, by obedience of its laws of life, must arrive at a certain state of ripeness before spiritual manhood can begin its development. Spiritual manhood is Canaan with its wild native inhabitants conquered and in subordination. They are very different foes from those of Egypt and the wilderness, that is, from those of natural manhood. Every stage of human development has each its own peculiar class of enemies. The natural man in the wilderness knows nothing about the kind of trials he will be subjected to in Canaan. He will have to learn them as he progresses into them; for to be able to fight such foes is an indication of progress. And it is, indeed, an immense change to pass from a stage in which self-love (not selfishness) is master, and rightfully so, to the stage in which love is master and self-love is in subordination. Love in dominion is completed manhood. When man comes into a state to act from love as his motive power, when he does good



to others from love as his sweetest delight, he has that which makes heaven within him. This is to be angelic. The angels have no higher life—there is no higher finite life—than that of love. This is to be Godlike. God acts from love. Rather, God differs from man in being love itself acting.

What becomes of such a being when every faculty has come into its full, effective development? Does he cease to exist? Does he, by the death of the body, pass into annihilation? Does the temple fall when the scaffolding by means of which it has been reared is removed? The body is not the man; it is to the man only what the scaffolding is to the temple. Does the corn perish when the husk, having served its purpose, withers and dies? Is not the temple, on the removal of the scaffolding, in its glory of completed usefulness? Is not the ripened corn, when the husk falls, in the air and sunshine, as it were, of its heaven? And is man an exception to the great law of evolution? When his every faculty has become ripened into its state of fullest vigor and energy, and is ready for work in its most effective and most useful form, is he to "go out like a candle" because the husk of his being has served its purpose and perishes? No, he is now compelled to believe that, in his real nature, he is, and was from the beginning, a spiritual being; for he now finds himself, and more fully and completely than ever before, "living right on" without the body just as the "immortal Webster" was, who surprised the by-standers by exclaiming, "I still live," after his body was apparently dead.

It is, of course, an interesting question. What is man doing, what are his relations in life, what are his social affiliations, after separation from the natural body? By study of man as he is here, we may be as sure that he is a man as before; in a body, as before; and with all his faculties in as intelligent and vigorous action as before, as we are that the palace with all its rooms and their contents stands unchanged after the scaffolding is removed. Only man is now consciously where he was just as really before, seeing with the same eyes, hearing with the same ears, using identically the same or-

gans of body, but now with the obstructing husk removed from those organs. The natural body is only the corresponding instrument and medium of action of the spiritual body in the natural world. Man loses nothing essential to his existence as man in the fullest and completest sense of all that belongs to real, full manhood, by the death of his natural body. We do not need to go into the other life,—or to have some one come from there to tell us,—to be convinced of all this. Does it make any change in the forms and relations and uses of the rooms and their contents of a palace, when you take all the appliances away which were needful only in building it? But, although the use of the faculties continues in the other life, the same as in this life, yet the ultimate field of action,—though they had never been other than spiritual,—is in many respects different. And every one there will be sure to follow his own "bent of mind" in the use of his faculties, whether he did here or not. And that bent will determine his occupation and his relations in society. And he will do what he best loves to do. His heaven there, as here, will be in that doing. He will there as here associate with his like. If he has come into his full manhood-love development, he will be drawn to those who have attained to a like disposition and character as his own, just as was the case with him while in the natural body. In the other life the loving are from choice by themselves, and are called angels; and their abode is called heaven. The selfish are, for a like reason, by themselves, and are called devils; and their abode is called hell. All are just as free there as here to choose their own companions and their own way of life. The sweetest delight of the good is to serve others; they love to be servants of the common body of humanity to which they belong. This is what all are made for, and just as really as the heart or any other organ or member of the body is made to be a servant of the body, but each according to its own form and special function. The greatest delight of the evil, on the contrary, is to serve themselves in every possible way, and even to the injury of others, if this better contributes to their self-service; in

fact, they have no developed capacity for any other kind of service. Hence they are slaves to their own evil loves. This makes hell a kind of bondage from which they can never be delivered but by the bitterest warfare against their own voluntarily cultivated and therefore strongly developed evil nature. All the inhabitants of heaven are there as the result of voluntary cultivation and growth of that which makes heaven. The like is the case with all in hell. There can no more be an angel in heaven or a devil in hell but as a result of the processes of growth than there can be a tree in the forest but as the result of growth. And each one in freedom decides for himself, and day by day, what those processes shall be, and hence whether he will develop into an angel or into a devil. Such in brief is man in "the hereafter."

Our next question is, What is man's relation to God? It is, in a word, like the earth's relation to the sun. In fact, and practically, God as love itself in his real nature is the sun of the spiritual world, and therefore of man as a spiritual being. Humanity never had any other God. God is infinitely more than the earth's sun. He is not only love itself, but life itself. He is, therefore, the only source of life to man. In and from God man has not only life, but all his vigor and capacity of action of his every faculty. God is also truth itself; and truth is the very sunshine of love. In like manner God is wisdom itself, providence itself; and so of all the other attributes. The divine attributes are simply the way the Divine Love lives and acts or works. God is within man, within him as a spiritual being, as the soul or man as a spiritual being is within the body. Thus there is no such being as God as a magistrate, as an externally personal being seated on a throne, in some distant part of the universe, and ruling by arbitrary laws enacted by himself and of such a character as to promote his own glory, and for the very purpose of doing that, just as is the case with the supremely selfish autocrat of earth, as was formerly supposed. No wonder there have been "atheists." Every really intelligent, good man at heart must of necessity have been an atheist, rather

than a believer in such a God. The church has abounded in such atheists so far as it has been composed of men really good at heart. Such a God would be self-love itself, instead of love itself. Such has been represented as the character of the God of the Bible as the Bible has been understood and explained by some of the leaders of the church. That is the kind of God who has regarded disobedience of his purely arbitrary laws as an offense against himself, and who would not forgive the sins of such disobedience but as the result of the suffering of a substitutional, innocent victim, of his own Son, who should come into the world for that very purpose. This makes the God of the church of the past, as the good man, as the man partaking of the intelligence and loving spirit of the coming age, looks at it, a hideous demon, instead of an infinitely loving Father using all his attributes unchangeably and eternally for the good of his children.

On the contrary, humanity in the pure, innocent childhood of the race lived in the sweet sunshine of God as, in his real nature, love itself. It was in such light, shining into his mind and giving him intuitive perception of the way of life, that man then lived. It was only as humanity came into its responsible adult age and abused its newly developed faculty of manhood freedom, and man went astray from the path of life, that he lost that perception, and at length all knowledge of a spiritual world, and of himself as, in his inmost real nature, a spiritual being. The spiritual sunlight, or real, living truth, could then reach him only through clouds, as it were, or as clothed in a verbal form. After that he could be guided in the way of life only by verbal truth, instead of brightly shining, living truth. That is to say, truth had to come to him in a form to tell him, even command him, in words what to do and what not to do. This was the cause of a "revelation," called Sacred Scripture, or holy writing, being made to man. This revelation was first made in a language of symbols; and this was because such was the language of the people at the time when the first verbal revelation was made. Some of the books of that revela-

tion are referred to in the Israelitish Scriptures, such as the "Book of Jasher" and the "Book of the Wars of Jehovah." The first eleven chapters of Genesis are regarded by some as an extract from that ancient symbolic Word, treating not at all of natural things, but altogether of man as a spiritual being, of his spiritual creation, and of his coming by abusing the laws of life under the dominion of a flood of evil and false principles.

After that age of symbolism, and humanity by its continued decline had lost the language of the fathers, revelations were made in successive ages, containing less and less symbolism and being more and more literally true in their structure. For every change in man as a recipient of the spiritual sunshine was a change in the apparent character of the revelation. For the Lord is always revealing, just as the sun of the natural heaven is, whatever be the recipient condition of the earth. We know that from midwinter to midsummer the reciprocity of sunbeams by the earth is never twice alike. The Lord—love itself—is eternally unchangeable, and both in what he is and in what he does, just as the sun is. The Lord is eternally giving all that he is and all that he has, just as the natural sun is. The Lord is absolutely omnipresent, and with the full operation of all his attributes; thus everywhere present, and this means in every human being, with the completest fullness of his power, of his wisdom, of his providence, and so of all his attributes.

Now, here is a point which I wish to present as clearly and strongly as possible. It is predicated on the absolute unchangeability of God and of all his attributes. Thus it is divinely impossible for God to do more, to do less, to do anything different from what he is eternally and unchangeably doing. Hence he did not give living truth, truth as the sunshine of love itself, at one time, and verbal truth at another time, because man had changed and needed a difference. There was nothing in him like a new purpose, a new plan of operation, a resort to expediency, or anything of the kind. His operation was always spontaneously the same, so far as he was concerned, and was perfection itself, whatever may have been recipient

conditions. That is to say, he did not in any sense purposely change the character of his operation in accommodation to man's reciprocity and apparent wants. This would be to change perfection to imperfection, infinity to what is finite. All difference in operation was and is always in the recipient of the operation. How plainly this principle is exemplified in the sun's relation to the rose and the lily, to the wheat-field and the meadow. Where is the cause of the difference, but in the recipients of the sunbeams? And the cause of the difference in manifestation is even, if possible, still plainer.

We must, then, in order to understand why a verbal revelation, and of such a character, was made to mankind, abandon the old idea that it was because the Lord arbitrarily thought it expedient to make such a revelation in the changed condition and wants of mankind. How happens it that the flowers are colorless in the absence of light, but are of an infinite variety of color in the bright sunshine? How happens it that the pure sunbeam, as it flows into the healthy eye, is white and pleasant, but as it flows into the diseased eye is red and angry? This illustration is just in point. Before men became degenerate they lived in the pure spiritual sunlight, or in the light of the Lord as living truth; after they became degenerate, from transparent, pure manhood, thus diseased, such truth, as it became manifest to them, took a verbal form, and was in its teachings characterized by their condition, and spontaneously so, thus without any design on the part of the Lord. Nothing ever came, or ever comes, from him but truth, and truth as the life and sunshine of love. Words, ideas, principles, doctrines, or teachings never originated in him. These are finite things, and have to go through the processes of finite conception, thought, and formulation in a finite, rational mind. The Sacred Scriptures are such finited, verbalized truth, or are truth clothed, as it were, with external, verbal expression. They are living truth within, but are limited and characterized in their finite expression by the minds of the prophets through whom such expression was given. The prophets were representative in each

case of the people of the age to which they belonged. They were prophets, thus different from the mass of the people, because of the so far exceptional and peculiar form and genius of their minds. All minds are, on the same principle, more or less exceptional as regards each other, there never being two alike, just as all the organs of the body are, for a like reason, exceptional. That is to say, a class of men, called prophets, did not perform that peculiar office because the Lord gave them or did for them something different from what he gives and does for other men; for all men are exactly alike in what the Lord—love itself—gives or does for them. What we wish to make clear is that every word of verbal revelation of truth is characterized by the personality of the agent by whom it is made. It is impossible that it should be otherwise, as impossible as that the sunbeam should not be characterized by the object that reflects it, or by the medium through which it passes. The Lord no more acts from arbitrary purpose and expediency than the sunbeam does. Every one as really has his peculiar mission and his preparation for it from the spontaneous operation of the great unchangeable law of evolution, as the heart, the brain, or any organ of the body has. It is a beautifully significant fact that what the prophet was capable of spontaneously revealing was precisely what the people at the time needed. There could be no mistake in this, and no unsatisfied real want. The divine providence in all evolution is so perfect that every human being, and whether in Christian or in pagan lands, and whether in heaven or in hell, has all the assistance from him in the way of life that he needs or that can be in any way useful to him. Man never suffers from lack of the life and sunshine of the divine love itself, whatever be his state of reciprocity, however shaded and modified the divine influx needs to be, to be accommodated to his wants. Providence never acts in an arbitrary way, or from expediency. "Special dispensations" of truth do not come from any such cause. They come spontaneously, just as the sunlight does in the successive seasons of the year,

they come as modified by special recipient conditions. This is why there is such variety in all the divine revelations, no two of them being just the same; and this is why no two men receive just the same from the same verbal revelation. The spiritual sunshine is modified and shaded as it passes through the more or less clouded atmosphere of each mind. Thus when a man is not in a state to be benefited by living, brightly shining truth, it is because his mind is clouded with evil. It is a beautiful fact in providence that in such case the truth becomes shaded and adapted by the clouds of each mind through which it passes to that mind. Even if truth, to reach the mind, has to come down into the form of verbal instruction, sometimes even in the form of commandments, different minds are affected differently by it, each according to its state.

Such is the divine source of all truth in its relation to mankind. And such is the Word, which is nothing else than the Lord as divine truth revealed,—revealed either as the bright sunshine of living truth, or as truth in a verbal form, depending always upon man's state of reception at the time.

It would make this article too long to explain more in detail the origin and processes of evolution of our Bible. Swedenborg clearly explains the whole subject; and we believe in him because he makes this and every other subject of theology on which he writes so rationally convincing. We cannot help believing when we get rid of false biases on the subject. And this he helps us to do.

Let me add that in my opinion the great change in Swedenborg—to himself his unexpected, and to others his unaccountable, illumination—was owing to a progressive change in developing humanity of which I have spoken, and not, as supposed by some, to any special, arbitrary gift by the Lord as an expedient for inaugurating a new dispensation of divine truth. Swedenborg was only a man of the coming age, and he is fast coming to be better and better understood by the men partaking of the character and spirit of the coming age.



## EUGENE SUE'S CONCEPTION OF LABOR AND POVERTY

BY FRANK M'LEOD

France is a study. Within the lintel of her civic structure we find a people varied as her history. Society germinates in the gutter-snipe of Paris, as portrayed by Victor Hugo, and reaches the altitude of culture and opulence noted at Versailles. Contrasts are singularly characteristic of the French people. At one time we see Napoleon at Austerlitz, at another Waterloo; first a monarchy, then a republic; feastings and nocturnal reveries, then the protest of '93; the slaughter of the Huguenots and the peace of Ryswick; Napoleon le grand, and Napoleon le petit. But the economic condition of the people is what engages our attention in this paper, particularly the unendowed classes.

Eugene Sue, in his crowning work, "The Wandering Jew," gives us a clear idea of the conditions which existed in France fifty odd years ago. His remarks on the sociological and economic status are full of suggestiveness, replete with practical philosophy. In many matters he was able to forecast the future and raise the standard of warning. His conceptions, like Hugo's, were more Utopian than the age. The spirit of brotherhood, with this apostle of the romantic school, was a practical corpuscle which flowed through the very ventricle of the heart. Every one was his kin. "Suffer me," he says, "to bring hope to those from whom hope has fled, to give courage to those who are weak, to uphold those whom evil threatens, and to sustain those who would persevere in well-doing." This is the burden of his essay in fiction, or perhaps more properly speaking his romance of truth.

The vaunting declarations of modern civilization distressed him much when his mind dwelt on the metamorphosis of the human beings now wallowing in degeneracy and despair. He tersely sets down the situation thus: "Their civilization is barbarous, and their barbarism civilized."

A passage of much power in the social discussions which are to be found in the romances of Eugene Sue contrasts with such clearness the condition of the savage and the savagery of civilization that I am constrained to insert the paragraph in this paper. It reads:

The savage does not enjoy the advantage of civilization; but he has, at least, the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea, and the fruits of the earth to feed him, and his native woods for shelter and for fuel. The civilized man, disinherited of these gifts, considering the rights of property as sacred, nay, in return for his hard daily labor, which enriches his country, demands wages that will enable him to live in the enjoyment of health,—nothing more and nothing less. For is it living to drag along on the extreme edge which separates life from the grave, and even there continually struggle against cold, hunger, and disease?

The antithesis in this picture gives us a feeling of despair. Despite the reasonings of the moderns, it is history. A history, too, written without bias, but with many regrets. We are not at all surprised that the sympathizer with the people should wax indignant when he grasps his pen to set down his protest against the wages meted out to women. Hear him:

The remuneration given for women's work is an example of revolting injustice and savage barbarism. They are paid not half as much as men who are employed at the needle, such as tallors and makers of gloves or waistcoats, etc.,—no doubt because women can work as well as men, because they are more neat and delicate, and because their need may be twofold as great when they become mothers.

This condition of a beggared existence is most exasperating to the miserable wretches. "There are wretches fatally doomed to misery," who scarce can eke out a living. They are solving one problem—the problem of a narrow, stunted, and depressed life. That life is a pathological condition in society. Hence the burning

words of our French humanitarian, sparkling with the spirit of love, justice, and equality:

Privations? No! The word privation expresses but weakly that constant and terrible want of all that is necessary to preserve the existence God gives, namely, wholesome air and shelter, sufficient and nourishing food, and warm clothing. Mortification would be a better word to describe that total want of all that is essentially vital, which a justly organized state of society ought, yes, ought necessarily to bestow on every active, honest workman, since civilization has dispossessed him of all territorial right, and left him no other patrimony than his hands.

Doubtless many will appreciate the essence of logic embodied in the closing lines: "Civilization has dispossessed him of all territorial right, and left him no other patrimony than his hands." A digest of the whole matter is contained in the word "dispossession." The conditions remain the same as they were when chronicled nearly sixty years ago, except that the artisan is nearly erased from the social treaty, while the factory is aggregating to itself power and influence. Too much space can hardly be given to the social antithesis and its relation to property. Sociological study in recent years brings us practically to the same conclusion. A bit of land is the magnet for a home; men strive for it as they do for victory in battle. The possession of land,—it is indigenous in a man's nature. This idea of "territorial right" is not particularly the panacea of all social ills, yet it is a heritage of so much worth that we should never lose sight of it in reckoning with the forces that make for economic prosperity. After administering a severe rebuke upon the present order of things, which makes it necessary for a poor girl to exist upon three shillings and sixpence a week, Eugene Sue holds society responsible for the morals of these poor wretches. "Society, perhaps, may then feel its obligations to so many unfortunate wretches for supporting with resignation the horrible existence which leaves them just sufficient life to feel the worst pangs of humanity. Yes, to live at such a price is virtue! Yes, society thus organized, whether it tolerates or imposes so much misery, loses all right to blame the poor wretches who sell

themselves, not through debauchery, but because they are cold and famishing."

But to get down to cases and be specific, the author of these ideas on higher moral jurisprudence asks us to dwell further upon the subject, until he draws aside the curtain and we behold upon the stage of terrible realities a drama—The Wretch!

Many workwomen, since they have neither home nor family, buy a piece of bread and some other food, to keep them through the day; and at night patronize the "two-penny rope," one with another, in a wretched room containing five or six beds, some of which are always engaged by men, as males are by far the most abundant. Yes; and in spite of the disgust that a poor and virtuous girl must feel at this arrangement, she must submit to it; for a lodging-house keeper cannot have separate rooms for females. To furnish a room, however meanly, the poor workwoman must possess three or four shillings in ready money. But how save this sum out of weekly earnings of a couple of florins which are scarcely sufficient to keep her from starving and are still less sufficient to clothe her? No! No! The poor wretch must resign herself to this repugnant cohabitation; and so, gradually the instinct of modesty becomes weakened; the natural sentiment of chastity, that saved her from the "gay life," becomes extinct; vice appears to be the only means of improving her intolerable condition; she yields, and the first "man made of money," who can afford a governess for his children, cries out against the depravity of the lower orders! And yet, painful as the condition of the working-woman is, it is relatively fortunate. Should work fail her for one day, two days, what then? Should sickness come—sickness almost always occasioned by unwholesome food, want of fresh air, necessary attention, and good rest; sickness, often so enervating as to render work impossible; though not so dangerous as to procure the sufferer a bed in a hospital,—what becomes of the hapless wretches then? The mind hesitates, and shrinks from dwelling on such gloomy pictures.

Drastic as this panorama of wretchedness may seem, it certainly has historic pigment for the background. The unity of time, place, and action is painfully accurate. In Paris, which according to Hugo is the torch of civilization, the scene is laid; the time modern; the action swift as the whirlwind. The actors first appear on the stage with youth and vigor in their action, again they appear as specters moving in the shadows again,—and they are gone.

To continue the subject of inadequacy of wages and its relation to morals, we shall summon further testimony from our French apostle of fraternity:

This inadequacy of wages, one terrible source of so many evils and often of so many vices, is general, especially among women; and again, this is not private wretchedness, but the wretchedness which afflicts whole classes. True, and, more than that, an influence which affects the whole fabric of society, morally and politically, and eventually terminates in a revolution or coup d'etat. The pent-up energy of the little clouds becomes a threatening overcast which precipitates wrath, retribution, perturbation. From the cloud-burst we hear the echo,—“the evil we do does not always come from ourselves.”

The product of the civilization which amasses wealth, flings aside the toga of wretchedness, mounts the hippogriff of exasperation, breaks the seal on the social treaty, and declares a revolution.

It is the purpose of the Creator that all should have plenty of air, light, and sunshine. Unhappily, nature's conditions have been so warped that now we read much of our history with a sigh. I refer to the problem of meager wages in its application to history. Let us turn to that history—a history, too, that reads more like a romance than plain prosaic fact. The historian is Eugene Sue.

One of the most fatal consequences of the inorganization of labor is the insufficiency of wages.

The insufficiency of wages forces inevitably the greater number of young girls, thus badly paid, to seek their means of subsistence in connections which deprave them.

Sometimes they receive a small allowance from their lovers, which, joined to the produce of their labor, enables them to live. Sometimes they throw aside their work altogether, and take up their abode with the man of their choice, should he be able to support the expense. It is during this season of pleasure and idleness that the incurable leprosy of sloth takes lasting possession of these unfortunate creatures. This is the first phase of degeneration that the guilty carelessness of society imposes on an immense number of workwomen, born with instincts of modesty, and honesty, and uprightness. After a certain time they are deserted by their seducers, perhaps when they are mothers. Or, it may be that foolish extravagance consigns the imprudent lover to prison, and the young girl finds herself alone, abandoned, without the means of subsistence.

Those who have still preserved courage and energy go back to their work, but the examples are very rare. The others, impelled by misery and by habits of indolence, fall into the lowest depths. And yet we must pity rather than blame them, for the first and virtual cause of their fall has been the insufficient remuneration of labor and sudden reduction of pay.

A record which reads like a logical sequence in action. It is the natural course of events. Yet how drastic and terrible. Behold the mighty potency of the manufacturer! He is the modern Thor who flings his thunderbolts among the trip-hammers, engines, and fly-wheels of industry; the innocents are crushed and vanquished. The world moves, fortunes accumulate, human blood is distilled into gold. Fortunes built upon hills of poverty, propped up with a masonry of congealed blood, are as much of a social and moral deterrent force in the social state as piracy and pillage in the civil state. It calls for moanings and groanings unutterable, but which have power with the Infinite. Wealth can no more wash its hands of the blood of the debased humanity writhing at its feet, than Lady Macbeth by repeated ablutions and applied perfumes could rid herself of the imaginary taint of blood from her hands.

But we will again turn to the French savant for more data:

Some of them, notwithstanding their incessant toil, lead a life of privations, and die before their time, cursing the social system that rides over them. Others find a temporary oblivion of their ills in destructive intoxication. Others, again—in great number,—having no interest, no advantage, no moral or physical inducement to do more or better, confine themselves strictly to just that amount of labor which will suffice to earn their wages. Nothing attaches them to their work, because nothing elevates, honors, glorifies it in their eyes. They have no defense against the seductions of indolence; and if by some chance they find the means of living awhile in repose, they give way by degrees to habits of laziness and debauchery; and sometimes the worst passions soil forever natures originally willing, healthy, and honest, and all for want of that protecting and equitable superintendence which should have sustained, encouraged, and recompensed their first worthy and laborious tendencies.

The resume is in four terms—distracted, despair, debauchery, death. Such

is the analysis of the disquisition we are dissecting. "Misery makes crime, but happiness produces virtue." This is the climax of an argument which real social conditions justify. In another phraseology we have practically the same idea: "A better mode of life improves and softens the character of man." Hence the necessity for a supervision of all matters pertaining to the interests of the poor and illiterate by federal power as advocated by Eugene Sue. "Misery and ignorance are always the cause of great evils. Misery easily excites to anger, and ignorance soon yields to perfidious counsels." The Christian governments realize now the force of the statement pertaining to ignorance and great evils, but at the close of the century have scarcely grasped the importance of relieving the pressure which grinds out of poor humanity patriotism, courage, and hope. "Humiliation and suffering are two gifts along the edge of which misfortune continually passes. Therefore, the least kindness is in general a double benefit to the unfortunate."

Jean Jacques Rousseau outlined a system of government in the eighteenth century, which was not by its conception an improvement on the old, but its entire replacement. Turgot (Works, Vol. II, p. 503), in discussing the basis of government, develops the same idea. "The rights of men united in society are not founded on their past, but on their nature. Only reason justifies the continuance of old institutions." They thought of an evolution in government by education,—the revolution was the resultant. Too much time was spent upon the framework of the structure which they thought to build, and too little upon the tenants. While Rousseau held firmly to the sovereignty of the people, and declared that no power was legitimate which was guilty of abuse, he did not find time with his constructive work to inquire into the social state, and point out the abuses there which affect in so large a degree the poorer classes. A hundred years after Rousseau entered Paris great economic and social changes had taken place in France. A large class who were independently poor before the revolution of '93 were now the subjects of a tyrannous factory system, which like a

huge millstone crushed out independence, aspiration, virtue, and virility. The craftsman became the factor in the factory. The new conditions in the economical social state attracted the attention of Eugene Sue, who sought a solution of the ills which greed and gain thrust upon France.

A principle of Sue's economy is that "the honest, active, and industrious man has a positive right to demand employment from society, and wages proportionate to the wants of his condition." The individual member of the state must in the nature of things live by personal endeavor or become a public charge. By virtue of the terrible law of necessity, food, clothing, and shelter are essentials to life. Hence the argument of the large-hearted Frenchman for a federal control of all matters pertaining to poverty and labor. This idea is still the subject of growth. Men differ in the method and application of the principle, but the equity of his logic is after years of oppression now very generally recognized. The tendency, developing early in the century, toward centralization of industries, and which has now reached the proportion of trusts and combines, created a new condition in the social state which may be likened unto an abyss, from which the social physician of France hears moanings. "When one is dead, one cares for nothing and has no fear of slop wages." Sad dejection this, to live in misery and die in despair. Yet we should not condemn them. Once more a recital of the text will soften a bit our feelings of chagrin:

How can we ask for calmness, reflection, self-control, or the sentiment of justice from abandoned beings, whom ignorance has brutalized, and misery depraved, and suffering made ferocious, and of whom society takes no thought, except when it chains them to the galleys or binds them ready for the execution.

Though the social condition has been making great strides of advancement, it is abnormal, hideous, and deformed; one organ is hypertrophied, another parietic and pallid; one strong and robust, another gangrenous. The study of the social system is the study of pathology. We must study the diseased organs, and learn



the sources of pollution and the causes of decay. There are none hopeless. Treatment may at first be palliative, but it must be curative. It must be prophylactic if we would prevent extension, and radical when we would thrust aside offending members. Disease is the fruit of neglect, not essentially in the afflicted, but too often in the ancestry. Man is a product; he may be modified by his environment as the tree is, but he is no more responsible for that environment than a Chinaman is for being born in Canton or a Hindoo in Bombay.

Our sense of esteem for the author, who toiled long and hard in the social marshes of France, grows when we think of the charitable and lofty view—yes, almost divine conception—which formed such a large place in the really noble and lovable soul, overflowing with sunshine in which we find crystallized the very gospel of brotherly love. His mind grasps the present and penetrates the future. Those whom we all decry, and upon whom we cast a look of scorn, he pities. The burden of their sins he shifts upon society. The "mockery of wages" he terms the real cause of prostitution. Immorality, considering the drastic economic conditions, is with him nothing short of a corollary to the proposition, life. The declaration concludes in concise terms:

Alas, how many poor young girls have been, and still will be, fatally driven to seek in suicide a refuge from despair, from infamy, or from a too miserable existence! And upon society will rest the terrible responsibility of these sad deaths, so long as thousands of human creatures, unable to live upon the mockery of wages granted to their labor, have to choose between these three gulfs of shame and woe: a life of enervating toil and mortal privations, causes of premature death; prostitution, which kills also, but slowly—by contempt, brutality, and uncleanness; suicide, which kills at once.

Observation and a study of social conditions confirm the truth as never before of the author's declaration: "In the deserted poor virtue is doubly saintly and respectable." At another time he reminds us: "A heart that remains good and delicate, in spite of cruel misfortunes, is so rare a treasure: while it is very easy to be delicate and generous when we are rich."

Who can calculate the responsibility of the rich, and the irresponsibility of the abandoned wretch crushed by despair, disfranchised of an honest living by the mockery of wages?

The co-operation of the employer and the employed was a subject to which Eugene Sue gave very much attention. He elucidated vast schemes for the economy of living by centralizing cooking in one huge building where some three hundred or more might be housed and fed. Food stuffs, clothing, and all the necessities of life might be bought in quantities and stored by the systematic savings of the employees. He reasoned mathematically that the pecuniary gain accruing to the members of a social treaty, who were willing to contribute their cooking stove to be recast into one huge range, would be considerable. One laundry utilizing some of the waste heat from the big kitchen cookery would care for the cleanliness of the linen, and so on through the domestic round. By this Utopian plan the wives of the workmen would be saved much labor and expense, through a system of equitable distribution of the household duties. In the end all would have more time for self-culture. The conception was a beautiful one, but considering the idiosyncrasies of human beings it can hardly be considered practical.

Few writers of fiction, history, or sociology have presented the case in clearer terms than those embodied in the citations of this article. The horoscope of society is drawn with painful precision. The sight of the erosions and sores pregnant with the pus of diseased order shock the sense of the onlooker. The physician of state must lay his hand at the root of the trouble, and by slow process bring about a convalescent condition before total degeneracy sets in. The brilliant contemporary of Hugo and Balzac attacks the germs of the trouble and holds society responsible for the human slough, and points out that a regulated, well-ordered society should hold its representatives in the seat of government accountable for the administration of equity as well as law. Abstract law apart from the principles of equity is civilized barbarism.

Hence his conclusion,—progress and civilization an odious comedy. He is not simply an iconoclast. Amid the ruin he exclaims, "Why always the same farce and no change of bill?" Endowed with the inspiration of genius, he urges a reformation of mundane affairs. For the state he substitutes the people. Upon the people he lays the responsibility of a government which shall be accountable to God and man for every condition in life, within its sphere of influence, which has a tendency directly or indirectly to wreck the body or soul. Broadly considered, poverty and wretchedness are the resultants of bad government. The jurisdiction of the state includes every department of the public good; therefore, it lies within the province of the government to arrest all forces which in any way tend to bring about conditions of poverty and wretchedness, which are a menace to the state. Consequently the state has a personal interest

in the welfare of every citizen. These problems which vexed Eugene Sue are in the main the ones upon which the economists and sociologists, though in detail differing widely, are at the present trying to effect a settlement in theory and in practice. The subject—the betterment of man—will ever engage the attention of man. A Frenchman has outlined a policy of economics which, in theory at least, deals justly with the poor and the great subject of labor. Others have been working on the details, but the skeleton is yet visible. Amid the profusion of theories and systems of social and political science at the present time, let us not forget the heart that throbbed for humanity early in this century in France, a heart which found its expression through a mind that has since been branded—like his co-laborer, Victor Hugo—a genius. To those minds and hearts we offer our obeisance.

## MIND EVOLUTION

BY JUNIUS L. HEMPSTEAD

The brain of man is a complex organism,—it is the throne of sensation, the cradle of thought, the abode of the soul. By slow stages of development, through long ages, it has become the most wonderful organ of the human body.

In primordial man it was a coarse congregation of gray cell substance without convolutions. The brain of an ape would perhaps represent the brain of primordial man at that early age of the earth's history. The quantity of blood that vivified the rudimentary matter of Darwin's missing link race was exceedingly limited; as mind activity quickened the flow increased. Fully one-third of the circulation is now required to supply the waste that thinking causes.

The conditions that surrounded man in the earliest stages of his being, together with his constant struggle for existence, produced an unusual amount of cell activity.

This early race was a step in advance of brute creation. It was low-browed and

cunning, short in stature and exceedingly muscular, hair covered its entire body, it ran on all four limbs, and walked erect. The habit of walking erect, strengthened the spinal column, and built up the capability of the mind for future development.

It was arboreal in its habits, and also lived in caves, the only weapon of defense was a stone. The constant habit of throwing created a germ thought; hence the science of projectiles was cradled in that far distant time.

The arboreal habits of this race, the springing from bough to bough, the swaying and bending of the branches, created the idea of a propelling force. The bow and arrow were the results of such thoughts.

The arrows were perhaps only sharpened sticks, and the bow rude in construction. Simple as this weapon was, it gave to man the mastery of existence.

Later the arrows were roughly chipped from flint stones. The sparks produced

by such an agency do not seem to have made much impression on this rude savage mind, for he ate his food just as nature gave it to him. The remains of the last meal, firmly imbedded in the interstices of the upper teeth of the skulls found in the post-glacial drift, when placed upon the stage of a microscope, prove to us that the original cell structure was not disintegrated by heat.

Fire as an element was unknown to the earlier races of paleolithic man, because his habitat was the tropical regions of the earth. Nature was prodigal, and furnished him with fruits, nuts, game, and fish; there was no force of circumstances that called for any particular exertion; his brain was dormant.

Paleolithic man was an artist in his rude way. With his flint arrow-heads he carved upon his bone and shell ornaments pictures of the mammoth, the leviathan of that age. He did this because fear filled his mind with dread; his cunning hand conceived that which fear impressed upon his brain.

Perhaps, had man existed only in the tropical regions of the globe, mind development would not have advanced farther than a savage state. The impelling force of nature created conditions man could not resist. He increased in numbers, and these numbers banded together for mutual protection,—tribes were formed. Food became scarce, which circumstance caused these bands to scatter into unknown parts of the country where climatic conditions created necessities, and these necessities made man think in spite of himself, or perhaps the tilting of the earth's axis from a perpendicular created a frigid and a temperate zone, that produced the same effect.

Paleolithic man shivered with cold, consequently he used the skins of the wild beasts that he slew for a protection from the inclemency of the weather. For this reason man became a hairless being, because nature dispenses with that which is not essential to the functions of the body.

The extremes of heat and cold taught him that fire was an element of creature comfort and ameliorated the severity of winter. He built rude houses, and thus divided the tribes into families. The

spark produced by the chipping of his flint arrow-heads became the fire of his household hearth. Rude pottery cooked the humble meal.

Thought begot thought. Rude mats were woven by savage hands, because necessity caused them to stitch the skins of animals, and thus form rude garments.

The length of winter taught man to hoard his stores; he became a provident being. The supplies thus stored became articles of trade and barter. Commerce had its origin in this early age. This bartering extended to more distant tribes. Wider intelligence became a potent factor in mind evolution.

The more powerful tribes, by reason of numbers, oppressed weaker tribes. Warlike chiefs exacted tribute of their peaceful neighbors; the taxes thus collected were appropriated by these savage rulers. Government, incipient though it was, created ambition, avarice, and power.

The spear became a formidable weapon of defense. The chief that commanded the largest number of spearmen was a ruler per se; a crown formed of spear-points sat upon his head. Rude though it was, it represented the beginning of all the crowns that ever graced the brow of royalty. The spear-points that ornamented these crowns were not superseded by less warlike designs until a later and more modern age.

Tribes increased in number and overran the territory of others. This produced a lacustrine race who built rude huts for self-defense out in lakes. This people built houses on piles, and first used boats as a means of communication. These became the progenitors of a maritime commerce; the boats became larger, sails were added, longer voyages were made, new islands were discovered and peopled.

This commingling of savagery produced a differentiation of types in man. This, with the local conditions that surrounded him, produced races that differed in color, stature, hair, and eyes. We have almost positive proof that paleolithic man did not possess the faculty of extended observation. His cunning instinct made the preservation of life a first law, he battled fiercely with the huge animals that threat-

ened his existence. He did not hesitate to attack the cave bear, the giant elk, the mammoth. His conchoidal chipped arrow-heads have often been found with the remains of these monsters.

Ever on the alert for danger, he did not note the movements of the heavenly bodies. Although paleolithic man was an artist much superior to neolithic man, we do not find upon the bone and shell ornaments of the former race the picture of a star, gibbous moon, or sun. He was a mighty hunter, and thus procured his food by cunning and skill. The grand panorama of the sun rising in the east and setting in the west, followed by darkness, the moon passing through all of her phases, appearing and disappearing behind the limb of the sun, the stately movement of the stars westward, did not make any impression on his rude mind.

It was neolithic man that first looked up at the sky and observed these yearly changes. Darkness filled his mind with awe as it gradually spread over the land. In a vague way he connected the disappearance of the sun with night and death. How gladly he welcomed the rising of the sun, and worshiped his reappearance with exultation and delight, because it was a harbinger of light and life. With his rude eyes he noted the immense distance of the stars; the idea of space dawned upon his brain; he peopled the far-off realm with the souls of those who died, and in his humble mind man's soul was born.

In the post-glacial period of the earth we find that neolithic man buried his dead

in caves, and placed them in orderly rows that always faced the east. Nor is this all the proof we possess. He placed food and weapons of the chase by the side of his dead. The dream of immortality was a fixed idea in his mind.

Man was originally a sun worshiper; the Aztecs of Mexico are perhaps the highest type of this religion.

Governmental changes succeed each other. The priesthood enlarged the ideas of a future state of existence, and surrounded it with all the solemn pomp and pageantry that thought could devise.

Rewards and punishments made conscience a mentor for good.

Even up to the time of the Greeks the God of the universe was a pantheistic God, whose worship was the result of materialistic surroundings. The oceans were peopled with gods and goddesses; the rivers, the air, the woods, the earth, each had its realm of fays and goblins. It is owing to this fact that we have the beautiful sculptures of the Greeks.

Mind evolution will progress to a larger, more spiritual expansion. While the human body with its functions is as perfect as the circumstances of present existence require, and no further change seems probable, the mind's capacity for improvement is limitless. As the convolutions of the brain become more numerous, they will become the scrolls of memory and thought, whereon are inscribed the life history of those who have elevated human intelligence to its present standard.

## SOCIAL PHASES OF EDUCATION\*

BY REV. R. E. BISBEE

A practical book by a practical and successful educator should always command attention. These requirements are met in the work before us. Much in it has been said by others, and there are some repetitions by the author himself due to the fact that the volume is made up of

a series of addresses, but nothing is said but what needs to be said many times, and each repetition of a thought by the author results in an added emphasis. It is a book which should be read, studied, meditated upon by every lover of humanity and every molder of public sentiment in the land. Editors should review it, and any preacher who wishes a theme for a discourse cannot do better than to give

\*"Social Phases of Education in the School and Home," by Samuel T. Dutton, Superintendent of Schools, Brookline, Mass. New York, The Macmillan Company, 1899. Price, \$1.25.



its subject matter the deepest thought. Its theme is vital to the interests of true Christianity.

If the book itself is not epoch-making, it certainly marks an epoch in the history of education. It suggests several weighty considerations:

(1) There is a general agreement among social reformers that the place to begin work is in the public school. This is the thought of Bellamy and Gronlund, as it is also of Mr. Dutton. Society is undergoing a transformation. We are changing from the individual to the social ideal. The uppermost thought is soon to be not what can one do for himself, but what can he do for society. The home and the school are the two great agencies for this transformation. This makes the school next to the home the most important, as it is the most decidedly Christian, institution in the land. The school becomes the first object of reform, as the state can deal with it more directly than it can with the home.

(2) The school is society's disinfectant. Hundreds of thousands of foreigners, with ideas often hostile to our institutions, come annually to our shores and enter into our national life. The schools eliminate or destroy the miasma thus created. Were it not for our educational system the national existence would be threatened in a sense not now possible.

(3) Of all the social reforms proposed the strongest demand is for a genuine co-operative industrial system. In a special sense must the foundation for this be laid in the public school. Manual labor must be held in esteem, not contempt, the hand and the eye must be trained together with the intellect, the child must be given the elements of an all-around mental, physical, and moral culture, and above all he must be taught his relation to others and to the universe. He must recognize himself as a member of society, and with a function to perform in the interest of all.

(4) Hope is awakened that the feeblest will and the dullest intellect may be, through proper training, brought into useful activity. This cannot be done by hard and fast courses of study made by higher institutions as requirements of admission, but by a consideration of indi-

vidual abilities and wants. The thought is exalted and revolutionary. Instead of the old survival of the fittest in the processes of education, there is to be an education for all. There is to be no longer an aristocracy of learning, but a general up-leveling of mankind through the fitting of all for some essential service, and he alone will be called educated who is willing to perform that service.

These are a few of the suggestions, briefly and inadequately stated, which the book gives me. I rise from its perusal, after thirty years of personal interest in educational matters, strengthened, refreshed, and enlightened. Never before did our public schools seem so important, and their possibilities for good so great. I wish to thank those "educational friends" at whose "urgent request" the book was printed.

An editorial sketch of the author and a conversation with him on "The New Education" were published in the February number of *The Coming Age*. A further glimpse of the character of the man may be caught by the discerning mind in this quotation:

The greater the misfortune of the child, the more heavily he is handicapped by the degradation and sins of the family to which he belongs, the greater his claim to that sympathetic discrimination and masterly treatment, and that redemptive love which alone can save him and lift him above the conditions which threaten to destroy his life.

Only a generous soul moved by an intense love for humanity could write such a sentence.

In the following paragraphs I have woven together some of the disconnected utterances of the author with the design of showing the book's general tendency and spirit:

Is it not gradually dawning upon our consciousness that in their better forms socialism and Christianity are but synonymous terms? Christian sentiment and faith that are not transmuted into service are soon seen to be but sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. The governing principle of the recitation should be, not competition, but co-operation. If we desire to train up a generation of men and women who shall recognize the ties of human brotherhood, and who shall work for social and industrial co-operation, we must make the school a mighty factor to

that end. President Eliot, at the close of twenty-five years as president of Harvard University, when asked what had been his leading aim, replied, "To secure co-operation." There is no word in our language more highly charged with what is vital to human destiny. St. Paul the Apostle pleaded for it. The warp and woof of what we call modern civilization is made up of co-operation. We want far more of industrial co-operation, of religious co-operation, and of educational co-operation. Teachers must become conscious of the commanding importance of the school as a social factor.

Professor Herron says: "We speak of our free-school system as secular; but it is probably our most concrete social expression of Jesus' idea." Mr. Dutton has the same thought when he writes:

It must be conceded that such institutions as the home, the civic state, and the school hold a place of pre-eminent importance in the general plan for the world's redemption which Christ came to announce. They are the finest fruits of Christianity. If Christ himself were to come upon earth to-day there is no place where he would feel more at home and where he would see so much of his own work in progress as in our public schools.

The church is gradually and almost unconsciously losing faith in the possibility of a universal redemption as preached so fervently by the Wesleys and their early successors. While still holding the forms, we have lost in a large degree the spirit of the great evangelism. If we will examine our hearts we shall find that we have given over a large part of mankind to endless perdition. Not so, however, our author. He believes there is a process by which the lowest can be reached and saved. An evil heredity may be dethroned, an evil environment overpowered. The instrument of this salvation is a prop-

erly organized and equipped public school system. It should begin with the kindergarten:

If the state leaves the children born in the slums to run wanton during the first five, six, or seven years of life, until every form of wickedness and evil is automatic in their thought and feeling, she must expect to reap a harvest of crime. Through the kindergarten children taken at three years of age can be reclaimed. The plastic nature of the child responds readily to love and kindness. As a new environment is revealed to him, so a new set of affections and impulses is awakened. That narrow conception which makes the saving of the individual soul and its future happiness the end of religion must give way and is giving way to the larger thought which sees the world in all its forces and onward movements redeemed and uplifted.

That the theories of the author are eminently practical is proved by numerous examples and citations of authority. The Elmira Reformatory, the Ohio State Institution for the Feeble-minded are cases in point. Of all the forces at work to uplift and Christianize the people at the South End in Boston the public schools stand first. A more perfect system would greatly aid the church and eventually restore the home.

It is impossible in a review of this kind to do justice to a book every page of which should be read. To what extent the author would claim originality of thought I do not know. He certainly should have credit for a fresh and original putting of very vital questions. Modest and unobtrusive in his own personality, yet we cannot help admiring and loving the spirit behind the thought. This review is given with the hope that all the readers of *The Coming Age* may seek to know more of Mr. Dutton and his work.

## THE OUTLOOK FOR PEACE

BY BENJAMIN F. TRUEBLOOD

For the moment at least all intelligent people in all countries are talking about the coming peace and the means by which it is to be secured and kept. One cannot pick up the most obscure newspaper without discovering a peace paragraph. Both before and since the conference at The

Hague, for now a whole year, this phenomenon has been before us. Behind much of this talk and writing there is probably very little interest. But it is symptomatic, and therefore of great value in helping us to a right forecast. When a movement has reached a point where it

commands the attention of the thoughtless and indifferent, it is safe to say that its triumph is not far away.

The outlook for peace depends almost entirely upon the direction in which one looks. The conference at The Hague has been a standing puzzle to many people. They even yet shake their heads at it, as a hypocritical and untrustworthy thing. By others such a conference had long been expected. They had become aware of the lightning behind the clear sky. When the bolt fell they believed it was genuine stuff, and expected it to do execution, even though it had come through a novel medium. These persons are not surprised at the results of the Hague conference; they even magnify them perhaps inordinately. One friend writes me that "he feels the breath of the millennium in the air." Why this difference?

If one looks only at the epaulets on the czar's shoulders, the million armed men ready to leap into line at his command, the iron-fisted bureaucracy which directs the empire, the political exiles, the grinding taxes, the territorial greed, the military enslavement of Finland, the light of peace looks amazingly dim at that point of the horizon. Five millions of armed men in Europe, the conscription mercilessly turning every able-bodied man into a fighting machine, the feverish launching of gigantic new battle-ships, the perfecting of arms small and great, the despairing effort to devise new schemes of taxation to meet the ruinous drain, the selfish and pitiless plots of expansion for gain and glory, the wily spies prowling through every capital of the world,—how can there be any hope of peace while these things be? If one looks only at the facts of this order, the dreadfulness of which cannot be overpictured, he can sink himself without much effort into the blackness of despair. A peace conference of the nations which are strenuously cultivating these black deadly arts looks at first blush like a council of devils met to plan a farce called "Satan casting out Satan." To say nothing of those who heartily wished the conference to fail, there are many lovers of peace who have looked at it in this light, honestly so, and, it must be confessed, not without reason. Many

of the delegates themselves felt thus when they went to The Hague. The general feeling in Europe, I was told only three days before the conference opened, was that the whole idea of such a gathering was ridiculous, and that the only thing that would be done at the Dutch capital would be to give the czar's proposals a decent burial. But, in spite of the vision of graveyards and corpses thus evoked, I went on to The Hague having a little light within me which refused to be put out.

People who reasoned thus darkly about the czar's proposals, and the conference meeting at his invitation, failed or refused to see the facts of another order which have been manifesting themselves powerfully in these latter days right in the midst of the noisy and all-devouring militarism of the time. It is on these facts, and not on the meeting and accomplishments of The Hague conference, that hope of peace really rests. The conference itself was primarily only an expression of the force of these facts, though of course it has very greatly strengthened them and enlarged their scope. But, if the meeting at The Hague had never been held, some other means of manifestation would have been found. What is more, the forces which through the czar called into existence The Hague congress will accomplish in one way or another the work which it is thought the conference ought to have done, but failed to do. Other conferences will be called, or the governments will do by direct negotiation what the humanizing, community-building forces of society are insisting on with increased emphasis.

The supreme attainment of our civilization is the fact of the consciousness of humanity now for the first time prevailing. And the chief significance of The Hague conference is that it is the largest and fullest political expression of this consciousness yet made. There are many other manifestations of this consciousness. You find them in the religious sphere in the great missions which have embraced in their benevolence all the peoples of the world, in international religious congresses, in the young people's Christian organizations, and the like. We find them also

in the community of science, whose fine intellectual achievements refuse to respect national boundaries. In the industrial sphere this consciousness shows itself in the labor organizations, which include in their membership millions of men of all the great trading nations, forming a brotherhood, now thoroughly conscious of itself, as tenacious and sympathetic within its somewhat narrow and arbitrary sphere as can well be imagined. In a sort of desperate way, organized capital also is an expression of it, for even this is now becoming international. It declares itself in the marvelous cosmopolitanism of modern commerce, and in the intimate and constant association of peoples of all nations with one another. Socialism in its more sober forms is possibly the best moral and spiritual expression of this consciousness that has yet appeared. Even in its extravagant utterances, though it has gone much astray in its conception of the means by which unity is to be worked out, it is still a manifestation of the new sense of brotherhood. Just before leaving for The Hague I heard an intelligent socialist say that the entire nine millions of organized socialists in different countries are solidly opposed to war as incompatible with all the material and higher interests of the community of the working classes. At The Hague I found dread of socialism to be one of the strongest motives urged by a number of Europeans in favor of immediate reduction of armaments and an agreement to settle differences by peaceful methods. That is, the governments themselves must become peacefully co-operative, and to this extent socialistic, in order to save themselves from the destruction sure to come from the massing of radical socialism, if they persist in the unsocial rivalry of armaments. That was the argument urged by Mr. Bloch, Mr. Stead, and others in behalf of immediate action by the conference in harmony with the czar's disarmament proposals.

It is on the great body of social facts, of which only a few illustrative examples are here given, that the hope for permanent peace and the consequent reduction of the present armaments largely rests. The Hague conference finds its explana-

tion and its significance only when taken in connection therewith. The great social forces underlying these facts—some of them conscious, others unconscious—are working out or rather bringing on, latterly with amazing speed, what the late Colonel von Egidy, of Berlin, called, in splendid phrase, "*die krieglose Zeit*" (the warless time),—the age, that is, when war shall have disappeared not only from practices of peoples, but also from their purposes, their thoughts, and even from their instincts.

The consciousness of humanity of which I have spoken is attended by a conscience of humanity, as was well said by Dr. Moxom at the recent Mohawk arbitration conference. This is demanding as obligatory what self-interest and general interest, as well as the higher intellectual and spiritual interests of the social body, are declaring to be supremely necessary and useful. What Kant would call the categorical imperative of society is now operating to support and strengthen the work which is being done by the social forces working spontaneously, in the effort to throw off the incubus of militarism, loaded on to the social back by hate, distrust, ambition, and greed. Back of this social conscience, and aiding powerfully in its creation, have been of course numberless individual consciences uttering their protest against the iniquity of war, and thus helping in the preparation of the wonderful movements now upon us; but not until the social conscience appeared could the hope of practical peace be said to have sprung up. Things of this kind are done only when men together demand them.

It is within reason to say that what we call the civilized world has reached a state of social advancement, in the development of its material interests, its comforts, and its moral consciousness, where it clearly recognizes that the bloated militarism of the time is not only an enormous burden, but an appalling danger, and that it is wicked to allow it to continue much longer. The conference called by the czar, and so readily accepted by the other powers, is ample proof of this. But that is as far as the society of the civilized peoples has gone. It is not yet sore



enough from carrying its burden and strong enough in its purposes of freedom heroically to throw the burden off. The conference went as far in its condemnation of the excessive armaments as society has gone,—no farther. To be sure, its corporate condemnation of these armaments, though it did nothing direct toward relief from them, was a most telling thing to have done. Hereafter we may expect, because of its condemnation, that opposition to militarism and determination to throw it off will develop among the masses more rapidly than heretofore, and that the governments will not be slow to find this out. The governments themselves, having taken the first step, will find it much less difficult to take the next and subsequent ones.

What the conference has done for the advancement of the cause of peace on its positive side is of tremendous significance. It was in the truest sense a peace conference. The harmonious spirit which prevailed throughout its proceedings was most remarkable. It caught the pulse of the great peace movement throbbing everywhere throughout civilized lands. It quickly grasped the meaning of the multitudes of letters, telegrams, and memorials which poured in upon it, and it labored from beginning to end in the spirit of the positive friends of peace. Nothing could give larger hope for the future of peace than this fact. It has been publicly demonstrated, in spite of the prophets of failure, that the nations, notwithstanding their past feuds, their differing traditions and languages, and their supposed exclusive interests, can confer together in a rational and brotherly way about the great common claims of humanity. That is an accomplishment of the largest promise, worth in itself a thousand times the money spent at The Hague. It is the first time in history that such a thing has been done on a real peace basis, or could have been done.

The conference was not, as Hon. Andrew D. White and others have modestly asserted, the first step toward the abolition of war. Only from the point of view of general joint governmental action can it be called a first step. Even in this regard it is much rather to be considered

a second step or the last of a series of steps, for the governments have been arbitrating differences or settling them by joint commissions for a hundred years, and thus laying the foundation for what the recent conference did. In its deeper and fuller significance the work done at The Hague was the beginning of the last stage in the organization of peace. The first stage of this organization was that of the formation of the earliest peace societies more than eighty years ago. The second was the organization of the International Peace Congress, the Interparliamentary Peace Union, and the International Peace Bureau at Berne. Accompanying these stages and forming part of them has been the arbitration of more than a hundred international disputes, and action by various national legislative bodies in favor of the general principle of arbitration. Following this century of private and semi-public organization of peace, comes now the convention of The Hague, organizing on a political basis a general international arbitration court the features of which are already known to all readers. This, if ratified by the signatory powers, as has already practically been done by more than half of them, is rightly to be considered the opening of the last stage in the organization of peace. The new era of peace for humanity has actually begun, however long it may take to bring it to perfection and to get rid of the barbarous, brutal system of wholesale murder which the past has fastened upon us. This court will continue as a permanent institution of the new world society. It will be perfected with use and enlarged in the number of the nations becoming parties to it. But in principle it can never be supplanted, unless society should become so perfected in love and intelligence as to make all courts unnecessary. The powers will resort to the court, at first slowly and cautiously, afterward generally and with full confidence. Reduction of armaments, as was generally felt at The Hague, will come about, either by individual or joint action of the nations, because of the existence and work of the court, and through the further unfolding of the civilization which has created and will sustain it. Other inter-

national conferences are practically assured, which will deal with the questions raised at The Hague, but with which the delegates either did not have competence to deal or did not feel themselves justified by official and general opinion at home in dealing.

Our hope, then, of the disappearance of war, and of the early coming of permanent, organized peace among the nations, is not based alone on our wishes or even upon our sense of what must ultimately be because it ought to be. It is based upon the mighty, world-wide social movements among which we live, and upon the institutions which they are creating and the methods which they are introducing. The oneness of the world is, in many important respects, already a fact, and in so far the causes which have created armies and navies have already ceased to act. The causes which have disappeared will never operate again, though there are troublesome new ones to be contended against. The great armies and navies will continue and even increase for a time, spreading their dire and costly mischief into new regions. But the forces which are making them worse than unnecessary, and those which are positively opposing them, are closing in upon them on all sides. The new humanity is everywhere shuddering with horror that what Byron called the "brain-spattering, wind-pipe-splitting" business is still allowed to exist among us. The opponents of war are yearly multiplying from every class

of society. Men and women, workingmen and men of leisure, professional men and men of business, clergymen and lawyers, schoolmen and artists, publicists and statesmen, and even editors, are found in the lists. No war, not even one for the sake of liberty and humanity, can any longer occur without having to defend itself against a strong and critical arraignment. A war nowadays, even a "righteous" war, so called, has to work itself into public favor by quibble and quirk, by all sorts of fair-faced hypocrisy, and is no longer universally accepted without question as the natural and normal thing, as it once was. These are signs that the weakest disciple of human progress can discern.

While building our hope on the powerful social movements of the day, it must not be forgotten that individual men and women are social forces and have the ability to create social movements, or at least greatly to strengthen those already going. There is a long and difficult task to be done before the disintegrating influences which lead to war are conquered and destroyed. No man or woman of good-will, no friend of true and permanent peace, has any right yet to throw himself into his hammock under a tree as if his duty were done. But the hopefulness of the situation is so great, the goal, though far away, is so plainly in sight, as to inspire every friend of peace with the utmost faith and courage to pursue his task in season and out of season.

## THE SUPREME SPHERE ABOVE HUMANITY AND ITS DEMANDS

BY PROFESSOR JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN, M. D.

Man lives in two worlds. In his nursery world on earth, where matter, inert and ponderous, ruled by physical attraction, is the dominant element, his infant life is feeble and limited. He moves with difficulty, ruled by gravitation, acquires knowledge slowly, and is unconscious of his coming manhood, in which he leaves his nursery forever to enjoy a boundless adult freedom and a far-reaching vision.

The adult man is not attracted back from his freedom to the sphere of his toiling, blundering, and often unhappy infancy, surrounded by the dense clouds which conceal his nobler life,—a life unincumbered by the perishable matter which drags him down as it continually falls back into its normal sphere of death.

The literature of earth is not for the adult man. It belongs to a world of im-

perfection and darkness, and therefore is, as it always has been, beclouded, if not mystic and deceptive. The higher and purer thought of adult life is shut out by the dark fogs of moral miasma and by the dust above the trampling and warring millions.

Far above the life of adult man is the sphere of the Divine,—the supreme sphere above humanity. There is the sphere of eternal life, in boundless amplitude, which surrounds with its benignity the petty spheres of death called planets. Condensed results of infinite laws, their solid, rocky continents and oceans presented no life, for science affirms that life ever comes from prior life; and life, which is so invisible that colleges have denied its real existence, belongs only to invisible realms, with which the denizens of the nursery world have had but scant acquaintance, and he who would address them must therefore speak with cautious modesty of any knowledge that he may have acquired of the adult world—the Ultima Thule of nursery life, from the darkness and cold of which “no traveler e’er returns,” as the nursery world believed.

And yet, far above the “many mansions” of adult spheres, the sober thinkers of the nursery world, whose heads are white with the warnings of a speedy departure, believe devoutly in a supreme power ever unseen by mortal eyes and uncomprehended by mortal minds.

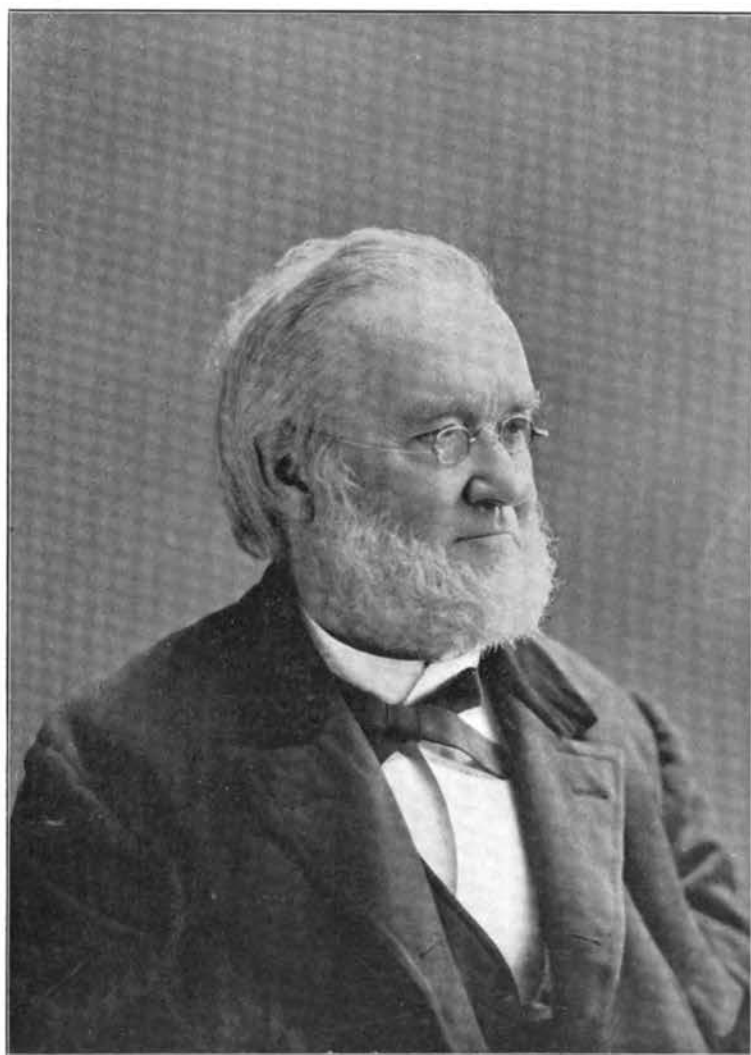
In seeking for the origin of life on the earth we are compelled to recognize the boundless sphere of the Infinite Supreme. To the nursery world the Infinite Supreme is beyond the far reach of its mystic vision, and is therefore but a dim vision or speculative concept, which the entirely practical man may ignore even as he is accustomed to ignore the adult life that never disturbs his financial business. But, if we are compelled to recognize in the supreme the essential life of the universe and its eternal immanence in the vast progress of life of which it is the primal and ever-present cause (and this surely is the faith in which “the consensus of the competent” profound thinkers respected by mankind is firmly fixed), then there is no greater or more prolific prin-

ciple or fact in philosophy, and he who adheres firmly to this truth must shrink from no inevitable inference if he would retain his own self-respect.

As the word spirit comprehends all invisible intelligence and volition, it includes all that belongs to adult life—all above and beyond the nursery world. The realms of spirit in which man realizes his own nature in adult life are circumjacent to the higher realms of nursery life, and intercourse between the two is now in rapid progress, often recorded in the daily press, and occupying more than a hundred magazines and newspapers. The royal families of England, France, Denmark, and Russia are familiar with it, and scientists of highest rank, including the president of the British Scientific Association, have no hesitation in reporting their marvelous experience, which half a century ago was scornfully rejected by American scientists. The facts have always existed, but as the children of the nursery world have been trained to trust only to the real estate basis,—to matter, mechanics, and chemistry,—and either to fear ghosts or to deny the reappearance of the departed, scientists have shunned the subject as unprofitable. But now the last publication of a distinguished physician of New York (from Paris) contains the most marvelous narratives, which forty years ago would have covered his fair fame with obloquy (Gibier on Psychism).

This partial lifting of the fogs that darken the nursery world is especially gratifying to the writer, as being the only living scientist who ventured to defy the nursery world, with all its universities, and speak for the adult world fifty-eight years ago, in Louisville, Kentucky, when by an elaborate anatomic and psychophysiological investigation of the brain he had ascertained the convolution through which the communication of the soul in the living brain with the excarnate soul was effected, and demonstrated the discovery by bringing a highly intelligent lady into communication with the spirit of her mother in a fashionable parlor.

This result was produced through the ascending portion of the third frontal convolution, where the temporal arch meets the coronal suture. Of course, such



*J. R. Buchanan*





things were then considered as approaching the border line of insanity. But the entire exposition of the brain (psychic and physiological) was published in 1854, when the writer was the official head of the leading medical college of Cincinnati, and a half-century has brought many of the leading scientists of Europe, as of North and South America, to a similar position in psychic science,—the possible communion between two worlds. But the innovation of 1841 and 1854 has not been pardoned by conservatism. For half a century its resistance to psychic science was inflexible. In 1870 Professor Crookes, now at the head of the British Scientific Association, could still say, "I confess I am surprised and pained at the timidity or apathy shown by scientific men in reference to this subject." But this was mild intolerance compared with former centuries. Even at the advent of the Newtonian philosophy the historian says, "Authority scowled upon it, taste was disgusted by it, and fashion was ashamed of it." And when another immortal power in science (Dr. Thomas Young) revealed the true theory of light, he was treated unanimously with profound contempt, and obtained no hearing for nearly a hundred years, or twice as long as psychic science has waited.

The reader will pardon this necessary digression as to the revelation of the adult world, in which solitary labor the writer has been engaged more than sixty years, while his brother scientists have trodden the more profitable and honorable paths of fashionable science, leaving to him the untrodden paths of the wilderness in which the pioneer disappears from the vision of his contemporaries. The purpose of this paper is to present that supreme sphere toward which we advance in adult life, but from which terrestrial business life has ever been gloriously remote, yet which is not so remotely inaccessible in the adult spheres.

It is no idle speculation of mere philosophy to bring the supreme realm of life and duty into closer relation with the life that struggles and toils, half blind and never free from calamity, in the nursery world, where so many daily ask, Is life worth living? and, confessing that it is

not, surrender it as a failure. To bring the saving haven of that high sphere to earth is the problem of the ages, never practically solved, and has become the burning question of the world that will convulse the beginning of the twentieth century with wilder scenes than the nineteenth has witnessed. Storm and convulsion will never cease in earth-world history while the sphere of peace and the sphere of war are widely separate. The solution of that problem was long ago presented by the inspired prophet and martyr of Jerusalem in the prayerful words, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

The will of God, the divine spirit, is not a compelling force, but a reverential, tender, all-embracing love which pervades the high spheres of matured life, and is not excluded from the undeveloped childhood of humanity, struggling in the school of experience; for earth has many regions in which a perfect Eden might be created, and in the present magnificent condition of science and mechanic arts, giving five to tenfold power to industry, the necessary toils of such an Eden need not be more than is required to maintain the full development of the constitution of man. The prayer of Jesus is more realizable to-day than it has ever been before, and were the apostles here to-day their joyful Pentecostal time would begin at once.

The spirit of the apostolic age did not long survive the death of the apostles, and the writings of that age, corrupted by interpolation, no longer presented the uncorrupted truth,\* which was overlaid by a mysterious and malignant theology unknown to the apostles; but we may return to the unquestionable essence of Christianity presented by its founder when he enjoined unlimited love to God and man. This is absolutely all, and every addition thereto is but an incumbrance, a disguise, or falsification,—subterfuges by which men escape from duty.

The nineteenth century can add nothing to the wisdom condensed in the immortal words of Christ, which the nations have unanimously ignored, and the question before us to-day is how long we shall continue to realize that "the wages of sin

\*This is demonstrated in "Primitive Christianity."

is death," and maintain with Von Moltke and other European statesmen that war, which is the maximum of crimes, is the inevitable and normal destiny of mankind, or agree with churches established by the sword, that Jesus Christ, if on the earth, might, like his professed followers, head a bayonet charge on either or both sides of a causeless war, waged by nations professing to adore his authority, although regardless of the suffering of the poor, to whom his mission and the labors of his apostles were chiefly addressed.

- A Christian nation ruled by the all-embracing divine love would not tolerate for a single day the gathered magazines of gunpowder, the piled up cannon of Krupp, the arsenals of guns, bayonets, bombs, and rapid-firing cannon prepared for the awful realities of international murder and desolation. That we can tolerate their existence at all shows that we can trample in fierce scorn on the grave of a forgotten Christianity.

A Christian nation would be aroused as by an electric shock by the simple announcement that a million of our brothers were deprived of employment and wandering in suffering poverty in a land of boundless wealth, capable of sustaining in prosperity every family. The problems of political economy would vanish as by magic, the angry discontent of the toiler would be heard no more, when the Christian conscience, guided by the words of Jesus, assumed the control of government and summoned the toilers (whom private avarice has sent adrift, more helpless than the chattel slave) to secure and permanent employment, for just remuneration, in creating national wealth by railroads, canals, harbors, public buildings, irrigation of deserts, reclamation of unhealthy regions, development of mines, and such undertakings in agriculture and manufactures as are most appropriate to a nation, establishing that just rate of wages which would forbid all oppression by the corporate avarice which denies human brotherhood and locks up its gains while millions are starving, not only in the terrible famines of India and China, but in the silent, unseen, insidious famine which robs the majority of toilers of more than half their normal life and robs four-

fifths of their children of the very possibility of life, while the unthinking millions of the nursery world neither listen to the voice of Christ nor study the social tragedies which they are enacting.

If this governmental employment of a vast industrial army—the only army that Christ could have tolerated—should prove more satisfactory to the people than the old competitive system of strife and suffering which has been so disastrous, which has really revolutionized this nation, reducing a larger proportion of our people than is found in any other country to the condition of tenants (a social degeneracy still increasing), and which has kept up an angry and dangerous strife between the producing class and the masters of industry, which many now believe must ultimate in a bloody revolution, then the problem of labor and capital is solved and the ideal commonwealth which millions of socialists demand is quietly introduced, bringing with it a more rapid growth of national wealth and a more just distribution than any nation has ever known, an increase impossible under disorderly competition, with its incessant strife and inevitable loss of production. There is nothing standing in the way of this just and happy adjustment of the coming conflict in accordance with divine law (in which the product of labor would pay its wages) but the grasping avarice of millionaires and corporations ambitious to rule or ruin, whose love of power has been vastly increased by their habitual control of legislation.

It is very plainly to the interest of the wealthy and controlling class to make this adjustment of fraternal justice, but the evil habit of selfish strife and the almost universal ignorance of sociology have actually sunk the American republic below the level of other progressive nations. There is more of enlightened statesmanship in the legislative bodies of France, Germany, Switzerland, and Australia than has been shown in the United States, in which statesmanship is overruled by the partisan politics of office-hunters and the corrupting influence of corporations, which is visible in every large city and every legislative body. The contrast between the honorable and benevolent gov-

ernment of Glasgow and some other British cities and the all-pervading corruption so very conspicuous in Chicago, New York, and San Francisco was notorious before Mr. Stead's "If Christ Came to Chicago" and "Satan's Invisible Empire in New York" called the world's attention to it, but, alas, gave no indication of any sure reform.

Avarice and usurpation mark the close of the nineteenth century, and the great republic has entered upon the path of Roman decadence. By abandoning democracy and denying the right of rebellion against tyranny, we have been involved in a needless war to assist those we had hindered from self-defense; and by formally acknowledging the authority of an effete despotism and purchasing its fictitious authority, we have been plunged into a war of invasion and conquest which will test the conscience of the nation.\*

It is of the very highest importance that Americans should learn the foundation of divine law, upon which alone a republic can stand. The light and the law from the supreme power of the universe, which man may clearly recognize as the one great

\*Our hopes must rely upon the reformatory press that aims at constructive rather than destructive changes, and upon profound thinkers who are diffusing the light of sociology. Such men as the late Henry George and Edward Bellamy, and such writers as Parsons, Lloyd, Bemis, Herron, Clark, Jones, Newton, Lorimer, Pomeroy, and the champions of the Co-operative Commonwealth, are rousing the national conscience to reassert the principles of the statesmen of our Revolution. In the Buffalo conference of reformers, in July, the foremost thought of the age was enlisted in the work of enlightening the people by a new college of sociology, free from the despotic dictation of wealth which maintains its defiance of brotherhood and justice.

uplifting energy, is continually at work and will overcome all obstacles. In that law are contained potentially all that the juvenile life of humanity requires. Of that law brotherhood is the normal expression, and until that brotherhood is recognized as the controlling principle of society and government, the chaos of disorder, pervaded by the melancholy monotone of unhappy nations, will be the unvarying record of history.

But in all lands chaos changes into harmony and groans into joy whenever and wherever the wisdom of the Galilean martyr is accepted. To him we owe the concise and perfect expression of the divine law, by the neglect of which we live in chaos. In the one word "love" he expressed the highest wisdom, and it has been the half-century labor of the writer to demonstrate this truth by a profound exposition of the spiritual and physical constitution of man, so remote and so entirely distinct from the unanimous biology of colleges that he has not yet found a friendly hearing. But the same truth is coming now from many quarters as a spontaneous expression of the inspiration of humanity. Not through scientific demonstration, but by intuitive recognition of an all-prevailing truth, the advanced thinker realizes that love is the link that binds man to God and continually bears him onward and upward.

When that great truth is made apparent to the leaders of society, and woven into the fabric of government, the harmony of earth and heaven will begin.

## VICTOR HUGO AND ANOTHER LIFE

Victor Hugo was a profound believer in the reality of a future life. On one occasion he said: "The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, 'I have finished my day's work,' but I cannot say, 'I have

finished my life.' My day's work will begin the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley, it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn. My work is only begun; I yearn for it to become higher and nobler, and this craving for the infinite demonstrates there is an infinity."



# DREAMS AND VISIONS

## A RECORD OF FACTS

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

### PRESCIENCE—WHAT IS IT?

BY HELEN M. POOLE

Now that telepathy is an assured fact, it is in order to study and if possible ascertain the laws which govern foreknowledge, prescience, prophecy. Reasoning from cause to effect along known lines is comparatively easy to a certain extent. In many cases where the external consciousness entirely loses the track, the subconsciousness, that tremendous unmapped potentiality of mind, without difficulty picks up the dropped stitches along the route and triumphantly arrives at correct conclusions.

But what of so-styled accidents? By what process does the subconsciousness follow those details which rise from side issues, from unexpected stress and emergencies, in short, from elements which it would not seem possible for the finite mind to foresee? And, by the finite mind I would include discarnate as well as incarnate intelligences.

During many years I have been gathering up authenticated instances of such prescience as seems to come under laws as yet unknown. At least, no adequate solution has been given, so far as I have learned.

From my storehouse let me present you with a slight sample. A lady and her mother, both well known to me, women of high character and probity, have time and again related the following circumstance:

Mrs. Porter,—as I will call her because that is not her name at all,—sensitive, refined, retiring, frequently has impressions

of things about to happen, which are unaccountable. As it is a characteristic known only to her most intimate friends, she desires that her name be not made public.

Some years ago, apparently by chance,—though there is no such thing,—by a mere whim, in which I encountered opposition from my companion, I entered the home of which she was an inmate. From the acquaintance apparently casually made resulted a real friendship. During all that morning Mrs. Porter had the impression that some one would call in whom she would take great interest, and accordingly prepared herself to meet the unknown,—myself.

The story which I have to relate antedates that period by many years.

Mrs. Porter and a brother some three years her senior were the only children of a gentleman in comfortable circumstances, living near Providence, Rhode Island. It was a happy family, and between Jack and Emily existed a tie unusually strong even for brother and sister. In amusements, studies, thoughts, and feelings they were as one. Each had a flower garden which each tended and loved, the pride of which were two fragrant white roses. Each had a saddle horse, and many were the rides they took together.

The gold fever of California had broken out some three years prior, when Jack, on arriving at age, determined to seek that El Dorado. In vain parents and sister

expostulated. Go he would, and did. The day before the start he took a last long ride with Emily.

During this ride with much earnestness he talked of the future. "Sister," said he, "it is a long trip, and it is possible I may never return. Should death come to me while I am away from you, remember one thing. My rose-bush will begin to wither when I go,—the very day. That will be a token that I am no longer on earth." Much more Jack said, but this warning was repeated again and again. "Watch that rose," said he. "Letters are a long time in coming from remote places in California, but the rose will be a sign to you of my condition." And the sister, greatly impressed, promised to care faithfully for the rose, determining that it should live and flourish.

That was in the autumn. Winter came and went, and Jack wrote buoyantly and happily. With a small party of friends he was going back from the coast to prospect among the foot-hills. Meantime, at the homestead in Rhode Island, the twin rose-bushes flourished and budded.

Then Emily, to celebrate her eighteenth birthday, went to visit some friends in New York City. Young, healthy, happy, no cloud overshadowed her anticipations.

One night, soon after her arrival, a cousin, occupying the same chamber, heard her moaning in her sleep. "Oh, Jack! dear, dear Jack, are you gone? Are you gone? How you are tangled in those roots. You cannot rise. You cannot breathe! It is dreadful, dreadful! Can no one help him? No; they can't find him; he is gone, gone, gone!"

In vain the cousin essayed to rouse the suffering sleeper. The family was awakened, a physician sent for. He pronounced Emily to be in the throes of a high fever. In a deadly coma she lay, unresponsive to every effort, only from time to time moaning about poor Jack, and in anguish, because "they cannot find him." All this was supposed to be delirium.

The fever ran its course; her exclamations subsiding after saying, "They have found him; thank God, he is found."

Upon regaining consciousness several days afterward Emily remembered nothing of her illness, but was plunged in profound melancholy from which nothing served to divert her. The father, meanwhile, summoned to New York, took her home by slow stages as soon as she was able to travel.

Meantime, the mother, watching and waiting for the invalid, discovered that Jack's rose-bush was dying. Suddenly, as if swept by fire, its leaves shriveled. Long before Emily reached home there was left only a desolate stalk.

Letters kept coming from Jack, who was hardy and happy. There were no indications of illness, and the parents tried to convince Emily that her fears were groundless. She knew better. To her sympathetic heart had been given the sad monition that never again, on earth, would they meet.

One day Mr. Porter came up the walk with a letter in his hand. "There, father brings the news of Jack's death!" Emily exclaimed.

Sure enough. The friends of the boy had written the sad particulars. A boat upset on a swift stream; all managed to extricate themselves except Jack. For his body they sought during three days without success. On the fourth they found it below the place of overturning. His clothing had caught to snags in such a way that, good swimmer as he was, he could not untangle himself. And so the boy met his fate.

On comparing the date of the accident with the shriveling of the rose-tree, they corresponded exactly.

The telepathy existing on the part of the loving sister can be readily understood. Vibrations can extend across the continent as easily as across a room, where two minds are attuned to the same key.

But how about the rose-tree? It was examined. Nothing had gnawed the roots. By what occult prophetic power had Jack foreseen what would happen should his earth life cease?

## PREMONITIONS

BY IVAN MOLDAKOFF

Having read your "Dreams and Visions" in the July number of *The Coming Age*, and, although not myself having had any dreams or visions worthy of remembering, having had occasion to observe some very strange examples of such which can be verified if wished, I cannot conquer my whim to write you of some such. I will commence with one experienced by a countryman of ours, whose dream, vision, or premonition, whatever it may have been, occasioned much interest in Chicago in 1896, and which will be found mentioned in the Chicago dailies for some days in March of that year.

As a boy in my native land I once fell ill with typhoid fever, and, being in St. Petersburg without any relatives, I was taken to the hospital of Baron Willie. For my position in St. Petersburg I had to thank the kindness of Count V., on whose land I was born, but whom I had not seen since I came to my position. He was a very kind man who used much of his time and means to relieve the suffering of the poor and the afflicted, for, although a colonel in the army, he had studied medicine, only for the good he could do with it. At home the people all loved him, although they thought him strange in some things, as it was said he saw sights and had communion with things that were not for mortals to have to do with. His kind heart, and the good he did whenever he found suffering or need, won him all hearts, and all I know I have his kindness to thank for.

Well, at the hospital I felt very lonely, and so I came to think of him and to wish he would see me, when I felt sure I would soon be well again. One day I was half sleeping, when I thought I heard a knock on the door and thought I heard the count's voice calling me. I awakened, but he was not there, and the other people laughed at my inquiring for him, and said I was a fool to think such a man would call on me when I was as well off as I was in the hospital,—he did not know I

was ill, and if he did he would not care for such a "mushik" boy as I. But some time later in the afternoon the count came to the hospital asking for me, and, from what the others had said, I asked him: "How did your grace come to know I was ill and confined here?" "You called me. I dreamed of you calling me here, and saw you," he replied. And he told me that he was taking a nap after dinner when he saw me just as I was now calling for him, and dreamed he went down riding to this part of the city where he had not been before, saw himself go in and ask a black-bearded doctor for me; and said he was much surprised to see the doctor who was on duty, who was just as he saw him in sleep, although he had never before seen him. This was in 1879, and he was a young man then; I was but a boy thirteen years old. I got well, and he took care of me for a long time, and helped me along even after I was well and assisted me in getting knowledge. But then misfortune overtook him, and he left the country to my sorrow and I think that of many others. He had been engaged to a young lady, and there was some talk of a young member of the imperial family having abducted the girl with force and of the count's having killed him in a duel. I don't know how that was, only that it was given out that the prince died from some brain pressure.

I drifted later to this country, and became a traveling man, as I am yet. Selling cigars, I came to the city of Minneapolis, and to my astonishment one day met my old benefactor on the street. I talked to him and found he was Dr. —, having a small private hospital there; but I suppose his good heart let him be bad in business, for when I came back two years later he was not there any more, and all I could hear of him was that he had gone to Chicago.

In 1896 I had occasion to stop in Chicago for a couple of weeks, and thought

I should find him, but did not before one day I saw in the papers: "While Dr. —, of Chicago, was experimenting with chemicals on March 11th an explosion occurred, blowing off both the doctor's hands, destroying the sight of his eyes, and injuring him internally. He cannot live. The doctor is from Russia, where he offended the Russian Government with nihilistic arrogations," etc. Then the article continued that he had said some days before the accident happened that he ought to insure himself, as he felt something would happen that would make him blind or kill him. I instantly went to the hospital where he was, and found him with his right hand amputated, and awfully burnt; both eyes burnt black; his face a swollen black sore; but calm, yea glad, and kind as ever.

Notwithstanding what the other doctors said, he recovered and got back his sight in a marvelously short time, and then he once told me the following:

"Some days before the accident I felt out of sorts, and instead of going to my office I lay down on a lounge. I was in a very gloomy mood of late, having brooded over the unpleasant features of business methods, and how one has to wade in, so to say, a dirty moat to keep to one's first and highest duty, the duty to go through life's hard school without running away to the kind deliverer, death. At last I felt a kind of electrical shock through my body. It tingled all through me, and rang in my ears, and I heard a voice uttering some words which I did not hear clearly, excepting the name of a good friend of mine in the old country. Then all at once I saw myself as in the air at the ceiling of the room, looking down on the sofa, and seeing some one lying there. On looking better I saw it was a black man, and drew nearer to see what the matter was. I saw a nose big as my fist, and lips like a negro's, but at the same time saw it was myself; in fact, it

was myself as I appeared when first I could see a little so as to examine myself in a mirror after my accident. I thought of the vision as a warning, for I often had such; but the day the accident happened I forgot everything about it during the day, so I suppose it had to happen, and is part of what I have to go through as my lesson."

Then I heard some strange things happen when the accident occurred. When I was first at the hospital there came among others a family of people from Lake View, and a young workingman visiting them. The workingman told me that he had been a patient of his, having had an accident in his work and the doctors wishing to cut off his left thumb he had called on the Russian doctor, who had saved his thumb. At the time the accident to the doctor happened he became quite ill and had to leave work, but was well again in a little time. On going home he met the ambulance carrying the doctor to the hospital. The Lake View people said they were sitting at table when the wife said she heard the doctor in the hall, and they went out to open the door, but found no one there. A doctor from Minnesota arrived during my visit, and his story was the strangest of all. It seems he was a very good friend of my former benefactor, and was at the time of the accident standing in a drug-store at his village, when he all at once began crying, and, in answer to the druggist's questions, said he must take the train at once and go to find out what had happened to —. He heard him say, "Oh, God, it is over; my trials are over now I trust." In Minneapolis he found out and at once came down to Chicago; and the strangest thing of all is that the words he heard really had been spoken by the wounded count when they had helped him to sit down on the floor in a drug-store where the explosion happened, while they waited for the ambulance.



# ORIGINAL FICTION

## A THANKSGIVING STORY

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

I had a long journey before me Thanksgiving-day. The weather was damp and cold, and just about sunset I drove up to the door of a country inn. Tossing the reins to a colored hostler, and cautioning him to rub my horse down and blanket him well, I walked benumbed and chilled into a room where a roaring wood fire threw a cheerful radiance over the uncarpeted floor and hickory chairs. Taking one that my burly host offered me I sat down, and, stamping my feet and rubbing my hands vigorously, I said:

"A good supper! A real soul-cheering supper, such as can be called from a Thanksgiving cupboard only, and let it come as quick as possible."

"All right," said the landlord, and disappeared.

The genial warmth of the room soon made my overcoat uncomfortable, and I rose, and took it off, and hung it with my cap on one of the wooden pegs that I found at the side of the room. Then I noticed that everything was neat and wore a holiday appearance. The old oaken floor, that was hard as iron, had been polished with a scrub-brush; the white muslin curtains were adorned with sprigs of cedar and red berries, and the oaken beams were festooned with evergreen interspersed with bright red and yellow berries; even the old-fashioned mirror was similarly adorned; and the whole danced so merrily by the cheerful firelight that I was quite delighted with it all. I bathed my face in the sparkling water I found in a stone pitcher that stood on a tall wooden stool in the corner, and then sat down to wait for my supper. Presently

a young girl appeared, followed by mine host, who carried a tea-table, which he placed in the middle of the room and opened the leaves.

The young girl, who addressed him as father, carried a broad, old-fashioned tray on which were the dishes and a snowy table-cloth.

"It is warmer here," said the host, nodding toward the fire, "and as you seemed so chilled I ordered your supper here."

"Thank you."

I was grateful for the consideration, for the suggestion of which I gave his bright daughter the credit.

She spread the cloth and distributed the dishes with energetic hands, and as she did so I observed that she was a most attractive girl,—not that she was at all beautiful, but she had a bright, intelligent face and a sweet, clear voice, a light, firm step, a quick, active motion in all she did so noiselessly, and I watched her with deepest interest.

I should state that I had been traveling for several days in this section of country, which was but partly inhabited with a thriftless, spiritless class of people, and in which women and oxen were the drudges; the men, although surrounded by boundless wealth in iron, coal, and timber, were apparently unconscious of it. But this cold Thanksgiving night I had dropped down before a blazing fire, with a prospect of an excellent repast.

Such a supper! Cold roast fowl, smoking muffins and waffles, eggs, pickles, sweetmeats, mince pies, doughnuts, and what not.

Mine host was a talkative man, and, bidding his daughter serve out my tea when I had seated myself at the table, he sat down astride a chair, with his back toward the fire, and facing me with curious eyes, he poured out a volley of questions until called by another guest, whom fortunately I did not see or share my repast with. My hostess was very attentive, but, unlike her father, very reticent.

I praised everything, for all was good and served in the choicest manner. Such mince pie! I venture to say that on this Thanksgiving-day few people will taste one like it. I made a long meal of it, and when I was finally through seated myself in a huge hickory chair before the blazing fire, watching the quiet busy figure as she cleared the table; then I fell into a reverie as to who these people were, and how strange it was that this graceful sylph should be hidden away off here, while many a slow, dull, insipid creature flaunted in the gaslight petted and spoiled. While strange fancies flitted through my brain I was startled by the object of my thoughts seating herself beside me, and with a strange, unearthly voice repeating the words of the Ancient Mariner:

The moment that his face I see,  
I know the man that must hear me.

"Who are you?" I gasped.

"I have not always been what I now seem. Years ago I was a strong, promising young physician. I possessed a fine physique and good mind. My early training was careful, my religious faith simple and earnest. I believed that after death the spirits of the good were transported to realms of bliss; those of the wicked doomed to everlasting misery. My father was a well-to-do Englishman, and sent me to Heidelberg University, where among the medical students I learned to drink beer and smoke. I studied, and discussed metaphysics and psychology; the result was I became a confirmed materialist.

"I will not stop to describe to you, for I have no words to express, the occasional pangs of remorse that pierced my soul when I found my body gaining the mastery over my soul; and, although these cries from a dying conscience never ceased

entirely, they were stilled, alas, at times. If conscience cried too loud and too long I resorted to the wine-cup, and with my associates laughed and sang until I was troubled no more. If I felt weak and depressed I ate and drank and grew cheerful, and these facts convinced me that man's mental condition is controlled by his physical organization. Thus my soul became a slave to my body and was bound up and mixed in with it.

"Nature is a Nemesis, and she overtook me with whips of scorpions and spurs of fire. Now comes the strange, awful epoch! Exhausted with excesses, I died suddenly. I had thought much of Death in my early youth when I was young and pure, often comparing him to his twin brother, Sleep. I had thought death was only to lie down to sleep, while the spirit soared away to some realm of bliss and forgot to return, or if it did, finding the doors of its prison locked and barred against it, soared away again. I had asked, too, how it would be if the body were buried in a comatose state,—what terror it might awaken in the prisoned soul.

"I said I died. Horror of horrors, I was not dead. The soul was not free; the body like a broken spring refused to move, although that conquered soul was bound up in it, and I realized that I must be buried conscious of my inability to move or speak. Could that body have given voice to my cry of agony, my shriek of despair, it must have resounded throughout the universe for all time, but the wild misery was silent.

"They buried my lost soul down in my corrupt body. Think of it! To be conscious of being devoured by worms! Then the thought came, when all this flesh is decayed my spirit will be free,—free in a little dungeon under the ground.

"Slowly my body decayed. It drives me mad to think of it yet, and when only ashes and bones were there my free spirit fluttered in its narrow vault. I seemed to fill the little space with thoughts of my horrible fate, but I found that I could give no utterance to my suffering, which was only increased by this inability on my part. I thought of the thousands of wretches buried like myself, and realized that this was indeed perdition; that if I

had been pure and good, my soul at death would have been freed from its tenement of clay, and been at liberty to float to the realms of the blessed. The intensity of my horror and misery in this condition gave me an insight of the exquisite happiness of the freedom that blessed spirits enjoy. I tried to pray; I tried to concentrate all that I was on pure and holy prayers for pardon.

"I do not know how long I remained there. Prayer assuaged my grief and lessened my misery and fear, but the ceaseless activity (of course, there is no sleep or rest for the mind or soul) made the time seem long indeed.

"One day I heard a joyful sound; it was a human voice very near me. My grave was opened and my spirit fluttered out. I was conscious that my father and another man had opened my grave and taken out my bones, and that, invisible to them, I was enabled to float on the air amid other invisible souls. Some higher spirit commanded me, and informed me that my human existence was not complete; and that I must once more be enslaved and seek a tenement somewhere

quickly. Remembering the love and tenderness of my parents, I determined to return to them. I found them. In my mother's arms was a tiny child, so young that I knew the mind must be vacant, and I took up my abode within its heart and head. The little creature grew and thrived, and many people loved her, and my parents do not know to this day that I am their vagabond son."

She ceased to speak.

I had often speculated on death and the horrors of being buried alive, and now all those horrors were redoubled. So great was the terror I now endured that I believed I was really dying. I gasped and caught her arm, and begged her tell me how to avoid so horrible a fate.

"Sir," said a sweet, clear, but strong voice, "I fear you must be ill."

"Ill," I gasped,—"I am dying."

"Oh, no! It's only the mince pie!"

And I awoke; my young hostess, looking half frightened and half amused, stood before me.

Oh, this body! Oh, this soul! that a mince pie should make the one cause the other such an hour of horror.

## JENNIE LIND'S COMPLIMENT

During John Howard Paine's residence in Washington a pleasant compliment was paid the poet by the world's greatest singer. It came about in this way: A concert was given in December of 1850 by Jennie Lind. The audience that thronged the concert hall on that memorable night was one of the most distinguished and brilliant that ever assembled in Washington. On the front seats were Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, President Fillmore, General Scott, and Mr. Payne. According to the programme the concert was to close with a song written for Jennie Lind by Bayard Taylor, entitled "Greeting to America."

This selection was received with marked favor, appealing as it did to the patriotism as well as the artistic taste of the audience. She closed amid a perfect storm of tumultuous applause, during which Mr. Webster, as if responding on the part of America, rose slowly in his

place and made a profound bow to the nightingale from over the waters. This occasioned a renewal of the demonstrations of delight, which continued until Jennie Lind, who had retired, reappeared. She slowly advanced toward the footlights, her face betraying intense emotion, and instead of returning Mr. Webster's acknowledgment even by a glance or a smile, she fixed her eyes intently on the wandering poet, as though she wished to speak to his very soul; then, with a wealth of feeling seldom evinced even by that marvelous woman, and in a voice clear as a bell, and sweet as music from the other world, she began, "Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam," etc. The effect was tremendous. The audience was electrified, and, save for the occasional outburst of applause and the clear voice of the songster, one might have heard the proverbial pin fall over the vast auditorium.

# WHO HATH SINNED?\*

## THE STORY OF A SCIENTIST

### CHAPTER XXIX.

Early one morning Ruth received a letter from a noted criminal lawyer asking her to visit a client of his then confined in the prison, a woman lately condemned to die for the murder of her son. He said she claimed to have known Ruth years ago, and begged to see her once more. I need not say she lost no time in getting there, Mr. Heine and I accompanying her.

We were taken to the cell, and Ruth stood at the grating. A cry of joy broke from the parched lips of the haggard face. Ruth recognized Mrs. Getty, her old neighbor in those dark days when she met Dr. Heine. The woman was beautiful still. Her face pallid as death, her eyes bright and glowing, and her long black hair, streaming over her shoulders in disorder, was still glossy and bright.

"What can I do for you?" asked Ruth, gently.

"You can hear me! You can believe me! They say I murdered my boy, my dear son. I sent him home to heaven. I lost my soul to save his. When I remembered all my suffering through his father's drunkenness and brutality, when I saw him start on the same path that would lead the same way, to the same end of disgrace and ruin, and death of soul and body, I, who had given him birth, had a right to save him in that hour. My sin was not in saving him from such a life and such a death; my sin was in bringing him on earth. Listen, you who know what it is to suffer; for I have seen you many a time when you did not see me since we parted on that low street in the sorrow and degradation brought by our husbands,—our masters. When your boy grew up so brave and prosperous mine was just as brave and prosperous. After

his wretched father died of delirium in an insane asylum he would take me with him for a summer's outing. But, hark ye," and she whispered, so loud that we all could hear it, "he met bold, bad women, and they stole his heart away; they stole his money, too, and he drove on to destruction with painted sirens at his side, while his mother, forsaken and neglected, sought sewing to provide food. The rent was not paid, and the rooms, once neatly furnished, were stripped and all the furniture sold to dealers. He seldom came to me, and when he did he was intoxicated, without money or clothes.

"One night after I had kneeled down beside him and prayed God forgive us all—I—I did like Virginius in Knowles's play! Oh, he was a hero, you know. Who says he did not love Virginia so well he would rather send her to heaven than suffer her to fall into that wretch's hands? Yes, yes, it was brave—and it is not more dreadful for a weak woman to fall into the hands of a knave than for a weak man to fall into the hands of one of these bold, wicked magdalens. But the warm blood sickened me, and I cried out and they came and found me, and ever since they have said I murdered him. That is not murder! That is love, love beyond degree, for I risked my soul in hell to save my boy! Tell me,—you who know the truth,—am I a murderer?"

"No, no," said Ruth, softly. "You are very weak."

"Weak? Why, I could wrench these iron bars away like paper if I cared to do it, and if it would bring back my boy as he once was to me: and I could wrench them like paper still if I could see and know the devils who first sold him that hellish stuff."

She had spent her strength in her fierce words, and sank down upon the floor.



We left her and sought her attorney, and Ruth determined to go at once to the governor. Her husband accompanied her, and he told me how she pleaded with him. The governor had made up his mind not to interfere in her behalf.

"But, governor," said Ruth, "it is in your power alone to save this poor maniac."

"Maniac!"

"As sure as that you are a sane man."

"She planned the murder with great skill and for his life insurance, so the prosecutor claimed."

"A woman, too. Oh, governor, and you a man in power."

"Women seek their rights so frantically nowadays that they must share the halter as well as the ballot," he said, still unmoved.

Just then a beautiful young girl appeared. Mr. Heine had arranged it so. She was the governor's daughter.

Ruth rose, and drawing her hand through her arm said:

"Governor, did you ever see John McCulloch play Virginius?"

"Yes."

"What did you think of him when he took Virginia in his arms in that last farewell and drove a dagger to her heart? Was he a murderer, or a Roman centurion, and in that deed a hero in your eyes?"

"Yes, yes; he saved his daughter a fate far worse than death."

"Was he nothing else?"

The governor paused.

"What do you mean," he asked, looking steadfastly at Ruth.

"Was he not a madman then as surely as a moment afterward?"

The governor put his hand to his forehead, as if in sudden revelation.

Ruth laid her hand upon his daughter's hair, and said:

"Governor, she is very fair, very beautiful; so was this poor condemned maniac thirty years ago, and no older than this child. No one could ever dream, her proud father least of all, her sad fate. She has no father now, had worse than no husband when I met her first, and when she saw the danger of her only child it madened her and she worked herself up to believe that murder was heroic."

Well, Ruth came away with a reprieve, but when they reached the cell release from a higher source had preceded her, and the poor dead woman lay upon the cell floor in murderers' row, while her spirit, mayhap, was with her boy.

Thus it had been Ruth's fate to see and understand what another less severely tried than she had been could not have done, that is, what perverted idea of love and heroism had possessed the mother in her grief for her boy's intemperance, which, nursed in a diseased brain, had led her to commit the dreadful deed while still unable to discern the dividing line between crime born of madness and heroism born of love.

"Ah," said Mr. Heine, "one more sin at the door of liquor, one more soul beating against the waves of destiny; but surely a perfect liberal education will extinguish the elements of hereditary disease and fortify against their possible development, for an illiberal education leaves hereditary disease untouched and adds new elements of debility and death lurking in the entire system."

Now, where shall we begin with the work, to prevent such sad histories? Every physician must have such a diary as mine. It may be in his memory, but the record is somewhere. Shall we cut off the hydra head by legislation only to see two more grow in its stead?

In our study of the blood we see the trouble begins there, in the home of the soul. The blood is not the soul, but is the vehicle of the soul, and it traverses the body through arteries, veins, and capillaries from the cortical glands to the viscera, and to know that the blood is the life of the body we need only see its circulation stop in any member and see it wither and decay; for the soul and spirit have no other vehicle through which to visit the member and carry life and health into it, and we know the spirit is truly the life of man.

We know too that the blood changes momentarily with the emotions and thoughts of man, and it must be kept pure and in perfect circulation. It is formed by the food, water, and air. Then we must believe that a man's food from birth to death, quality and quantity, is of para-

mount importance, for the blood is generated by food and drink, and when once formed it becomes the reservoir from which every organ draws its supply of health and strength, provided this fountain is healthy, and death and decay if the blood is diseased. Properly fed, man is safe from the evils that beset the improperly fed man, and all the ills of life that exhibit themselves in these fearful distempers begin in the humors of the blood, from intemperance in eating, drinking, thought, and feeling. It is not the inebriate alone who is intemperate and may be properly styled the drunkard. A man may be drunk on the fumes that rise to his brain from overfeeding and smoking, as well as from drinking liquor, and from falsity in thought he may become spiritually drunken. Education, then, must begin with dietetics, and our life work shall be to save the coming generation the misery this generation has endured through ignorance.

### CHAPTER XXX.

So then it matters not how we die if before death and in dying we touch others and awaken an interest in the living and a faith in immortality. It is the lesson taught in life and death that is of importance. No man lives unto himself or dies unto himself. Adiel, successful, vain-glorious, might have lived and died, and with him have died his influence; tempted, fallen, sorrowful, suffering, he awoke within us our better selves, and, dying, united his spiritual force to ours and bound us to something higher and nobler.

What matters the death we die so that we fulfill our mission in life? Some are born to die natural deaths; some to die on the tree, even as did our Lord, that their mission be fulfilled. Death is but a transition state, a passing incident that is of little moment. What is of importance is the influence left upon those who remain.

Had Christ been received and welcomed, what had been the fate of man to-day? Ah, who can tell? For the scripture had been broken.

Tell me there is aught amiss in all this world that Divine Love has not provided for, and that we cannot realize Christ's word, "All things are possible with God,"—to turn sorrow into joy, suffering into

happiness. It must needs be as it is to train humanity for that time when it can enter into the joys prepared from the foundation of the world. Happy is the man who learns patience, and sees at last, as Adiel saw, his heavenly Father's hand mercifully leading him through all the dark ways his own errors had chosen, and turning his deepest sorrows into the greatest joys.

That all is as it should be for each individual's highest good at last we cannot doubt, for God who knows all mercifully provides it so. He does not bring our griefs and woes; rather, the freedom he gives us to rise gives us freedom to fall, for it enables us to choose evil as well as good, and if our nature is such that evil alone will reveal our sins then we must welcome the evil. Our dear boy had to lose his great physical beauty and strength, for both were dangerous possessions in the world with his misdirected energy. Money in his hands bought curses instead of blessings,—he had to come to poverty, to dependence, to learn to know his friends from his enemies.

I dare say there are others besides his grandmother who considered him a bad and worthless man, who brought sorrow and suffering on all who loved him, and deserved all he suffered, and that it would have been well if he had died before he made others suffer so. But are we not stronger and better for the suffering we endured with him? And did he not suffer most? I know of no one man whose life and death wrought so much good to others as his; then surely his life was not in vain.

The sympathy and love these men showed for each other in this school was most beautiful. I have seen men, so ill that they should have been in bed carefully attended, sitting beside others who were suffering still more, and whose agony the man who had once endured it himself could remember, and a sight of another's suffering roused him from thought of self to offer aid and encouragement that no inexperienced man could give. We were working with one poor fellow one night when another, whom we had seen through just such torture and who was now too weak to walk alone, came to him holding to the beds for support.

"Come, come, Herbert, cheer up; this is the last dark hour before dawn. I've gone through it, and I can tell you when it's over you will thank God that you have endured it; for its memory will help you to keep on the right path and teach you sympathy with all suffering. Come, come, look at me; though weak, I am a man again in my right senses. Bear the suffering, thinking of the glorious permanent relief it brings."

I have found men in the gray dawn sitting worn out beside a brother sufferer's bed, fearful to move lest they disturb the first peaceful slumber their comrade had known for years. They remembered what it had been to them, and how they had awaked and wept for joy to know they could sleep a peaceful natural sleep unpoisoned by intoxicants.

No man could believe without observation the full meaning of all this. It proves the interior man is guarded during these temptations by that Divine Providence that enables men to rise from any depth of misery when once they listen to the still, small voice and believe that God is there. They know he was not in the whirlwind of their mad career, the fire of their wild passions, but when the moment comes that they desire to follow the still, small voice which promises hope and peace they begin their upward course at once.

That the Lord can turn evil into good we have seen proof.

Had Louis Heine not owned a saloon he would never have had the opportunity to watch the beginning and progress of the disease known as intemperance, and been able to study its effects upon the different temperaments, which in after years enabled him to save so many of the best of men to useful lives. Had he never owned the pharmacy he would not have had the knowledge of the effect of drugs upon men and women, nor have been able to study the temperaments that form the dangerous habits he afterward learned to cure. Saul of Tarsus could never have become Paul the Apostle had he not been a persecutor of the Christians. It was the opportunity afforded him as the persecutor that enabled him to study the effect of

Christianity upon men, and formed him at last into a vessel that was fit to be chosen by the Lord. Louis Heine has closed more saloons and turned their keepers into useful citizens than all other men I ever knew.

There is no suffering, I will say there is no sin, which is not necessary and a part of God's great redemptive plan for mankind. Both are permitted to show them they are only men, and to turn them to seek a higher than earthly aid.

Such suffering as these inebriates endured was all that could ever have opened their hearts to love and pity of mankind, and turn their lives into channels of service to their fellow-men. They could never have comprehended how utterly enslaved a man may become by a habit formed thoughtlessly, perhaps, or with the belief in his own strength to subdue his appetite at will.

Intemperance in drinking is often superinduced by intemperance in eating, talking, working, thinking. Temperance has its root in control of appetite from childhood, in self-control in all things, and intemperance equally strikes root in the opposite, and grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength of the child and youth. The richer the soil the more abundant the harvest for good or evil.

As I have shown the evil of careless marriages, so would I point out the evils of carelessness in the early training of children in their habits of eating, drinking, talking. There is an intemperance of speech more baneful than that of liquor, for it flows out of the fountain that has power to defile both soul and body.

Instead, then, of condemning the existing conditions of things, let all strive to find in these conditions the greatest sphere of usefulness. If it were not for man's ultimate good God would not permit these things. A nobler sentiment is awakened in the human breast than is evoked by pomp and show and power and triumph. Compassion and love never follow in the train of worldly success and fame. Had Jesus worn a jeweled crown, could it have won for him the followers of that crown of thorns?

*(To be continued.)*

# HEALTH AND HOME

EDITED BY

MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

## A LOVE-LIT PATH TO GOD

The Rev. Robert E. Bisbee, in his review, pronounces the title of this beautiful little volume "a poem and an evangel." We have read the book several times and found it to be all that he says of it and all that its name implies. It should be in every home. Few people are sufficiently familiar with the love passages of the Bible. Mrs. Flower has gathered jewels from the Word and set them with matchless skill. Each page of her book is a priceless treasure, an offering from one who has drank deep at the fountain, and gives you the living waters with loving hand. The entire book shows she follows the divine law, "Let all things be

done in order," and "Let all things be done in love," for order, harmony, and love pervade the volume from the first to the closing line.

A more valuable treasure than a case of glittering gems is this little volume of jewels filled with living light that sheds its glory upon the way and illumines the path that leads to God.

A pure, good book is the best of companions, an indispensable necessity in every home.

To those who would confer a real blessing in the shape of helpful reading, we suggest this love offering.

## THE SURE WAY OF ATTAINING A LONG AND HEALTHFUL LIFE

BY LEWIS CORNARO

### CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

#### THE METHOD OF CORRECTING A BAD CONSTITUTION.

Since nothing, then, is more advantageous for a man upon earth than to live long, he is obliged to preserve his health as far as possible, and this he cannot do without sobriety. 'Tis true, indeed, that there are several who eat and drink plentifully and yet live to an hundred years of age. 'Tis by their example that others flatter themselves with the hopes of attaining to the same age without any occasion of laying a restraint upon themselves. But they are in the wrong upon these two accounts: First, because there is hardly one in a thousand that has so strong a constitution. Secondly, because such men do generally end their lives

by such distempers as put them into great agonies by dying, which would never happen to those that have the same government of themselves that I have. A man runs the risk of not attaining to fifty years of age for not daring to undertake a regular course of life, which is no impossible thing, since 'tis what I and several others have practiced and do practice; and a man becomes insensibly a murderer of himself, because he cannot be persuaded that, notwithstanding the false charms of a voluptuous life, a wise man ought not to look upon it as any hardship to put in practice what his reason advises him.

Reason, if we hearken to it, will tell us that a good regimen is necessary for the prolonging of our days, and that it consists in two things: First, in taking care of the quality; and secondly, of the quantity, so



as to eat and drink nothing that offends the stomach, nor any more than what we can easily digest. Our experience ought to be our guide in these two principles, when we are arrived at forty, fifty, or threescore years of age. He who puts in practice that knowledge which he has of what is good for him, and goes on in a frugal way of living, keeps the humors in a just temperature, and prevents them from being altered, though he suffer heat and cold, though he be fatigued, though his sleep be broken, provided there be no excess in any of them. This being so, what an obligation does a man lie under of living soberly? And ought he not to free himself from the fears of sinking under the least intemperance of the air, and under the least fatigue, which make us sick upon every slight occasion?

'Tis true, indeed, the most sober may sometimes be indisposed, when they are unavoidably obliged to transgress the rule which they have been used to observe; but then they are certain that their indisposition will not last above two or three days at most, nor can they fall into a fever.

Weariness and faintness are easily remedied by rest and good diet. The malignancy of the stars cannot put the malignant humors in a ferment in bodies which have them not, tho' distempers which proceed from intemperance have an internal cause, and may be dangerous, those which are derived from the influences of the planets affect us only externally, and cannot produce any great disorders.

There are some who feed high, and maintain that whatsoever they eat is so little a disturbance to them, that they cannot perceive in what part of their body their stomach lies; but I aver that they do not speak as they think, nor is it natural. 'Tis impossible that any created being should be of so perfect a composition as that neither heat nor cold, dry nor moist—should have any influence over it, and that the variety of food which they make use of, of different qualities, should be equally agreeable to them. Those men cannot but acknowledge that they are sometimes out of order; if it is not owing to a sensible indigestion, yet they are troubled with head-aches, want of sleep, and fevers, of which they are cured by a diet, and taking such medicines as are proper for evacuation. It is therefore certain that their distempers proceed from repletion, or from their having eaten or drank something which did not agree with their stomachs.

Most old people excuse their high feeding by saying that it is necessary for them to eat a great deal to keep up their natural heat, which diminishes proportionately as they grow into years, and to create an appetite 'tis requisite to find out proper sauces, and to eat whatever they have a fancy for; and that without thus humoring their palates they should be soon in their graves. To this I reply that nature, for the preservation of a

man in years, has so composed him that he may live with a little food; that his stomach cannot digest a great quantity, and that he has no need of being afraid of dying for want of eating; since when he is sick he is forced to have recourse to a regular sort of diet, which is the first and main thing prescribed by his physicians. Lastly, that if this remedy is of such efficacy as to snatch us out of the arms of death, 'tis a mistake to suppose that a man may not, by eating a little more than he does when he is sick, live a long time without ever being sick.

Others had rather be disturbed twice or thrice with the gout, the sciatica, and their epidemical distempers, than to be always put to the torment and mortification of laying a restraint upon their appetites, being sure that when they are indisposed a regular diet will be an infallible remedy and cure. But let them be informed by me that as they grow up in years their natural heat abates; that a regular diet, despised as a precaution and only looked upon as a physic, cannot always have the same effect, nor force to draw off the crudities and repair the disorders which are caused by repletion, and lastly, that they run the hazard of being cheated by their hope and their intemperance.

Others say that it is more eligible to feed high and enjoy themselves, tho' a man lives the less while. It is so surprising a matter that fools and madmen should continue and despise life; the world would be no loser whenever they go out of it; but 'tis a considerable loss when wise, virtuous, and holy men drop into the grave. If one of them were a bishop, he might have been an archbishop in growing older; if he were in some considerable post in the state, he might have arrived to the highest; if he were learned or excelled in any art, he would have been more excellent and done more honor to his country and himself.

Others there are who, perceiving themselves to grow old, tho' their stomach becomes less capable of digesting well every day than other, yet will not upon that account abate anything of their diet. They only abridge themselves in the number of their meals, and because they find two or three times a day is troublesome, they think their health is sufficiently provided for by making only one meal; that so the time between one repast and another may (as they say) facilitate the digestion of those aliments which they might have taken at twice.

For this reason they eat at this one meal so much that their stomach is overcharged and out of order, and converts the superfluities of its nourishment into bad humors, which engender diseases and death. I never knew a man that lived long by this conduct. These men would doubtless have prolonged their days had they abridged the quantity of their ordinary food proportionably as they grew into years, and had they eaten a great deal less and a little oftener.

Some again are of opinion that sobriety may indeed preserve a man in health, but does not prolong his life. To this we say that there have been persons in past ages who have prolonged their lives by this means, and some there are at present who still do it. Nothing shortens our days as the infirmities contracted by repletion do. A man of an ordinary reach may perceive that, if he desires to live long, it is better to be well than sick, and that consequently temperance contributes more to a long life than an excessive feeding.

Whatsoever the sensualists may say, temperance is of infinite benefit to mankind. To it he owes his preservation; it banishes from his mind the dismal apprehension of dying; 'tis by its means that he becomes wise, and arrives to an age wherein reason and experience furnish him with an assistance to free himself from the tyranny of his passions, which have lorded it over him for almost the whole course of his life.

O sacred and beneficent temperance! How much am I obliged to thee for seeing the time which has so many charms when one follows thy maxims and observes those rules which thou dost prescribe. When I denied my senses nothing, I did not taste such pure and refined pleasures as I now enjoy. They were then so troublesome and mixed with pains that even in the height of those enjoyments the bitterness exceeded the sweetness of them.

O happy state of life! which, besides other blessings with which thou favorest an old man, dost preserve his stomach in so perfect tone as to make him relish a piece of dry bread better than the voluptuous do all their dainty morsels and best seasoned dishes. The appetite which thou givest us for bread is just and reasonable, since 'tis the most proper food for mankind when attended with a desire for eating. A sober life is never without such an appetite. So that by eating a little my stomach is often craving after the manna, which I sometimes relish with so much pleasure that I should think I trespass upon the duty of temperance did I not know that one must eat it to support life, and that one cannot make use of a plainer and a more natural diet.

My spirits are not injured by what I eat, they are not only revived but supported by it. I always find myself in an even temper, always cheerful, and more so after than before meals. I use myself presently upon rising from table to write or study, and never find that this application of mind after eating is prejudicial to me, for I am equally capable at all times of doing it, and never perceive myself drowsy, as a great many people do. The reason of this is, because the little I eat is not sufficient to send up the fumes from the stomach to the head, which fill the brain and render it incapable of performing its functions.

What I eat is as follows, viz., bread, soup, new-laid eggs, veal, kid, mutton, partridges,

pullets, and pigeons. Among the sea fish I choose goldenis; and of the river fish, the pike. All these aliments are proper for old men, who if they be wise for themselves would be contented with these and seek for no other.

A poor old man, who has not wherewith to purchase all these, should be satisfied with bread, broth, and eggs, and there is no man, how poor soever he be, that can stand in want of this food unless they be downright beggars reduced to live upon alms, of whom I do not pretend to say anything. The reason of their being so miserable in their old age is because they were idle and lazy when they were young. It were better for them to die than to live, for they are a burden to the world. But this we say, that another man in low circumstances, who has only bread, broth, and eggs, ought not to eat much of them at a time, but so to regulate himself as to the quantity of his diet as that he may not die but by a mere dissolution. For it is not to be supposed that a stab or the like is the only violent death; fevers and a great many other distempers of which one dies in bed are to be counted as such, being caused by those humors against which nature would not struggle if they were natural.

What difference, then, is there between a sober and an intemperate life? The one shortens, the other prolongs our days and makes us enjoy a perfect health. How many of my relations and friends has intemperance carried off, who would have been still alive had they followed my counsel? But it has not been able to destroy me as it has so many others, and because I had the power of resisting its charms I am still in the land of the living, and am arrived at a good old age.

If I had not abandoned thee, thou infamous source of corruption, I should never have had the pleasure of seeing eleven of my grandchildren, all of them witty and promising, nor beheld the ornaments which I have made to my houses and gardens. But thou, O cruel intemperance! dost often put an end to the days of thy slaves before they could have finished what they begun. They dare not undertake anything that requires time to complete it, and should they be so happy as to see their works brought to perfection, yet they do not long enjoy the fruit of their labors. But to show what thou really art, viz., a deadly poison, the most dangerous enemy of mankind, and wishing that all men may conceive a just abhorrence for thee, I promise myself that my eleven grandchildren will declare war against thee, and following my example will convince all mankind of the abuse of thy cravings, and of the usefulness of a regular course of life.

I cannot understand how it comes to pass that so many people, otherwise prudent and rational, cannot resolve upon laying a restraint upon their insatiable appetites at fifty or threescore years of age, or at least

when they begin to feel the infirmities of old age coming upon them. They might rid themselves of them by a strict diet, and become incurable because they will not observe a regimen. I do not wonder so much that young people are so hardly brought to such a resolution; they are not capable enough of reflecting; and their judgment is not solid enough to resist the charms of sense. But at fifty a man ought to be governed by his reason, which would convince us, if we would hearken to it, that to gratify all our appetites without any rule or measure is the way to become infirm and to die young. Nor does the pleasure of taste last long. It hardly begins but 'tis gone and past; the more one eats the more one may, and the distempers which it brings along with it last us to our graves. Now, should not a sober man be very well satisfied when he is at table upon the assurance that, as often as he rises from it, what he eats will do him no harm.

I am willing to add this supplement to my treatise; it is short and runs upon other arguments. The reason of my casting them into two chapters is because the reader will be better pleased to peruse them at twice than at once. I wish that all the world were so curious as to peruse both, and be the better for them.

### CHAPTER III.

#### A LETTER TO SEIGNIOR BARBARO, PATRIARCH OF AQUILEA, CONCERNING THE METHOD OF ENJOYING A COMPLETE HAPPINESS IN OLD AGE.

It must needs be owned that the mind of man is one of the greatest works of God, and that 'tis the masterpiece of the Divine Architect. Is it not something surprising to be able by writing to keep up a correspondence with one's friends at a distance? And is not our nature of a wonderful composition, which affords us the means of seeing one another with the eyes of our imagination, as I, sir, behold you at present? It is after this manner that I shall enter into discourse with you, and relate to you several pleasing and profitable things.

'Tis true indeed that what I have to tell you is no news with respect to the subject matter thereof, but I never told it you at the age of ninety-one years. 'Tis somewhat astonishing that I am able to tell you that my health and strength are in so good a plight, that instead of diminishing with my age, they seem to increase as I grow old. All mine acquaintance are surprised at it, and I, who know to what I am indebted for this happiness, do everywhere declare the cause of it. I endeavor all I can to convince all mankind that a man may enjoy complete happiness in this world after the age of fourscore, and this cannot be attained without continence and sobriety, which are two virtues precious in the eyes of God, because

they are enemies to our sensual appetites and friends to our preservation.

Be pleased then, sir, to know that for some days past several doctors of our university, as well physicians as philosophers, came to be informed by me of the method I took in my diet, having understood that I was still healthful and strong, that I had my senses perfect, that my memory, my heart, my judgment, the tone of my voice, and my teeth were all as sound as in my youth; that I wrote seven or eight hours a day with my hand, and spent the rest of the day in walking out afoot, and in taking all the innocent pleasures that are allowed to a virtuous man, even music itself, in which I bear my part.

Ah, sir, how sweet a voice would you perceive mine to me, were you to hear me like another David chant forth the praises of God to the sound of my lyre! You would certainly be surprised and charmed with the harmony which I make. Those gentlemen particularly admired with what easiness I could write upon subjects which required a great and earnest application of mind, and which were so far from fatiguing that they diverted me. You need not question but that taking up my pen to have the honor of entertaining you to-day, the pleasure which I conceive in such an employment is far more pleasing and delightful to me than those which I am used to take.

Those doctors told me that I ought not to be looked upon as an old man, since all my works and employments were such as were proper for a youth, and did by no means resemble the works of men advanced in years, who are capable of doing nothing after fourscore, who are loaded with infirmities and distempers, who are perpetually languishing and in pain.

That if there be any of them who are less infirm, yet their senses are decayed, their sight and hearing fail them, their legs tremble, and their hands shake, they can no longer walk, nor are they capable of doing anything. And should there chance to be one that is free from those disasters, his memory decreases, his spirits sink, and his heart falls him; in short, he does not enjoy life so perfectly as I do. What they wondered at most was a thing that is really surprising. 'Tis this, that by an invincible sort of antipathy I cannot drink any wine whatsoever during the months of July and August every year. I have so great an aversion to it, that I should certainly die did I but force myself to drink any; for neither my stomach nor my palate can bear it; so that, wine being as it were mother's milk to old men, it seems as if I could not possibly preserve my life without that nourishment. My stomach then being deprived of a help so useful and proper for the maintaining the heat thereof, I could eat but a very little, which about the middle of August brought me so low and weak that jelly, broths, and cordials could not keep up



my spirits. However, this weakness is not attended with any pain or pernicious accident. Our doctors were of opinion that if the new wine which restores me perfectly to my health in the beginning of September were not made at that time I could never escape death. They were no less surprised to see that in three or four days' time new wine will restore to me that strength which I had lost by drinking of the old, a thing of which they were witnesses these days past, when they saw me in those two different circumstances, without which they never could have believed it.

Several physicians were pleased to prognosticate to me ten years ago that it was impossible for me to hold out two or three years longer with this pernicious antipathy. However, I still find myself less weak than ever, and am stronger this year than any that went before. This sort of miracle, and the many favors which I receive from God, oblige them to tell me that I brought along with me at my birth an extraordinary and special gift of nature, and for the proof of their opinion they employed all their rhetoric, and made several elegant speeches on that head. It must be acknowledged, my lord, that eloquence has a great deal of force upon the mind of man, since it often persuades him to believe that which never was and never could be. I was very much pleased to hear them discourse, and how could it be helped, since they were men of parts who harangued at that rate? But that which delighted me most was to reflect that age and experience may render a man wiser than all the colleges in the world can. These are two infallible means of acquiring a clear sight into things, and it was in truth by their help that I knew the error of that notion. To undeceive those gentlemen, and at the same time to instruct them better, I replied that their way of arguing was wrong; that the favor I received was no special, but a general and universal one; that there was no man alive but what may have received it as well as myself; that I was but a man as well as others. That we have all, besides our experience, judgment, a mind, and reason; that we are all born with these same faculties of the soul; because God was pleased that we should all of us have those advantages above the other creatures, who have nothing in common with us but the use of their senses; that the Creator has bestowed upon us this reason and this judgment to preserve our lives, so that this grace proceeds immediately from God, and not from nature or the stars; that man when he is young, being more subject to his senses than to his reason, gives himself up wholly to his pleasures, and that when he is arrived at forty or fifty years of age he ought to know that he is in the middle of his life, thanks to the goodness of his constitution which has carried him so far, but that when he is arrived at this period he goes down the hill apace to meet his death, of which the

infirmities of old age are the forerunners; that old age is as different from youth as a regular life is opposite to intemperance; that 'tis necessary for him at that age to change his course of life, especially with respect to the quantity and quality of his diet, because 'tis on that the health and length of our days do radically depend; that, lastly, if the former part of our lives were altogether sensual, then the latter ought to be rational and regular, order being necessary for the preservation of all things, especially the life of man, as may be perceived by those inconveniences that are caused by excess, and by the healthfulness of those that preserve a strict regimen. In truth, my lord, 'tis impossible for them who will always gratify their taste and their appetite not to break their constitution; and that I might not break mine, when I was arrived to maturity, I entirely devoted myself to a sober life. It is true, it was not without some reluctance that I entered upon the resolution, and abandoned my profuse way of living. I began with praying to God that he would grant me the gift of temperance, and was fully persuaded that, how difficult soever any undertaking be which a man sets about, he will attain his end if he has but resolution enough to conquer the obstacles to his design. By this means I rooted out my evil habits and contracted good ones; so that I used myself to a course of life which was by so much the more severe and austere by how much the more my constitution was become very weak when I began it. In short, my lord, when they had heard my reasons, they were forced to submit to them.

The youngest among them told me that he agreed that this favor might be universal to all men, but that it was very rarely efficacious, and that I must needs have a more especial and victorious grace to get above the delights and custom of an easy life, and embrace one that was quite contrary to it; that he did not look upon it to be impossible, since my practice convinced him of the contrary; but, however, it seemed to him to be very difficult.

I replied to him that it was a shame to relinquish a good undertaking upon the account of the difficulties that might attend it, and that the more we met with the more glory should we acquire; that 'tis the will of the Creator that every one should attain a long life, to which he has appointed man, because in his old age he might be freed from the bitter fruits that were produced by sense, and might enjoy the good effects of his reason, that then he shakes hands with his vices, is no longer a slave to the devil, and finds himself in a better condition of providing for the salvation of his soul; that God, whose goodness is infinite, has ordained that the man who comes to the end of his race should end his life without any distemper, and by a pure dissolution, which only ought to be called a natural death, all others being violent and brought upon men by repletion



and excess; that, lastly, God is willing that man should pass by so sweet and easy a death to a life of immortality and glory, which I expect. I hope (said I to him) to die singing the praises of my Creator. The sad reflection that we must one day cease to live is no disturbance to me, though I easily perceive that at my age that fatal day cannot be far from me, that as certainly as I was born so I must die, and that many thousands of younger persons than myself are departed this life before me. Nor am I afraid of the terrors of hell, because I am a Christian, and put my trust in the mercy and merits of the blood of Jesus Christ. Lastly,

I hope that so pleasant a life as mine will be followed by as happy a death.

To this the young gentleman replied not a word, only that he was resolved to lead a sober life, that he might live and die as happily as I hoped to do, and that tho' hitherto he had wished to be young a long time, yet now he desired to be quickly old that he might enjoy the pleasures of such an admirable age.

The desire I had of giving you, my lord, a long entertainment as being one with whom I could never be weary, has inclined me to write this long letter to you, and to add one word more before I conclude.

(To be continued.)

## MENU

ARRANGED BY DR. M. A. MATHEWS, HYGIENIST

### SUNDAY—BREAKFAST.

Grapes. Stewed plums. Corn mush.  
Rolls. Eggs.

### SUNDAY—DINNER.

Mashed potatoes. Roast lamb, gravy.  
Turnips. Celery. Squash.

### SUNDAY—SUPPER.

Plums. Rolls. Mush.

### MONDAY—BREAKFAST.

Grapes. Stewed apples. Rolled oats.  
Cream biscuit. Rolls.

### MONDAY—DINNER.

Vegetable soup. Baked potatoes.  
Stewed tomatoes.  
Dessert—Corn meal pudding.

### MONDAY—SUPPER.

Fruit. Bread. Mush.

### TUESDAY—BREAKFAST.

Grapes. Stewed plums. Oats. Rolls.  
Milk toast.

### TUESDAY—DINNER.

Corn. Potatoes. Corn bread.  
Canned peaches. Rolls.  
Dessert—Tapioca pudding.

### TUESDAY—SUPPER.

Apple sauce. Fruit juice.  
Scone. Rolls.

### WEDNESDAY—BREAKFAST.

Apples. Cranberries. Corn mush. Rolls.  
Griddle Cakes.

### WEDNESDAY—DINNER.

Sweet potatoes. Spinach. Turnip.  
Stewed lamb. Potatoes.

### WEDNESDAY—SUPPER.

Fruit. Bread. Mush.

### THURSDAY—BREAKFAST.

Grapes. Mush. Apricots. Rolls.  
Cream biscuit.

### THURSDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes. Stewed onions. Tomatoes.  
Butter beans.  
Dessert—Pumpkin pie.

### THURSDAY—SUPPER.

Mush. Raw fruit. Rolls.

### FRIDAY—BREAKFAST.

Grapes. Cherries. Rolls.  
Rolled oats. Poached eggs on toast.

### FRIDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes. Corn. Corn bread.\* Nuts.  
Plums. Rolls. Rice.  
Dessert—Maniola and apple, with cream.

### FRIDAY—SUPPER.

Apple sauce. Scone. Rolls.  
Currant and raspberry juice.

### SATURDAY—BREAKFAST.

Apples. Mush. Blackberries. Rolls.  
Fritters.

### SATURDAY—DINNER.

Mashed potatoes. Squash. Salsify. Rolls.  
Rice pudding.

### SATURDAY—SUPPER.

Fruit. Bread. Mush.

# EDITORIALS

## FREEDOM THROUGH LOVE, OR THE TRUTH THAT MAKETH FREE

The question is frequently asked why it is that the cause of justice, morality, and freedom, after being bravely advanced, so frequently goes down for a time before the masterful hand of wrong. This problem, which has for ages perplexed many of the most thoughtful men, appeals to the awakened mind of our age as never before, because at no previous period has the world sought for underlying causes and laws as to-day.

It will be remembered that Jesus said, "Resist not evil, but overcome evil with good," and again, when speaking to one of his disciples, "He that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword." Nevertheless, we see the sword masterfully conquering, and not unfrequently it is the seemingly unjust and iniquitous who overmasters those who stand for eternal verities upon which enduring civilization and upward progress depend. Where, then, is the explanation for this seeming contradiction of the injunction and the statement of fact uttered by the great Nazarene? And how can we explain this phenomenon of that which is palpably ignoble, unjust, and retrogressive proving more powerful in warfare than that which represents justice, freedom, growth, and human progress?

May we not find a key or a hint to the solution of this problem in the recognition of the fact that life moves forward on different planes of being? Let me illustrate. There is the plane of brute force, or of the purely animal, on which those who are the most strong masterfully overpower the weak, uninfluenced by anything save brute force. On this plane the lamb and the

dove have little chance in the presence of a wolf or hawk. Then, there is the plane of intellect unilluminated and uncontrolled by moral sentiment or spiritual impulse, on which a short-sighted self-interest prevails. This is the plane on which the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life hold sway. Its inspiring spirit is essentially the animal or brutal in contradistinction to the spiritual. In different phases of life and stages of development these two spheres or planes often overlap or interact. The dominating spirit of both is selfishness, which calls forth the war spirit with the evil influences that are the legitimate children of savagery—hate and revenge. The native element of this plane is inharmony and antagonism, and the most powerful under brute force or unilluminated intellect overmaster the weaker. Now, above this plane of life which is governed so largely by self-interest rises the sphere of the higher being, which is ruled by love and which seeks mastery through appeals to the rationality from the spiritual plane where love is the inspiring and governing influence, and justice and right, or in a word the golden rule, is the standard of government. When those on the higher plane of life are so blind to the inspiring spirit of this sphere of influence that they remove the conflict to the lower plane, they necessarily place themselves at a disadvantage comparable to that of a bird which sought to battle with fish in the depths of the sea, for they leave the element or sphere from which they draw life and inspiration, and come to a great extent under the law and exciting influence of the lower

plane. The man who is striving to overcome strife, hatred, injustice, and in a word further the love spirit, but who engages in antagonism and warfare, is much in the condition of the house divided against itself. By descending to the plane of warfare he has been compelled to lay aside the weapons of the higher sphere for those of the lower, and if this is true, if he has left his sphere for that of another, if there is warfare and inconsistency in his own mind, and if he is forced to adopt the weapons and breathe the spirit of the lower sphere, can he hope to win against those who are at home on the field of brutal and conscienceless strife, who are undisturbed by conflicting emotions, and who are breathing in the dominant spirit of their own plane. In the light of this thought do not the words of Jesus, uttered to his disciples who had accepted the spiritual as the rule of life, become luminous with deep wisdom? Can we not see how profoundly sane he was when he declared that his disciples must put up the sword because they who were on this higher plane and yet took the sword must expect to perish by it. That Jesus wished his disciples to realize that they were such only on the condition of being the children of love, rather than the disciples of the animal, the servants of the animal instincts, was manifested time and again, and beautifully set forth in these words uttered when the shadow of death was mantling his brow: "This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another. If ye keep my commandments ye shall abide in love."

Again, in the light of this thought cannot we perceive what Jesus meant when he said, "Resist not evil, but overcome evil with good?" It is clear that the great teacher believed that no victory could be won, for love, justice, freedom, and the larger life, that was not won in the heart and brain of the people by convincing their rationality and enthusing them with the spirit of love, which is the flame of eternal life. To him it was equally clear that love could triumph only on the higher plane.

In the lower sphere of activity force on either side may win, but the real victory for truth, progress, and freedom must be gained through education or the stimulation of all the higher and diviner faculties of the soul. It is the duty of the children of progress to educate without antagonizing, to preach the positive truth and convince the rationality by showing the more excellent way. There is a vitality in love-lit truth resident in nothing else. It is immortal. While nations, civilizations, and races that have refused to rise to the higher plane pass away, it lives on. The luminous truths taught by Gautama, Socrates, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius have been a source of life-giving inspiration to millions of lives, though the glory of India, Greece, and Rome has long since vanished. But nowhere do we see the potency of this truth more apparent than in the life of the great Nazarene. Jesus emphasized love as no other great teacher who has blessed this globe. He made it the soul of his philosophy of life. He lived in its atmosphere, and from the sphere of harmony he carried the spirit of peace which passes all understanding to troubled and heart-sick souls. He lived the love life and died refusing to resist evil, strong in the knowledge that his life, teachings, and death would prove how good can overcome evil. And what has been the result? When he died Pontius Pilate was the great Roman of Jerusalem, the man before whom the city stood in awe, while the high-priest of Jerusalem was looked up to and respected by the whole Jewish nation as a great man whose approval and smile were much to be desired. Yet to-day what would the world know of Pilate if it were not that he chanced to be the Roman judge who passed sentence on Jesus of Nazarus, and what is remembered of the high-priest who so savagely demanded the crucifixion of the simple and unostentatious Galilean save the discreditable part he played in the conviction of Jesus? At the time of the crucifixion the civilized world was under the autocratic rule of the Emperor Tiberius Caesar, a man who held in his power the life and death of millions of human beings, a man whom all who knew him feared, and hundreds of thousands in

remote corners of the earth named only in awe. He filled a large place in the public mind and possessed the power to elevate and ennoble millions of lives, not in his time alone, but throughout all ages, as did Marcus Aurelius, but he lived his life on the lower plane. He was selfish, immoral, cruel, suspicious, and miserably unhappy, and yet had any one hinted to the historian, the philosopher, the statesman of that time that the Nazarene, slain by order of Tiberius' representative in Jerusalem, was destined to overshadow in fame, influence, and power the emperor of imperial Rome and all the illustrious men of that period, they would have laughed him to scorn; or if he had said to them that the life and teachings of the humble Galilean would become the ideal and inspiration of millions on millions of lives, again he would have been treated with the contempt which the visionary of the ages ever encounters. But the miracle has become a fact, because the words which Jesus spoke and the life he lived reflected

eternal truth. All permanent victories must first be won on the higher plane. The divine or spiritual has the potency of immortality. Those who hear the call to come up into the higher life and remain there know the truth and meaning of life. Those who attempt to further the cause of love on the lower plane, where hate, contention, inharmony, and war are rife, will fail. Love in its own sphere is invincible, and will redeem the world as soon as her children faithfully live the true life and rely only on the spirit of truth, which comes through living justly and teaching the love life in precept and example. Love is the greatest thing in the world, but she must ever become powerless when divested of her armor, transported to the plane of strife and hate, and given weapons of force with which to contend for her own. This it seems to me is the lesson of the ages. This is the truth of which Jesus spoke when he said, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

B. O. FLOWER.

## COLONEL INGERSOLL AND THE PROBLEM OF ANOTHER LIFE

The recent death of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll calls for more than a passing notice, for he was one of the most striking personalities on the theater of contemporaneous public life, and he has exerted a remarkable influence in modifying the religious thought of our land.

It is true that he assailed the savage and fast-fading teaching of the Calvinist, rather than the luminous utterances of Jesus and his disciples, and he seemed to be as oblivious to the fact that, during his later years at least, he was to a great degree fighting men of straw. In combating the gloomy specter of Calvinism, he was in perfect accord with many of the best thinkers of the time; but when he assailed religion he often became indiscriminate in his utterances, saying many things which a closer reasoner or a more discriminating thinker would have refrained from uttering. The error of the special pleader, and the fault to which brilliant and witty orators are so liable,

that of sacrificing truth, reason, and logic to sound and the applause of a sympathetic audience, were among his mistakes. That he himself realized these errors during his more quiet moments is probable. Indeed, in an interesting communication which he wrote Eli Perkins, when the latter was preparing a work entitled, "Kings of Platform and Pulpit," he frequently admitted his mistake in criticising the great Nazarene.

### MR. INGERSOLL'S VIEW OF CHRIST.

In this letter the great orator wrote as follows: "In using my speeches do not use any assault I may have thoughtlessly made on Christ, which I foolishly made in my early life. With Renan, I believe Christ was the one perfect man. 'Do unto others' is the perfection of religion and morality. It is the summum bonum. It was loftier than the teachings of Socrates, Plato, Mohammed, Moses, or Confucius. It superseded the commandments



that Moses claimed to have gotten from God, for with Christ's 'do unto others' there could be no murder, lying, covetousness, or war. It superseded Greek patriotism, Roman fortitude, or Anglo-Saxon bravery, and patriotism would not be needed."\*

#### THE MAN.

Mr. Ingersoll was by nature open, frank, generous, warm-hearted, and sympathetic. He possessed in a marked degree the gift of eloquence, and within certain limits possessed a rich and vivid imagination. Intellectually he was brilliant rather than profound, but his crowning glory was his great, kindly, loving heart. His life from youth to death was fairly studded with loving and thoughtful deeds of kindness. I remember many years ago, when he came to the city of Evansville, Indiana, to lecture, he met an old friend, who knew him years before when he lived in Shawneetown, Illinois. Eagerly he inquired about his old neighbors. On hearing that an aged woman who used to do the washing for his brother and himself was in want, he sent her what to the needy one must have been a princely gift. Other old friends who were in hard straits were also remembered, and all was done quietly and unobtrusively. One other incident of that trip lives in my memory, as it was related to me by one who saw the happening. A little newsboy came out of the Journal office, and running up the street began crying, "Here's the Evansville Journal, with all about Ingersoll." The lecturer stepped from the hotel entrance and accosted the urchin, "What is it about Ingersoll?" "Oh, I don't know; but it's something awful,—he's an infidel, you know." "Is he? Well, give me a paper." In exchange, he slipped two dollars into the little hand of the bewildered lad, and with the words, "Never mind the change," he returned to the hotel. If these things had been exceptional, they would call for no special mention; but as the sky at night is spangled with stars, so the life of this big-souled man was radiant with kindly and generous deeds. The following story, related by a journalist since his

death, is thoroughly characteristic of the man, and, since it illustrates more eloquently than words the unfailing kindness of heart and readiness to help those in need which characterized the life of Mr. Ingersoll, I give it:

#### THE HOMELESS NEGRO AND THE AGNOSTIC.

Frederick Douglass was to lecture in the city in which Mr. Ingersoll lived. He arrived in the place in a terrible blizzard late the night before he was expected. No provision had been made for his accommodation. He repaired to the hotel; but the proprietor positively refused to permit him to stay at his hostelry. The circumstance that it was very late, and that it was a cold and inclement night, made no difference,—the rules of the hotel were as those of the Medes and Persians. He was compelled to seek lodgings elsewhere. After a long and weary search, and with heart aching and limbs almost frozen, he accosted a passing stranger. After briefly stating his case, he inquired if he knew of any one in the city who would give him shelter for the night. The man thought for a moment, and then replied: "I think the most likely man to give you a bed is Bob Ingersoll. I'll show you where he lives." On reaching the home of Mr. Ingersoll, the negro's knock was answered in person by the head of the house, who, it is needless to say, did not keep him on the steps while he told his story. He welcomed the negro as though he had been a brother; a hot supper and a warm bed were given him with hearty good-will. "I could not have received more courteous or, shall I say, more Christian treatment if I had been a prince," observed Mr. Douglass, when speaking of this incident. And this action, as I have already observed, was truly characteristic of the great orator. His was the love nature, and his affection went out, in a manner as beautiful as it is rare, to the oppressed and unfortunate ones of life.

Is it any wonder that his wife and daughters, to whom his love ever went out with the wealth of an exhaustless spring, were prostrated by his death?

\*"The New Voice," New York, August 5, 1899.

And one cannot help regretting that the night of their bereavement was illumined by no radiant star. Indeed, the pathetic way in which these loved and despairing ones clung to the clay after the spirit had ascended emphasizes the importance of the conscientious study of facts which relate to the soul and which may throw a flood of light on the age-long question: "If a man die, shall he live again?"

As there are different orders of minds so there are different view-points from which reason acts. Thus, to some minds the interior consciousness of the reality of those eternal verities which relate to life here and hereafter is so absolute that they are almost as much positive realities in the thought world of the individual as are the objective phenomena of which the five senses take cognizance.

Such persons do not require evidence which might be obtained from investigations of psychic phenomena, which reveal the power of mind, and which, according to the convictions and testimonies of many of earth's greatest scientists, point unmistakably to the fact of a life after death, based on tangible evidence. The case is far different, however, with minds so constituted that they are uninfluenced by that which is not rendered apparent through investigations of an objective character. They must thrust their hands into the side, press their fingers into the nail prints, before they can believe. They may be quite as loyal to the highest, quite as passionate lovers of truth as the others, but they are so constituted that naught but demonstrations that come from without and appeal to their rationality can convince them of the certainty and, indeed, in many cases of the possibility of life beyond the grave.

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace and Sir William Crookes, two of the most distinguished living scientists, belong to this class. Dr. Wallace, who has long enjoyed the distinction of being only second to Charles Darwin among the great physical scientists of our century, had found nothing to convince him of even the probability of another life until his attention was called to psychic phenomena. When once interested he began a thorough and exhaustive series of investigations, not with

the expectation of being convinced of the reality of conscious existence of the spirit after the change called death, but with the scientist's desire to know the real cause for the alleged phenomena which in common with many he had supposed to be wholly due to fraud, he soon found himself in the presence of phenomena which could neither be dismissed as the result of fraud or hallucination nor explained by any accepted theory of psychology. He, therefore, for months and years pursued his investigations with the patient perseverance demanded by the modern scientific methods of research. At last he was compelled through vast accumulation of evidence to believe that, while much that had been presented might be explained on the hypothesis of psychic power resident in embodied individuals, much could only be accounted for on the theory of the continuance of life after death and the power of the spirit under certain conditions to communicate to those in the physical body. These conclusions were reached by Dr. Wallace thirty years ago, and his continued investigations have only served to confirm his convictions. The experiences of Sir William Crookes, F. R. S., President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, was very similar to that of Dr. Wallace. The same was true of Professor Joseph Rodes Buchanan, Dr. Richard Hodgson, and scores of other brilliant scientific investigators, who have been forced through research from a position of unbelief in a future life to a firm conviction of immortality. Indeed, I find a large majority of those who have been trained to weigh evidence according to the rigid requirements of modern critical and scientific methods, and who have given sufficient time, thought, and careful investigation of psychical phenomena to enable them to speak intelligently, have been compelled to accept the position taken by such men as Dr. Wallace and Sir William Crookes, as at least the most reasonable hypothesis which will account for certain psychic phenomena.

Colonel Ingersoll did not possess the scientific mind. He had not the patience required for the slow, tedious, and laborious work demanded by those searchers

after truth who insist upon peering behind phenomena until they view the cause or arrive at underlying laws. We could not conceive of him spending, as did Dr. Wallace, many years of self-inflicted exile in the Malay Archipelago, studying the lower forms of life, in order to glean some few facts which might throw some light on the problem of life.

Mr. Ingersoll's mental organism was unlike that of the working scientist, and this doubtless explains the reason why he failed to imitate such scientists as Professor Oliver Lodge, Professor William James, Professor James Hyslop, and many other leading authorities and experts in psychology, even though so much of his life was devoted to the discussion of religion, embracing the question of another life. His failure to do so is to be deeply regretted, for, judging from the results which have followed the investigations of so many strong, candid minds, the probability is that he also might have found sufficient evidence to have at least convinced himself and the loved ones he left behind of the strong probability of life after the change called death.

I have seldom read anything which impressed me as being more essentially tragic than the spectacle of the loving, devoted wife and daughters, pleading to have the body left with them day after day, though they knew so well that only the corruptible part of what had so long been the great, generous, large-hearted, loving father remained. To me there is nothing more indescribably tragic than love seated beside death, shrouded in a starless night; and this to me is one of the great and weighty reasons why serious and thoughtful people should lend all possible aid to the intelligent and critical investigations of psychic phenomena. There are, as I have intimated, tens of thousands of people who may be convinced through outside evidence, or at least must have the assistance of those things to bring them to a realizing sense of the majesty, solemnity, and the glorious but awful meaning of life,—life which stretches away through the ages,—and I believe that a careful and critical investigation of psychic phenomena will bring to the class to which I have referred a

realizing sense of the verity of another life.

But there is another reason why the scientific investigation of psychic phenomena is of paramount importance, to which even here it may not be amiss briefly to refer. Society to-day, within and without the church, is so honey-combed with materialism of the most subtle and dangerous kind,—materialism which has taken possession of the soul, even though the mind and lip give assent to belief in another life. One has only to study society to-day to appreciate this fact.

Do you imagine for one moment that, if a man realized that after death he would come face to face with those he might have helped here, and that by the immutable law of the universe he must reap what he has sown, he would be likely to spend ten thousand dollars on a banquet, while in his own city men were falling from exhaustion after days of fruitlessly seeking work, or when children in the sweaters' dens were pitifully crying for food? Do you believe, if those citizens of New York who hold high places in the church, and during the week operate in Wall Street, realized that "whatsoever a man soweth that he must reap," and that the day after death he must confront his deeds and appear as he really was, they would conspire with their partners to deceive other men in a gamble in which they virtually played with loaded dice?

Do you suppose that statesmen or those in high political positions would deny the simple demands of justice and right, and refuse even to entertain the golden rule, if they believed that the morning after death they would be judged by the same golden rule?

The fact is that, however much society may give mental acceptance to the theory of another life or the exalted teaching of Jesus, a very large proportion of the members in the church as well as those in the world possess no vital faith in, no realizing conviction of another life, and what it necessarily implies if justice sits at the helm of the universe. A realizing sense of this cannot fail to transform life in the nation or civilization which comes under its influence.

How vitally important, then, is any work which can reach even a large number of minds with evidence which will carry conviction of another life. Such evidence will rob death of its bitterness, and give grandeur and dignity to life, while it will do more than aught else to usher in the Golden Age in which justice will be extended to all the children of men.

If Colonel Ingersoll had possessed the scientific mind of a Wallace or a Crookes, he would have been impelled to imitate them in patient research, which I believe, judging by the experiences of other investigators, would have led to the conviction

that at least evidence pointed to a strong probability of a life after death, and this would have given to his loving heart a measure of gladness, a deep, indefinable joy, which he did not know.

I believe that more and more the future will demonstrate the truth of the words uttered by Mr. William E. Gladstone, in a conversation with the eminent author and scholar, Mr. F. W. H. Myers, on the work of the Society for Psychical Research, when the great statesman observed: "It is the most important work which is being done in the world,—by far the most important."

B. O. FLOWER.

## VITAL THOUGHT CENTERS IN TRANSITION PERIODS

### I.—MAN'S RISE THROUGH THE AGES.

We are in the midst of one of the most wonderful transition periods known to man. Public opinion is in a state of rapid flux. The old views and ideas are being modified under the expanding conceptions and broader views of the present, when, indeed, they are not giving place to other theories which seem more rational in the light of the revolutions which science has unfolded to our age. Each new epoch finds humanity upon a higher altitude than the preceding ages have witnessed. There is ever going on a slow but gradual rise, with a broadening moral and spiritual vision and a deepening realization of man's duties and obligations to his fellow-men, which, even though so gradual as to be almost imperceptible save at crises, nevertheless proves that the animal is sinking and the soul rising,—that egotism is receding and altruism advancing,—and that, as Victor Hugo expresses the thought, "it is man's consolation that the future is to be a sunrise and not a sunset."

It is, however, with transition periods as such that we are especially concerned at the present moment. They are the birth-hours of great civilization-shaping movements. They are pre-eminently seasons of activity and growth, though frequently, owing to the falling away of the old concepts and the rapid growth of new

ideas, the unfortunate tendency of many persons to rush to unwarranted extremes, and the mistaking of license for liberty on the part of ill-poised minds, many excellent people become fearful and in the confusion of the time imagine that truth is in jeopardy and that society is on the downward grade. The larger liberty and broader vision vouchsafed to mankind alarms them, because they lack that deep-rooted and serene faith which has ever sustained the prophets, poets, and sages, and which found voice and feeling in Browning's line, "God's in his heaven, all's well with the world," and in Whit-tier's words, when he sings:

Step by step since time began  
I see the steady gain of man;  
All of the good the past hath had  
Remains to make the new time glad,  
Our common, dally life divine,  
And every land a Palestine.

For still the new transcends the old,  
In signs and tokens manifold;  
Slaves rise up men,—the olive waves  
With roots deep set in battle graves.

### II.—ACTIVE GROWTH DURING THE FIRST CENTURY OF MODERN TIMES.

In all transition periods there are active thought centers, which exert a more far-reaching and destiny-molding influence than the rich, conservative old institutions of learning, because the latter are always or almost always so wedded to tradition and



the past that they look askance at the new life which is budding and blossoming in the thought world on every side. Our colleges, notwithstanding the immense services they are rendering civilization, are essentially conservative, and not unfrequently are found arrayed against the nobler impulses, the higher concepts, and the larger vision of a new time, until through the influence of other thought centers the new has taken such hold of society that conservative institutions are compelled more or less graciously to accept that which they had sneered at even when they did not more openly assail. In the very nature of the case, the vital thought centers must be largely outside of the powerful institutions which are supported by conventional and conservative influences. Thus we find, in the unparalleled awakening during the first century of modern times, it was chiefly outside of the colleges and universities that the new thought which so largely led to revolutions in art, religion, politics, education, and social conditions flourished.

With the fall of Constantinople, the scholars of the eastern capital fled to southern Europe, bringing with them much of the old eastern thought as well as the almost forgotten philosophy, art concepts, poetry, and dramatic literature of Greece. Florence and other Italian cities welcomed the scholars, and these soon became centers of living thought and enthusiasm, wielding incomparably greater influence than any of the proud old universities, as, for example, that of Paris, which was long hostile to the wonderful influx of luminous truth which came through the practical rediscovery of the treasured wealth of Greece. It was to Florence and not the great universities that the enthusiasts and soul-hungry youths of western Europe journeyed to catch the inspiration born of the vital thought which so largely blossomed in the marble and architecture of Michael Angelo and the paintings of Raphael, Correggio, and Da Vinci, and which found voice in the new learning and later in the reformation north of the Alps. It was the living new thought which fired the brain of John Colet, and led him to establish the Saint Paul's Grammar

School, which was in a real way the forerunner of a magnificent system of humane and popular education. It was the moral enthusiasm awakened in the minds of Linacre and Grocyn, and carried by them to Oxford, which made that university like "a city set upon a hill" in northwestern Europe,—a living school surrounded by a cemetery of educational institutions; and it was the moral and spiritual enthusiasm awakened by those who had come under the Florentine influence at Oxford that touched with divine light the souls of Erasmus and Sir Thomas More, leading the former to journey forth through continental Europe, preaching the evangel of a purified and unified church, and inspiring the latter with that wonderful dream of a nobler civilization, in which altruism is represented as supplanting egotism, and happiness through justice and growth becoming the heritage of the millions instead of the few.

The vital thought centers, where the new ideas were welcomed and fostered, exerted in a large way a civilization-shaping influence during the period of the Renaissance.

### III.—A RECENT TRANSITION PERIOD.

In our century we have had an impressive illustration of a similar character, when northern Europe became restive under the spell of broader ideals and concepts in literature, art, music, and social science, and under the leadership of such spirits as Victor Hugo and Wagner, Garibaldi, and Mazzini, sought in a more or less definite way to tear down all barriers of meaningless form and tradition which fettered not only art, but humanity as well. The schools, universities, academies, churches, conventional society, and state instantly arrayed themselves against the living, new, and true thought; but as instantly new centers of intellectual and moral life were established, in which were found that wonderful enthusiasm which is ever irresistible when it burns brightly in souls fired by a lofty ideal and a vitalizing truth. These new centers were established in all kinds of places,—in students' garrets, in cellars, in restaurants, in artists' studios, and in little frequented retreats. And here, amid apparently un-

promising surroundings, the new concepts grew, until they largely modified and transformed the old, while they laid the foundation for still better things in the oncoming days. The same phenomenon was witnessed in the northern States during the antislavery agitation. In all instances the vital thought centers were for a long time outside the conservative educational institutions. In the nature of the case, this is to be expected. Therefore, it is not surprising to-day, when we are approaching the meridian of the most world-wide and wonderful transition period known to man, that we find the same phenomenon present.

To the student of life and progress nothing is more apparent than the broadening culture and really potent educational work which is being carried on at intellectual and moral centers outside of conventional educational institutions. Take, for example, the summer schools, camps, and associations. Who can measure the work which has been accomplished by that great pioneer in the field, the Chautauqua Association?—not only at its camp, which has proved an educational center of far-reaching influence, but in an excellent home course of educational work, by means of which tens of thousands of people denied the advantages of a college education have been enabled so to cultivate their minds that life has been broadened and ennobled in a degree only fully appreciated by the recipients.

In recent years the summer schools, camps, and associations have multiplied, as would only be possible in a time of great intellectual and moral activity, and one of the best features of these has been the broad, tolerant spirit which has characterized the management.

#### IV.—THE GREENACRE SCHOOL OF THE "HIGHER LIFE."

One of the most notable, if not the most important, of these broad schools of vital thought was established six years ago at Greenacre-on-the-Piscataqua, near Eliot, Maine, through the liberality and indefatigable labor of Miss Sarah J. Farmer. Here year by year the demands of the larger life of our time have been admirably met in broad and comprehensive series

of discussions covering the various phases of life, growth, and thought which are challenging the attention of the most progressive and earnest men and women of the present.

Many of the lecturers each year have been the first thinkers of the age; and in all cases they have been persons who through exhaustive study have been in the best sense of the term specialists in the field of thought they have discussed, and, from the conspicuous ability and fitness of the lecturers, the school has been notable for the absolute freedom and catholicity which have marked its management, by the breadth and scope of its comprehensive programme, and by the earnestness and moral and spiritual enthusiasm which have been felt by all visitors, and which testifies most eloquently to the moral and vital worth of the school.

The character, breadth, and scope of the work will be appreciated after glancing over the programme for the past summer. Each theme mentioned received a week's discussion by leading, representative thinkers. I. Peace; II. Labor; III. Social Reconstruction; IV. Social Civics; V. Art; VI. Child Study; VII. Psychology; VIII. Education; IX. The Federation of the World; X. The Monsalvat School of Comparative Religion.

Among the many distinguished lecturers during the past summer were Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Professor Nathaniel Schmidt, of Cornell University, Rev. Samuel R. Fuller, Mr. E. P. Powell, Dr. Louis G. Janes, M. A., Rev. B. Fay Mills, Joseph Jefferson, Edwin Markham, the poet, F. Edwin Elwell, the eminent sculptor, President Geo. A. Gates, Charles Malloy, Rabbi Joseph Silverman, Mr. T. B. Pandian, of Madras, Rev. Gustavus Tuckerman, Professor Edward W. Bemis, Hon. Ramon Reyes Lala, a native of Manila, Mrs. Mary H. Peabody, Mrs. Mary Proctor, Dr. R. Osgood Mason, Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth, and a large number of other thinkers who are leading representatives of the higher thought of the age. Now for six years this summer school of life has been carried on in the same broad and scholarly manner as has characterized its management this season. Here for six years

thoughtful men and women have come for rest, recreation, and renewal of spirit at one of the most beautiful spots in fair New England, and here they have come in touch with the real, living thought that is vibrating from the higher spiritual and intellectual peaks in the closing year of our century.

A peculiarity of Greenacre School is the reverent spirit which has pervaded it. Miss Farmer is as profoundly religious as she is intellectually broad and hospitable. She believes that this movement which she has so ably inaugurated is a work of God, and that its very vital service to society will lead chosen sons of progress to sustain it. Her own little fortune has been generously given to inaugurate and carry it forward. Another peculiarity of the school is the fact that, aside from the traveling and hotel expenses of the speakers, all the lectures are given gratuitously. They are labors of love for the furtherance of the better day, as has been Miss Farmer's six years of self-sacrificing work.

#### V.—A DAY AT GREENACRE.

I recently spent a day at this ideal summer school, amid the beauty and fragrance and restfulness of nature, and while there I became impressed as never before with the influence which this school is exerting. There were present teachers, leaders, and molders of thought from New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, New Orleans, and many other places. Earnest, upward-striving sons and daughters of the coming age, who had come to Greenacre, much as the best young minds of the first century of modern times went to Florence, that they might come en rapport with the best new thought of the age. Here they received from many of the finest thinkers an inspiration to nobler work and holier life which will bear fruit wherever they go; for the teaching given at Greenacre is of a kind that lives in the memory and has a compelling influence on high-born souls. With all its breadth of thought and liberality, the atmosphere of Greenacre is in the highest sense of the word religious. It is vibrant with conscience thought. It is dominated by

the spiritual ideal, and therefore it cannot fail to prove a real factor in hastening a nobler civilization. I am quite certain that there are hundreds of men and women in our land to-day who, if they realized anything of the immense potential value of this center of the higher life, would contribute liberally toward its support. I believe it is God's work, and I believe, if men and women of means, instead of bequeathing princely sums to wealthy, conservative institutions, would give a portion of their wealth toward endowing this and other similar thought centers, they would be helping to elevate humanity and hastening a nobler and happier age, as they could in no other way.

The summer schools are accomplishing a great work for progress, but the present demands that every agency possible be employed to further the advent of the Golden Age of fraternity, freedom, and growth. Every city, village, and hamlet should be made a vital thought center during the winter months, and it is my purpose to discuss in early issues of *The Coming Age* some means and methods for carrying forward this work in a practical way. I shall probably open these short informal chats with our readers by a discussion of the formation of societies or clubs for mental improvement. Something that in some respects will resemble the lyceum of the past, but which shall be carried along broader and more comprehensive lines than the earlier work in this direction. It is the duty of all thinkers who appreciate the possibilities and responsibilities of the present to unite in earnest work for a nobler manhood and a purer life. Let us seek to scatter the light, that the hearts of all may be gladdened, that higher, truer, nobler ideals may take active possession of the souls of the people, which shall render the early dawn of justice and fraternity inevitable,—the advent of that age which is only possible when the spiritual nature guides the awakened intellect and the love of all exceeds the love of self.

B. O. FLOWER.

# THE PASSING DAY

EDITORIAL COMMENT BY B. O. FLOWER

## TEA CULTURE IN THE SOUTH

Mr. Max Bennett Thrasher has recently given, through the columns of the Boston Transcript, a most interesting chapter on the culture of tea in the southern States. He visited Dr. Charles U. Shepard, who for ten years has been patiently experimenting in the culture of tea at Pinehurst, South Carolina. Dr. Shepard's tea plantation is known as "Rose Garden," and the work he has accomplished is of immense importance, as it has demonstrated the practicability of raising tea at least for domestic use in our southern States.

Mr. Thrasher gives an interesting and suggestive account of how the resourceful doctor solved the problem of how to get his tea picked. He observes:

The question of how the tea should be picked was one of the most serious problems which Dr. Shepard had to consider. This part of the work must be done by hand, and the difference in the price of labor in the United States and in Asiatic countries will always increase the cost of tea grown here. The cost of picking in India or Ceylon is only a fraction of a cent for a pound of dry tea. In South Carolina the cost is from six to ten cents. Experience has shown that a bright boy or girl can pick from a good flush about twenty pounds of green leaf in ten hours. This quantity ought to make about five pounds of dry tea. Even with the question of wages put aside, Dr. Shepard found himself embarrassed for pickers. If he was able to get enough hands for one flush there was no certainty that they would be available when the next flush was ready.

Dr. Shepard finally evolved a scheme which has worked excellently, and which has seemed to me to be in itself a worthy piece of philanthropy. He built a comfortable school-house and equipped it with all the requisites for successful teaching. Then he hired a competent teacher, and invited all the colored families to send their children to school free of charge. They would be taught all the branches usually taught in a primary school, and they would also be taught how to pick tea and given an oppor-

tunity to earn money to help buy food and clothing. The offer was favorably received, and the school has a large number of scholars from whom such pickers as are required are drawn. Many of the children when they first come to the school are too small to work, but they soon acquire the strength and skill necessary. At first they have to be very carefully taught. While I was watching the children at the tea-house, one boy turned in a basket in which there were so many coarse leaves that he was severely reprimanded by the doctor. The other children hung their heads as if they were ashamed of him.

At the present time "Rose Tea Garden" contains one thousand tea plants, eight hundred of which are large and vigorous shrubs, and two hundred not so large, as they have been set out later to take the place of plants which have died. The crop last year amounted to about three hundred pounds of the dried tea of prime quality. This year the yield will be larger. In discussing the results and the reasonable conclusions from his experiments, Dr. Shepard said:

The Rose Garden has apparently demonstrated that commercial tea can be successfully grown in South Carolina. The utilization of this knowledge may be along several lines, but they all involve the erection of a suitable factory, costing from a few thousand dollars upward, according to the proposed scale of operations. In some countries the bulk of the tea leaf is raised by small farmers who at the most only prepare it sufficiently to insure its safe delivery at the factories in the larger and often distant towns. In other countries the large estates erect factories which will handle their own output and that of the small producers.

There is a large class of people who might profitably add the cultivation of tea to that of fruit, flowers, and vegetables, filling out the corners of their gardens with tea bushes, as they do in China, or substituting useful as well as ornamental evergreen hedges of that plant for the present un-



slightly and costly and frequently unreliable fences. Cultivated in this way, the outlay of time, labor, and money could not be burdensome; and, as one result, the household would be able to supply its own tea, pure, strong, and wholesome, instead of the wishy-washy stuff, often far from cheap, generally sold throughout the country.

As these little tea gardens are extended and multiply factories will be established in each neighborhood for the larger manufacture of commercial tea, whither the products of the surrounding gardens can be brought and sold, precisely as canning factories and dairies consume the surplus production of fruit and milk.

## ARE TRUSTS BENEFICIAL?

The advocates of the "trust" make an admirable showing when they undertake to prove how great is the saving in cost of production through industrial corporations. They are less happy, however, when they try to point out how the community is benefited by these combinations. True, in some instances, after princely profits are turned into the treasury of the monopoly, the savings prove to be so great that a smaller price is for a time charged the consumer, but this is far more than offset by the amount of money taken out of daily circulation through the number of employees thrown out of work by reason of the combination, while sooner or later in almost every instance the trust, finding itself secure, relentlessly advances its prices. The recent rise in the price of meat is an instructive object lesson of this character, and it is encouraging to see on many sides signs of the general awakening of public sentiment on this question. This is very apparent in the columns of

the great conservative dailies, which in many cases have up to a very recent date refused to see any injustice or menace in the gigantic industrial combinations which have been going on so rapidly during the past few years.

The following editorial from the Boston Herald, of August 17th, is a fair illustration of the rising protest being heard throughout the great opinion-shaping dailies of the land:

The retailers are advancing the price of meat because the wholesalers have done so, and the wholesalers point to the action of the great beef-packers in Chicago to justify their marking up prices. These great packers in turn are still advancing their quotations, and they coolly say there is no prospect of a return to lower prices, but that further advances may be expected. Meanwhile, the supply of cattle from the great ranches is reported larger than ever, and we hear of no similar advance paid to the men who sell cattle and sheep to the combine. It looks very much like a clear case of extortion on the part of the great packers who control the beef supply of the country.

## OUR TRADE WITH JAPAN

There are better ways of obtaining trade than by conquest. During recent years the relations between the United States and Japan have been very cordial. Our people have recognized the wonderful achievements which have marked the past generation in the land of the Mikado. The friendliness of the two governments has been very favorable to our commerce. The Japanese, more than most people, believe in standing by their friends. They are touched with the beautiful sentimentalism which up to the present time has lifted them above the gross commercial spirit of our age. The encouragement to American manufacturers and inventors

has been seized upon with the proverbial alacrity of the Yankee to such a degree that Europe is said to be amazed at the rapidity with which we are securing the trade which formerly went to the other side of the Atlantic. Four years ago Japan annually imported from the United States about four million dollars' worth of goods. Now the imports exceed fifteen million dollars a year. To-day our trade with the island empire is only second to that of England, and if the ratio of increase is kept up before a year expires our exports to Japan will exceed those of Great Britain.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY

### "THE HOUSE WITH SIXTY CLOSETS."\*

"The House with Sixty Closets" is the most delightful title of a "Christmas story for young folks and old children," as the author, Frank Samuel Child, quaintly puts it, and the delight increases as the book is examined. It tells of the strange things that happened or did not happen on the "night before Christmas" in the family of a minister blessed with fourteen children, counting his own and those left in his charge by a sister no longer living. The parsonage to which they came was the mansion house of a famous "Judge" and his lady, built according to the latter's ideas. The stately couple stepping from their portraits for a frolic with the children, of whom little Ruth is a leading spirit, and the sixty closets animated with life for the occasion, form a story that has not had its like since "Alice in Wonderland," and like that famous book it will charm young and old. It all concludes in a wonderfully sweet and impressive manner that will give Christmas a deeper and truer meaning to many. The plentiful and excellent pen-and-ink illustrations by J. Randolph Brown, who has caught the true spirit of the story, add greatly to the attractiveness, and the whole make-up is pleasingly unique.

"The House with Sixty Closets" is the old Sherman mansion, of Fairfield, Connecticut. Judge Sherman was a nephew of Roger Sherman, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and a royal host to many of the most eminent men of the nation. Judge Sherman was especially fond of children, but while his two sons grew to maturity they did not survive him, so that he was left childless. It was his dream to see the mansion bright and merry with many little people.

\*"The House with Sixty Closets," a Christmas story for young folks and old children, by Frank Samuel Child. Cloth. Illustrated. Price, \$1.25. Boston, Lee & Shepard.

All through the years since the house became the minister's home the handsome, stately portraits (by Jocelyn) of the judge and his wife have hung on the wall of the east parlor. Traditions and reminiscences concerning these famous people haunt the place. The family clock, tall and chaste in its dignity, still marks the lapse of time, suggesting the interesting scenes of long ago.

To-day the Sherman mansion is filled with children, and it was in response to their earnest importunities that Mr. Child wrote his fantasy, investing the story with the atmosphere of the place, seeking to bring his blithe troop of boys and girls into happy touch with the noble, uplifting spirit of the good judge and his beneficent lady.

### "TO ALASKA FOR GOLD, OR THE FORTUNE HUNTERS OF THE YUKON."\*

In "To Alaska for Gold," Edward Stratemeyer, author of the famous "Old Glory Series," tells in a graphic way the fortunes of the two Portney brothers, Earl and Randy, two orphans from the lumber region of Maine. An uncle in California, who is an experienced miner and has been in the Klondike, sends for them to join him in San Francisco for a second trip. The whole preparation of a miner's outfit and the subsequent journey to the Klondike are most graphically described, and a great deal of valuable information given, which is to be regarded as reliable, since the author has made long and painstaking investigation. The party have no easy time and no phenomenally good luck, and the book is the better for it. They do, however, secure a fair amount of the precious metal, and return safely. Incidental adventures keep up the interest, and we predict that the boys will be sorry when

\*"To Alaska for Gold, or The Fortune Hunters of the Yukon," third volume of the "Bound to Succeed" series, by Edward Stratemeyer. Cloth. Illustrated. Price, \$1.00. Boston, Lee & Shepard.

the end is reached and wish for more. Mr. Stratemeyer deserves the wide fame he is gaining as a writer of thoroughly entertaining and yet safe and wholesome books.

**"GRANT BURTON THE RUNAWAY."\***

Mr. W. Gordon Parker attracted much favorable notice last year by his excellent story, "Six Young Hunters," copiously illustrated by himself, and this year adds "Grant Burton the Runaway" as a companion. Mr. Parker, a former student of Phillips Andover Academy and an enthusiastic amateur sportsman, a capable litterateur and artist, is exceptionally well fitted to prepare a book for manly, energetic boys, and it is no discredit to his first volume to say that this surpasses it both in its handling and in the number and excellence of its illustrations. Grant Burton, the partially spoiled son of wealthy parents, attends the same school as the "Six Young Hunters." Being refused admission to the Greyhound Club on account of full membership, he broods over what he considers an insult, assaults one of its members, and then, in sorrow and shame for his deed, runs away from school, intending to forget the past while hunting by himself. Here misfortunes overtake him; and after many tribulations he achieves his object, learns the most important lesson of his life, and returns to his home and school a different boy. The story is a pleasing one; the descriptions of the scenery in its varying aspects will appeal to every lover of nature; and every boy who reads it will not only enjoy a capital book, but will learn a lesson of self-denial and self-reliance which will help him.

**"WEE LUCY'S SECRET."†**

The little girls who many years ago enjoyed the Little Prudy stories, by Sophie May, have never ceased to be loyal to them, and their own little girls have enjoyed both these and the three volumes of the "Little Prudy's Children" series. Mothers and children together will now welcome the fourth volume, "Wee Lucy's Secret." Wee Lucy is a little older, as also is Jimmy Boy, and both are on a long visit to Grandpa and

Grandma Parlin in the East. Their funny sayings, laughable adventures, and quaint and lovable ways, which have already endeared them to thousands of children, still continue in unexpected forms.

Wee Lucy adopts another young friend of her own age as her niece, and the acceptance of this relationship and the affection existing between the two are extremely touching. Wee Lucy and her niece, Bab, have a secret, which gives the title to the book and which will, of course, interest all children and make them read to find out. There can never be too many Sophie May books.

**"TOLD UNDER THE CHERRY TREES."\***

It is a happy time for children when their good friend, Grace Le Baron, gives them a new book, especially so pretty a book as her publishers have made of "Told under the Cherry Trees." The story is of a charming rural village which takes its name from its abundance of cherry orchards, and gets its news from bulletins attached to a superannuated pump. The kindly villagers care in turn for a little orphan boy, Willie Merten, who forms a sweet child-friendship with Miriam Burnham, the motherless daughter of a rich former resident who returns to the home of his youth. The noble little fellow's chivalrous attempt to befriend Miriam, by saving from destruction a train on which she is a passenger, results in the preservation of many other lives, although the heroic deed is not for a long time connected with the public ward. Little Willie's childish logic convinces Mr. Burnham that the boy should be his charge, since he is father of one to whom the boy "belongs," and all three leave for foreign shores. Years after there is reared in the village a mysterious structure, which is removed to reveal within a noble drinking-fountain, the gift of a noted sculptor who was once little Willie Merten, and now redeems a childish promise to his old friend, the pump.

All who love children, as well as the boys and girls themselves, will welcome this book, with its finished style, tender quality, and delightful narrative. The illustrations and cover design are of unusual excellence, forming an appreciative setting to what will undoubtedly be a widely popular story.

\*"Told under the Cherry Trees," by Grace Le Baron. Cloth. 12mo. Illustrated. Price, \$1.00. Boston, Lee & Shepard.

\*"Grant Burton the Runaway," companion to "Six Young Hunters," by W. Gordon Parker. Cloth. Pp. 382. Illustrated. Price, \$1.25. Boston, Lee & Shepard.

†"Wee Lucy's Secret," fourth volume of "Little Prudy's Children" series, by Sophie May. Cloth. Pp. 196. Illustrated. Price, 75 cents. Boston, Lee & Shepard.

# OUR MONTHLY CHAT

## OUR TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Our conversations this month represent two subjects which are more and more engaging the thoughtful consideration of the American people. "The Art Outlook in America" is discussed by one of the strongest and finest of the younger American sculptors, a man whose superior creations have already won him an enviable reputation in Europe and America. Mr. Elwell believes in a great art for our country, built on the growing recognition of the supremacy of the spiritual. His paper is rich in basic truths which will appeal to all earnest and thoughtful persons.

In Professor Brett's conversation a well-known member of the faculty of the College of Physicians and Surgeons discusses the strange psychical power possessed by his son, and which has been so well tested as to leave no question as to its genuineness.

Dr. R. Osgood Mason's remarkable paper on "The New Therapeutics," like Professor Dolbear's contribution in our August issue, is a distinctly great essay, a paper which every thinking man and woman should read. Unlike the narrow schoolmen, who look askance at the truth if it is new, Dr. Mason has for years made a profound study of the psychical nature and its special relation to disease. But he has proceeded with great caution, and in this respect has avoided some unwarranted extremes to which progressive minds are liable to go. It may be held that he has erred somewhat on the side of caution, but that is less to be regretted than the taking of positions which subsequent investigations prove to be erroneous, as in such cases the effect sooner or later reacts against progress. Dr. Mason will give our readers a conversation on psychical research in an early issue.

In Mr. Powell's "Man with the Hoe" we have a magnificent contribution, in which

this well-known evolutionary scholar takes a cosmic view of the gradual rise of man. Mr. Powell is one of the most thoughtful essayists and thinkers of our day, and our readers will be pleased to know that they will hear from him from time to time during 1900. A very valuable contribution from his pen will appear in an early issue, entitled "Farming in the Twentieth Century."

The president of the Boston Emerson Club continues his most excellent series of papers on the poems of Emerson. "Monad-noc," considered by many as the greatest of Mr. Emerson's poems, will be discussed by Mr. Malloy in three papers, the initial one appearing in the present number.

I desire to call special attention to the admirable contribution by the Rev. S. H. Spencer, A. M., on "The Church and Social Problems." The author is the able editor of the New Christianity, and is a thinker whose clear intellectual perception is only equaled by his warm heart, which goes out in loving sympathy to all the less favored around him.

Dr. Trueblood's paper is a fitting companion to the interesting contribution by the Rev. Samuel Richard Fuller which appeared in our October number. Dr. Trueblood has long been actively engaged in the peace propaganda work in the new world.

Rev. E. A. Beaman, one of the clearest thinkers among many able minds who believe in the teachings of Emanuel Swedenborg, this month presents his view in our "Why I Am" series of papers. Many people who have a very vague conception of the central teachings of the great northern philosopher, sage, and mystic will read this paper with deep interest.

In my study of Turgot I have sought to draw attention to the works of one of the really great statesmen of the last century,—a man who might have averted the most



bloody revolution in history had those who through their shortsightedness courted ruin been wise enough to heed his counsel. We propose during the ensuing year to make studies of the lives of the world's truly great men and women, as well as critical studies of great books which are calculated to further the cause of civilization, special features of *The Coming Age*.

In Professor Buchanan's "Supreme Sphere above Humanity" we have a thoughtful essay from one of the true seers and philosophers of our time, who has literally given his life for the advancement of the truth which he has felt most vital for our day and generation. In the field of the new education Professor Buchanan blazed the way with his luminous and comprehensive work, "The New Education," first published a score of years ago,—a work which in my judgment surpasses any book on the subject, because it more than any other goes to the heart of true education and insists on developing the soul life and the moral nature, while feeding the imagination and calling out all that is finest and best in soul, brain, and body. In his "Therapeutic Sarcognomy" he presented in a brilliant way the interdependence of soul, brain, and body, and their mutual demands and needs. In his "Psychometry" he again blazed the pathway far in advance of slow-moving psychologists.

Mrs. C. K. Reifsnider contributes a Thanksgiving story which is quite out of the ordinary, and deeply suggestive. It raises questions which are appealing to the thought of our age as they have never appealed to mankind before. Do our deeds follow us? Yes, if the law of cause and effect reigns. Does divine justice preside over the universe, and if so, if our deeds follow us and eternal justice reigns, how will it be with us in the to-morrow of life?—profound question, which should companion us day by day.

#### OUR DECEMBER ISSUE.

Our December issue will be especially attractive. In addition to a number of essays of peculiar strength, brilliancy, and interest, including a strong contribution by the eminent thinker, Professor Nathaniel Schmidt, of Cornell University, entitled "The Republic of Man," it will possess several popular features, among which we would mention, first, a study of the life and work of the American

sculptor, F. Edwin Elwell. This paper will be magnificently illustrated with fine photo-gravures of many of Mr. Elwell's greatest creations printed on coated paper. Second, the conversations will be opened by the well-known landscape artist, John J. Enneking, of Boston, who rightly occupies an eminent position among the really great painters of the western world. Mr. Enneking belongs to the group of artists in our republic whose splendid manhood and high ideals of life call forth the noble and the fine in his artistic work. A full-page portrait of the artist will accompany his conversation.

Another feature of much interest will be an illustrated Christmas story by Mrs. C. K. Reifsnider, very original, bright, and suggestive. The drawings accompanying it are in keeping with the excellence of the story, and will add much to its interest.

The December number, being the last issue of our second volume, will contain the closing chapters of "Who Hath Sinned?" and also of the remarkably interesting and helpful papers by the Italian centenarian, Cornaro, which opened in the September number.

#### FORTHCOMING FICTION.

(1) "Two Hearts for One." In January we open the strong, brilliant serial story of life and love, by Mrs. C. K. Reifsnider, entitled "Two Hearts for One." It will run through the year, and will hold the interest of the reader from its opening pages to its closing words. Like all Mrs. Reifsnider's writings, it will prove rich in helpful suggestions, though it is more purely a romance dealing with the profound emotions of the heart than any work which has heretofore appeared from her versatile pen.

(2) "A Modern Minister," by George Sanford Eddy. This novelette, which will appear in the January, February, and March issues, is in my judgment one of the best stories dealing with a living faith as seen in the lives of a Christian man and a noble, self-sacrificing girl, which have appeared in years. It is, I think, stronger than Mr. Sheldon's "In His Steps," and is more fascinating and enthralling, though in spirit it is much like that work, whose sale has already reached into the hundreds of thousands. No one can read "A Modern Minister" without being greatly benefited.





*John J. Emmet*

# THE COMING AGE

VOL. II

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No. 6



## F. EDWIN ELWELL—SCULPTOR, POET, PHILOSOPHER, AND MAN

BY B. O. FLOWER

### I.—THE BOY IS FATHER TO THE MAN.

Frank Edwin Elwell, the American sculptor, whose fine, original, ideal conceptions have won the favor of art connoisseurs in the old world and the new, and who perhaps more than any other American is successfully waging the battle for individuality in the artist's life and work, was born in the historic and otherwise famous town of Concord, Massachusetts, on the 15th of June, 1858. His people were poor, a circumstance by no means unfavorable to the development of character and the calling forth of genius, as the long line of illustrious Americans on all the highways of honorable endeavor amply proves. When but four years of age the greatest of all misfortunes which can overtake a child befell the little boy, for into the humble home came the angel of the shadow with a summons for the mother. Even at this early age the boy felt something of the loss which the supreme tragedy of childhood had entailed. A nameless loneliness filled his soul, and for a time all the world was

very dark. He heard not the sweetest notes of the birds at dawn; his heart no longer kept unconscious time to the music of the woodland orchestra; only the minor notes appealed to him. Yet he was not alone. Loving hearts went out to him in that holy and tender affection which the noble nature ever feels for the motherless child, and among those who came very near to the little boy in the night-time of his early life was his grandfather, Elisha J. Farrar. A strong bond of affection sprang up between the child and the sturdy, nature-loving grandparent, who was a friend of Emerson, Thoreau, the Alcotts, Channing, and other chosen philosophers, poets, and nature-lovers who were wont to wander through the woods and meadows which skirt picturesque Concord.

As the eye is delighted by beholding through the lens of the telescope or microscope what was before invisible, so through the rich and ample imagination of the grandfather and his intimate friend, Henry Thoreau, Frank Elwell, while yet



very young, learned to see and feel the inexpressible beauty and charm of nature, the glory of sky and mist-clad mountains, the fascination of the slow-flowing river and the lily-spangled pond, and the beauty of leaf and flower, rock and bark. These and other beauties of nature, of which the city child knows little and which few children are early taught to appreciate, were brought home to the opening imagination of the boy in such a way that henceforth, come what might, he must ever be, in heart at least, a poet and an artist.

The influence of that remarkable coterie of men and women who lived in Concord when Frank Elwell was a boy, and who have enriched American literature and life for all time through their thought and example, could not fail to be a real factor in shaping the character of the highly receptive child. Last summer, when in Greenacre, I was in company with Mr. Malloy and the sculptor. The conversation turned to the life, influence, and thought of Emerson, and in the course of our talk Mr. Elwell said, "I can never forget the strong, subtle influence which the poet and philosopher always exerted over us boys. We were young, thoughtless, and given to the rough pranks which characterize childhood, but the indefinable influence of Mr. Emerson, whose supreme self-mastery was only exceeded by his sweetness of spirit, exerted a strange power over us. His face always seemed luminous to me, and his smile was something that not even a thoughtless boy could forget. I very distinctly recollect one time when a number of us were in the woods. Very likely we were up to some mischief, but of that I do not remember. Suddenly one of our number said, 'Here comes Mr. Emerson,' and instinctively, as by common consent, every one of us took off our caps while the silent sage passed by."

We are only beginning to understand the subtle influence on opening character arising from contact with the lives and thought of such men as Emerson, the Alcotts, and Thoreau. When this fact is better understood, we shall have learned one of the most important lessons which the coming age has to teach. From every life goes forth an influence to

bless or blight. Happy the child who is environed by pure imaginations and lofty spirituality.

Among those who saw and loved the little orphan boy was one of the noblest women known to American literature, a writer whose stories have charmed and gladdened the lives of tens of thousands of children whose heads are now silvering with age, and whose works will for generations be a source of helpful entertainment to the young throughout the English-speaking world. Perhaps to Louisa M. Alcott more than to any other single individual Mr. Elwell owes his success and the love of the beautiful real which stands behind and inspires all his work. Miss Alcott, whom he early learned to call "Aunt Louisa," became a foster mother to the boy. She led him into her own thought-world and unfolded to him the beauty of goodness. From his grandfather, Mr. Thoreau, and other nature-lovers he had come into a keen appreciation of the charm, beauty, and uplift yielded by the outer world. Miss Alcott revealed to him the beauty of character. All the noble virtues which allure and lead souls toward the heights were dwelt upon in such a way that the child drank in the most important of the great fundamental truths without dreaming that he was in fact at school. How true the oft-repeated expression, "We none of us live unto ourselves!" I imagine Miss Alcott, when prompted by that sympathy and natural affection which is the sign manual of a royal soul, little dreamed how her words and life were shaping and molding another life, that of one who, largely through the inspiration drawn from her, should become not only one of the real masters in American art, but, what is infinitely more, a true man whose loyalty to the spiritual, whose fidelity to the ideal, should make him a real power in the battle for a freer and truer life, a nobler manhood, and a diviner art.

The imagination and spiritual promptings of the boy's nature had been appealed to in a compelling way by the large-visioned lives which environed him and in many instances touched hands with him, but the first influence which gave a definite turn to the boy's thoughts was the



EGYPT AWAKENING.

little art class taught by Miss May Alcott. Heretofore he had reveled in nature and the larger life with the freedom of a wayward child, who chases butterflies over the flower-decked meadows, or who listlessly roams by streams or lounges on the mossy banks, under the mystic charm of rural life. Now his mind was brought to a highway. Life began to open to him. He could not always dream,—that would be unworthy of the noble manhood to which he already aspired. And here he found a highway which, if steep, rocky, and at times barren, was also flower-strewn in places, while far above and beyond was ever seen the beckoning figure of the ideal,—the ideal, beautiful even through her mist veil, something whose haunting witchery is such that when once seen it can never be wholly forgotten. And so it chanced that in the little school, not far from the historic bridge which shall ever symbolize the majesty of manhood inspired by freedom and justice, the boy came under the art influence and inspiration which determined his future life work. In a brief sketch it is impossible to do more than outline some of the most important passages in life, and so we pass over several years, merely mentioning the fact that the youth early came under the influence of his fellow-townsmen, the great American sculptor, Daniel C. French, whose instruction and influence were invaluable to him, emphasizing in a

large and helpful way all the best ideas which had been given him concerning great art work, and further fostering in him an ardent desire to excel in his chosen pursuit.

## II.—THE STUDENT IN PARIS.

It is easy to dream; but frequently it is difficult to realize what one dreams, and this is especially true when poverty companions life. Then, also, there are so many voices calling to youth, so many seductive by-ways opening before the awakened imagination, so many warnings against attempting the mountain passes and steep trails which lead to the glistening heights. In the case of Mr. Elwell it was several years before he was able to realize his cherished dream and enter the Ecole des Beaux Arts. This was finally rendered possible through the interested effort of ex-Vice-President Levi P. Morton, who was at that time our minister to France. Another friend who also rendered valuable assistance was the famous sculptor, St. Gaudens, who at one time had been a student at the Ecole.

On entering the famous school Mr. Elwell threw into his work all the enthusiasm of youth in which the imagination has been profoundly influenced by high ideals, and behind which is the resolution which renders life in any walk heroic. Here again the fates favored the New England boy. He came under the influence, as a private pupil, of the illustrious Jean Alexandre Joseph Falguiere, who has been called the father of the modern movement in sculpture. Mr. Elwell's art notes, made from the lectures of this master, are filled with striking aphorisms and virile sentences which "stick to the mind like burrs." Here are some examples: "A man who is not intelligent is nothing;" "Always go for the character;" "Honesty and sincerity are absolutely necessary in the life of an artist."

This great teacher more than any other individual, always excepting Louisa Alcott and Mrs. Elwell, has influenced the life and work of Mr. Elwell. Seven years were spent in France, during which the young sculptor's work attracted much attention and was exhibited at the Salon, in



EDWIN BOOTH.



ROBERT COLLYER.

Paris, the Royal Exhibition at Brussels, and at the Royal Academy in London.

### III.—TAKING UP LIFE'S WORK AT HOME.

At length the student days under the genial sun of France were over, and the sculptor, with imagination fired by lofty dreams and noble ideals, set his face toward the new world, determined to take up life's work and battle for individuality, character, and sincerity in art.

One of his earliest works was a notable creation entitled "The Dying Lion," and representing strength overpowered by the last enemy, death. This work was executed for a gentleman in Edam, Holland. His admirable, lifelike bust of Levi P. Morton, which adorns the Senate Chamber at Washington, and his remarkably fine "Magdalen" were among the best of his first works after his return from Paris. At length, however, a more ambitious dream haunted his brain. He would make

a statue of England's great novelist whose writings had served to work a revolution in favor of better conditions and treatment for the very poor and the dependent ones in Great Britain. No work of this young master has proved so popular as his "Dickens and Little Nell." It appeals to the popular heart and imagination in a compelling way. The work consists of a wonderfully lifelike representation of Charles Dickens, seated, and by his side stands Little Nell. The face of the great novelist, like all Mr. Elwell's portraiture, is almost startling in its lifelikeness. You involuntarily imagine Dickens will speak while you are contemplating the statue. But, fine as is the seated figure, it appeals less powerfully to the imagination than the wonderful creation of Little Nell. There is an interesting incident connected with this statue. The sculptor had faithfully worked upon his dream, and all was clear to him but the face of Little Nell. This was ever vague and elusive. Sometimes he caught the image, but before it became set upon the sensitive plate of the mind it had vanished. At last he seemed

EX-LORD PROVOST, THE HONORABLE  
PETER ESSELMONT.





ORIGIN OF RELIGION.

brought to a halt. The haunting shadow face continued to elude him. While in this quandary he accepted an invitation to a concert. The music was very fine. It quickened his imagination as music, art, and beauty only can. At the close of one delightful rendition the sculptor turned his head to one side. Was it an apparition or a reality that startled him and riveted his eyes on something close by his side? There indeed was the Little Nell of his dream, with the blending of patience and gentleness, of love and simplicity. Long he gazed, seeking to photograph the soul of the child, as it looked from the countenance before him, upon his mental retina. At last it occurred to him that his action was, to say the least, impolite, and he hastened to explain to the father that he had found himself almost involuntarily riveting his gaze on the daughter, because her face was the ideal he had long sought

We can easily imagine that the music henceforth had little charm for the sculptor. His imagination was kindled. He had caught and strove to hold the picture warm and palpitating with life, until he could transfer its likeness to his sketch. As soon as possible he left the hall and repaired to his studio, when he immediately set to work. Minutes slipped in hours. The tolling of the clocks was unheard, and the flight of time unmarked. As, with joyous heart, the artist beheld the image growing under his touch. At length the sketch was reproduced, and, though the gray dawn was stealing over the tops of churches and the murmur which precedes the roar told of the coming day, Mr. Elwell retired to the enjoyment of the rare sleep which comes when stress and storm are over and the heart is glad. This is a pathetic sequel to this story of Little Nell. Naturally enough the father of the little girl whose face was the original of the sculptor's Little Nell was deeply interested in the work. Mr. Elwell pro-



ised him that as soon as it was ready he should see it, and at length he wrote him to come on the next Monday and he should be among the first to see the work. On Saturday evening, however, the father was taken suddenly ill and died.

The group of "Dickens and Little Nell" was given a place of honor in the section devoted to American sculpture in the Fine Arts Building at the World's Fair. "Diana and the Lion," or "Intelligence Subduing Brute Force," was also exhibited at that time. The Dickens group was subsequently exhibited at the Art Club of Philadelphia, where it was awarded a gold medal. Later it was purchased by the Fairmount Art Association, of Philadelphia. "Diana and the Lion" occupies a place in the Gallery of Modern Masters in the Art Institution of Chicago.

Mr. Elwell excels in portraiture. His bust of the eminent Unitarian divine, Rev. Robert Collyer, is thoroughly characteristic of his work, revealing a rare blending of strength, individuality, and the character which makes the man. The same is true of the admirable representation of ex-Vice-President Levi P. Morton in the Senate Chamber at Washington, and the bronze bust of ex-Lord-Provost, Hon. Peter Esselmont, executed for the library of the town-hall of Aberdeen, Scotland. His bronze relief portrait of Edwin Booth, at Mt. Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, is another illustration of his power in representing the subtle something in the human countenance which so frequently eludes the artist's genius. Among his head pieces which are ideal creations his "Magdalen" is perhaps the most popular. If we turn from these works to his "General Hancock," which adorns the battlefield of Gettysburg, and which is the largest as well as one of the finest equestrian statues in America, we are made to feel something of the wide range of his power.

We now come to notice Mr. Elwell's interesting work in what may be called the Egyptian school of sculpture. It was partly the firm conviction that many American sculptors were drawing their inspiration from the Renaissance, and thereby sacrificing something of the simplicity, dignity, strength, and subtle spiritual force

which is present in the Egyptian and Grecian work, which led Mr. Elwell deeply to study the ancient masters and to seek by his work to draw the attention of artists to the simplicity and power of Egyptian sculpture. In replying to a question of mine concerning this subject Mr. Elwell said:

"The reason that the art of Egypt had such an influence on the art of the world is because they made only the essentials in their work. Whether this was due to the archaic character of the race at that time or the very high degree of intellectual development matters little. The fact remains that all Greek art was influenced by the grandeur and in some cases the splendor of the simplicity of the art of ancient Egypt. Herodotus speaks of the tremendous influence Egyptian art had on the traveling students of sculpture who crossed the then great sea in quest of more intellectual power. It is a noticeable fact to the most common observer that there is something in the statues of Egypt, so that, while they convey to many only an idea of a crude representation of the human figure, they still possess dignity and force that are easily appreciated by even the most unlearned in matters of art.

"It is well that this first great period of sculpture should have had as fundamental qualities dignity and strength born of an insight into the spiritual that has not been equaled in any succeeding age. On this splendid basis has arisen the art that holds a high place in the race thought of man.

"It may be doubted if what charms us in the Greek classic would have existed but for the preceding effort on the part of that vast intelligence which we are but now beginning to realize. To the student of Egypt there constantly comes some new revelation of the masterly way in which they carried on their civilization despite the fact that war was a constant factor in the life of the Egyptian.

"We in our time have had less war and have no art. We are losing the soul's higher possibilities in the mad rush for gold, which lowers the intellect when made to take precedence of life's aims and objects."

These words will enable us better to understand the feelings which have



LITTLE NELL.



prompted the sculptor in his attempt to emphasize some of the strongest features in Egyptian art. His work in this direction is marked by strength, individuality, and spiritual insight, as will be appreciated by those who see his "Egypt Awakening" or "The Origin of Religion." The former, in marble, was exhibited at the Salon in Paris in 1896, and was subsequently purchased by a wealthy art lover in Paris. A plaster model of the work also won a gold medal when exhibited at the Art Club in Philadelphia. In it we see portrayed the stages of advance in the sculptor's art. From the feet to the knees we find the archaic sculpture, which merges into the more graceful Grecian school, with its beauty and grace of form, as we rise toward the breast. From thence up we have the modern life dream, in which there is something infinitely more than grace and beauty,—intelligence, soul. Egypt is experiencing the thrill of the new life. Her spiritual or real self has been stirred. From her newly opened eyes the soul looks forth. She holds aloft the lotus flower, the symbol of spiritual truth, while her other hand, extended and uplifted, reveals the open palm, suggesting wholesome candor while warning those who would possess the lotus that they must have frankness and integrity of soul, sincerity of purpose, and purity of heart.

"The Origin of Religion" is no less interesting and rich in symbolic meaning. This work as yet is waiting the master's hand to create in marble the dream that now lives in clay. It represents Isis holding Horus. In her uplifted hand the goddess holds the lotus which Horus is reaching after, while his other hand rests on his mother's breast. Thus we have typified man, with one hand firmly placed on the source of material life and with the other reaching after the spiritual.

During the gloomy years when the grim religious ideals of John Calvin held the imaginations of multitudes enthralled, when the doleful hymns of Dr. Watts were to be heard in almost every Protestant home and church, it is not to be wondered at that beauty was frequently frowned upon and that art was often ex-

iled. Nor is it strange that our cemeteries became doleful spots where crude, inartistic tombstones, frequently disfigured by well-meaning doggerel and fittingly accompanied by the omnipresent weeping-willow tree, suggested the presence in the heart of society of a sorrow that might have led a visitor from Mars to suppose that the Christian world not only scorned art and beauty, but also abandoned all hope at the threshold of the grave. How far did our fathers drift away from the key-note of Christianity expressed by the apostle when he exultantly cried, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Now, one of the most glorious features of the many-sided revolution of our century has been achieved in the field of religion. Though our age is often called materialistic and is unquestionably primarily a period of searching and of profound investigation, yet I doubt if there has ever been a time when there has been anything like the vital, living, intelligent faith in a God of love smiling upon this old world, or a glorious to-morrow for the upward-striving souls, as to-day. There have been times and ages when men have blindly knelt in fear and dread, without daring to question, lest the doubt should damn the soul, without daring to front the heaven and interrogate the stars. Without possessing any of the superb faith of Job, they cringed and crawled from the cradle to the grave, in awe of a frowning deity or in dread of the anathemas of the church. To-day all this is changed. The man of faith of our time is coming to be more and more a believer because he has searched for the truth and has sounded the depths. With reason companioned by love he has gone forth to solve the riddle of the ages and find the answer to the world's greatest problem. He has weighed the pros and cons with a judicial spirit known to no time save our own, and has come to believe in the One whose name is Truth and Light and Love, no less than he has come to feel if not to know that his loved ones are not dead. This faith has been born from honest searching. The rationality has been satisfied, and with the rise in faith has come a desire on the part of many of our best





THE NEW LIFE.

sculptors to transform our cemeteries until they shall no longer speak of doubt and despair. They desire that the cities of the dead shall voice in a real way the best spirit of the new time, no less than express the dream of the ages, the pledge of religion, the day-star of Christianity. They should suggest the risen and glorified life. The note of triumph and the spirit of beauty should be found dominating the Christian cemetery. Perhaps no one of our American sculptors holds to this important twentieth-century dream more strenuously than Mr. Elwell. It is one of many hopes which he cherishes, because he is philosopher enough to know how true art, which voices the higher spiritual truth, must ever exalt and dignify life. But he has done more than dream. For more than ten years he wrought upon a vision which to-day adorns the cemetery at Lowell, Massachusetts, and which is called "The New Life." It symbolizes the risen spirit throwing aside the vestments of clay and emerging into the broader, nobler, and truer life. It voices the living faith of our age. In this connection I am reminded of an interesting story connected with this splendid work. I give it because it illustrates the influence of noble art upon the imagination of receptive natures.

One Sunday afternoon a clergyman in Lowell, feeling greatly oppressed in spirit, naturally enough sought the cemetery. Things had gone wrong as they so often do with highly sensitive individuals, who receive wounds on every hand unknown to more careless natures,—wounds which perhaps the offenders do not intentionally inflict, but which nevertheless go into the soul as a keen blade may enter the flesh. For some time he moved listlessly from shaft to slab, when suddenly he came upon the Bonney Memorial, which carries Mr. Elwell's dream of the risen spirit. The work produced the wonderful impression which great work, or work that has come from an artist's soul aflame with spiritual truth, alone can produce. He was moved as he had not been influenced for years before. The weight, gloom, and depression disappeared. He felt the subtle uplift we have all experienced at times when alone with nature in her grander moods or when communing with a Job, a Homer,

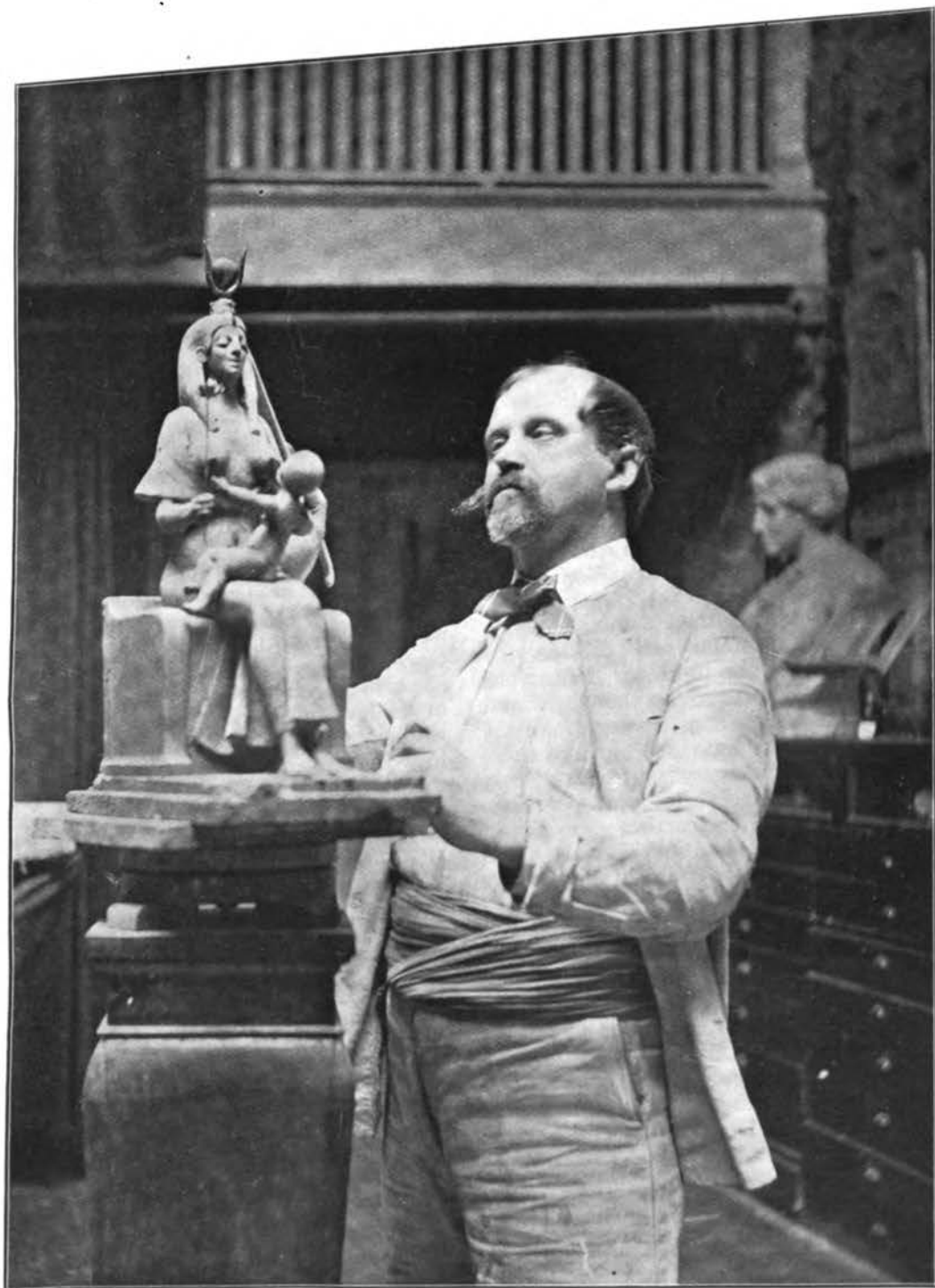
an Angelo, or a Hugo. After giving himself up to the influence of the artist's dream until the shadows had vanished from his heart, he sought the gentleman who had placed the work in the cemetery, and explained to him how the sculptor's creation had given him new life, not knowing at that time that "The New Life" was what Mr. Elwell had named his work.

At the present time Mr. Elwell is engaged on a noble creation entitled "Intelligence," something which in my judgment will surpass anything he has hitherto wrought. It is of heroic mold, representing Intelligence, symbolized by a noble type of womanhood, holding in one hand the sphere, the symbol of Divine Wisdom, while standing on the sphere is man, the offspring of that wisdom. His hands are outstretched in the attitude of one crucified, suggesting that man can only reach the spiritual heights after he has crucified all that is low in his nature. In her lap Intelligence holds a mighty volume representing natural knowledge. Her arms are resting on carved lions, which represent intellectual strength; and the whole forms one of those noble concepts which hold the imagination enthralled and give that strange, indefinable uplift which we only experience in the presence of that which is distinctly great.

#### IV.—THE MAN AND HIS ART.

It is not my purpose to consider the man apart from his creations, as I think there is much truth in Richard Wagner's contention that to seek to separate the artist from the man is "as brainless an attempt as to seek to divorce the soul from the body." But by acquaintance with the thought and ideals of the man we shall find ourselves better qualified to appreciate his work and the reasons which prompt him to stand so strenuously for what he considers to be the truth.

Mr. Elwell has for years made himself felt in the battle for the individuality of the artist and the man,—a battle which, by the way, is so fundamental in its relation to an upward-moving civilization that it would be difficult to overestimate its influence upon the manhood and the art of the twentieth century. Indeed, this revolt against the blind worship of the past, or servile imitation of even what in



MR. ELWELL IN HIS STUDIO.

literature and art was distinctly great, is one of the most vital key-notes sounded in the great upheavals of the closing years of the past century, and which has made itself heard with increasing clearness through the nineteenth century. It was the demand for the right of the individual, for a broader, saner, and more wholesome freedom, and for a higher, truer, and more catholic ideal of life and art, which dominated and gave a living constructive influence and force to the civilization-wide revolutions in poetry, literature, music, and art of which such men of genius and soul as Hugo, Wagner, and Millet were illustrious and typical leaders and exponents.

In the struggle of aspiring minds to break with a hard, lifeless conventionalism, with the tyranny of caste and usage, and the bondage of iron creeds and soul-shriveling dogmas, the best thinkers of the nineteenth century have carried on a nobler battle than ever Crusader waged. They have fought for the larger expression of truth, for the freedom for all, without which none can achieve the heights or know the meaning of the word happiness. It is at once the glory and hope of our age that in the warfare of the man against the machine, using these terms in their largest sense, the truly great among our philosophers, writers, musicians, poets, and artists are found leagued with the dawn and actively working for the best expression of individuality in art, in thought, and in life. To be truly great one must be free. He must be big enough to recognize the greatness in all past ages and in all fine work, even though the point of view of the worker be entirely different from his own; and yet he must be too big to be a copyist or an imitator. It is one thing to learn from, to enjoy, and to profit by the genius of all time. It is quite another to seek to wear the livery of others' greatness; and this is one of the facts which the men of the new time insist upon.

Oh, but you say, your men of the new time are never satisfied with things as they are; they are disquieted themselves and are disquieting to others. And this is very true. Wherever there is stagnation there is death. Where there is growth there is unrest. The men of the new day

have all received the gift of the younger of the Fates, "the ne'er contented mind that ever broods the new." You doubtless remember the legend related by Wagner, in which when a certain child was born, the Norns, or goddesses of fate, came with their presents, the first being strength, the second wisdom, and the third "the ne'er contented mind that ever broods the new." The parents gladly accepted the first two gifts, but spurned the last, and hence the child became a Hercules in strength and was wise in the ways of the world, but he passed from birth to death so blissfully contented with his lot that he did absolutely nothing to better the world or ennoble or enrich life around him. Now, it is the last gift that has been accepted by the fine, strong, and thoughtful manhood and womanhood of our time, and which is doing so much toward moving the world upward. But above all this, above or, perhaps I should say, behind all this new growth, this high demand for the sacred right of the individual, rises that which is still greater and more august,—the recognition of the spiritual, the yielding of the soul to the magic of the love spirit. It is not in the endless warfare which marks the struggle on the lower planes, not in the savage battle in which the strongest survives, but along the highway made luminous by love and altruism, that we find and feel the upward-lifting impulse and inspiration from which noble works are born.

While sculpture is Mr. Elwell's chosen profession, the voice by which the artist's soul seeks its fullest expression, he is also at home as a critic, an essayist, and a writer of stories and verse. Here, for example, is a charming little poetic waif, a message from the silence to the artist's soul:

#### RETURN.

Out of the cave of self,  
Into the heart of God;  
Back to the path of love  
That only man has trod.

Out of unyielding self,  
Born of strife and greed,  
Into the fields of peace,  
Past all mortal need.

Out of a ragged self,  
Into the soul's true life:  
Back to the heart of God,  
Away from earthly strife.



In the following lines, entitled "Endymion and Selene," dedicated to his friend, the brilliant Harry Bates, of London, who recently passed beyond the vale, we find the poet's soul giving voice to its feelings, not according to any of the fixed canons of poetic composition, which so frequently limit expression, but rather in what may be termed prose poetry, that peculiarity of our rich language by which true poetry may be expressed with a degree of freedom and a wealth of imagination which would be impossible for any save those who enjoyed great leisure, if meter and rhythmic jingle were made the essential test of the creation.

Of the muse. That diviner spirit life  
I only know, when on me falls  
The shadow of those mighty wings,—  
They tune my heart,  
And the poet in me sings.  
Or when I view the gentler craft of man  
And look upon a wondrous work of art,  
'Tis then my thoughts would kindly speak,  
And music fill the raptured soul.  
No toils of war, no Agamemnon mood,  
Will charm like this the hearts of men,  
For here the spirit dwells in silence grand.  
And now the days of glorious tuneful song  
Have waked to mighty throngs of men.  
The ever fitful judgment-day has come,  
The people's critic of a work of art;  
On that far-famed Phaeacian strand,  
Where listened royal Odysseus to the poet's  
song,  
And where mighty Jove could witness be.  
No greater line of rhythm thought  
Had passed the barrier of the human brain  
Than this sweet ideal, the sculptor's dream.  
Who made these floating Gods?  
Ah, muse, thy work divinely wrought,  
No chariot wheels, no rumbling sound.  
All soft and tuneful to the eye of sense.  
So glides the splendid pageant by.  
Oh, muse! Oh, grace of wondrous line,  
Thy finger laid upon a human soul  
Makes earth a paradise,  
And our thoughts a spirit thing.

Mr. Elwell holds very strenuously to the conviction that all work of genius must come from the spiritual plane. He points out the fact that the progress of life in what is called the natural in contradistinction to the spiritual, or, to put the same truth in different wording, the evolution of life from the purely materialistic view-point, is dominated by one great law, the survival of the fittest, a law which breeds hate, jealousy, envy, malice, and

anger. Now, above this plane of life's stress and struggle, whose key-note is war, is the spiritual plane which is dominated by love and which finds its noblest expression in the golden rule. Here are freedom, peace, and harmony. Here, indeed, is the spirit of God which flows into the receptive souls of those who come en rapport with it, and thence is reflected in the bright messages they give forth in works which become the immortal treasures of the race, such, for example, as the poems of Homer, the prophecies of Isaiah, the dramas of Aeschylus and Shakspeare, the statues of Phidias and Angelo, the philosophy of Plato, the ethics of Socrates, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius, the paintings of Raphael, Murillo, and Rubens, the music of Beethoven and Wagner, and the wonderful illuminated and inspired message as given by the mystic John, holding up to view the supreme expression of the God life in the human. This is one side of the voicings of the Spirit. The other is found in the daily life of every one who rises above the savagery that dominates the animal plane and expresses a preponderance of the opposite law, which is love, the supreme manifestation of the spiritual.

Some one has said that animal organisms live by feeding off one another, while spiritual life is dependent on helping others. Now, it is a glorious fact that the significance of this basic truth is coming to be recognized to-day as never before, not only in the teachings of pulpit, press, and school, but in the dreams and ideals of the artists and the lives of the artisans.

Mr. Elwell points out that those who see life only from the materialistic view-point, or rather those whose souls are closed to the spiritual, may be perfect in technique, may understand and express every law and rule relating to the materialistic concept of art, and yet they never can give the world great art. They lack the spirit or genius which comes only from the higher plane. His views on this point are well set forth in the following lines, entitled "When Art Forgets:"

When Art forgets her heavenly source,  
And souls are 'reft of higher thought,  
When men of mean and meager force  
Deny that art's by spirit wrought;

Then art is naught and nothing's art,  
And all descends to commonplace.  
Thoughtless minds combine to start  
The awful shove that downs a race.

Grinders of the corn are bent and worn.  
The millions spent in bloody war  
Should build a great art, yet unborn,  
'To save a people from the greedy claw.

A genius then could raise his eyes  
And feel his sacred life within;  
In honest striving break the ties  
That bind immortal life to sin.

Shall life be lived by watching clocks,  
Or counting gold from west to east  
On hardened hands, with hearts like rocks,  
Or senseless be, half man, half beast?

I think the sculptor's position is well taken. It can be readily illustrated by recurring to the creations of genius or the immortal works of all ages. Take, for example, "Hamlet." It existed and had been played long before Shakspeare breathed into it the breath of immortal life. Those who take the trouble to read the earlier work will see that the form or skeleton was all there, and it was also clothed in words, but not the burning, living words of the spirit such as emanate from the brain of genius. Under the magic touch of the dramatist the dead became alive. It had received the breath of the spirit.

Now, while insisting on the value and importance of a thorough knowledge of technique, Mr. Elwell wisely points out a fact which the materialistic artist is prone entirely to overlook. He shows that technical knowledge, no matter how perfect, cannot produce a work of genius, and therefore its place is necessarily secondary. He would have the artist become as thor-

ough as possible in technique, but he would warn him not to mistake the scaffolding for the edifice. He believes that it is of the greatest importance to counteract as far as possible the tendency of materialistic artists to laud technique and minimize the spiritual, which of necessity is the soul of true art. Let our artists learn once and for all that if they would achieve great work they must retire into their own souls. They must commune with the infinite, and allow the spirit to reflect the beautiful ideal, which in the highest sense is the real. Let the artist be true to his better self. Let him foster individuality and independence. Let him retire to the quiet of his studio instead of going to other men's models for ideals and for inspiration. This position, which our sculptor has very ably maintained, has led him to oppose with all the strength of his nature the movement to place art under control,—a movement which is essentially materialistic and is on the side of the machine instead of the man. He is above all a champion of the individuality of the artist and of the man, as upon the recognition of the essential importance of this fundamental truth depends the future of great art in the new world.

Mr. Elwell is as yet a young man, having, barring accidents, before him a score of years which mark the prime of a well-ordered life. With the splendid results already achieved, and actuated by the high ideal of the spiritually-minded worker, it is safe to say he is destined to become one of the real masters who shall lay broad and deep the foundations for a great art in the new world.

Feeble thoughts weaken the brain.

The man who has no memory has no love.

How often have you killed with hatred?—for hate is murder.

The man who attempts to reform by fear or restraint acts in opposition to God's law.

Money and brains often bring power, but true goodness alone makes true greatness.

When you go through prisons or read of executions turn your thoughts inward and read.

# CONVERSATIONS

I.—AMERICAN ART,

BY J. J. ENNEKING.

II.—PURITANISM AND PLAYHOUSES IN BOSTON,

BY REV. J. HENRY WIGGIN.

## I.—AMERICAN ART

BY J. J. ENNEKING

### AN AMERICAN LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

AN EDITORIAL SKETCH.

The eminent American artist, John J. Enneking, was born on October 4, 1841, in the little town of Minster, Ohio. His parents were of German stock, and the child inherited many of those sturdy qualities which are so marked a characteristic of the Teutonic peoples, not the least of which were candor and an intense hatred of all forms of pretense, hypocrisy, insincerity, and injustice, combined with the searching spirit which seeks to reach the root of questions and obtain an all-round view before coming to a conclusion, and values truth too highly to yield lightly that which the inner consciousness has approved.

Life in Ohio, even in the forties, made great demands upon the physical energies. The commonwealth, though it had long ceased to be a pioneer, skirting the vast hunting-grounds of the retreating red man, was nevertheless a new country and beset with many of the hardships of all recently settled lands. Hard work filled the long days for men and women alike. The children went to school a portion of the year, but early learned to help in the tasks which were all too many for the numbers of the workers and the hours of the day. And yet life was not necessarily prosaic to the children. There were many hours for play and dreams, and to the farmer boy or girl who possessed a

vivid imagination there were other compensations. True, there were none of the great libraries, museums, and multitudinous aids to culture and a broad education which are found in the world's great centers of life; but, on the other hand, there was nature in her vast expanses unrolled before the child's eyes, an ever-changing panorama of delight to the one who had the interior vision and feeling to see and appreciate its subtle power and uplift. The little German boy possessed the rare gift of an observing mind, and more than that, nature had given to him what at that time he knew not of—an artist's soul. Hence in one respect he was unlike many of his playmates, and though he was a thoroughly normal child who entered into the spirit, pranks, and pastimes of children with as much zest and enthusiasm as any of his playmates, he also felt the magic of nature in a way incomprehensible to a child of less vivid imagination. He felt the subtle spell of beauty known only to the artist's mind. To him there was joy in the very gladness of the new-born day, when the rising sun flooded hill and dale with soft radiance, turning the dark ponds and streams into mirrors and ribbons of burnished silver, which caught all the changing tints of sky and bank. At such times he imagined he understood how the larks in the meadow and the robins in the orchard felt as they vainly sought to express the gladness of their hearts; and he too was prompted to express the images that

crowded upon his brain. It is not enough to see and feel the beauty and joy of nature. The key-note of life is expression. To feel is something. To share or give forth whatever is within is more; and so all life more or less intelligently seeks to express that which it feels.

The mind of a child of genius or imagination is ever an Aladdin's chamber, and the natural impulse of the normal life is to give out of its stored-up treasures. It may be a song, it may be a story, it may be a picture or a bit of sculpture; but whether by voice, by pen, by brush, by deft fingers, or by tools in an inventive hand, it matters not. The irrepressible impulse to express that which is seen, felt, or dreamed is ever present; and so we find the little western boy seeking to draw pictures on his slate, where the prosaic teacher desired to see problems properly solved. The artist and the utilitarian could not appreciate each other, yet doubtless each nature in its way was seeking to express its own. At home the natural bent of the boy led to the prodigal use of charcoal, much to the vexation of his father. In the mother, however, he found a sympathetic friend. She also loved the beautiful, and she understood her boy. Had his young life been cast in Italy or France, he probably would have been an artist at an early age; but in a recently settled American commonwealth all the environment of life discouraged such pursuit, and so the youth grew to manhood, while around him rose the angry passions of warring parties and sections, each instinctively feeling that a clash was pending and each nerving itself for the oncoming shock. In 1858 he entered St. Mary's College, at Cincinnati, Ohio. Here, besides the regular curriculum, he was able to devote some hours each week to drawing. He also studied music. The president of this college was a brother of General Rosecrans. During 1860 the political excitement along the borders of the Ohio reached fever heat. Young Mr. Enneking cherished the ideal of freedom and believed in the union of the nation. Hence at the outbreak of the war he enlisted in the northern army.

His experience in the war was freighted with adventures, and many perils were encountered ere he received a serious wound

which incapacitated him for further service. His convalescence was tedious, and many months passed before he could measurably enjoy life. At length he returned to Cincinnati, where he chanced to visit an exhibition of oil paintings which appealed to his artistic instincts in an irresistible manner. He resolved to make art his life pursuit, and, with the German determination and pluck, having once resolved he knew no such word as fail; but the lack of advantages in the West made it imperative that he should go East, and after visiting New York he settled in Boston, where, under the instruction of Professor Richardson, he began to draw on stone. His rapid progress was suddenly checked owing to a serious trouble with his eyes, which finally compelled him to give up the work in which he had made such splendid advance as to justify the highest expectations of his artist friends. He next turned his attention to more prosaic business, only to be overtaken by a failure which well-nigh swept away all that he had up to that time acquired. But with indomitable will and inexhaustible energy he set at once to work to recover what he had lost. From early boyhood he had learned one of the most important lessons of life,—always to be ready to do whatever honorable work was at hand until that which was more congenial presented itself. At this time pastel work was offering excellent remuneration to a man possessing artistic ability, and by improving his opportunity he was soon enabled to pass to the far more ambitious and congenial work of oil painting. A person of ordinary ability, who possessed the untiring perseverance and resolution of Mr. Enneking, could not fail to succeed; but with the genius of the true artist and a passionate love for the work, his progress was very rapid. In his young wife he found a true helpmeet, who was not only willing to make great sacrifices to have him keep on in art, but always encouraged him to struggle for the highest.

In 1872 he went to Europe for the purpose of further perfecting himself in his life work. He first traveled through England, Holland, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, and France, that he might study the masters in all the art centers.





A ROOM IN THE OLD ELLIOTT HOUSE, ROCK VILLAGE, MASS., A STUDY BY J. J. ENNEKING.

Next he spent six months in Munich, studying landscape and drawing the figure. Three months were also given to sketches in Venice, after which he repaired to Paris as the city of all European centers where art students could make the most substantial progress. There he entered the then famous school of Bonnat, where he devoted the greater part of three years to the figure, after which he became a pupil of the great landscape painter, Daubigny. He returned home in 1876, but two years later returned to Europe, chiefly for the purpose of making a thorough study of the Dutch masters. He spent some months in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and The Hague, remaining abroad more than six months. On his return he settled down to his life work in Boston, where his genius had for years been recognized. Although his work is not confined to landscape, in this peculiar field we find him at his best. Indeed, he justly enjoys a place in the front rank of our landscape painters. He has the genuine love of the ideal, with the broad vision of a large-minded philosopher. His work is more frequently broad than otherwise, as in that kind of painting he feels he can obtain the best results. There are few artists, he believes, who like Millet can give the attention to minute details without in any degree sacrificing the larger and more important ends demanded by the impression of truth and reality which a picture should convey to the mind. Yet some of Mr. Enneking's work will bear the closest inspection, and with all the smoothness of the work there is no appreciable sacrifice of large effects. Many would class him as belonging to the impressionistic school, but this he disclaims. Indeed, he is too much of an individualist to be willing to be labeled or classified. Few of our American landscape painters have succeeded in producing the brilliancy of nature in her brighter moments, without any approach to the objectionable chromo effects of the German artists, which has been attained by this artist, while on the other hand he excels in a marked degree in carrying into a picture the feeling of mystery which is present in nature when, for instance, a great storm is brewing or when the twilight shadows are falling.

Mr. Enneking uses only the three primary colors, which he applies direct to the canvas. This enables him to obtain a degree of brilliancy not possible where the painter resorts to mixing paints.

Unlike many artists, he is not wholly wedded to his profession, but takes the keenest interest in all the great movements of contemporaneous life. He is in a true sense a public-spirited man. Social and economic problems appeal to him so far as he sees and feels that they are fundamentally just, and would therefore make for the elevation and happiness of the people. As in art, so in other things, however, he is too much of an individualist to wear a party color. Perhaps the nearest approach to belonging to a sect, party, or school of thought is found in his adherence to the economic views of the late Henry George. He has the philosophical bent of the German people, and wishes to go to the bottom of questions. He looks at the motive or the thought behind the purpose in acts, much as he seeks the fundamentals of principles, before judging or expressing conviction. No man in the metropolis of Boston has labored more unceasingly or effectively than this artist to secure for the Boston of to-day and all future generations the inestimable blessing and benefit of the magnificent park system which is already attracting the attention of other municipalities; and his splendid work in this direction is typical of the man and his labors in all directions where the service of the citizen is required for the furtherance of a larger, truer, and happier life and the betterment of society.

We naturally desire to know something of the individuality of those who are doing great work or work which deeply concerns us. "I am charmed with the work of the artist," said a visitor who with a friend had spent some hours in the studio of an artist. "Now tell me something of the man." "He is greater, better, and finer than his work," was the reply, after which nothing remained to be said. Now, the same might be justly observed of Mr. Enneking. As a public-spirited citizen, as a husband and father, and as a friend, he is in the highest sense of the term a true man.

## AMERICAN ART.

CONVERSATION WITH J. J. ENNEKING.

Q. Mr. Enneking, we desire to give our readers something of your views on art and artists, believing that the frank discussion of such subjects is not only stimulating and helpful, but tends to lead the people to a better appreciation of the real value of true art as a factor in the elevation of mankind and the advancement of civilization. Will you first tell us what you regard as fundamentally important that the young who possess talent may be properly equipped for good work?

A. It is very desirable that the art student receive a good common school education. It is not necessary that he should go to college, but he should at least have the advantage of our high-school training. Next he should be under the instruction of the most intelligent masters in drawing, either here or in Europe. No artist can have a good method of expression or a fair comprehension of the movement, proportion, and character of things, the dignity and beauty of form and lines, until he has the advantage of four or five years of that kind of special training. He must make a thorough study of what has been accomplished in painting and sculpture in order properly to appreciate the possibilities of brush and chisel. Of course, while studying all these branches of knowledge he may try his wings when he feels inclined,—make studies from nature, for, example. After the student has advanced so as to understand and practically master the grammar of art, he needs very little guiding.

Q. I see that you believe in the freedom of the artist after the fundamentals, or what you so aptly term the grammar of art, have been acquired.

A. By all means. It is only in this way that we can get the best results. We want manhood and individuality in art just as much as in other callings or professions. I have for years tried to make my work individual. I want to paint what I like and how I like it. Although I have never as yet succeeded in satisfy-

ing myself, the pursuit after my ideal has given me great pleasure. Name, fame, and money cannot be for a moment considered in the race. It is fortunate that this is so, or else the artist would be too often switched upon by-roads which always have to be retraced. Millet died very poor, for, though during his life his pictures were considered very valuable, they were not salable, not mercantile enough in character. Jules Breton's work was more what the people wanted, because his pictures were pretty to the general eye. They were more superficial, and better understood by the people. One might almost say that Breton painted clothes and Millet people. Millet dealt mostly with peasant life. His men and women were so truthfully represented in whatever they were doing that they stand out as types.

Q. You have just mentioned Millet. Will you tell us how you rank him, and what you think of his work?

A. Oh, Millet is great, very great. He was among the very first of the modern masters. There is something very remarkable about his work. He combined as did no other artist of our time the peculiarities and excellencies of the two opposite schools of art, and succeeded in representing the large effects of the broad painters with smoothness and almost scientific accuracy. In all Millet's best work we see completeness of detail combined with great breadth, dignity, and nobility. Take, for example, "The Angelus." It is typical of his greatest paintings; and how true is it, not only in its art, but life as well. There we have a fine example of a woman praying the Ave Maria with her whole soul, expressed in every line of her form, but the man, like most men, does not enter into the spirit of the performance. He prays with his lips, but with his head he is calculating how long it will take to pick up those potatoes. His pose does not show abandon to the spirit of prayer. This all-round fidelity to truth and life is seen in "The Gleaners" and in that grand, big work, "The Sheepfold by Moonlight." His pictures exhibit the rare quality of representing the unseen in an entirely different manner from other artists. You

feel far more than you see, although he almost seems to paint the surface in a finical sort of way, that is, all the detail, as did Rousseau and others of that school in their earlier works.

Q. How do you regard the outlook for American art?

A. The outlook for American art at the present time is very encouraging. I have always been optimistic as far as America and American art were concerned, and never more so than to-day. The enthusiasm of our artists is growing, as they are getting beyond thinking of how to paint and what to paint, as they are getting control of expression, and becoming more and more individual in their choice and conception of subjects, and becoming emancipated from foreign influences. Experiencing in consequence the feeling of independence of free men, they are beginning to feel their power, and are therefore already doing some really great work. Hunt, Fuller, Inness, Winslow Homer, Abbott Thayer, Lafarge, DeForrest Brush, Tryon, Alden Weir, and many others as great have already helped to lay firm the foundation for a great American art.

Q. But do you think the people are learning to appreciate the greatness of the work of our artists?

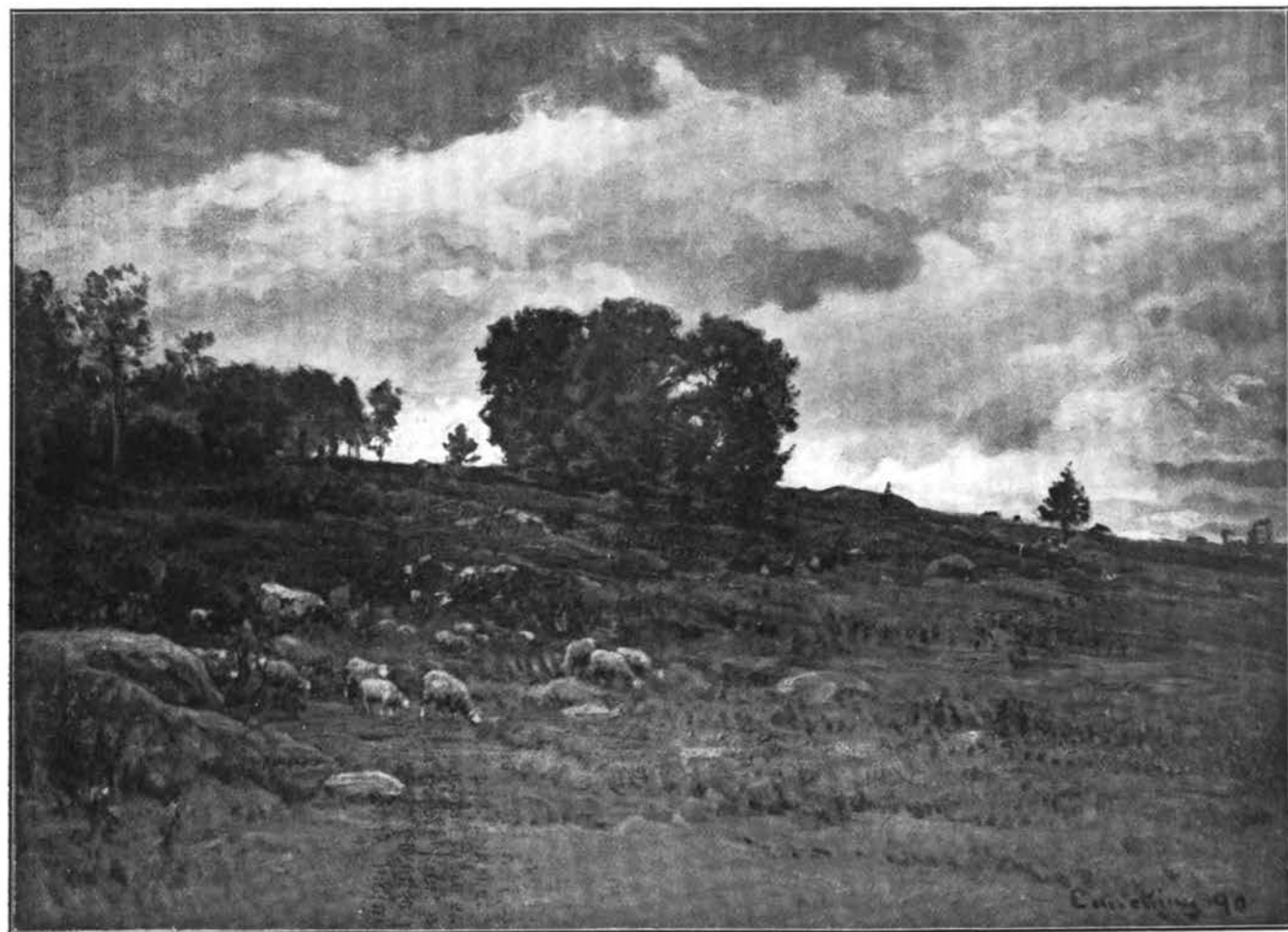
A. Oh, yes; that is very evident. Take, for example, the recent Clark sale in New York. This was the first great sale of purely American work unadulterated by any foreign. It was held in the late winter of 1898-'99, and was a revelation to many artists as well as to the public. The prices which many of the pictures brought were at once the source of amazement to the general public and of encouragement to the artists. Some of the works brought six, seven, and as high as ten thousand dollars. He bought an Inness for three hundred and fifty dollars, and received at the sale ten thousand five hundred dollars for it; and no one can say it was not worth every cent of it. It was exactly the same with others. Relatively speaking, many were worth a great deal more than they brought, but most all of them brought good prices. This sale will do a great deal for this country, because it will lead others to

imitate the example successfully set by Mr. Clark. There are many excellent collectors who not only know good work, but do not wish to have in their collections any but good work, who at the same time have to keep the commercial view in mind. That is, they want to make money on their collection, but at the same time they will not attempt to do it by trying to palm off chromo work on ignorant or gullible people who have money, but no knowledge of art. Now, of course, it is all right and proper for the collector to value his pictures according to the dollar and cent standard, as well as the artistic value; and when, as in the case of Mr. Clark, he brings to the front the really good work of the American artists, and succeeds in realizing handsome profits on the same, he materially helps the best artists and furthers the best interests of art in our midst. You understand, I am not speaking of the ideal collector who merely loves art alone, and takes no concern in the money part of it. I believe Mr. Clark to be one who knows and loves good pictures, and an ideal collector. I am speaking of the collectors who engage in this work as middle men, and who are so well equipped for their work that they are able not only to recognize fine work, but the best work of the various artists. This judgment of course can only be reached through a thorough knowledge of the work of each painter.

The Clark sale is valuable because it gave an opportunity to men of means, who are not qualified to select good works, to enjoy the benefit of experts upon whose opinion they could safely rely, and showed the artist that there were in America many persons who were quite ready to patronize liberally our art when some one in authority, some one who was recognized as an expert, had pronounced upon it. In the past our rich people have chiefly patronized foreign artists. They have traveled much, and have been enamored as it were with foreign gods; though I will not say that we really had many gods of our own until quite recently.

Q. Then, I understand that you regard our progress during, say, the last twenty years, as being very gratifying,





LANDSCAPE BY J. J. ENNEKING.

and that there is a steady growth in public appreciation of our artists who are doing really fine work?

A. Yes; I repeat, I am an optimist in regard to American art. Art will be the greatest factor in our progress. The people will come to recognize that you need an education in art in order to appreciate it, just as you need an education in the language whose literature you wish to study and understand. Art in the schools is beginning to do good work. We have not reached our highest possibilities, but I feel that we have progressed as rapidly as we have in other fields. The artist is liable to regard our progress as being at a snail's pace, and he is often overcome with a sense of chagrin that we do not move more rapidly; but the outlook is very encouraging. The public is becoming more and more interested in a higher class of art, and beginning to realize its broadening influence on education in its various departments, whether industrial, religious, or social.

Q. How do you think the American artists will compare with those of Europe?

A. I believe that we have at least a dozen artists in this country who will compare favorably with any dozen artists at the present time in any country. I do not mean to say that we have the greatest painters in the world, but I believe we are beginning to compare well with other countries.

Q. In painting do you lean toward the realistic or the ideal expression?

A. The realistic and idealistic are relatively one and the same, save that the latter is the choicest,—the more refined and spirituelle. The former expresses more what we see, while the latter represents to a great degree what we feel. The artist must become well acquainted with what he sees before he attempts to represent what he feels. In other words, the ideal is the choicest expression of the real.

Q. As I understand you, you do not hold that a man must use some special method to arrive at great ends?

A. Oh, no. The painters who represent or paint broadly can probably most easily carry into their work large effects,

dignity and strength; but they are, of course, liable to go to extremes, like Courbet, who lays the paint on with a shovel. He was brutally realistic. You could almost blast his rocks and dig in his ground; and his cows were beefy. They were fit for the butcher. Now, on the other hand, we have Corot, who sat in front of nature and listened to the birds and the hum of the insects, and painted a picture that was very often not before him at all. It was the unseen in nature, the noises, and the beautiful feeling of the atmosphere and the early morning mist, that affected him. In his later life he painted more what he felt than what he saw. His early pictures look very literal or objective, because he painted just what he saw before him; but in time his productions became more subjective, and did not look like any particular place. They were simply Corot landscapes, most of them enveloped in a warm atmosphere. They breathed nature. There were the trees and steaming ground and fine-smelling herbs, and all the aroma of nature.

Q. Many people regard artists as idealists and dreamers, but, from the work you have done in furthering our magnificent park system and your close identification with various public measures, I should say you were severely practical.

A. The well balanced artist is practical. It is an error, hard to uproot, that the painter, poet, and musician must be half fools in order to do great work; for all artists must pass through an intellectual and scientific training before they can even intelligently study the material they wish to deal with in their work. All this preliminary training requires, in the student, a well balanced mind and practical common sense. The reason they have the name of being dreamers and are called unpractical is because, when they enter the portals of art and try to begin to realize their ideals on canvas or in marble, they have to lay aside all worldly ambitions, such as name, fame, and wealth. One of our artists was once asked the question by a wealthy and hard-headed business man, if it was not for money that he painted his pictures. On being answered, "No; I paint to reach

my highest ideal in art," the querist went away convinced that the artist was either a great liar or a fool. If people could only grasp the fact that the artist must subordinate his practical instincts while trying to realize the highest in art, they would rate him nearer his true value. In Europe, and especially in France, the people have substantial proof that no profession or business has been so great a factor as art in bringing wealth and prosperity to a country. France made herself the market of the world, because her government allowed the artists to guide and advise; and in consequence art and art industries were fostered in such an intelligent and far-seeing manner that she laid the whole world under tribute. The engrafting of the esthetic upon the useful, which was encouraged in many ways and is now in France, enables her to make out of a dollar's worth of raw material twenty dollars where we in this country can hardly make more than one. Congress ought to have taken this matter under consideration long ago, and have done something intelligently to overcome in a measure this difference in the quality of production. For instance, competent commissioners should have been appointed to make careful inquiries into the relative state of affairs in the different countries. No doubt in time this country will have a commissioner of fine arts, holding a position similar to that occupied by our commissioner of ed-

ucation at Washington, who will look after the interests of art in America. The time is near at hand when we ought to have a commissioner of industrial arts, who, if Congress were lucky in its choice, could do wonders in a few years in developing the marvelous possibilities of this country.

I sometimes doubt whether the average legislator of this nation can see any sense in a movement of this kind. Most of them are interested only in machinery which shall replace hand labor, so as to gain a small and quick profit in turning over raw material, never realizing that this is one-sided legislation, costing us dear on account of discouraging hand work or skilled labor; and in consequence we have to depend on foreign markets for articles made by hand after artistic designs. This has been pushed to such an extreme that the skilled hand laborers have almost disappeared from our midst. One of the most hopeful signs of our times is found in the fact that fundamental education is being carried on as never before. This is especially true in our public schools, whose art training is serving to unite a love of the beautiful with practical industrial knowledge. This in time will emancipate the laborer from the clutch of the machine, and he will become once more a man and an individual. The machine makes slaves; art makes men. The machine takes joy out of labor; art puts it in.

## II.—PURITANISM AND PLAYHOUSES IN BOSTON

BY REV. J. HENRY WIGGIN

Q. Mr. Wiggin, do you consider the drama a natural or an acquired taste?

A. Decidedly natural, as illustrated by the games of children. Watch the pranks of girls with their dolls; note childish dramas in the yard. I recall a score of plays we North End boys tried to act in a good-natured neighbor's cellar-kitchen, and my own homespun dioramas, which attracted pennies or rusty nails to father's woodshed or Aunt Rebecca's L-part dining-room. Painting, sculpture, music, architecture are acquired tastes in com-

parison with the drama, as witness its existence in all ages, especially in connection with religion, since it is well known that our ideas of the drama reached us through the church mysteries of the Dark Ages and pervaded the sacred rites of the ancient Egyptians.

Q. Has the drama always been regarded as a legitimate factor in education and entertainment?

A. Far from it, as illustrated by an occurrence recorded by Mr. Augustine Jones, in his recently published life of Governor

Thomas Dudley. In 1631, just as the Puritans were founding Boston, Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" was performed one Sunday in September at the London house of the Bishop of Lincoln. The Puritan party, getting wind of this, determined to make a wholesome example in the person of Wilson, the comedian of the company, who was chiefly instrumental in the production, and enacted Bottom. For twelve hours, from sunrise to sunset, he was compelled to sit at the entrance of the bishop's house, his feet in the stocks, wearing on his shoulders a donkey's head, with this placard on his breast, just above a bottle of hay in his lap:

Good people, I have played the beast,  
And brought ill things to pass;  
I was a man, but thus have made  
Myself a silly ass.

This indicates the spirit of the first settlers around Massachusetts Bay; and one of the earliest colonial ministers, Increase Mather,—the first of an illustrious line who long held sway in this community,—warned his fellow-townsmen against the insidious wiles of the drama.

Q. What is the earliest record of any dramatic performance in Boston?

A. In 1750 a performance was given of Otway's "Orphan, or the Unhappy Marriage;" but a possible repetition of the offense was promptly prevented by law; and, if any theatrical shows were to be seen thereafter for a quarter of a century, it must have been in private parlors, as was very likely the case. Even in the throes of the Revolution the Continental Congress, in 1778, forbade the attendance upon or participation in theatrical shows by government officers, on the ground that such diversions would interfere with the public welfare.

Q. Did not the British try to have dramatic performances in Boston?

A. They did so during the siege of the city by the Yankees, between the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775, and the evacuation of Boston, March 17, 1776. Faneuil Hall was temporarily converted into a theater, and plays were acted by the red-coats, the performances being attended not only by the soldiers, but the

Tories of Boston. The first of these performances was a translation of Voltaire's "Zara." The effort was encouraged by the officers, partly to keep the soldiers contented during their privations through lack of fuel and food, which were not allowed to be brought openly into town, and also to raise funds for the suffering families of subordinate officers.

As to the most noteworthy of these performances there is some discrepancy in the records. Either in January or March, 1776, a play was produced, written by the British General Burgoyne, the author of "The Fair Maid of the Oaks" and other plays, although he himself had already returned to the mother country. This play was called "The Blockade of Boston," and consisted chiefly of a caricature of the American troops, especially of General Washington. The first play on the bill, "The Busybody," had already been acted, and authorities differ as to whether the interruption occurred just before the rising of the curtain for the second and main play or during its first scene; but a soldier, wearing the American uniform, rushed frantically upon the stage, exclaiming, "The rebels are attacking the Neck!" The auditors at first supposed the acting to be unusually spirited, but they were brought to their senses by the exclamation of the highest ranking officer present, one of the general's aids, ordering every man to his post; and immediately great confusion ensued. The soldiers in the audience clambered over the orchestra, to the detriment of the violins and basses, which they smashed on the way, and the soldiers on the stage were trying to exchange their borrowed Yankee uniforms for those they were entitled to wear. The affair at the Neck proved to be of very small importance; but the Tory ladies were triumphantly laughed at by their more patriotic sisters who had remained at home for being obliged to return at night through the snowy streets without their expected military escorts. This episode, however, can by no means be considered a departure from the Puritan spirit of opposition to the drama, albeit after the blockade was over the Yankees gave a burlesque of Burgoyne's play, which they called "The Blockheads, or the Affrighted Officers."



Q. When did this opposition give way?

A. Theaters were established in Philadelphia, New York, and even in Providence, before they were allowed in Boston. In 1786 was produced the first publicly acted play by an American author. It was called "The Contrast," and was written by Royal Tyler, of Brattleboro, Vermont, afterward chief-justice of the State. It was given first in New York, in 1790, and soon after in Boston.

Q. When did theatrical performances permanently begin in that city?

A. Between 1790 and 1794 various efforts were made to obtain a license for dramatic representations, first by application to the town officers, and, upon their refusal, to the citizens in town-meeting assembled, in order that a suggestion of the town warrant might be carried out in a petition to the legislature for such license. The legislature, however, was equally obstinate, and all proposals of this nature were resolutely set aside. At last two gentlemen, Messrs. Henry and Halam, who had been successful in such entertainments in other cities, turned a stable into a playhouse, situated on Board Alley, running from Franklin street through to Summer, and used as a thoroughfare by the devout parishioners of Trinity Church, which was then on the latter street. To allay religious opposition, the performances were given as moral lectures in five parts,—that very tedious play, "George Barnwell," to illustrate the evils of licentiousness; Otway's almost forgotten tragedy, "Venice Preserved," to illustrate the evils of political conspiracy; and "Othello," to illustrate the evils of jealousy. Descriptions of the characters on the programme were alike remarkable for their accuracy and their cleverness,—Cassio, for instance, being described as showing the evils of intoxication. As the true character of these efforts was noised abroad legal action was taken, and the managers were arrested and fines imposed, but as a matter of fact this punishment never amounted to anything. The playhouse, however, was finally pulled down to make way for other buildings.

The Revolution being now ten years over, and the people prosperous in a business way, the natural craving for art and

literature began to assert itself. There was a desire to see the great English actors of whom so much was heard, and it was not long before the two first editions of Shakspeare saw the light, one in Philadelphia and the other, published by Munroe & Francis, in Boston. So much refined pressure was brought to bear upon the State and town governments that in 1794 the first Boston Theater was erected on Franklin street, at the corner of Federal, not far from the old stable to which reference has already been made, and on the site of the store now occupied by Jones, McDuffee & Stratton, on whose art-laden shelves may be found a tile of their own manufacture on which is a picture of the Boston Theater in its palmy days.

The first play on the opening night was written by Henry Brooke, and was called "Gustavus Vasa, or the Deliverer of His Country," which was announced as "a truly republican play," and was the more welcome because it had been thrust aside by the censorship of the London theaters. The afterpiece was a farce called "Modern Antiques."

Q. How long did this first Boston Theater last?

A. The establishment lasted from 1794 till 1852, a period of fifty-eight years, but not without chequered experiences. Its first rival was the Haymarket, built in 1796, very near the corner of Boylston street and the Common, where the present Tremont Theater stands; and it was named Haymarket, not wholly after the old London establishment of that name, but because town hay-scales then stood between Tremont street and Mason street, this land being formerly a part of the Common. The first performance at the Haymarket consisted of the two plays, "The Belle's Stratagem" and "Mirzor and Lindor," with songs and dances.

Q. Was there any special rivalry between these two theaters?

A. Indeed there was; and to such an extent was it carried that an apprentice who found himself one night in the gallery of the Haymarket, supposing himself free from observation, was taken to task for it the next morning by his master, who declared that nobody who worked for

him should be allowed to enter the rival theater. This antagonism went so far that seats were continually given away, at one theater or the other, on condition that the recipients never should enter the opposing establishment, this antagonism being partly brought about by the fact that the first managers of the Haymarket had been connected with the older theater. Moreover, a story was industriously circulated that the old Federal Street Theater represented the Federal party in politics, which might be called the aristocratic party of the day, whereas the Haymarket was said to represent the Jacobin interests, a name which had recently been popular among the French Revolutionists. This rivalry, however, did not long continue, being brought to an end by the conflagration of the Federal Street Theater in 1798, the fire catching from a stove which had been placed in one of the rear dressing-rooms for the comfort of the players. So great was public interest in this loss that the theater was immediately rebuilt, the architect being Charles Bullfinch, who was employed as the architect of the present State House and also of the Tontine Block, on Franklin street, very near the theater itself. In due time the new theater was opened with the following bill: "A First Night's Apology, or All in a Bustle," written for the occasion by Mr. Milne; "Wives as They Were and Maids as They Are," by Mrs. Inchbald, and "The Purse, or the American Sailor's Return," usually called "The Purse, or the Benevolent Tar," a musical piece by J. C. Cross.

Q. What became of the Haymarket?

A. It declined rapidly in popularity and interest, and in 1803 its high edifice was sold at public auction, on condition that the building be at once taken down and the material removed, some of the proprietors of the other theater being ready to pay handsomely to have the enemy put out of sight.

Q. Did not this leave the Boston Theater a free field?

A. Certainly. The Federal Street Theater was practically the only playhouse in Boston from 1800 to 1827, over a quarter of a century, and in it Boston had a chance to see the greatest English actors

of the day, such as the Keans, Booths, Woods, Barretts, Powells, Duffs, Coopers, Cookes, Wallacks, Finns, Hamblins, Macready, and many others; besides such Americans as Forrest, Cushman, and John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," who wrote the address at its reopening in 1798, though he did not deliver it.

Q. I notice you include the Booths among the English actors. Did they come originally from the English stage?

A. That is an interesting question. The Booths are descended from Barton Booth, a distinguished actor of two centuries ago, and also from John Wilkes, a distinguished journalist and parliamentary fighter for the enfranchisement of the American colonies; and this is the significance of the name which Junius Brutus Booth gave to one of his sons, John Wilkes Booth, though in him the love of liberty became so distorted as to end in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln in 1865. It is a notable fact that nothing pleased the elder Booth so much as to act in plays which had freedom for their corner-stone. "Sic semper tyrannis."

Q. Was there no opposition to the old theater during this period?

A. Yes. There sprang up what at first bore the patriotic title of the Washington Gardens, and afterward, in 1823, was known as the City Theater, where there was some acting as well as performances on the tight-rope. But this rivalry was of brief duration and insignificant in character, the populace remaining loyal to the theater which bore the city's name. Apparently there was more than one spot known as Washington Gardens, and there was thought of having such a Vauxhall on the banks of the River Charles; but the one specially referred to was near the Common and the present St. Paul's Church, within the square now formed by Washington, Winter, and Tremont streets and Temple Place.

Q. What was the first enduring rival to the Federal Street?

A. The Tremont, which in 1827 was built on the site now occupied by the Tremont Temple. The new establishment was partly caused by the removal of families from the Fort Hill region,

which was already being appropriated for business purposes, so that the exodus of the churches from that vicinity began not long afterward. The new theater was under many competent managers, notably the elder Booth and Thomas Barry, and had a brilliant existence of sixteen years; but it was always a financial failure, though its boards were not only trodden by the best English actors, such as the Kembles and Vandenhoffs, besides the older favorites, but also witnessed the performances of such noted American histrions as Charlotte Cushman, who made her debut as the singer of a small operatic part in 1835, and John Gilbert, who earlier made his first appearance as Jaffier in "Venice Preserved." It is a singular fact that these two eminent Boston players should have been born, he in 1810, she in 1816, in two adjacent houses on Richmond street (now Parmenter) at the North End,—the site now covered by the Cushman School, named after Charlotte Cushman for that reason. Charles H. Eaton, Josephine Clifton, Madame Celeste, Fanny Ellsler, the Woods, and many other players appeared there. My own one visit to the Tremont was in childhood, a year or so before its end, say in 1842; and our family sat in a left side box to enjoy a circus, which so stirred my six-year-old antic proclivities as greatly to disturb my mother's after-dinner meditations the next Sunday, when the parlor chairs and stools were transformed into horses, clowns, and acrobatic beehives.

Q. Well, what became of the Tremont Theater?

A. After sixteen years of brilliant failure the property was placed in the market for sale. At that time a small Baptist society in that neighborhood was struggling into existence, and among its leaders was Deacon Timothy Gilbert, the well-known piano manufacturer, who had sought some conference with the real-estate agents in regard to the purchase of the Tremont. One morning, as the Gilberts were sitting around the breakfast table, and the deacon's son was reading the morning paper, he suddenly exclaimed, "Well, father, you are out on that theater deal."

"Why?"

"Because it's sold."

"Aha?" responded the deacon. "Everything you read in the papers is not true." And he forthwith betook himself to the office of the agent on State street, to ask the real condition of things, where he learned that negotiations had been made for the sale of the property, and that by twelve o'clock the purchaser was to come with the earnest money.

"Then," said the deacon, "if the purchaser does not so appear, the property is still in the market?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

Whereupon the deacon went about the business part of the town, saw some of the prominent Baptist brethren, and reappeared seasonably at the broker's office. The hour of high noon struck. The would-be purchaser and his earnest money not being forthcoming, Deacon Gilbert laid some cool thousands upon the table in earnest of the Baptist purchase, and the building became the property of the society of which Mr. Colver was the pastor. For a little while there was Sunday preaching in the unaltered edifice; and various lectures were given there, one by Elihu Burritt, who at that time was becoming known to the public as the Learned Blacksmith, and about whom my loved Sunday-school teacher, the late Henry N. Gaut, used to talk with us. The auditorium, however, lacked sacred associations, and this led to its remodeling into a more churchly form. Other entertainments, however, were still given within its walls, such as concerts, courses of lectures, and elocutionary efforts, often under the auspices of the Mercantile Library Association; and it was immediately after one of these performances, at which I was present, on a spring evening in 1852, that the Temple caught fire and was in ashes before morning. It was immediately rebuilt, and again destroyed by fire in 1876, and I again witnessed the conflagration from the opposite sidewalk. A third Temple was burned several years ago, and again I was in the building, spending an hour in the office of a medical friend, just before the flames burst forth. Of the present beautiful edifice it is unnecessary to speak.

Q. But have you not forgotten to speak of the end of the Federal Street Theater?

A. The older theater found itself unable to cope with the more fashionable Tremont, and in 1835 it was rechristened the Odeon, and was the scene of various theatrical and non-theatrical shows until 1846, when it again resumed its proper name, under the brief management of Mr. Oliver C. Wyman, who was not only a public-spirited citizen, but also a playwright.

A great-uncle of mine, an old bachelor, who won some fame as a stage-driver between Boston and the southeast corner of New Hampshire, in the old days when these Jehus were very important members of the community, the express business not having yet been started, was extremely fond of the theater, often telling me about "Timour the Tartar." To the Museum I had already been, but I was anxious to see a real theater, and persuaded the old gentleman, when he was on a visit to Boston in 1845, to take me to the Federal Street; and well do I remember the performance of that evening. The plays were a melodramatic fairy spectacle, "Cherry and Fair Star," and the Irish musical drama, "Kate Kearney."

Did never you hear of Kate Kearney?

She lives on the banks of Killarney;  
From the glance of her eye, shun danger,  
and fly,

For fatal the glance of Kate Kearney.

Chiefly there was a new current drama, called "Life in New York," in which the principal part was taken by Junius Brutus Booth, Jr., who was subsequently well known in Boston as the husband of Agnes Booth Perry (now Mrs. Schoeffel), and especially in connection with the new Boston Theater.

At that time the old fashion of boxes and pit prevailed, the boxes running around the house at a slight elevation, and divided from each other by partitions. The tickets were sold not for a special seat, but simply for admission to a particular box, holding possibly a dozen people. The pit was not upholstered as at present, and there were no reserved seats therein. The curtain never rose later than half-past six or seven o'clock.

For the next six years the Boston Theater had a very precarious existence, serving occasionally, however, as an overflow. The famous Ravel Family had there an astonishingly successful run, the brothers, Jerome, Antoine, Francois, and Gabriel, giving brilliant performances of "Mazulm, the Night-Owl," "Jocko, the Brazilian Ape," "The Green Monster," and "Robert Macaire," to my intense delight. Macallister, the magician, also appeared there with his attractive wife, and gave Boston its first peep at the magic bottle, pouring forth any kind of liquor asked for. Charlotte Cushman played an engagement at this theater during this interval. In 1852 it was decided to sell the estate for mercantile purposes, and purchasers were soon found; but before any change was made there came a sudden demand for its renewed theatrical use, through the burning of the National, on April 22d, while the separated wife of Edwin Forrest, Catherine Sinclair, was filling an engagement there, supported by the younger Vandenhoff, George. By the courtesy of the new owners of the old theater the exiled artists found a new home without a day's loss of time, but with great loss of material; so a fortnight later, on May 8th, Saturday night,—a night when playhouses were rarely open in those days,—a charity performance for their relief was given there by the Aurora Dramatic Club, a company of amateurs to which belonged one since achieving deserved fame, Mr. Lemoyne. This was the last performance in what some loved to call Old Drury. It was my boyish fortune to be there. The swell audience was largely made up of actors and others professionally interested. The popular comedy was Morton's "Speed the Plow" and the farce, "Nabob for an Hour." Soon thereafter the Old Boston Theater ceased to be aught but a memory.

Q. You have not mentioned some of the smaller theaters. What have you to say about the Lion?

A. An old inn of that name stood on the site of the present Bijou Theater, adjoining the present Boston Theater. This Lion Tavern was converted into an amphitheater, without change of its first name. There were the usual boxes around the



center, but in place of the pit was a circus center; and therein, with the aid of horses, camels, dromedaries, and elephants, were given equestrian dramas, such as "The Jewess,"—not the thrilling French play of that name, the foundation of Halevy's opera, based on the Council of Constance, nor yet Racine's classic "Esther," though founded on the same biblical narrative. In the course of a dozen years the Lion Theater was again changed into the Melodeon. There Theodore Parker preached regularly for years. There Jenny Lind sang her last songs in Boston, in 1851, Otto Goldschmidt playing her accompaniments, not long before their marriage, her violinist being Mr. Burke, who a few years earlier had been known as Master Burke, the juvenile tragedian. Never can I forget how she thrilled every heart into tears by her interpretation of "Auld Robin Gray." There were heard oratorios. There also the Musical Fund Society gave fine orchestral concerts—symphony concerts. Such magicians as Anderson, the Scotchman, negro minstrels, and Chinese jugglers exhibited in the Melodeon. There were seen dioramas and panoramas. There were heard the eloquence of great orators, the spouting of moral and political cranks, and such lecturers as Thackeray on "The Four Georges." All these entertainments, and many more, I saw and heard.

The opening of the New Music Hall, in 1852, made the Melodeon less needful, and therefore it became successively a billiard-hall, a concert-room, and again a theater, finally transformed into the Bijou.

Q. What about the National Theater?

A. My old instructor and kinsman, Captain Alden Partridge, formerly connected with West Point, and the establisher of several military schools in different States, especially at Norwich, Vermont, used to talk to us students about the theater, and say that he always liked to attend the Warren when he was in Boston. Much I marveled what and where the Warren Theater could be. It was named, not after the popular comedian, William Warren, who had not yet made his bow in Boston, but after General Warren, the hero of Bunker Hill. It became a play-

house in 1832, occupying a flimsy amphitheater, which the manager, Mr. William Pelby, who had experienced some difficulty with the owners of the Tremont Theater while connected therewith, gradually rebuilt. In 1836, however, he renamed his theater the National. This new theater, like the Tremont, had a brilliant (but more successful financial) existence of sixteen years. Therein some of the most popular American players made their early appearance, like Jean Margaret Davenport, who when scarcely in her teens appeared as Young Norval, Richard III., Shylock, and other similar characters. There, too, my beloved and respected friend, that nature's nobleman, Joseph Proctor, made his debut as Damon, though not yet out of his teens, and living at the North End, whither the family had removed from Marlboro, Massachusetts.

The house was remarkable for its mechanical scenes, and when you saw "The French Spy" you found the very stones of the fortress tumbling about the stage. "Oberon, the Fairy King," "Six Degrees of Crime," "Captain Kyd," and other similar plays were brought out here with unprecedented state, as were also "Moll Pitcher," "Stephen Burroughs," "The Rag Picker of Paris," and "The Carpenter of Rouen."

In 1852, as already noted, the house was burned. Before the next New Year's it was rebuilt, and some fine dramatic work was done there, such as the production of "De Soto," acted by the distinguished Americans, James Murdoch and Matilda Heron (she being afterward famous for her performance of "Camille"), the last tableau being a reproduction of Powell's great painting of the death of De Soto. His first Boston appearance was made there by Mr. E. A. Sothern, afterward so famous as Lord Dundreary, who then called himself Douglas Stewart and wholly defeated the managerial expectation that he might become a formidable rival of the popular William Warren, who had joined the Museum forces. Gustavus Vaughan Brook, the distinguished London tragedian, also played his very successful Boston engagement there, giving a remarkable production of "The Corsican Brothers," then seen for the first

time in Boston. In the old house I saw Collins, the admirable Irish comedian, in three pieces, "The Irish Lion," "The Nervous Man and Man of Nerve," and "Teddy the Tiler," all in one evening. In the rebuilt theater Murdoch did some of his best work; and how good it was!

In the National appeared the sisters Denin, Kate and Susan, in such farces as "Nature and Philosophy, or the Youth Who Never Saw a Woman." There was a phenomenal run of "The Three Fast Young Men," with Lucile and Helen Weston in the chief riotous characters, with a popular song, "Skiddy-iddy-iddy-iddy-ido."

There also I first saw Forrest, in "Macbeth," grandly mounted, with Mrs. Vickery, a stout elderly lady (according to the foolish traditions of the day, which so pictured the part), as Lady Macbeth. The National never did so well after Pelby left; and a second fire, some years later, brought its fortune so low that it finally ceased to be a theater.

Q. Where did you say the National was located?

A. Oh, I forgot to say that it was not very far from the present North Union Station, on Portland street.

Q. What about the Howard Atheneum?

A. In 1842 it was confidently believed by the Millerites, or followers of Joseph Miller, that the end of the world was at hand. A man who used to come to the kitchen window of my father's North End house every morning to get a pail of water,—for aqueduct water had not then been introduced into the city, and people were wholly dependent upon cisterns and wells,—was a confident believer in Miller's Bible prophecies; and on a certain morning he informed us he should never come again, as that day was the last allowed to our poor globe. The delusion went so far that people gave away their property,—though one can hardly see what use that would be,—and put on their white ascension robes, as they stood on house-roofs, expecting to be "caught up together to meet the Lord in the air." However, the end was not yet, and after two or three years of patient waiting it was decided that the Millerite Tabernacle, on Howard street, should be sold, the gospel of Mil-

lerism having had its day. This wooden building was therefore bought by some business men for use in a double capacity for beer and dramatics; but in the course of a year the building was destroyed by fire, a supernumerary who had been associated therewith declaring it might have stood for years had it not been for the lightning from heaven which came down in the tragedy of "Pizarro." It was soon replaced, in the fall of 1846, by the present Howard Atheneum, which for many years was the aristocratic playhouse of the city, wherein appeared such stars as Cushman, Forrest, Mrs. Mowatt, Julia Dean, McKean, Buchanan, Lola Montez, Edwin Booth, the Davenports, and the celebrated four dozen Viennoise children, under the direction of Madame Weiss; and these entertainments fell under my personal observation, besides Alboni, Sontag, and other great operatic artists. Among its managers was Wyzeman Marshall, eminent alike as an actor and a freemason, as all masons know who, like myself, have ever had the pleasure of seeing him work any masonic degrees. The character of the performances at the Howard, it is needless to say, has been altogether changed; but now, after a lapse of fifty-four years, it still stands among our places of amusement. There also I first saw William Warren, as Pythagoras Spphoon and Felix Pettibone, in "Customs in Corsica" and "Kiss in the Dark," farces sandwiched between the ensemble dances of the children already named. There also was a brilliant season of Sands and Lent's Circus.

Q. Were there no lesser theaters in those days?

A. Yes; several. There were two near the junction of Hanover street and what is now known as Scollay Square, the Eagle and the Adelphi, the Theater Comique, at the end of a court off Washington street, near Summer, Ordway's minstrel house, the Aquarial Gardens, and perhaps others in that region.

There was also a small theater, the second to bear the name of Tremont, situated near the entrance of our old Music Hall, and there Fanny Davenport, afterward known as our distinguished tragedienne, made her first marked appearance. On Beach street, not far from the United

States Hotel, was another playhouse, which, during its few years of existence bore several names, one of which was the Beach Street Museum, whose greatest success was achieved in the season of 1848-'49, with a burlesque entitled "The Female Forty Thieves," filled with allusions to the recent introduction of Cochituate water into the city, which occurred in the autumn of 1848, when I had the honor of marching with other school-boys in the procession to the Common, standing there in the drizzle, and experiencing bitter disappointment when the expected fireworks, representing Neptune traversing the watery main, were so absolutely ruined by real water that they would not even fizz when the evening came.

Q. As yet you have said nothing about the Boston Museum.

A. There had been from an early period various collections of statuary, stuffed animals, and curios in two or three different places in the city; but in 1843 these were all collected into one tall building, which stood on the corner of Bromfield and Tremont streets, the site of the present Horticultural Hall. Among the engravings was one of personal interest to myself, as it represented David Garrick, studying his various histrionic creations stretching out in vision before him, one of which was "Mr. Wiggins, the celebrated fat man." The managers of the Museum began very cautiously to give musical and terpsichorean entertainments in the picture gallery, holding twelve hundred, at the top of the house, so called because its walls were literally plastered with paintings, forever giving me the impression that every picture gallery should be arranged in the same way. This was really a dangerous place, being accessible only by high, narrow stair-cases.

My first sight of the interior of the Museum was at the age of seven years, when I was taken one Fourth of July (by an old servant who had always worked in the family) to see the parade on Boston Common. As I passed the building I was attracted by the placards, and the willing Phœbe acquiesced in my wish to see what was going on. After looking about at the stuffed bears and pickled crocodiles, not

forgetting the mermaid, we were informed by the door-keeper that we could see a musical show by going up the stairs, and so up we started, only to meet the crowds surging down, for the exhibition was over.

Soon after they began to have genuine plays at the Museum. People who would on no account go to a so-called playhouse were willing to visit the Museum, so that very soon it came to be known among the profane as the Orthodox Theater; and my first peep at a real play was on being taken there by my uncle and aunt, who were very fond of such amusements and wished to see how it would affect the little nephew. The curtain rose. Sitting on the stage, in an English alehouse, were several men in picturesque colored costumes, smoking very long pipes, the like of which I had never seen before. To myself I said, "This is wax statuary," for I had seen Mrs. Pelby's wax figures, so popular in those days, with such groups as "The Sermon on the Mount," "The Drunkard's Home," "The Siamese Twins;" but what was my surprise when one of these figures on the stage removed his pipe from his mouth and said something, and the surprise increased when another figure did the same thing. But from that moment I knew what a play meant, without the slightest misgiving or doubt on the subject. The drama presented on that occasion was entitled "The Double Deception, or the Poacher's Son," and it was not until many years afterward that I discovered it was written by Elton, an English actor, and known across the water as "Paul the Poacher." For a rare old copy of it I am indebted to a lady, now a resident of Boston, an honor to the dramatic profession, Mrs. Augusta Van Doren Page. The afterpiece—and there was never in those days a performance without one—was "Swiss Swains," and greatly was my fancy pleased by Swigg, Walter, Rosetta, and the scolding old woman. Between the plays was a Fisher's Hornpipe; and Mr. Germon sang "Johnny Sands," a song I was delighted to discover soon after in an old almanac, and forthwith learn by heart. In this gallery Adelaide Phillips made her professional debut as Little Pickle, in "The Spoiled Child,"

though it was a few years later when a musical hit was made by her Naughty Fairy in "The Enchanted Beauty," and the songs, "A hundred years ago I was a laughing child," and "From the sweet realms of bliss on high I love and charity impart," which led to her study abroad and subsequent operatic success. "Cinderella" was played in the old house with unusual magnificence and an apparently real waterfall. The manager, William H. Sedley Smith, produced a play of his own composition, called "The Drunkard, or the Fallen Saved," which had an astonishing run of crowded houses, and was the more interesting because of the rumor that, in so well playing the chief character, Mr. Smith was but repeating some of his own moral failures and triumphs.

In 1846 the owners erected a new building, the Museum still standing on Tremont street, between School and Court, after an unprecedentedly successful career of fifty-four years. Whereas the Howard has entirely changed its character, while the National, the Eagle, and others have vanished from existence, and the Tremont has turned from drama to devotion, the Museum has produced, from first to last, a succession of the best plays, and has entertained the best actors, such as the Boucicaults, Davenport, Bennetts, and Wallacks. For years Mrs. George H. Barrett was frequently on the stage,—a lovely comedienne. There Mrs. Louise Gann, the first wife of my old friend, Wulf Fries, of cello fame, passed the best part of her dramatic life. Nor in this connection must be forgotten "Honest Tom Comer," the music director, who had previously held the same position at the Tremont and subsequently at the New Boston, and had on his list an overture specially fitting each play. For instance, when "The Lady of Lyons" was on the bill the overture was sure to be "La Dame Blanche." In that drama, too,—played by every lady star,—he was usually the Colonel Damas; and he liked also to play the old soldier, Michael, in "Lucile, or the Story of a Heart," and Sir Lucius in "The Rivals." "Guy Mannering," acted by Miss Wagstaff as Lucy Bertram, Louis Mestayer as Henry, Warren as Dominie Sampson,

Whitman as Dirck, Mrs. Judah as Meg Merrilies, W. H. Smith as Dinmont, and Adelaide Phillips as the gypsy singer, was fully as interesting a performance in 1848 as when I saw Cushman in it twenty years later.

Though not opposed to the theater on principle, my generous father thought me too fond of this amusement and tried to sicken me of it by making me go every night for a fortnight. How my playmates envied me! Did I tire of the game? Not much! Why, I was in great luck. The first week was full of benefits, so frequent in those times of stock companies, and always presenting novel programmes, while the second week had George Vandenhoff for the star, and the delighted lad saw "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," Bulwer's "Money" and "Lady of Lyons," "Town and Country,"—all for the first time.

To the Museum, too, in 1850 came the elder Booth. How well he played Shylock! How he thrilled us from top to toe with his marvelous "Lear" curse, which made three lines seem thirty; though he used the mangled version which leaves Lear, recovered from his madness, Gloucester, and Kent to enjoy together a serene old age. In its stock company were from time to time such leading managers and actors as the Mestayers, Frank Whitman, the Germons, Shewell, Keach, Pitt, Mrs. Erving Winslow, Mrs. Gladstone, Eliza Logan, the Farrens, Mrs. Knight; and such comedians as the C. W. Hunts, the Thomans, the Skerretts, C. H. Saunders, Ring, my schoolmate "Barney" Nolan, Finn, my friend James Alfred Smith (Smithey), Burrows, Bascom; not to mention those great Boston favorites, William Warren and Mrs. J. R. Vincent, so long good townspeople as well as popular players.

The Boston Museum owed much of its popularity to not being called "theater," though this did not help the Beach street playhouse; but it owed more to its low prices, for many years only twenty-five cents to all parts of the house, children half price, and its democratic fashion of no reserved seats; also to being the earliest playhouse to give entertainments in the



day time, at first only on Saturdays, and then on Wednesdays, at three o'clock, thus attracting children, especially to see such winning spectacular plays as "Aladdin," "Bluebeard," "Enchanted Beauty," "Enchanted Harp," "Forty Thieves," "Enchanted Horse," "Valentine and Orson," "The Jewess," "Children of Cyprus," and such local and native dramas as "The Minute Man," "Paul Revere," "Old Job and Jacob Gray," "Sons of '76," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Dred, a Tale of the Dismal Swamp," "Moll Pitcher," "Neighbor Jackwood," "Sons of the Cape," many of them the authorship of Dr. J. S. Jones. Nearly all these plays I saw, and many more; nor can I ever forget the first night of "The Silver Spoon," when Warren was laughed at as Jefferson Scattering Batkins, the member from Cranberry Center, who for the first time ate sardines, which he called "little fishes biled in ile."

Q. Is there any other theater of which you wish to speak?

A. The greatest change which came over the dramatic history of Boston was

in 1854, when the present Boston Theater was opened with Sheridan's great comedy, "The Rivals," and Planche's vaudeville, "The Loan of a Lover." In the new company were the Beltons, the John Woods, Mrs. Julia Bennett Barrow, Mrs. Hudson Kirby, Emma Taylor, H. F. Daly, J. H. Stoddard, the John Gilberts, and five members of the Biddles family, father, mother, and three daughters. Of this playhouse, however, I have no desire at present to talk; and indeed its splendid career speaks for itself.

Q. To a large extent, in giving us these facts, you are drawing upon your own personal reminiscences, are you not?

A. Yes, most certainly; though I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to other sources, especially to the "Record of the Boston Stage," by W. W. Clapp, subsequently editor of the Boston Journal, which appeared serially in the Saturday Evening Gazette in 1852 and 1853, and which I read from Sunday to Sunday with the deepest interest, rising early to find the welcome sheet on the front doorstep.

## GREAT GOD IS NEAR

BY COLETTA RYAN

God is trying to speak with me and I am trying to hear;

But the angry roar of an angry sea

Has told my soul that it is not free;

And my strange, imperfect ear

Has only caught, on the breast of day,

The strain of a song that is far away,—

So I sit and listen and humbly pray,

For God is near.

God is trying to speak with me and I am trying to hear.

The sea that held me has gone to sleep,

And still is the voice of the cruel deep,—

No longer shall I fear.

## THE COMING AGE.

I have found the chord that is true and right,—  
 The chord of Promise, and Love, and Light,  
 That comes to banish the curse of night.

Great God is near.

God is trying to speak with me and I am trying to hear.

Away with the gold that is won by death  
 Of mind and body. (O Nazareth!

O living, breathing tear!)

Away, away with the realists' hand,  
 Away with the tyrants that slave the land,  
 For the heart must sing and the stars command.

(Great God is near.)

And soothe and comfort the voice of pain,  
 Man's Eden must return again,  
 And the Christ that suffered must live and reign.

(Great God is near.)

And hush and silence the battle's din,—  
 And lift forever the mists of sin  
 That veil the wealth of the God within.

(Great God is near.)

And strive, O strive to be brave and true;  
 The world is dying of me and you  
 And the deeds undone that we both might do!

(Great God is near.)

God is trying to speak with me and I am trying to hear.

O pray that we may not grow too weak  
 To hearken One when He tries to speak

Through prophet, saint, and seer.

And love His image that fills the eyes  
 Of men and women that seek the skies;  
 For the soul must die if it will not rise!

Great God is near.

# ORIGINAL ESSAYS

## THE SOCIAL SITUATION IN CANADA

BY CHARLES AUBREY EATON, D. D.

There are at present, roughly speaking, two great currents of thought projecting themselves against the general life of the Dominion. The first I would name nationalistic, the second socialistic. Under the first head will fall those who are interested in the extension of the empire, who find fascination in the problems of defense and food supply, who clamor for a navy reserve in Canada and for improvement in equipment of our militia, who chronically snuff the battle from afar, and seem for the most part oblivious to the fact that armies and warships cost money and that the money is supplied by the people who want peace. These are the imperialists par excellence, honorable gentlemen all. In the second group will be found all those who are more or less interested in problems of domestic economy, who seek to better economic conditions in Canada, who wish to eliminate waste in trade, who exploit the resources of the country and are making real progress along lines of material betterment. Between these two groups there is as yet no conflict. The streams run into each other and with each other. They are distinguished simply by the emphasis which in the one case is placed upon problems of statecraft and in the other upon the social problem in its technical sense.

### I.—RECENT HISTORY.

After eighteen years of Egyptian exile the Liberal party in 1896 was returned to power at Ottawa, and the reaction has continued until the Liberals hold every capital in the country at the present time.

Contemporaneously with this change in government the country began to feel the thrill of returning commercial prosperity, and Canada is now enjoying an era of material expansion unparalleled in its history. During all those years in the cold shades of opposition it had been a fundamental article in the Liberal creed that the United States would be perfectly ready to meet Canada half-way in the matter of closer trade relations. Accordingly, Sir Wilfred Laurier immediately dispatched representatives to Washington to sound the authorities there upon this subject. Whatever the reception which these gentlemen received, their return to Ottawa was followed by a great change of opinion in the ranks of Liberalism. For eighteen years Canadian Conservatives had been waving the old flag and uttering loud patriotic warnings against the United States. The Liberals had chosen the better way of denying and ridiculing these vaticinations. It was therefore significant that, while Conservatives still adhered to their former creed, the Liberal party became seized of the idea that Canada need expect nothing from the United States in the way of reciprocal trade. Rightly or wrongly, for the first time in the history of the country all shades of political thought were unanimous in the opinion that Canada must look elsewhere than toward the United States for trade expansion.

The first result directly traceable to this cause was the preferential tariff in favor of Great Britain. To be sure, it was good politics for Sir Wilfred to make such a move. It effectually stifled the charge of

disloyalty and spiked the heaviest guns of the opposition. Henceforth mere waving of the old flag will not do, for the Liberals have shown their loyalty in a fashion peculiarly gratifying to John Bull. In addition to this, the net result so far of the attitude of the United States Government toward Canada in matters of trade has been to make Canadians more completely than ever independent of American assistance and co-operation, to expand enormously Canadian trade, both domestic and foreign, and to make Canada one of the most dangerous competitors the United States has to face in British and other old-world markets.

## II.—THE LIBERAL PROGRAMME.

It is one of the poetic retributions of history that after eighteen years in opposition the Liberal party should come to power at a time of expansion and prosperity. There are various reasons why at the present moment capital should be attracted to Canada. Gold, that magic word, has turned the eyes of the world toward the frozen north. Exploration under private and governmental auspices has laid bare vast mineral-bearing areas in other sections. The British public has become aroused to the possibilities of Canada as a field for profitable investment, and a new spirit of enterprise has broken out among Canadians themselves. Canada has a national debt which amounts to about fifty dollars per head of the population. The vast territory north of British Columbia, known as the Yukon District, was owned by all the people before gold was discovered there. No one disputed their title. But with the discovery of gold individuals from all quarters of the world swarmed in and claimed the right, as indeed they have the right under law, to mine this gold to their own personal advantage. The government was urged to hold this region in trust for the people, to exclude all individuals, to put it under the control of competent and reliable men, and to work the gold deposits in the interest of all the people,—the gold taken out to be applied to the reduction of the national debt. The difficulties of the Yukon situation are enormous. The department of the interior

has been called upon to face a new and trying situation almost without a moment's warning, and, while it is easy to criticise adversely, this fact ought always to be borne in mind. It is probable that Mr. Riddell has done as well as any one could who adhered to the old principles and used the old machinery. The country had to be policed and a judiciary established. This has been done so well that life and property are as safe along the creeks of the Yukon as anywhere else in Canada. The egregious blunder of the past, which shut northern British Columbia from the sea by a long, thin arm of Alaskan territory has greatly increased the difficulties of the case. Various all-Canadian railroad routes have been proposed, but thus far without success, owing simply and solely to this absurd geography.

Aside from administering the territory, establishing an efficient police and judiciary, and encouraging proper transportation facilities, all of which have been paid for by the country itself, the government has not seen the way clear further to turn the Yukon to the direct advantage of the federal treasury. Royalty upon the gold taken out has been imposed, but its benefits are still problematical. The net result of the whole business is not hard to predict. For some years the territory will swarm with prospectors and a varied population attracted by the opportunities of acquiring sudden wealth. By strenuous effort the country will be made to pay for its administration. The gold will be carried away to every land under the sun, some small percentage coming to the Dominion. At last the deposits will be exhausted, the frozen valleys and wind-swept mountains will sink back into their primeval silence and solitude, and, excepting a few individuals, the people of Canada will find themselves in no wise better off than if this romantic chapter of their national history had never been written. While the Yukon has been in a sense an accident unforeseen, the general policy of the Liberal government is to be commended from the stand-point of Canadian citizenship. Sir Wilfred Laurier is showing himself worthy of a place in the line of great premiers which Canada has had since con-



federation. Apart from his rare personal and intellectual qualities, he is endowed with the very highest gifts of political leadership. He has gathered about him a really remarkable cabinet, and thus far he has been able to resist, for the most part, the attacks of "patriots" upon the public chest. His government is directing its energies chiefly to developing the transportation system of the country and to encouraging immigration. Under Mr. Rifton's leadership the northwest is filling up rapidly, and there is every reason to believe that the growth in population during the next decade will surpass that of any other period.

A glance at the map will show how vital to the well-being of the country is its transportation system. Lying along the northern boundary of the republic for three thousand miles, with ocean ports nearer Europe than any other on this continent, and with a chain of inland seas reaching to the wheat belt of the whole west and northwest, Canada is bound to see a large proportion of west and east traffic pass over its railways and canals. According to Mr. Blair's (the minister of railways) last annual report, there are 16,870 miles of railway in operation. The paid-up capital amounts to \$941,297,037, an increase in one year of over nineteen millions. The gross earnings last year amounted to \$59,715,105, an increase of \$7,361,829, while the working expenses aggregated \$39,137,549. The freight traffic amounted to 28,785,903 tons, and 18,444,049 passengers were carried, of whom five were killed in a total of 50,658,283 miles run.

Prior to and since confederation the government has expended \$140,834,731 on railroads, in addition to \$73,029,631 for running expenses of government lines, a grand total of over two hundred and thirteen millions. During the same period of thirty-one years the revenue derived from government roads has amounted to \$64,510,650. At the present time the government operates one thousand three hundred and fourteen miles of railroad. During the session just ended Mr. Blair asked Parliament for subsidies amounting to \$6,590,295 to be applied to the construction of no less than forty-

seven different pieces of road and a number of important bridges, including one across the St. Lawrence River at Quebec. In this connection it is interesting to note that a second trans-continental line is being built by sections situated north of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, with the exception of the new line between Lake Superior and Winnipeg.

Up to June 30, 1898, Canada had spent upon her canals \$87,571,498. This with the railroad expenditures amounts to over three hundred and one millions of dollars paid out by less than five millions of people in one generation for the development of their transportation system.

For the most part this enormous expenditure meets with public approval. Especially is this true of the money devoted to enlarging and deepening the canals, for the Canadian people are determined to wrest from their American rivals a larger share of the carrying trade of the West. That this is a prize worth struggling for may be seen from the fact that last year grain and flour equivalent to two hundred and seventy million bushels were loaded at Buffalo, and thence carried to New York. The cost of carrying this great total from the western end of Lake Superior to the ocean was, at the lowest calculation, between eleven and twelve millions, and it gave employment to nearly forty thousand men. Now, it has been computed that the western farmer pays twelve cents a bushel on his wheat between Chicago and Liverpool, seven cents of which is incurred between Chicago and New York, and four and a half cents being paid for transfer at Buffalo and rates on the Erie Canal. If this grain could be shipped to Montreal with only one transfer, it would save to the farmers of the American and Canadian West in one year something like six million dollars, and at the same time add to the wealth of Canada very largely. Of course, what would happen to those who would lose is not considered in so purely a "business" calculation. And there is no doubt that Canadians are determined to secure this trade. Already the canals have been deepened to fourteen feet; and there is a most energetic movement afoot to divert

the western carrying trade to Georgian Bay and thence by means of a short land haul to Montreal via Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence.

From these facts it will be seen that the Liberal programme of railroad and canal development, the stimulation of immigration, and the exploitation of natural resources is a popular one in the country both on financial and patriotic grounds.

### III.—SOCIAL LEGISLATION.

Strictly speaking, there is no radical party in Canada. Whatever the Liberals may have advocated while in opposition, the necessities of the financial situation render it practically impossible for them to depart very widely from the policy of their predecessors in office. A revenue of something like fifty millions has to be provided, and although trade increased last year fifteen and one-half millions expenditures increased in proportion, and the most radical departure in tariff legislation open to the Liberals was the preference of twenty-five per cent in favor of Great Britain, and this was of a moral and patriotic nature rather than a serious disturbance of the commercial conditions of the country. No Liberal holding responsible position would venture to advocate the taxation of land values as has recently been done in the British Parliament, nor does there seem to be much hope of a transfer of the burden of taxation to the shoulders of the people who have the money. The country is young, has no very large cities, has only a meager population with vast areas yet to be opened for settlement, and untold natural wealth of forest and mine awaiting exploitation by private enterprise. The difference in federal constitution makes the central government more closely identified with national development than in the States, but for the most part, in its social development, Canada is following faithfully in the footsteps of her larger neighbor, learning little and forgetting less.

For two generations the republic had its great new West as an escape valve. Land was abundant, good, and cheap. Natural resources were unexploited. Im-

migration found there a home, and dangers and difficulties were postponed. Everybody was happy, hopeful, and prosperous. Those halcyon days are over. The land has been taken, natural resources exploited, and the move has begun to react upon the East with tremendous power. Problems long postponed must now be faced, and the real testing time for American democracy has arrived. To all this the Canadian people are, for the most part, asleep, or at the best languidly indifferent; and any attempt to avoid a repetition of the evils of this striking chapter in the history of nation-building is unheard of here.

The most radical suggestion of Canadian Liberalism at the present is for the reform of the Senate. This is a moribund body appointed by the government in power, and without any function sufficient to warrant the expense of its continued support. During the eighteen years of Conservative power it became, of course, overwhelmingly Conservative and degenerated into a registering machine for the legislation of the lower house. On the accession of the Liberals to power this somnolent body suddenly discovered new energy, and at once constituted itself a clog on Liberal legislation. If Sir Wilfred enjoys another term this inconvenience will be done away with, for he will have appointed by that time enough of his own political faith to make the Senate a Liberal body. Then when the Conservatives come in again they will have a taste of the difficulties which the Liberals have encountered. Sir Wilfred suggests as a cure for this intolerable condition of affairs an amendment of the constitution providing for a joint session of the two houses when a deadlock occurs, a decision to be reached by a majority of the joint session. This is rather a feeble expedient, but is probably the easiest way out of the difficulty for the present.

If Sir Wilfred would come out squarely for abolishing the Senate and establishing the referendum in place of a second chamber, it would be popular in certain quarters. But he is hampered here by the results of the recent referendum on prohibition. That trial of the referendum failed because of the social and re-

ligious division between Quebec and the rest of the provinces. Any system practicable would have to recognize the existence of these differences, and such recognition would probably neutralize its value if not render it absolutely unworkable.

Notwithstanding the inherent difficulties attending social reform, advance is being made. The postmaster-general has revolutionized his department, and is doing, in an indirect way, a great deal toward the advancement of collectivism. He has been mainly instrumental, with Mr. Henniker Heaton, in establishing imperial penny postage, he has inserted a clause in all contracts in his department providing that the union scale of wages be paid, and he has departed from tradition and is conducting his branch of the government purely as a business enterprise in the interests of the whole people. Already his example has borne fruit, for the union wage clause is being inserted in all government contracts, and during the late strike of Grand Trunk trackmen the government took an active and authoritative part in its settlement.

A part from the socialism of the Federal Parliament in railroads and canals, in the postoffice and department of the interior, a really great work is being done for agriculture. There are government experimental farms in all the provinces, which have done much toward enlightening the farmers. And what this means to Canada may be understood when it is recalled that the Province of Ontario alone has a thousand millions of dollars invested in agriculture, and this year the new Province of Manitoba will produce nearly thirty millions' worth of grain. The Dominion dairy department is especially active and well manned. It sends a man into a new section of the West, who sets up a creamery. For three or four years he buys milk, makes butter and cheese, and carries on the business, always at a profit, just as private individuals would. Then, having thoroughly inoculated the community with the collective ideal and method in dairying, the government sells out to the farmers and moves on to another community. A few years ago, for example, Prince Edward Island

was buying its cheese. The Dominion dairy commissioner went down to the island, scattered literature, and established creameries, and last year, as a result, the little province exported three hundred and sixty thousand dollars' worth of dairy produce. There is no doubt that the government will succeed in the end in making Canada the greatest dairying country in the world.

Not to lengthen this article unduly, I may refer to social legislation in Ontario, the leading province of the Dominion and one of the greatest commonwealths in the world. A digest of labor laws of Ontario, recently published by the Carswell Company, of Toronto, shows that there has been legislation in that province relating to mining regulations, mechanics' and wage-earners' liens, woodmen's liens, labor on public works, priority of wages, master and servant, trade disputes, compensation for injuries to workmen, apprentices and minors, innkeepers, pawnbrokers, directors' liability for wages, liability of directors for wages in mining companies, co-operative associations, insurance by trades-unions, by-laws affecting employees of railway companies, lien for wages, street railways, immigration aid societies, municipal matters, schools for artisans, public meetings, Lord's day observance, factories, regulation of shops, immigration of children, egress from public buildings, horse-power threshing machines, etc., accidents on railways, technical schools, employment of prisoners. These laws are enforced, and are in no sense a dead letter serving merely to stave off agitation at election time.

#### IV.—REFORM THOUGHT AND ORGANIZATION.

Public opinion on social questions is still in a fluid condition, and its tendencies are as yet not clearly defined. There is evidence here and there of revolt against party rule, with the usual breaking up into groups so characteristic of European countries; but so far this tendency has manifested itself rather with reference to questions of race and religion like the Manitoba school controversy, and with moral issues like prohibition,

rather than upon questions of economics and organized industrialism.

It may be fairly said that public opinion is beginning to favor the state ownership of railroads. This is particularly strong in the West, where the Canadian Pacific Railroad has created intense animosity by excessive freight rates. While state ownership has not been a financial success for good or perhaps bad reasons, state control is within sight, and we may expect a railroad commission to be appointed by the Federal Parliament soon.

The trend of municipal thought is toward collectivism in public utilities, and hardly a week passes but some municipality carries a by-law for the purchase or establishment of a civic power plant or for the taking over of its lighting and water supply. The city of London has been for some months agitated by street railway troubles, and the citizens have sided with the employees to the extent of completely boycotting the cars, and there is now serious talk of purchasing the lines and running them as a civic venture.

There is one question which one hears incessantly, "Why in a new and rich country should there be want and actual distress among the industrious and intelligent?" Those who have labor to sell say it is because Canada has too many people, and those who have commodities to put upon the market are convinced that Canada has too few people. Meanwhile, an increasing number of all classes are giving heed to the deeper problems of social well-being, and progress is being made. A variety of organizations is springing up for the advancement of reforms. The Social Labor party has a number of organizations. Trades and labor councils are found in the leading cities, and their legislative committees, especially that of Toronto, are doing a great deal toward directing the minds of law-makers in channels favorable to labor. Direct legislation and the single tax have various leagues pledged to their advancement, and in the West several industrial utopias are in active operation. "Citizen and Country," published once a week in Toronto, is the authorized organ of several reform organizations, and stands at the

head of its class in Canadian journalism. A good many newspapers, especially those beyond the reach of the largest advertisers, are devoting considerable space to social topics, and it is a significant fact that the Toronto Globe, the leading newspaper in Canada and the chief representative of Liberal views, has, for some years, treated social questions sympathetically in its editorial columns, and its influence is distinctly on the side of social reform in the modern sense.

#### V.—THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL REFORM.

The Christian Church is a noble body in Canada, and still retains a very powerful hold upon the life of the people. Canadians always take two subjects seriously, namely, politics and religion. And while hitherto they have managed to keep these two from intermingling to any appreciable extent, there is now manifest, especially among the young, a desire to square the business and political life of the country with the teachings of Jesus. While religion at first is likely to be applied to economics in rather homeopathic doses, there is no doubt that the tide is setting strongly in this direction. The breach between labor and the church is not so wide as it was. That is to say, these two are beginning to discover that they cannot get on apart. On all sides there is a wholesome unrest and dissatisfaction. Christianity is a divine energy. Unless it does the work it ought to do it exhausts itself in reaction. This explains the flood of curious isms and small superstitions that just now, like an Egyptian plague, seems to be quenching the energies of the church. When the church opens its eyes and sees the larger relations of life to which it must apply the noble morality of Jesus, and sets about its divine task without fear and without sordid questioning as to cost, social emancipation will be made easy. Canadians are a sober, strong race. They will not long rest under unjust and odious conditions, and in their attempt to enthrone conscience as the supreme arbiter in social as well as individual relations they will be led by the church unless all signs fail.



## THE REPUBLIC OF MAN

BY PROFESSOR NATHANIEL SCHMIDT

The republic of man is not the opposite of the kingdom of God, though "republic" has been substituted for "kingdom" and "man" for "God." Nor are the two terms identical, though, as I use them, they have much in common. The great words of man's creed re-interpret themselves from age to age. They renew their strength as they are summoned to bear the fresh enthusiasms of succeeding generations on toward the goal set for mankind. A voice was heard crying in the wilderness, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." A gentler voice repeated the message among the hills of Galilee. The words were the same. But did they convey the same meaning to John the Baptist, to Jesus, and to the crowds that hung upon their lips? Common, no doubt, was the expectation of a new regime, a good time to come, for which Israel should prepare itself lest it be involved in the judgment that must pave the way for its advent. But what kind of kingdom would it be, and what kind of preparation was required? On these questions there was the opportunity of differing by the width of the whole heaven. The Master's thought was too great for his age. It was only natural that the kingdom whose coming from heaven to earth Jesus proclaimed as the highest good should be forgotten for the Messianic king whose wonderful personality attracted first the ardent hope, then the speculative thought of his followers. As he did not return upon the clouds, but grew in divine majesty on the right hand of God, the kingdom of heaven naturally remained on high as the celestial realm where saints immortal dwelt. It did not come to earth; men went from earth to it. The way led through the church, the new theocracy, and as this "Civitas Dei" grew in power it could not fail to be regarded as the kingdom of God. But this kingdom was not to come; it was actually here. When the catholicity of the church was gone it was gradually seen that more souls belonged to God by truest fellowship than

could be drawn within the boundaries of any sect, and the kingdom of God became a welcome abstract term to denote the reign of God over the minds and hearts of men. His rule extends, however, beyond humanity to all things that exist. A modern monistic interpretation of the world may therefore use the phrase to indicate that divine order of the universe which manifests itself in the rational evolution of ever changing phenomena according to never changing laws.

If the kingdom of God is understood in the sense last suggested, the republic of man can only be the realization on a limited scale, upon our own little planet, of a collective life in harmony with the laws of universal life, a manifestation of the kingdom of God on earth. If, on the other hand, the term is taken in the sense in which it seems most probable that Jesus himself employed it, there is in important respects a close affinity between it and that coming republic of man which our own prophets begin to proclaim. Both are eschatological ideas in that they represent something still in the future, that is to come but is not yet. Both refer to a condition of society, an order of life, on earth. Both are announced as good news to the poor who will be redeemed from their poverty, the oppressed who will be relieved of their grievous burdens, the vicious and criminal classes who will be freed from social ostracism and wooed back to virtue by kindness, the little children who will grow up to enjoy the blessings of a better state of things. Both proclaim to man as men the necessity of a reversal of judgment, a changed estimate of human greatness and happiness, a new dispensation as a preparation for the new regime.

There are in the thoughts of even the greatest of men necessarily elements that are external, unessential, perishable. No dream of future good ever arose before a seer's mind so perfect that its realization in detail would be to the world an un-mixed good. No man's conception of

duty was ever so clear and comprehensive as to relieve his brethren of the arduous task of seeking for themselves the way of life. But foolish indeed would be the man who would listen to earth's chosen heroes,—its thinkers, singers, martyrs, and reformers,—without reverence, docility, and a burning desire to know the utmost reaches of their thought, and to follow their example. History teaches with no uncertain voice that what one day seems a wild and impracticable dream the next day may appear, in the light of deeper thought and richer experience, both good and feasible. There can be little doubt that the principles of conduct Jesus laid down for those who would be prepared for the speedily coming kingdom were essentially reflections of what he felt that the life of that kingdom would be. And it is but historic justice to say that nothing has so effectively paved the way for that ideal which now arises before the world, the republic of man, as the Sermon on the Mount. When we frame our ideals and set up the stakes toward which our race is to be run, it may be well to examine afresh some of those stones from the Master's quarry which the builders have hitherto been most persistent in rejecting, and perchance anticipate the judgment of wiser generations by making them the corner-stones.

The idea of a republic is likewise a growth. Webster defines a republic as "a state in which the sovereign power is exercised by representatives elected by the people." That is far in advance of what "res publica" suggested to the ancient Romans, or any communal life in antiquity. If "the people" is to be taken to mean something more than a large fraction of the citizens fit to exercise the franchise, it is a serious question whether this definition leaves us a single sample of a republic in the history of the world. And shall we cease to be a republic when, for instance, the sovereign power of declaring war shall no longer be exercised by representatives but by direct vote of the people? Etymologically, a republic is "the people's business," "what concerns the people;" and this root idea is broad enough to make the word a suitable designation of the common affairs, the organized life, of the hu-

man race. It already suggests more than any other term popular self-government.

The republic of man is still in the future. But the road on which it is coming has long been preparing. Perhaps the greatest stride in that direction was made when the first state was formed no longer based on blood relationship. The Assyrian, Chaldean, and Persian empires did much, the Macedonian and Roman world powers vastly more, to cut asunder tribal ties and to break up petty nationalities, to introduce a common law, a common civilization, a common life. Charlemagne's creation, the Holy Roman Empire, did not prove more conclusively in a millennium than the meteoric career of Napoleon in a few years that the world could no longer be politically united after the old Roman fashion. Feudalism, the new principle of liberty and loyalty in the old category of subordination, and the French revolution, with its old principles of liberty and brotherliness in the new category of equality, had changed the world. Neither the British Empire nor any power now engaged in parceling out the human race into a few great spheres of political influence, will ever dream of subjecting the world to the decrees of the senate and people of some gigantic metropolis. Local self-government has rendered useless any other agency than federation for the unification of mankind. Of such a federation our own republic, with all its shortcomings, has given the noblest prophecy in concrete form. The conference at The Hague most clearly indicates its coming.

This conference in reality inaugurates the political organization of mankind. It brought together accredited representatives of earth's nations, the small and the great, for considering a question of vital interest to all, the *res publica* in its deepest and widest sense. The result promises to be a permanent tribunal for the arbitration of international grievances. Nothing could be more appropriate and needful. Through their representatives the nations declare that the proper thing, when differences arise, is not to say, "Come, let us slay each other;" but, "Come, let us reason together." The human race decrees that the last resort

should not be to sword and cannon, massacre and plunder, but to the judgment of mankind.

A supreme court of the nations is thus well-nigh an assured fact. That the Hague conference be followed by other legislative assemblies is imperative. The question of disarmament remains, and will require much time, careful consideration, deliberation, and great parliamentary tact. If the interests that make for peace in modern life are strong, those that make for war are still formidable. Millions of men earn their bread by war. Millions of money are invested in its maintenance. Millions of children are brought up to glory in military strength, and to look with contempt and enmity on other nations. The traditions of the past are mighty. But the heavy military burdens and the spirit of the age will not allow the question to be dropped. The struggles over it will develop the parliament of man.

It is inevitable that in connection with that international legislative assembly those problems that are now beginning to agitate our western world concerning how the will of the people may most adequately and justly be expressed shall appear with new significance. Shall all nations be equally represented, irrespective of their size, or shall there be a proportional representation? Would it be equitable to accord precisely the same power to Montenegro and to the British Empire, or safe to give some triple alliance votes enough to rule the world? Would it be wise to have a Bundesrath but no Reichstag, a Senate but no House of Commons? Shall all questions be decided by votes of sovereign states? There are already in existence great international parties linked together by sympathy of views and aims. Should not these as well as the states be proportionately represented, and the rights of the minority as well as those of the majority be scrupulously vouchsafed, in the parliament of man? Shall the sovereign power of mankind be exercised only through representatives, or also on supreme issues by direct legislation of the people of the earth? It is evident that race and religion can have nothing to do with eligibility to such a body, or

right to vote in such a republic. But neither is it likely that sex will in the long run form a barrier. For, if but one of the leading nations should become sufficiently enlightened to grant its adult members full rights of citizenship regardless of sex, neither could that nation be required to halve its normal electorate, nor could the others long permit the equilibrium to suffer without correspondingly increasing theirs.

It may be asked, however, what such a parliament could find to do aside from the abolition of war. The answer is simple. There is a host of questions waiting for its deliberations. One of our great political parties, in its last official utterance, expressed its belief in and its desire for the establishment of bimetallism by international agreement, and on this issue gained a decided majority vote. It may be doubted whether the party leaders figured out to themselves how such an agreement was to be reached. Thousands who voted with the victorious party unquestionably had no faith in either bimetallism or in the international agreement, but hoped that the latter would provide a convenient and respectable tomb for the former. Nevertheless, the correct feeling expressed itself in that plank of the Republican platform that the monetary question involved international relations and obligations, and by the confession of the great party now in power in the United States this question therefore legitimately belongs within the jurisdiction of an international parliament. The questions concerning a uniform value of the monetary unit and a uniform system of denomination, a rational monetary standard based on the actual wealth and the actual needs of the world, the average price of its staple commodities and the average cost of living, a national issuance of the currency under international control so as to prevent both contraction and inflation and maintain the stability of the purchasing power of money, an international control of the great distributing agencies of the medium of exchange, the banks, and similar problems must some day occupy the attention of the parliament of man.

If one of the States in our American federation should undertake to levy customs duties on imports from other States in the rightly or wrongly cherished hope that thus the other States would be forced to pay a part of its own expenses, or that the gain of its manufacturers in shutting off competitors would overbalance the loss of its consumers in being shut off from cheaper markets, such an act, aside from its unconstitutionality, would be decried as a stupendous folly, a wanton interference with the freedom of interstate commerce which has enriched the republic, and a very short-sighted piece of selfishness which Congress would quickly suppress for the good of the nation. It is not to be supposed that the federated states of the world would look in any other way upon a nation that should cherish such an illusion or seek to perpetuate such a practice. The various protective systems have been too fruitful a source of friction and grievances for an international parliament to ignore, which has come into existence for the very purpose of substituting the law of mankind for the anarchy of nations willfully attacking and crudely protecting themselves against their neighbors with whom they ought to live in peace and co-operate for the welfare of humanity.

When a very rich man is persecuted in one city, he flees to another city less anxious that the people shall have a share in the wealth it has helped to create. From state to state he runs, from nation to nation, and is never really caught. But a trust is still more difficult to seize. It naturally reaches after world empire. Only the petty prejudices and discriminations against foreigners in Russia stopped the triumphal march of the Standard Oil Company on the way to Moscow. Yet this conqueror was luckier than Napoleon. Federation put an end to competition, and the whole output of oil on the planet is practically under one control. Trusts in the great staple commodities have a tendency to become international, and the time is soon coming when only an international parliament can deal with them. This organization of commerce and industry on the very largest scale is going on with a startling rapidity, and is in it-

self a necessity and therefore a good, causing alarm only in so far as it raises the query whether the people in municipality, state, nation, or federation of nations, shall have the needed wisdom and strength to dethrone these kings with unanointed heads who rule with scepters of gold, and make them not servants, for that they must needs be now, but responsible agents of society, and render every man at once employer and employee, stockholder and worker, sharer in the capital and sharer in the labor.

An international conference of narrower scope and smaller significance was arranged some time ago by Emperor William, to consider measures for the suppression of anarchy. The occasion was one of those horrible assassinations of persons in conspicuous positions by which half-crazed, degenerate individuals seek to retaliate for outrages committed in the name of law against a whole class. The remedy proposed was a preposterous system of espionage, denunciation, and suppression of personal liberty.

But the question of how to treat crime and criminals may well occupy an international parliament. Gradually the old notion that offenders against the life, property, and honor of their fellow-men should be treated as enemies of society, upon whom war should be waged and fearful vengeance wreaked according to the law of retaliation, is giving place to a conception of crime as a pathological phenomenon calling for preventive and remedial agencies, and the criminal as a diseased member of society whose cure should be sought by the most efficient moral and scientific methods, by healthful surroundings, suitable work, needful discipline, wholesome recreation, intellectual stimulus, and above all the moral sympathy that alone can reach down to the roots of the disorder, overcoming evil with good. Here is an inviting field for international effort, with most commanding authority and vastest resources, to back up the work of study, press, and platform.

What is true of crime is likewise applicable to vice. There are weighty questions concerning uniform marriage and divorce laws, wisely distinguishing between what



falls within the range of personal liberty and what necessarily concerns society at large, measures for the suppression of economical and social conditions, interfering with the marital affection and fostering prostitution, and methods for the stamping out of venereal disease, concerning regulation of the production and sale of opiates and stimulants so as to prevent private or corporate interest preying upon the appetites of the young and weak, uniform laws against the adulteration of wines and liquors, concerning the suppression of indecent literature, obscene pictures, and vulgarity on the stage, without interfering with the legitimate interests of art and science, and others of a kindred character, that, from their very nature, are of international significance.

The health of a city is as good as the sanitary conditions of its most neglected districts permit it to be. It is not less true that the human race, this giant organism, enjoys as good health in its various members as its most ignorant and dirty and degraded people allow it to be. If a contagious disease ravages in the East, the West protects itself frantically by exclusion at a sacrifice in other respects. But preventive measures are of vastly more value. And only the republic of man can rid the world of these constantly recurring dangers, increasing with the more untrammelled communication between all its parts that each year brings, by decreeing and enforcing in all lands the wisest possible sanitary and hygienic regulations.

No interest will be dearer to the citizens of the republic of man than the education of the young. From the smallest primary school to the great international university, where any person shall find the amplest opportunity, under the most competent leadership, to pursue any study that can attract a human mind, the whole service will be most bountifully supported and most carefully brought into harmony with the advancing educational ideals, humanity realizing that each child's birth is of vital importance to its life. The teachers who shall mold the plastic mind in its earliest years will not have less honor, or emolument, or security of position than the investigator who shall lead

the van in exploring some untrodden field of research, nor will the competent and upright teacher endanger his position by treading new paths of economic study or theological investigation and by proclaiming results of honest work which possibly mankind may greatly need. With vaster resources and greater intelligence than any present government can muster, wasting its substance in maintaining a huge machine for the destruction of human life and useful property, the republic of man will be able to equip and send out countless expeditions to explore the things that are on earth and in the stellar spaces, and the evidences, now in constant danger of being irrecoverably lost, of the life that has existed on our planet.

Only secondary to this great interest in which the future is wrapped up will be the care of the old. Few things are more pitiable in our present social life than the wretched destitution and dependence of old age, the hopeless struggle for bread enough to meet the needs of each day opening to countless millions no prospect of a rest from labor except in the grave, and to millions the horrible fear of losing even the chance of labor when the physical strength begins to wane and nature shall no longer bear the strain of new adjustments and exertion. He who on a battle-field evinces the physical courage of a fighting bull in a wild frenzy, maiming and slaying the supposed enemies of his country, may secure for himself and those dependent upon him a nation's bountiful regard. He who gambles for a living in the dice or the stock exchange may with the "mammon of unrighteousness" provide for himself tabernacles in which to rest in peace when the evening of life sets in. But the many who have spent their lives in useful toil, increasing the world's commodities, inventing its machinery, discovering its laws, healing its diseases, teaching its youth, soothing its sorrows with heavenly strains, administering its justice, and preaching its gospels of peace, must shift for themselves, and may pray for death to deliver them from the day of the soul's ripeness, if fortune cared as little for their fate as the people they serve. And those qualities which ought to guarantee to a

man an hour of rest at the end of his day ere he passes into the night,—honesty, justice, fairness, moral courage, generosity, kindness, self-control, and truthfulness,—are often just the elements of character which will prevent him from successfully running in the race with the men of selfish ends and unscrupulous methods, who follow fast the chariot wheels of fortune. For its own great ends mankind is in need of the old age, with its ripe experience, its mature wisdom, its mellowed temper, of every man and woman in every land. Uniform pension laws retiring every citizen after honorable discharge from the period of work for the common good, on a sufficient income, will unquestionably be among the enactments of the parliament of man.

It is difficult to believe that the present tendencies, striving to unite the greatest possible liberty for the individual in the community, the municipality in the state, the state in the nation, the nation in the company of nations, with the greatest possible control for the common good of the smaller social units by the larger, can issue in anything else than a republic of man. When it is realized, the court of last appeals shall have been found. "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*" But even its judgment will never be absolutely final. Mankind will cherish no foolish fiction of infallibility. From the humanity of one generation there may well be an appeal to the humanity of the next. The republic of man will not demand of its teachers an oath to teach in harmony with a historic creed, nor of its officers an oath to act in harmony with a written constitution, nor of its citizens an oath of allegiance to mankind. The silly, superstitious, and presumptuous practice of swearing will be antiquated.

The ethical importance of this organization of mankind will be recognized even by those who attach no importance or significance to the fact that the salient features of the programme were already outlined by the world's greatest seer of moral and religious truth.

It may be appropriate to intimate also its great religious value. Its tendency will be to bring about a gracious acceptance of religious differences. The world

has gradually learned the lesson of toleration. But this very word implies an arrogant assumption. We endure, without slaying, or imprisoning, or driving from our community, or perhaps even socially ostracising, those who differ from us in their views. We do not think of being in need of such toleration ourselves. We grant it as a boon to those who really do not deserve it. Hence we brag of our liberality in not doing as our fathers did. Yet our fathers, who sincerely believed that the wrath of their tribal god was visited on the community that failed to punish him who blasphemed the holy name, withheld his sacrifice, disobeyed the oracles or questioned their authority, were more justified in persecuting the disbeliever than we are in merely tolerating him. It is a question, when Catholics and Radicals are begrudged their civil rights, whether we have learned even to tolerate. But we cannot get beyond toleration until we realize the fact that religious differences must of necessity exist, that it is psychologically impossible for all men to think alike on these momentous questions, or even for two men to have the same creed. Identity of beliefs is an impossibility, and therefore a harmful ecclesiastical fiction. A creedal basis for religious fellowship is a will-o'-the-wisp. Uniformity of beliefs is unattainable even where the densest ignorance prevails, and in proportion as men are strong and independent, thoughtful and sincere, their views diverge more markedly from those of their fellows. Similarity of aims and spirit, of methods of research and modes of thought, may indeed link together the strongest. But the truest religious fellowship of our day recognizes gladly and graciously the rights of individual interpretation of life and the inevitable necessity of as many creeds as there are minds. The union of Brahmans, Buddhists, Jains, Parsees, Mohammedans, Jews, and Christians of every stripe in the one great British Empire has been an important lesson in toleration. Our own principle, so largely due to the far-sighted statesmanship of Thomas Jefferson, which makes religion a purely private matter so far as the state is concerned, has paved the way for the recognition of something better than toleration.

In the republic of man differences will not be tolerated, but graciously accepted and encouraged. Representatives of the great ethnic faiths and followers of the great reformers will sit down together in peace and work together for the common ends of humanity.

This organization of mankind, expelling from man's vocabulary the mischievous terms "enemy," "alien," "foreigner," will likewise in time drive out the designations "pagan" or "heathen," "Jew" and "Gentile," "Catholic" and "Protestant," possibly also "Buddhist," "Mohammedan," and "Christian," as divisive, opprobrious, or presumptuous terms. It will teach men the underlying unity of all religious customs and beliefs, cults and myths, sacraments and creeds. It will lead them to compare their treasures and to enrich their own with the best things in their neighbor's faith. Religious co-operation will naturally take the place of the war of religions. That Christendom is divided into hostile camps, fighting each other instead of turning a solid front against the other religious systems of the world, is not so sad a sight as that humanity should be divided by its different view-points into hostile religious bodies, each claiming sole possession of the truth, each seeking to supplant the others, destroying root and branch, the good with the bad, the truth that should be learned with the error that should be rejected. This, too, must yield to a condition of things which will allow men of the most different religious views to sit together in a place that shall be neither church, synagogue, nor mosque, nor pagoda, but the temple of the future, listening to words that shall instruct, inspire, and edify any man, and unite in that simple worship which shall not be vulgarized by eloquently delivered prayers, and ostentatious alms-giving, and publicly paraded penitence, by dragging before men those tender impulses and shy emotions that for their genuineness require the secret shelter of the soul's own life.

By opening men's eyes to the largest conceivable social unit on this earth, the organization of mankind will inevitably enlarge their views concerning the divine

life. The power of the tribal god is measured by the strength of the tribe. When these little deities fell from their thrones before Alexander's phalanxes and Caesar's legions the astounded nations that had feared and loved them gathered them up into a mighty pantheon, and yet they were not satisfied. This empire covering the world loomed up in majesty and demanded one great divinity without a rival, and monotheism alone could meet the demand. The church found in her Lord the incarnation in a human life of the Most High. The grace and truth that were in Jesus blended with the justice and power of a celestial Caesar into a conception of the deity of incomparable majesty and sweetness.

But to our age the gravest problem is how to save the most valued elements of personality in the new conception of the divine life which our changed estimate of nature forces upon us. In a universe that knows no bounds, that has neither beginning of life nor end of days, there is no "before" and no "beyond," no place for an extra-cosmic divine individuality, and intelligence, justice, and love are to us personal qualities associated with finite individualities. It cannot be but that humanity organized, swayed by great thoughts, pursuing lofty ends, directing consciously its energies, working for righteousness, husbanding the resources of the planet and controlling the free play of the social units that live in it so as to serve the highest good of all that flourish on earth's surface at any time and all that follow them, will render familiar the thought of a larger life, conscious and self-determining, that is not an individuality among many, nor a mere sum of a definite number, but an all-comprehensive, all-directing energy, intelligent, just, and good, even as an individual may be. The republic of man will be another step on the ladder that leads us up to God, another aid in apprehending what passes comprehension. The highest manifestation of the kingdom of God on earth will also be the clearest revelation of the Infinite Life in which we live and move and have our being.

## THE POEMS OF EMERSON

BY CHARLES MALLOY

## TENTH PAPER

## "MONADNOC."—II.

On the summit as I stood,  
O'er the floor of plain and flood  
Seemed to me, the towering hill  
Was not altogether still,  
But a quiet sense conveyed:  
If I err not, thus it said:—

Now comes the soliloquy of Monadnoc, as the poet hears it in the mountain personified and made to take on the attributes of thought and memory:

"Many feet in summer seek,  
Oft, my far-appearing peak;  
In the dreaded winter time,  
None but dappling shadows climb,  
Under clouds, my lonely head,  
Old as the sun, old almost as the shade;  
And comest thou  
To see strange forests and new snow,  
And tread uplifted land?  
And leavest thou thy lowland race,  
Here amid clouds to stand?  
And wouldst be my companion  
Where I gaze, and still shall gaze,  
Through tempering nights and flashing days,  
When forests fall, and man is gone,  
Over tribes and over times,  
At the burning Lyre,  
Nearing me,  
With its stars of northern fire,  
In many a thousand years?"

Monadnoc looks far away into the future,—“when forests fall and man is gone.” But the vision implies a look far away into the past as well. The contemplation of astronomic and to a less extent of geological phenomena trains us wonderfully in the use of a “large style.”

“Geology has initiated us into the secularity of nature,” says Emerson. “and taught us to disuse our dame-school measures, and exchange our Mosaic and Ptolemaic schemes for her large style. We knew nothing rightly, for want of perspective. Now we learn what patient periods must round themselves before the rock is formed, then before the rock is broken and the first lichen race has disintegrated the thinnest external plate into

soil, and opened the door for the remote Flora, Fauna, Ceres, and Pomona to come in. How far off yet is the tribolite! how far the quadruped! how inconceivably remote is man! All duly arrive, and then race after race of men. It is a long way from granite to the oyster; farther yet to Plato and the preaching of the immortality of the soul. Yet all must come as surely as the first atom has two sides.”

But the events which we classify as geology are recent in contrast with the larger astronomical cycles. We have learned to “respect the ‘naturalangsamkeit’ which hardens the ruby in a million years and works in periods in which Alps and Andes come and go as rainbows.” Monadnoc, in strict science, is not “everlasting.” “It rose a bubble from the plain,” but the plain was the last of many strata “before the mountains were brought forth.”

It is made to say in this monologue a little farther on:

“Let him heed who can and will;  
Enchantment fixed me here  
To stand the hurts of time, until  
In mightier chant I disappear.”

Monadnoc may boast a respectable longevity so long as we confine our chronology to the surface of the earth, but “permanence is a word of degrees.” Even the heavens will not stand in their present configurations, but the constellations are “breaking up.” Astronomy has a larger arithmetic than geology, but still it is arithmetic. Even things eternal are transient, in spite of the paradox.

But Monadnoc in the lines above is thinking of long periods with regard to both terrestrial and celestial histories.

“The burning Lyre,  
Nearing me,  
With its stars of northern fire,  
In many a thousand years.”



"The burning Lyre, nearing me," says Monadnoc. There are two ways in which we may attempt an interpretation of these words. One is quite definite in its arithmetic. The other as yet transcends all present mathematical data for a solution.

"We know a great many things that are not so." It is well in our comfortable conceit and self-complacency to remember this wise hibernicism. We have learned that the north-star is not to be depended upon. It is not exactly north, and is not apparently always in the same place. In the days of the old Greek astronomer, Hipparchus, it was twelve degrees from the pole. It has in two thousand years moved to within a degree and a quarter of the pole. In a century it will be within one-half a degree of the pole, and then it will slowly recede. It is "going west." It has been a pole-star for a few thousand years, and will continue such for a few thousand years longer, and then yield its office to another. About four thousand years ago Thuban, in the constellation Draco, was our pole-star. It is supposed to have been the pole-star when the Great Pyramid was built. At that time it was three and one-half degrees from the pole. As such it was a circumpolar star, but going around the pole in its diurnal movement it described a circle of only seven degrees in diameter, and thus served very well as a north-star. In its highest and lowest culmination a line drawn vertically from those two points would in the middle of such line show the exact pole, and was thus a geometrical facility in the accomplishment of orientation, or an exact east and west line, which must be at right angles with it. The pole seen from the equator, as is well known, appears to touch the northern horizon. Seen from the pole of the earth it is directly overhead. One degree north of the equator the pole has risen one degree above the northern horizon, and so, for every degree, as we go north the pole rises a degree. In the latitude of Boston the pole, or the north-star, is forty-two degrees above the horizon, Portland forty-three, London fifty-two. But the Great Pyramid in Egypt is in latitude thirty. The pole at this point, therefore, will appear

thirty degrees above the horizon. Thuban, this old north-star, at its lowest culmination, B. C. 2160, was twenty-six degrees and seventeen minutes above the horizon, and, on a line extending from the center of the Great Pyramid to the place of the pole, three degrees and forty-two minutes above the star. It is a remarkable fact that there is a cut midway in the base-line, on the northern side of the structure, which runs in to its center, and at an angle of twenty-six degrees and seventeen minutes, which if extended to the heavens will strike where Thuban was at the above date, namely, 2160-B. C. This date added to 1900 will give us 4060, assumed to be the date of the pyramid. The position of Thuban, this north-star, would not indicate the pole, which would be three degrees and forty-two minutes higher, but the Egyptian astronomer, by watching the diurnal movement of the star around a point, would easily see that point as the place of the pole at that time. This axial point was thirty degrees above the horizon, thus showing the latitude of the pyramid. It is of course inaccurate to say Egypt is in the thirtieth degree of latitude, because Egypt is wide enough for several degrees.

We come at last to the great proposition, known only to a few scholars sixty years ago when Emerson wrote this poem, that the poles of the earth are slowly but continually changing their direction. Accordingly, one star does not always serve as a north-star and one star as a south-star,—for the mariner in oceans below the equator cannot see the north-star, but needs some star which shall help him to determine what is south,—and so both north and south must in the course of the ages have now and then a change of pole-stars.

This change in the direction of the pole is only the other side of a correlative phenomenon called the "precession of the equinoxes." If the earth in its annual circle around the sun were a globe swimming in a vast ocean, the circle it thus described would represent what is called the ecliptic; or rather, if this circle by imagination be extended to the heavens until it touches certain stars all around, then astronomers could easily identify and

indicate the stars making this circle. Let the ocean supposed above be conceived as a plane, and called the plane of the ecliptic. Now, if the earth were well balanced, or bolt upright, then its equator, if it be extended to the stars, would be identical with the ecliptic and the plane of the ecliptic described above. But the earth is not bolt upright. It tips northward about twenty-three and one-half degrees, and keeps this northward inclination the year round. There is no end to the consequences which flow out of this trifling departure from geometrical rectitude. It gives the boy in astronomy some hard lessons. It accounts for the changes called the seasons, and is the ground in part for that other problem, the precession of the equinoxes, as well as the fluctuations in the north-stars and the changes in the earth's axis. It is want of coincidence in the two circles and two planes, that of the ecliptic and that of the equator. One circle cuts the other at two opposite points. These points or pivots are called equinoxes. One is in spring and one in autumn. We make the year begin with the spring equinox. Coming round to that equinox ought to end a year. But the equinox has changed its place and has moved west fifty seconds of arc and twenty minutes of time, meeting the oncoming earth by those amounts. It reaches before its time the equinox which has come out to meet it. It "precedes;" and the event is called precession. This is because the earth is not quite round, but is flattened at the poles, while it is enlarged at the equator. Connected with the precession is a corresponding variation in the axis of the earth. It moves a little to the west every year. The little annual change by precession carries the equinoxes around the ecliptic once in about twenty-six thousand years. The changes in the direction of the earth's axis, which is always the earth's north, describe a circle among the stars twice these twenty-three and a half degrees in diameter once in about twenty-six thousand years, corresponding in time with the equinoctial cycle. North is not therefore a fixed point. It is north where the pole of the earth, if produced, would strike the celestial sphere, but is confined in its changes to the circumference

of this circle twice twenty-three and one-half degrees above described. Thuban, as we have said, was pole-star when the Great Pyramid was made. Polaris has been pole-star for a few thousand years, and will continue in that office for a few thousand years longer. It had to be accepted with allowance two thousand years ago, or in the time of Hipparchus. It was then twelve degrees from the pole. Surveys of land, made by that north, would hardly hold to-day, and the names of the signs do not now fit the constellations to which they were given. Aries has moved into Pisces. Still the great celestial dislocation goes on. Polaris will pass the pole, or rather the pole will pass Polaris, for we have an introverted language for this phenomenon. Polaris will be rejected, the old for the new, as was Thuban before, and in about twelve thousand years this inconstant pole will reach the burning Lyre. It has the appearance of "nearing" us. In fact we are nearing it.

"Astronomy," says Emerson, "is in the mind." We have been observers of but little in this astronomy thus roughly given. The most of it is inference, facts derived from facts. But Monadnock, as a lone watcher of the stars, has seen these vast periods round themselves, probably many of them, each twenty-six thousand years in duration. His memory extends, perhaps, to the time when, for several thousand years, the ice was over him and he could not "gaze" at the stars or even when the ocean covered a larger part of what is now dry land, and has seen Thuban and Polaris and the burning Lyre several times serve their terms as north-stars. How recent were the events we call history. From the building of the pyramids to the present time was only a small part of one of the polar cycles we have described. We give it as a discipline in the contemplation of the "ancient periods,"—of a paleontology which becomes poetic it is so vast, and so is something more than science.

There is a second and perhaps better way in which we may interpret

"The burning Lyre,  
Nearing me,  
With its stars of northern fire,  
In many a thousand years."

We have learned that the "fixed stars" are not fixed, but are in swift motion continually. Sirius is coming toward us at the rate of twenty miles a second. Arcturus is moving two hundred miles a second. Yet the observation of a lifetime does not appraise us that these stars have changed their places. So vast is their distance that they do not subtend a visible angle in the memory of man. But the fact which concerns our poem is nearer home. Our sun and other neighboring suns are drifting three hundred millions of miles a year in the direction of the burning Lyre. By turning the sentence around, therefore, and making subject and predicate change places, we may say that the "burning Lyre" is nearing us. This is a shorter solution, and is perhaps what Emerson had in mind.

We have spoken of "large style" and of the arithmetical measures in which geology and astronomy are a discipline. We have not, like Monadnoc, collected facts by observation, but may surpass the staunch old mountain in the higher mental endowments of conception and reason. We have cause to think from good analogy that these suns, Sirius, Polaris, Arcturus, the burning Lyre, are moving in curves, and that these curves will come round to full circles, give them time enough. Well, there is time enough in infinite time, and infinite time after that. We need not spoil our "large style" for want of time or for want of space. "State the sun and you state the planets," says Stallo. The sun is heavy enough to handle them all. Are these revolving suns moving around some vast central sun whose awful magnitude commands other and millions of suns as satellites? And when we have conceived of such a universe of suns let us go on and try the imagination in the flight that there are millions of universes, with another center more than a match for them all. Then we have not, in this wild dream, the term of an equation too large if we still have God as the opposite term. Certainly geology has no measures comparable with the "large style" suggested by astronomical reflections like these, for geology begins in astronomy, as the earth was once but some portion of a burning celestial cloud.

We have to add that Monadnoc, old as it may be, is yet young in the history of the earth. It is a product, as a mountain, of the last stratum, and is borrowed largely out of former ages. The line therefore,

Old as the sun, old almost as the shade,

must be taken as hyperbole, and is not literally true. Yet enough may be said for the age and duration of the earth as it is substantially.

The estimates of the earth's age made by experts in different sciences, each from the data of his own particular science, have long been notoriously at variance. The geologist has wanted a long time for the formation of his strata, while the physicist has been unwilling to grant it. The biologist wants even more than the geologist, for he realizes that in the time necessary to evolve a man from an amoeba one million years are but as yesterday. Scoffers find in this disagreement of the savants reason for rejecting all their conclusions. Sober-minded lovers of all the sciences believe that from an ultimate reconciliation of the opposing views will come a more accurate knowledge of the earth's origin. Dr. Klein, of Leipsic, who writes in August of some new estimates made from the physical stand-point, seems to regard them as weakening the hypothesis of organic evolution. After referring briefly to the estimates made by Darwin and his school, and by the geologists, Dr. Klein, who has made a study of the subject for many years, says:

Recently physics and astro-physics have furnished still further data toward making an estimate concerning the earth's age that is confined within narrower limits. The celebrated physicist and mathematician, Lord Kelvin, has recently made some investigations on this subject that are of the greatest scientific authority, and hence of universal interest. They show that in estimating the age of the earth we must assume a far narrower limit than many geologists have thought necessary, and that the earth has not been fitted for the dwelling place of organic life during an indefinitely great number of millions of years.

A maximum limit for the age of the earth as a stable molten globe can be deduced from its shape. After the withdrawal of the moon from the fluid part of the earth the rotation of the earth must have been slower,

so that several thousand million years ago the duration of day and night was shorter than at present. But if at that period the fluid earth had solidified, the polar flattening corresponding to the rotation speed would have been preserved to this day. But this is not the case. From this stand-point I have shown that the rotation period of the earth at the time it solidified could in no case have been less than seventeen and one-quarter hours, and that the time at which the solidification took place was probably twelve hundred million, and could in no case have been more than twenty-two hundred million years ago. The latest estimates of Lord Kelvin agree with this, for he concludes that we can assert with certainty that the earth five billion and probably also one billion years ago had not solidified. These are then the outside limits that must be assumed in this discussion, and the question now arises whether they can be made narrower and more certain. To this end Lord Kelvin has been investigating the radiation of the earth's heat, and finds, making use of experiments made in North America on the behavior of rocks, especially of diabase, at very high temperature, that the age of the earth, from the stand-point of the physicist, is not greater than twenty-four million years. The solidification of the molten mass of the earth probably took place in such wise that the interior first became solid, down to a large space near the central point, where the dense metals, platinum, gold, silver, copper, that remain fluid under very high pressure, were gathered. On the liquid lava sea of the surface were formed by radiation white-hot flakes or spots, which in time became spaces surrounded with glowing liquid, and these quickly grew larger. In a very few years the temperature of the solid surface must have been greatly lowered, but as long as it exceeded twelve hundred degrees the hot vapors of zinc, mercury, sulphur, water, and other substances must have surrounded it as an atmosphere. The last substance to remain in the warm envelope of air was water vapor, and as the temperature of the crust went gradually farther, the first rain fell, probably in torrents. Free oxygen, as Lord Kelvin points out, was probably not present in the early atmosphere, in which case it must have been furnished by plants, since there are plants that grow under warm water, and under the influence of sunlight extract from the water and the carbonates dissolved therein hydrogen and carbon to build up their substance and release free oxygen in the water, by which it is given up to the atmosphere. But hundreds of thousands of years must have passed before the quantity of atmospheric oxygen obtained in this way became large enough to support animal life. In any case, provided sunlight were present, some hundreds of centuries after the solidification of the earth's crust it was fitted to support animal

and vegetable life. The only question was whether at this time the sun was in a state to radiate sufficient heat and light. This question is now answered in the negative by Lord Kelvin, as it was earlier by Von Helmholtz and afterward by Simon Newcomb. If the earth's crust had solidified only fifty million years ago, even then the sun was not in a condition to send out the necessary heat and light. Probably not more than twenty or thirty million years have passed since the sun began to emit heat enough to support the slightest organic life on the earth. So, on physical grounds, the age of the organized life of the earth cannot be greater than twenty or thirty million years,—a fact with which all the hypotheses regarding the developmental history of terrestrial organisms will have to reckon.\*

Some of the above reads as if it were written by Artemus Ward. Artemus said that "the earth revolves around the sun agreeably to the laws of gravitation and subject to the constitution of the United States." A hypothetical period which pitches from five billion to one billion years, and from twelve hundred million to twenty-four hundred million, looks as if the writer intended to be droll. He reminds us of the man in the story in his capacity for compromise, but is a great deal more liberal. The man reported that he had just seen a flock of a thousand crows, and when the statement was disputed by some literal, honest fellow, who couldn't understand hyperbole, he kindly consented to take off one crow. Observe when Dr. Klein vibrates between twenty and thirty millions of years. We are glad he uses round numbers. But ten million is quite a difference, and does not cramp the evolutionist.

We introduce the above long extract from Dr. Klein as a discipline in a "large style." Perhaps, after all, though it looks like humor it may not be too "large." In Elijah Burret's "Astronomy," published in Boston about 1856, the author gives an estimate of how much the equinoctial has moved west since the creation. The mean average precession (of the equinoxes) from the creation, 4004 B. C., to the year 1800 he makes to be something like three signs of the zodiac. Even Richard A. Proctor, in speaking of the date of the Great Pyramid as probably

\*Translation made for the Literary Digest.



built when Thuban was pole-star, either 2160 B. C. or 3440 B. C., says, "The next epoch before the earlier of the two named was about 28,000 B. C., and the pyramid's date cannot have been more remote than 4000 B. C." We have made great account of the number 4004 B. C., as if it were a part of the Bible itself. Now that we have got away from it we have got terribly away from it. But it was more than a "dame-school measure" until within a few years. It was a "measure" for Harvard and Andover and Princeton, and all the colleges of Europe,—everywhere but India, in short.

We have dwelt a good while upon time at this point in the poem, because, like Monadic and evolution, we have time enough, but especially as a good introduction to some remarkable lines which now follow, Monadic still speaking:

"Gentle pilgrim, if thou know  
The gamut old of Pan,  
And how the hills began,  
The frank blessings of the hill  
Fall on thee, as fall they will."

Says Emerson, in "Woodnotes:"

Ever fresh the broad creation,  
A divine improvisation,  
From the heart of God proceeds  
A single will, a million deeds.

Emerson loves to think of all cosmical changes as music,—*"the gamut old of Pan."* Pan and God, in these lines, to Emerson mean the same thing. It is the mind and force underlying all phenomena.

And what a gamut, old, of Pan! Sometimes ten thousand years between the notes. And then what intervals, what measures! And the grand *"improvisation"* is not done. It still goes on, *"ever fresh."*

And that these gray crags  
Not on crags are hung.  
But beads are of a rosary  
On prayer and music strung.

A theory in attempt at interpretation of these beautiful but mystical lines will be given in another paper.

## UTOPIA

BY PROFESSOR A. E. DOLBEAR, PH. D.

In 1516 Sir Thomas More wrote a romance which he called "Utopia." It pictured an island where religion, philosophy, and communism were all happily blended in life and society, and everything was always lovely. Since then the name has been adopted for an ideally perfect place, where everything is chimerically good, but practically unattainable by human effort. It is not imagined as heaven or paradise which one might reach after this life, but rather as having a time locus rather than a place to be defined by latitude and longitude, and is always in the future.

The stress of life as we know it is so great for all of us that one must have a longing for existence when conditions allow relief from pressure, and means for the enjoyment of life may be had by all. Doubtless this feeling is often inarticulate, and the life conditions that would satisfy one would fail to meet the approval of another. We have all smiled at the con-

ceit of the overworked and weary woman who hoped when she died she could sit still forever with folded hands and wear a white apron. We know, too, that not a few persons suffer from ennui who have little to do. Idleness and compulsory activity may yield the same mental state. Both of these representatives suffer thus because they have no mental resources, and their utopias would differ greatly.

Suppose all that would be needed entirely to transform the conditions of life and society to an ideal state would be only unanimous agreement on an ideal,—that whatever it might be it would at once be provided. Is there the slightest probability that any change from present conditions would happen? Could any hundred agree upon an ideal? Probably not, and if to-day we were satisfied to-morrow would bring new wants unless among the agreed upon conditions for the change there was a provision that no further un-

named or unthought of change should ever be made in tastes, habits, likes, judgments, and so forth, a condition which would impart an intolerable monotony in a very short time.

Some have believed this to be a very bad world, and have tried to make it better by urging their ideals. Others have said, "Whatever is right," though they have not failed to point out many changes they would approve. Still others have taught that the world is now and always has been just what it was intended to be, that no mistake has been made anywhere, and that the great concern which some have for the world and their efforts made to set it right have been mostly misapplied efforts. Not long ago an able man said, "We are going charity mad," and "our sympathy for misfortune is making beggary systematic." Another one said he was regularly contributing to twenty-six different charities. What has been done in this way has been done with the expectation of moving the world on in the direction of Utopia, an ideal state where there is no misery or want. If it turns out that it is not safe to follow our instincts in that direction, because it encourages mankind to abandon effort and rely upon sympathy, it ought to be a warning to every one to inspect his ideal to see if it be a proper one and approximately attainable.

It has long been the custom among men of all races to look back to what has seemed to be a golden age, when the great, the good, and the wise ones lived. To the Greeks the gods lived on Olympus in prehistoric times. Long before these Osiris and his retinue were the great ones in Egypt. Neither Greek nor Egyptian had ever seen one of their gods, and modern critics describe all of them as myths and those who believed in them to have been simple-minded folks. But the habit of mind which finds an ideal in the past is a habit we inherit. Are there not men to-day who tell us of the great and good and wise who lived a hundred years ago? Are they not set for our examples of unselfishness, of modesty, of truth, of political integrity and high ideals, and this with the intention of the disparagement of many eminent persons now living. The models

lived in the past, not the present, and yet all who have much knowledge of real history know that the qualities we denounce to-day were, if anything, more robust in the great leaders of a hundred years ago than they are to-day, and the examples of the great virtues we applaud in the old ones are greatly intensified and ten times greater in proportion in the present generation. One does not need to read of other days to learn of splendid examples of greatness and of goodness. There never were so many in the world as there are to-day.

If the best of those who lived a hundred years ago could have looked forward with prophetic eye to this last quarter of a century, would they not have earnestly desired to live to see this our day? Everything is so different and so much better than anything they ever saw or could have imagined. It would have appeared to them like a new earth, and mankind really so much better too, as is truly the case.

Suppose that a hundred years ago some prophet had predicted that within the century mankind would be able to travel with comfort and safety a thousand miles a day on land, and five hundred on the ocean in vessels of iron seven hundred feet in length yet guided easily with one hand: that the products of the most distant parts of the earth would be prevented from decay and distributed quickly over the widest reach of territory, so that famine would be impossible because foods could be carried over a continent before any one could starve; that everybody might know what had happened the day before all over the world; that one could talk with another a thousand miles away as if they were face to face; that scholars could live fifty miles from their school and attend every day; that the heating, cooking, and lighting of houses of a city would be done without a fire; that houses would be built twenty stories high, yet no climbing of stairs required; that sugar and other food stuffs would be manufactured in laboratories without dependence upon vegetation; that machines would talk and sing better than some men and women; that admirable portraits and pictures of the most complicated kind, containing details to the last degree of refinement,

would be made in the hundredth of a second and afterward duplicated by the million, every one better than the best which the majority of mankind had ever seen; that daily papers would be made and distributed by the million; that there would be hundreds of colleges in the land, every one of them better than the best then in existence; that every town would have better schools and school-houses than the best then to be seen anywhere; that cannon would be made capable of shooting a ball twelve miles; that the coming of storms and of cold would be known in advance so as to be prepared for; that means for the prevention of diseases would be known, and cholera, small-pox, and fevers would no longer be a terror on the earth; that the body could be made so transparent that broken bones, foreign bodies, and diseased tissue could be actually seen and treated as intelligently as external parts; that irreparable organs could be removed without danger, and some which had been thought to be absolutely essential to life, as the stomach, would be removed without fatal results; that pain would be absolutely prevented in some of the most serious crises in life, so one might have an arm, a leg, an eye, or tongue removed and be utterly unconscious during the process; that mankind would know, not only the life history of the earth, but the composition and condition of the stars, the sun, and moon, as well as their directions and motions, and knowledge be increased a hundred fold beyond all acquired in the previous history of the race; that well endowed institutions for the care of the insane, the blind, and deaf, hospitals for the immediate treatment of emergency cases, where the most skillful surgeons and doctors were to be had without delay; that the proportion of church-members to population would be ten times greater than it was then; that Bibles would be printed by the million and distributed free in every land on the earth, and thousands of societies existing for the sole purpose of ameliorating the condition of any needing help in any way.

All these things this generation has and many others quite as unknown, unsuspected, and unlikely to former generations. These are the fruits of the in-

genuity and goodness of heart of the men of these latter days.

If any had given credence to such prophecies as these they must have wished they might live to see such days. If others thought the prophet was romancing they also must have thought that the land where such things were done was a real Utopia. Yet we who live and have them all consider most of them as the necessary conditions of life, and we frame our own ideals of what is possible, what impossible, and perhaps are in as much danger of mistaking the signs of the times as were our ancestors. Our Utopia, our ideals of what is good but unattainable, may be as unsound as theirs.

It must be kept in mind that what we deem to be possible and what impossible is founded upon our experience, or what we interpret as experience, and our prognostications carry our ideals. What we hope for we do not deem unattainable, but if we count some desirable things as utopian we lack either in good judgment, counting as good things which are really not good, or else we lack in insight, discernment of the possible.

Here it may be well to point out a distinction quite left out of the above survey. Utopia has its moral characteristics. In Utopia is not every one supposed to be happy? Does happiness depend in any measure upon anything which has been done in the past century? Is not happiness a condition of mind, contentment being a prime factor? The accomplishments I have enumerated have nearly all been of a mechanical sort, whereby mankind has been able to do better work or more work in a given time and at a more economical rate, but if these do not yield a corresponding increase of capacity for enjoyment, what has been the gain? Utopia as an ideal of existence is not to be sought for in that direction, no matter to what length it is pursued.

If we to-day live in what was a real Utopia as seen from a hundred years ago, and yet are no happier than were those who then lived, what reason have we for looking forward to perfections of this kind which this century has provided so liberally?

I have seen the sun setting in almost unearthly splendor, among gorgeous clouds and in a sky such as Claude Lorraine or Turner could never match for tints,—hills and valleys, town and lake, flooded with preternatural radiants through their purple vapors,—the calmness of heaven over all. One could know he was looking into Utopia, and could exclaim, "Oh, blessed land, oh, happy people, would that I were a dweller in that celestial country." Such light was never on sea or land, such glory is only over the New Jerusalem. In a little time the sun had set and the glory had departed. Then it was perceived that it was only the neighboring town and its hills that had seemed transformed, and it appeared that what I had seen was in myself. There had been no sapphire sky or golden clouds or purple vapors at that place at that time more than at any other, and if I had been there I should have seen about me only ordinary phenomena, and the glory would have been still farther away. The men and women would have been ordinary mortals, and no more interesting or attractive. At the same time the dwellers at the east would have seen my environment bathed in the celestial radiance, and they might easily have imagined they were looking upon a supernatural landscape and wished they too were dwellers in the light of heaven, yet here one might be all unconscious of anything abnormal about him. Whatever to distant observers might seem to be here, one might be sure it was all in their eyes and there was no reality about it. Would one be in a rainbow, let him stand still. The rainbow is not in the cloud; it is in one's self.

In all the past it has happened that the course of history has never been what men have desired or expected. Changes have come and changes for the better, but the ideal changes have never happened. As has been said, who a hundred years ago could have imagined the conditions which make up what to-day we call civilization? Or, if they could have been foreseen, who would have welcomed them? Has not every change, even one for what we please to call the better, been resisted, whether it was change in government, in modes of life, in habits, in things, either in phi-

losophy, in science, in religion, or in institutions? The changes which men have been compelled to adopt in all of them have never been welcomed, because they did not agree with cherished ideals. Is it not very strange that it is the unexpected that happens?

A hundred years ago Franklin gave five thousand dollars to be kept at interest for a hundred years, and then was to be employed as a fund to help young apprentices in getting a start in the world. Now when the time is up there are no apprentices. Business methods have so changed there is no use for them, and the city of Boston has been in a quandary for several years as to how Franklin's bequest could be utilized without departing too far from the purpose of the worthy testator. A system that had endured for hundreds of years was suddenly ended by the introduction of automatic machinery.

The streets of Boston are to-day choked with traffic because it never entered the minds of the founders of the city that the time would ever come when the streets would need to be wider than when they were laid out. The State of New York built at great expense the Erie Canal for the transportation of freight. In less than one generation after it was finished the railroad had made it an antiquated structure. All know how scientific and religious thinking has been transformed in these later years, upsetting all the ideals entertained for thousands of years, and that so completely that many to-day are at their wit's end to know what to believe.

If one keeps this in mind, what will he think he has reason to expect or to hold for an ideal, even though he does not expect to see and enjoy it? Take mechanic arts. What does one look for? Better ways of doing things? Of course there will be numberless better ways, but does the present way of doing anything cause one so much uneasiness that he adopts at once an improved method? That has not been the case in the past. In Utopia is much account to be made of the methods of doing things? In Utopia will every one have an automatic carriage in which he can ride at will at high speed on common roads at a trifling cost, and thus be relieved of muscular effort which now so



soon becomes tiresome? The natural history of man makes it tolerably certain that such members of the race as adopt substitutes for walking will become extinct in three generations. Nerves and muscles are indissolubly related, and one cannot exist without the other. Will utopians fly? What would be the use of it, except to save time? Time for what? More business, more pleasure? In swift travel now attention to the sights through a car window quickly wearies one, for it is attention which wearies, and a multitude of noticed things without time for proper reflection upon them is ruinous to eyes, to memory, and to mind.

Already we are greatly overloaded and should be relieved of the opportunity, not try to impress more into service. This too is a matter of organization, and in Utopia there should be no sense of satiety.

Is it relief from labor and effort except such as are agreeable and unwearying? Weariness, not to the extent of exhaustion, is physically healthful, and if we were in Utopia to-day we would need to work for the sake of life, if not for its support.

Is it hoped one might know more, that knowledge would be more easily acquired? All knowledge is the outcome of experience, and there is no experience without effort and action. To expect knowledge to be poured into one would be to expect that others would do what one himself would avoid, and is hardly equitable. Is not equity a corner-stone in Utopia? Is it hoped all will be wiser? Perhaps so. Wisdom like the poet is born and not made. Much knowledge does not insure it, neither does it come by effort. Solomon discovered that foolishness could not be beaten out of a man, no more can wisdom be beaten into him. Is it truer science one is to look for? How much does the best we have to-day enter into our lives? What is science? Our interpretation of our experience. Cannot we do that now and here as well as in any Utopia?

What new science will utopians have that we do not? More like what we have, or some or much we now have not so much as a glimpse of? If more like what we have the novelty will quickly wear away, as has spectrum analysis and X-rays and

non-Euclidian geometry? If it be unlike what we have, it will be unrelated to what we have, in which case we shall have to recast our whole scheme of knowledge, and the process will show that we have no real science, but only scrappy knowledge, in which case we should enter Utopia in the "prep" class and in blessed awkwardness of understanding, only to be humiliated to ourselves; but how can one be humiliated in Utopia?

Perhaps, though, such things as mechanic arts, more leisure or freedom from labor, or more knowledge or science or wisdom, are not the ideal conditions in Utopia so much as regenerated society, perfected character, without selfishness or ill-nature, where every one makes effort for his neighbor instead of for himself or equally for both,—socialism of the highest type. If nature be hard on humanity humanity can be easy on itself. So if men be good they need not be lonesome, or jealous, or overreaching. In a Utopia of this sort human nature needs only to be so changed as to work ethically in an automatic way. Does not nearly everybody believe that if his neighbors would always do as they ought society would be ideal? Mr. A's neighbors are B, C, and D, and the rest. B wishes A, C, and D would always do right and he would be happy; so on for each of the others. Each one wants all the rest to be good, and no one sets the proper example.

Is it not barely possible that happiness is as ideal a condition as a rainbow,—that it like Boston is a state of mind, therefore internal rather than external, and quite independent of one's neighbors? Something like this is more than hinted in that saying of Jesus, "The kingdom of heaven is within you."

Utopia, then, is perfected character of an individual, not of his neighbors, but this is not the Utopia we sigh for. What we want is ideal environment, our ideal environment, where not only will nature be and do for us what we imagine she might do, but society will as well be transformed into a different type from any we know.

Are we tending toward any such condition? During the past thousands of years mankind has been living and striv-

ing. During hundreds of years in Europe and in America there has been continued effort by a multitude to improve the race conditions, hoping by laws, regulations, freedom here, suppression there, to organize into an ideal state. Look at Europe to-day. How much better is it than it was a hundred years ago? Who there dares to express an honest conviction on any important matter? The whole continent is but a mob, and the slightest thing is liable to precipitate a continental war. In each presidential election in the United States the same state of affairs exists. Both are as far removed from Utopia as is Turkey or Spain. And why? Struggle for existence. Each nation or section wants the whole world for a market, because its products exceed its own consumption. For markets it fights. Imagine here in the United States a ten-fold increase in productive power in all industrial lines. Would it not mean ruin to Europe? Where there is no demand for work there is nothing to eat. During the late famine in India there were shiploads of provisions sent, but there was a great supply of foods already there, only nobody could buy, for there was no work to be done. It was money to buy provisions with that was needed; for the lack of that they starved. Suppose again that every nation could artificially supply its own market with everything needed or wanted. Commerce would stop. The energy of each nation would have no field for ac-

tivity, and national ennui would prevail. Give leisure to all the world, what would the world do with it? Devote it to art, literature, science? Only those with special gifts can do anything with either of these; not one in ten thousand. The rest must be idle, and idleness can hardly be utopian.

For whom must one be active? For such as have wants which they cannot supply. This cannot be utopian. If every one has enough he needs no more. If he be good he will have no way to show it, for goodness shows itself by doing for others. When others need nothing done for them in any way goodness as a characteristic would become atrophied, and nothing but a relapse toward present conditions would revive moral qualities. Inequalities of wants and inabilities to supply them are the sole reasons for the existence of sympathy. In Utopia will there be a need for sympathy? Can we, then, not be better off than we are? Not if our wants increase faster than our ability to supply them. Utopia, then, is that condition where one can do the most for others, not where none have needs, where the pleasure in existence comes from active and sympathetic interests for the comfort and well-being of those less fortunate,—and this Utopia we now live in. Any other ideal one is either a miserable, selfish Utopia, and therefore misnamed, or it is an inane, monotonous existence without the possibility of what we call goodness.

## WASHINGTON AFTER ONE HUNDRED-YEARS

BY REV. ROBERT E. BISBEE

On the morning of December 14, 1799, George Washington, the greatest American of his time and one of the greatest men of all time, lay dying. The disease which was killing him was called at the time a quinsy. It was a disease of the throat, a swelling of the larynx in such a way as to exclude the air. To save his life the attending physicians used the only remedies known at the time. Among other things they bled him. He needed air, and they drew his blood. He was a

victim of the strictest and most conscientious medical orthodoxy.

In these modern days a man with Washington's constitution lives to the age of eighty or ninety years. There is no good reason why the first president should not have lived to see Fulton's steamboat, to witness the close of the second war with Great Britain, or even to place his wise approval upon the Monroe doctrine. As it was, he died at the early age of sixty-eight, but left to the world not only a

new nation and the triumph of a new idea, but the study of one of the richest characters in history.

Washington was one of the best educated men the world has produced. It is true that he probably did not read extensively, and his spelling would have sent him to the foot of the class in the grammar school of to-day; but we are just learning that reading and spelling are the mere accidents, the conveniences, of education, not its essentials. Washington knew men and nations. He was a master in the art of fathoming great principles. His books were nature and his school was life.

As we read the many eulogies of Washington we wonder at first if they are not exaggerated, but when we make a careful study of his great life, come into perfect sympathy with it, we conclude that this is impossible. We are then ready to accept the well considered statement of Lord Brougham: "It will be the duty of the historian and sage in all ages to let no occasion pass of commemorating this illustrious man; and, until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington." Beyond this nothing can be said.

Washington combined in himself many elements of greatness. With the exception of oratory he was the equal or superior of his great contemporaries in their special lines of achievement. He had a mind as judicial as that of Marshall, although of course he did not have Marshall's legal attainments. His practical wisdom was equal to that of Franklin; in statesmanship he was not surpassed by Jefferson; Hamilton did not excel him in financial ability; nor the Adamses in diplomacy; while in military ability there was no one among his countrymen with whom he could be compared.

Among men of later times he is to be compared only with Lincoln and with that other great statesman who has not yet loomed above the horizon, but who, when he comes, is to bring order out of the chaos of our industrial conditions, and win the second battle in that great

struggle for human freedom in which Washington won the first.

There is a great, world-wide, and irrepressible conflict between two fundamental principles or ideas. The question is one concerning the sources of the powers of governments. There is the monarchical idea of government by force, and the democratic idea of government by consent. Washington was the embodiment of this latter idea. Whenever his name is mentioned it conveys the suggestion of freedom,—of a well guarded but a true democracy. No American can stand for any other idea without violence to his memory. His name also stands for a self-abandoning patriotism. The inspiration of his character and deeds made possible the republics of South America. The struggle of the revolution was not merely a struggle for the independence of thirteen American colonies, but it was in a large sense a struggle for the freedom of the world. Washington's triumph, unless we who were made free by him prove recreant to our trust, means the eventual triumph of the democratic idea in human government.

The life of Washington is so familiar, its history so easily accessible, that it becomes unnecessary to give it in detail in a paper of this kind. My purpose is rather simply to illustrate one phase of his remarkable ability.

I have said that he was a master in the art of fathoming great principles. This fact shines forth most clearly in his farewell address. The following quotation is from Henry Cabot Lodge:

In September, 1796, he (Washington) published his farewell address, and no man ever left a nobler political testament. Through much tribulation he had done his great part in establishing the government of the Union, which might easily have come to naught without his commanding influence. He had imparted to it the dignity of his own great character. He had sustained the splendid financial policy of Hamilton. He had struck a fatal blow at the colonial spirit in our politics, and had lifted up our foreign policy to a plane worthy of an independent nation. He had stricken off the fetters which impeded the march of western settlement, and without loss of honor had gained time to enable our institutions to harden and become strong. He had made peace with our most

dangerous enemies, and, except in the case of France, where there were perilous complications to be solved by his successor, he left the United States in far better and more honorable relations with the rest of the world than even the most sanguine would have dared to hope when the constitution was formed. Now from the heights of great achievement he turned to say farewell to the people whom he so much loved, and whom he had so greatly served. Every word was instinct with the purest and wisest patriotism.

His admonitions were received by the people at large with profound respect, and sank deep into the public mind. As the generations have come and gone, the farewell address has grown dearer to the hearts of the people, and the children and the children's children of those to whom it was addressed have turned to it in all times and known that there was no room for error in following its counsels.

Such are the just and eloquent words of Lodge the historian, and it is hoped that Lodge, the distinguished junior senator from Massachusetts, often reads this glowing tribute and ponders it well. It is furthermore suggested that Lodge the politician, and all other politicians and partisans, would do well to read the address itself at the opening of every political campaign.

No attempt will here be made to give a complete analysis of the great masterpiece of America's first president. I will attempt to call attention to a few of its more fundamental principles.

The first point for consideration is that Washington warned against the danger of undue party spirit. The meaning of this warning is best seen in the light of subsequent events. In the hundred years since his death we have seen a party whose very name indicated liberty, the power of the people, become the champion of slavery. We have seen blinded partisans follow the party name, against all their professed principles, like slaves under the driver's lash.

To-day we see a similar attempt made to dethrone the ideals of the great party organized in the interest of human freedom and progress. Men of evil purpose count on the party name as a talisman with which to entice the masses of the people away from that which they have always held dear. Washington would

have had each American a free and independent thinker and voter. His words implied a distinct warning against that fatal maxim, "My party, right or wrong, —still always my party." "Let me warn you," he says, "in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party, generally. This spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature, having its root in the strongest passions of the human mind. It exists under different shapes in all governments, more or less stifled, controlled, or repressed; but in those of the popular form it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy."

The application made by Washington of the principle so clearly enunciated by him was pertinent to his times. Had he lived to-day his illustrations might have been different, but the principle itself would have remained unchanged.

The great first president also recognized the value of religion and morality. He spoke of them as "indispensable supports" to the "dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity." "The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them." "And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience doth forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."

Among the wise and profound maxims scattered through the address I glean the following:

As a very important source of strength and security, cherish public credit.

Observe good faith and justice toward all nations.

Cultivate peace and harmony with all. Providence has connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue.

Antipathies against particular nations and passionate attachments for others should be excluded.

Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence the jealousy of a free people ought to be awake.

Have as little political connection with foreign nations as possible.



It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world.

Our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors and preferences; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing.

It is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another.

There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation.

Washington based the conclusions set forth in the foregoing on an experience of forty-five years in the service of his country. They are not dogmatic utterances designed to overawe his countrymen and stifle thought, but they are stated in great modesty and are carefully reasoned out and explained. The logical inferences from them as applied to the affairs of to-day are very obvious. We should especially bear in mind that commerce is not to be extended by force, and that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another.

There is a touch of pathos and foreboding in one paragraph of the address:

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual course of the passions or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But if I may even flatter myself, that they may be productive of some partial benefit; some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism, this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare, by which they have been dictated.

We see in the above that Washington wished these counsels might permanently prevail, but he dared not hope they would. The nation would probably break away from them in time. This was the foreboding, and to-day we see this fear in danger of being realized. Possibly, however, this very "Farewell Address" may now be the salvation of the republic, in which case Washington will more truly than ever become the "first in the hearts of his countrymen."

## IS OUR UNIVERSE PRIMARILY PHYSICAL?

BY E. D. BABBITT, M. D., LL. D.

Professor Dolbear's able and thought-stimulating article, which appeared in the August issue of *The Coming Age*, is rich in valuable truths, and will no doubt help to offset some of the visionary, transcendental, and mystic ideas which certain parties are trying to foist upon the public. These ideas, though still prevalent in India, are greatly subsiding in learned Germany and assuming some importance in America. Certain persons, finding how commonly the medical world was depending upon material conditions for their results, discovered that some remarkable cures could be wrought by the more spiritual forces, and so went to the opposite extreme, declaring that there was nothing but spirit in the universe, disease and matter themselves being mere delusions and nonentities.

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As yet the majority of mankind seem unable to grasp more than a single leading idea at a time. Thus, there is a school whose central idea as to saving and healing the people is to get the bones right; and, though the bones are the coarsest and least fundamental part of the human machinery, a multitude of people are rushing forward to embrace the system at exorbitant prices. Others will consider water only as the all-sufficient remedy, and of course this is a most useful element, but human beings cannot quite flourish under a system that sometimes makes seals or fishes of them. Others, still, are going to save mankind through their muscular development alone, although it is a well established fact that mere gymnastic practice, when nervous and mental forces are neglected, does not conduce to longevity.

But this partial method of looking at things seems to prevail in most of our systems of philosophy, one class of persons swinging away into the realm of the spirit, which is considered all in all, and another class becoming regular monists, on the plan of Haeckel, in which all potencies are found in matter. When Professor Dolbear says, "Our universe is primarily a physical universe," it seems to me he is tending right into monism. All our senses reveal the physical to us, and it is very natural to consider the cosmos as a physical affair. But there are thousands of persons who can close the external eye and perceive by means of an internal vision a universe which is incomparably more beautiful than anything in this outer world. In numerous cases, like that of Professor Varley, of England, Rev. Mr. Tenant, of New Jersey, and a hundred others, persons have been able to move around triumphantly in their invisible body and look down upon their coarser body which was lying by itself. A friend of mine from New Orleans was once thrown into a deathlike trance, and the preparations for his funeral were completed. His psychic body, however, was still bound by its magnetic cord to its parent form, but he wandered around in distress, unable to give any signs of life to his earthly friends. Going to his mother he said, "Mother, I am not dead. Don't let them bury me alive!" His psychic voice, however, was pitched on too high a key to affect her consciousness. Then going to his sister he exclaimed, "Sister, I am not dead. Don't let them bury me alive!" Her psychic ear was sufficiently sensitive to catch his words, and she immediately put a stop to the funeral preparations. Before long his spirit was able to re-enter the coarser body, and to animate and move the seemingly dead features. All clairvoyants can perceive at death the part of the human body which is too fine to be visible to the external eye, rising upward through the head. This is what St. Paul terms the "spiritual body," and which we sometimes call the psychic body, from its ability to perceive and act through the finer psychic atmosphere. This resembles the external body, but is devoid of the wrinkles of old age. A mag-

netic cord connects, for a brief time, the head of the finer body with that of the coarser, and when that is once broken no mortal or immortal power can ever again rehabilitate the deserted form. This same clairvoyance perceives the psychic body going forth into brighter realms, possessing a fineness of substance which is no more subject to putrefaction and decay than is light or the ether of space. In other words, it enters upon immortality.

But is not this refined body itself material? may be asked. It is not usually classed with elements of the physical world, but in reality it may be, as it is the finer part of the human system, the invisible portion of the duplex being, man. The fact of its having form shows that it belongs to the realm of atoms, and the realm of atoms is only another name for the realm of matter. So far, then, Professor Dolbear seems to be correct. But there is a wonderful entity that kindles this human form and gives it the amazingly subtle power of thought. Let us see if we cannot learn something of this interior principle of power.

I have spent a portion of my life in searching out the laws of force and of atomic action. I have found that all the forces of the known or visible world are fluids, such as water, wind, steam, or gases, and that these fluids are all entities and have weight. The universe being in harmony with itself, the invisible and unknown must be fundamentally like the visible and known; hence, by parity of reasoning, light, electricity, magnetism, heat, nerve force, psychic force, being forces, must necessarily be fluids, which fluids of course must be differentiated by certain laws of motion and certain grades of fineness or coarseness. I find that there must be atomic channels along the polarized lines of atoms, through which very fine streams of atoms, which we may call ethers, are constantly flowing. I find that these ethers when moving in spiral channels are expansive in their nature, and thus constitute heat or thermism. I find that, when moving on the plane of a vortex through the center of a line of atoms, they are contracting in their nature and constitute cold or, in their finer grades,

electricity. I find that atomic vibrations, which people are forever talking about as the solving of all kinds of force, have no force whatever except as they are combined with this ethereal flow. In fact, the vibrations themselves are impossible except when caused by these ethers as they flow through or against them. This is the dictum of nature, and completely destroys the dynamic theory that scientists are forever proclaiming. Until they can find one case in the whole known world in which force can be communicated without a fluid this law must stand triumphant.

I come to this postulate, then, that the larger atoms must receive their power and life from the streams of smaller atoms that sweep through their channels, and these channels themselves, when once kindled into action, must have a suctional power that tends to attract onward these minute atoms. Again, these ethereal atoms must be kindled by those still smaller ones in the same way, and we may keep on with this ascending scale until we reach the very ultimate of atomic refinement, beyond which it is impossible to go. What then? The crucial point has been arrived at on which all being depends. This ultimate atom must be vitalized, or the whole range of polarization and formulations must cease and the universe fall to pieces. Have we not reached, then, a tremendous necessity, a necessity for an almost infinitely fine and elastic substance, attenuated beyond all conception, swifter than all lightning, called by Emerson "the Oversoul," but which is more properly, I think, the Intersoul? This unparticled essence of being, which may

be termed pure spirit, must be infrangible, that is, it cannot be torn apart, otherwise there would be no immutable bond of unity for the whole universe. All beings, then, including the human, angelic, and divine, must have concentrated portions of this all-embracing spirit as their soul principle, and thus constitute, under the law of evolution, a boundless fraternity that is moving onward in a heavenward instead of a hellward progress. If we are thus linked with God, are we not predestined to an everlasting ascension? Professor Dolbear says that evolution is "the process of becoming different." As I would define it, it is the progress of the whole universe, including man, in becoming higher and more refined and better, as demonstrated by the vast succession of the ages.

We may say, then, to conclude, that in one sense all potencies exist in nature, because spirit exists there, but we could as truly say that all power exists in spirit because matter is ever present. We must learn that spirit, though formless, like an infinite ocean, and unable to work aside from matter, becomes an omnipotent reality when linked with the atomic universe. We must learn, too, that the wheel work of all atoms and the forces of all chemical affinity, electricity, thermism, and gravitation would be struck with an eternal silence without the aid of spirit. Duality, then, is the ubiquitous law of things, even a unity in duality. It requires spirit as well as a physical brain to constitute mind; and even the psychic body must have that all-searching power of spirit before it can manifest its marvelous perceptions.

## THE COMING OF THE PRINCE

BY JAMES HEDLEY

There's a jubilant voice in the forest afar,  
The forest of Thor where the fir-trees are;  
There's a light as of Heaven sent down from a star,  
In the land of the Northern sky;  
There's a song with the cadence of sweeping wings,  
Struck from the wind-harp's vibrant strings;  
There's a chant in the night, and it shouts and it sings  
From the tops of the fir-trees high:  
"Rejoice, for the Prince hath come!"

There are oaths that rise o'er the city's din,  
 There are brutal strivings for wealth to win,  
 And souls are crushed by the wheels of sin,  
     And the hand of Cain is there;  
 There are lying smiles in the eyes of lust,  
 And wine-washed lips are black as rust,  
 And Truth is dead, and hearts are dust,  
     And the trampled and weak despair;  
 "Be true, and the Prince shall come!"

There are ghouls of Doubt that are gaunt and gray,  
 Who sneer when the meek and believing pray,  
 And who cry that the children of men are but clay,  
     And that Death shall be Heaven at last;  
 And the story of old of the Good and the Wise  
 Who followed the Star in the Orient skies,  
 'Til its sweet light shone in the Christ-child's eyes,  
     Is the tale of a dreamer past:  
 "Have faith, and the Prince shall come!"

There are homes of Hate where the nights are long,  
 Where the children frail are the spawn of wrong;  
 And sweet o'er their slumbers no Judean song  
     Falls soft from celestial spheres;  
 And the mothers befouled, in their anguish, cry,  
 "Sweet Mary, dear Mother of Christ, draw nigh,—  
 Fold close to thy bosom these babes that die,  
     And cleanse with thy pitying tears!"  
 "Love, love, and the Prince shall come!"

There's a jubilant voice in the forest afar,  
 The forest of Thor where the fir-trees are,  
 There's a light as of Heaven sent down from a star,  
     In the land of the Northern sky;  
 There's a song with the cadence of sweeping wings  
 Struck from the wind-harp's vibrant strings;  
 There's a chant in the night, and it shouts and it sings  
     From the tops of the fir-trees high:  
 "Rejoice, for the Prince hath come!"

## AT CHRISTMAS TIME

BY J. A. EDGERTON

In the heart of the year, at Christmas time,  
 When the winds are keen and the sleigh-bells chime,  
 When on the hearth the logs burn bright,  
 When cheeks are rosy and hearts are light,  
 When there's ruddy health and hearty cheer,  
 Why, that is the best time of the year;  
 And if you doubt the statement go  
 Unto the children,—they'll tell you so.  
 Go to the little girls and boys,  
     They'll say, "It's the best time ever was  
     In the world or anywhere, because  
     It's the time when dear, ol' Santa Claus  
 Climbs froo the chimbley and brings us toys."  
 Partake of their pure and artless joys,  
 My grown-up brother, world-worn and sad;  
     And learn from the little ones who climb  
 Your knee that the whole world should be glad,  
     Grateful, and kindly at Christmas time,—  
     At Christmas time.



Do you remember, in the old days,  
 How you gathered around the cheerful blaze  
 On Christmas eve, while the winds sang low  
 Across the limitless fields of snow?  
 It was winter without, but what cared you?  
 In your heart was summer, for well you knew  
 'Twould be Christmas to-morrow; and can you see,  
 Within the mirror of Memory,  
 When stockings were hung and prayers were said  
 And your mother had tucked you safe in bed,  
 How you sneaked downstairs at the dawn's first light  
 To see what Santa had brought that night?  
 Do you feel a touch of nameless pain,  
 My brother, whose head is tinged with the rime  
 Of age, while you sigh the sad refrain,  
 "O God, that I were a child again,  
 Just a little child, at Christmas time,—  
 At Christmas time?"

My mind goes back through the ages dim  
 To the shores of the Past, till it reaches Him,  
 The Child who unto the world was born  
 On that far-off, primal Christmas morn;  
 And I hear, in spirit, the gates unswing,  
 And the distant chorus of angels sing  
 That song, whose sweet strains echo still,  
 The wonderful carol of "Peace, good will."  
 I follow the Child through the weary days  
 Of His pilgrimage. I see Him raise  
 The poor, the suffering, and the weak;  
 And He is gentle and kind and meek,  
 Sowing the seeds of love and good  
 And preaching the gospel of brotherhood.  
 I follow Him up the stony ways,  
 Bearing His cross to Calvary;  
 And I see Him strong in His agony,  
 As He gives His life for the human race.  
 Till I feel, of all seasons the most sublime  
 Is the sacred season at Christmas time,—  
 At Christmas time.

There's suffering in the sad, old world  
 To-day, my brothers; there's work to do,  
 A duty open for each of you,—  
 Until the banner of love's unfurled  
 Above the nations of all the earth,  
 And the better era is brought to birth,—  
 To lift the fallen and teach the right;  
 To help the needy and spread the light;  
 To preach, not narrow and outworn creeds,  
 But higher thinking and nobler deeds;  
 To help the world in its onward way,  
 And up the mountain of Progress climb,  
 Till, over the mists of bigotry  
 And night of selfishness, we may see  
 On the mountains of Hope the rays sublime  
 Of the rising sun of a grander day;  
 Till we hear the bells of the kingdom chime  
 O'er all the nations, at Christmas time,—  
 At Christmas time.

# DREAMS AND VISIONS

## A RECORD OF FACTS

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

### CLAIR-AUDIENCE

We shall not attempt to explain what wiser people dare not, lest we be classed with those who rush in where angels fear to tread; but in connection with clair-audience, we may refer to history, sacred and profane, to see what influence this phenomenon has had upon the lives of men.

Think of the child Samuel before he knew the Lord, or the word of God was revealed unto him. It is said that "the Lord called Samuel, and he ran to the priest Eli and said, Here am I; for thou calledst me. And he said, I called not, lie down again. And he went and lay down. And the Lord called yet again, Samuel, and so on the third time, and Eli the priest perceived that the Lord had called the child; therefore Eli said unto Samuel, Go, lie down; it shall be if he call thee, that thou shalt say, Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth. So Samuel went and lay down in his place. And the Lord came and stood, and called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel. Then Samuel answered, Speak; for thy servant heareth."

Eli believed in the voice, and asked the child, "What is the thing that the Lord hath said unto thee; I pray thee hide it not from me, and Samuel told him every whit."

Suppose a child should hear a voice to-day and go to an Eli with it. Would he not be told to go back to bed and go to sleep, that it was all imagination or hallucination? And suppose Eli had thus answered Samuel. He was but a child, and would have obeyed the priest, and the word of the Lord would not have come unto him. Read what follows, and see whether it was of moment to the human race.

Saul, journeying to Damascus, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, heard a voice saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me," so distinctly that he answered, "Who art thou, Lord," and received the reply, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest; it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks."

Do not those who deny the voice to-day feel it equally hard to kick against the pricks?

Ananias heard the voice and answered, else what had become of Saul in his blindness? Surely He who caused that blindness could have restored the sight, but Ananias had not then known of Saul's conversion and what the Lord had done unto him, and could never have said so compassionately, "Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me, that thou mayest receive thy sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost," thus bringing into close communion men who had previously feared and hated each other. Had any man at that time had eloquence to persuade Cornelius of Saul's conversion, would the Lord have used such means to gain the confidence of Ananias in Saul, or, if any of the apostles had power by persuasion to convince the subtle Saul, would the voice have spoken to him?

It is when men have no longer faith in the visible and audible, or when the Lord would lift them above the visible and the audible, that he tunes their ears to higher sounds than earthly tones. The men who were with Saul heard the voice, but saw no man.

Has good or harm been done to the world by these examples of hearkening

to the voice? Have men been exalted or degraded by this following? Heroes and martyrs have followed these voices to victory and to death. Has the world been darkened or have new stars appeared when their light was extinguished on earth?

We might give instances from the lives of Joan of Arc, Savonarola, and many others, and shall from time to time show that the experiences on record of

men to-day are not unlike those of other men since the Lord walked in the garden in the cool of the day and spoke to Adam.

Colonel Coffin's wonderful experience is convincing proof of the efficacy of this voice to warn and save from danger. Can it be the "still, small voice" of spiritual messengers to our spirit who are so eager that they have power to use audible sound?

## A WAR EPISODE

Early in the administration of Abraham Lincoln I was appointed Superintendent of Indian Affairs to the Southern Superintendency, which included the five civilized tribes and parts of twenty-three other tribes. Abraham Lincoln placed eighty-two thousand dollars in my hands, with instructions to go to Tahlequah (the capital of the Cherokee Nation), and ascertain if they were loyal to the government. If the Cherokee Indians were loyal, I was to turn over the money to them; if they were not, to withhold it. At Leavenworth, Kansas, I deposited the money in a bank subject to draft, and then went down to within twenty miles of Tahlequah, where I found the rebel sentiment so strong that it was unsafe to proceed. I sent a letter by a private messenger to John Ross (the chief of the Cherokee Nation), informing him of my mission from President Lincoln. I told him that it was unsafe for me to proceed, and instructed him to meet me the following Thursday at the Crawford Seminary (which was over one hundred miles from Tahlequah), and, if he could bring positive proof of the loyalty of the Cherokees, I would deliver the eighty-two thousand dollars to him.

Arriving at the Crawford Seminary I learned that a rebel company was forming at Neosho, sixty miles south of there. I sent a young man, Mr. Brooks, to ascertain if the Cherokees were forming that company. He was to make the trip on horseback by relays of horses in order to return Thursday morning (the day I expected Chief Ross).

Wednesday evening we ate our supper on the porch at the Crawford Seminary.

I was rested and free from any sense of danger, when I left the table to get a drink from the well, which was thirty yards from the house. About half-way between the house and the well I was suddenly stopped by an unmistakable warning voice, crying three times, "Leave here! Leave here! Leave here!"

Immediately I tried to determine if it really was a voice or an impression on the mind, and was unable to do so; but if it had been spoken in a voice louder than sevenfold thunder it could not have made a more indelible impression upon my mind. I no longer cared for a drink, but went at once and hitched my mules to the government ambulance, and drove around to the front of the house to say good-bye to my hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Kilibue. From them I met with the most determined opposition to my leaving in that abrupt manner so late in the evening. I tried to explain my reasons, which they ridiculed. Mr. Whitney, a man who was traveling with me, cursed and abused me for being such a fool. I refused to stay longer, and we drove to Spring Creek, half a mile distant, but found that narrow ford swollen from a recent rain and too deep to cross. A man near by directed us to a wide, shallow ford four miles above. When we reached the road leading up the river Mr. Whitney urged me to go back to the seminary. He cursed me because I would not, and asked what I would do if the upper ford was too deep, as it was growing very dark. I told him I would drive him back if he wanted to go, but for myself I would lariat the mules out on the prairie and sleep in the ambulance near

the river,—that I would not sleep that night at the Crawford Seminary under any circumstances. The upper ford was barely passable, but we crossed over and stopped with a friend about one mile from the river.

Mr. Wilson and his wife slept at one end of their log cabin, Mr. Whitney and I at the other end.

Next morning, at daybreak, Mr. Wilson told us to lie still, that he would go to feed the mules and bring them in by the time his wife could prepare breakfast. Before breakfast was ready Mr. Brooks walked up to the house and called out, "Is Colonel Coffin here?" I answered, "I am here." Then Mr. Brooks said: "You must leave as quickly as possible. This morning very early twenty-five Cherokee rebel troops surrounded Crawford Seminary and called for Colonel Coffin. They told Mr. Kilibruue not to be alarmed, as they would not disturb him or his family, but they would have Coffin dead or alive. Mr. Kilibruue assured them they were too late, as Colonel Coffin left there the day


before. The soldiers ordered breakfast, and decided to rest awhile and feed their horses, as they had ridden all night."

Mr. Brooks had returned from his mission to Neosho just before the soldiers surrounded the seminary. After talking with Kilibruue, he slipped out through the back door and ran down the steep bank of a creek near the house; keeping out of sight of the soldiers, he ran across the hills to overtake me, if I had stopped with Mr. Wilson, and warn me of my danger.

Of course, we hurriedly ate our breakfast and departed. The soldiers returned to John Ross, who had sent them from Tahlequah.

My son afterward met Chief Ross, who told him that if Colonel Coffin had gone to Tahlequah, or if the soldiers had caught him, he never could have got away alive.

W. G. COFFIN.

 Signed and subscribed to before me a Notary Public in and for Douglas Co., Kansas, this 28th day of August, 1893. JOHN M. NEWLIN, Notary Public. My Com. expires April 13, 1903.

## A FIRE FIVE THOUSAND MILES AWAY

I was born in Rypin, Russian Poland, and came to California January, 1856.

Located in Santa Rosa, Sonoma county, I went into the mercantile business in partnership with a brother of mine. In October of the year 1859 or 1860 I was in the city of San Francisco. It was the evening of the Jewish Day of Atonement, a fast observed by the Hebrews, beginning with the setting of the sun and lasting twenty-four hours. On that evening I went to my room and retired about half-past nine.

In my sound sleep I dreamed of a fire in my native town. I believed not only that I saw the whole town on fire, but I, in my dream, likewise heard screams and plainly saw my father, mother, and the children remaining at home running out in their night clothes. It was a terribly painful dream. I saw and heard their voices, but could not render them any assistance; I felt greatly relieved when I awoke and saw it was only a dream. My lips felt parched. To quench my thirst I went to where the drinking water was, and

as I got to it I realized it was the fast, and desisted from drinking. Then I went again to bed, and soon fell into a sound sleep only to have a repetition of my former sight and to hear plainly the voices in agony and despair.

It left a very sad impression on me. When I returned home to Santa Rosa I told my brother of it, and he cheered me by saying it was only a dream and there was nothing to it. But when the mail reached me from my home, about six weeks thereafter, there being no rail communication then, I learned the reality of that dream,—that it was only too true. On the very night of my dream the fire did break out and laid the town in ashes, and my mother described in detail how they barely escaped with their lives, losing all they had and escaping in their night clothes only. My brother was astounded when I said, "There is my dream. Alas, it was a true vision, and true sound." The incident has made a lasting impression on my mind never to be forgotten.

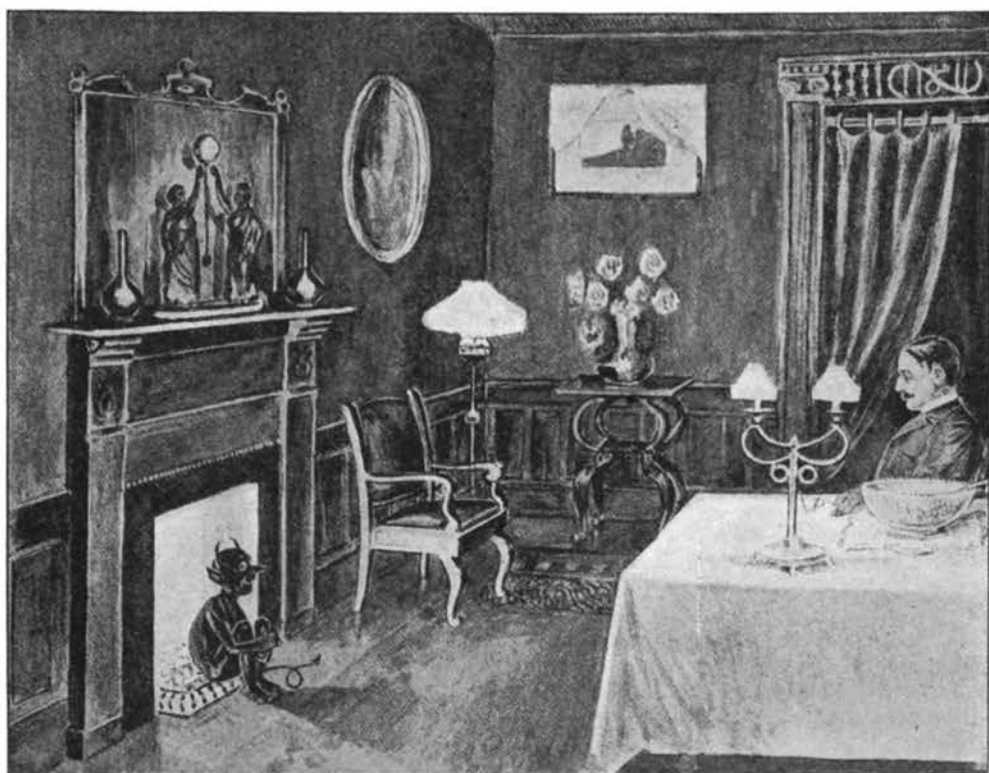
JAMES M. ELLIS.



# ORIGINAL FICTION

## THE IMPLEMENT MAN'S CHRISTMAS VISION

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER



I had been jostled by the hurrying crowd all day. Women hurrying into or out of dry goods stores, toy shops, china stores, men coming from or going into jewelry stores, all were bright, merry, and good-natured. I tapped my own breast pocket to feel sure the little casket was safe which contained a sparkling jewel, fit emblem for my heart's treasure. It was snowing hard, but no one minded it; no umbrellas were raised to impede the energetic progress of those busy feet. Christ-

mas Eve! Who cares for rain or wind or sleet? for hearts and minds are engaged with pleasant works and thoughts, and everything is forgotten but the joy of making others happy. And snow! It is received with shouts of welcome, and people walk around like white feathered creatures, thinking of the merry bells that will signal a crowning joy for the holiday.

Thus I made my way to my quarters in the very best neighborhood of the city, and entered my sitting-room. I found a

glowing hard-coal fire in the grate, my supper spread invitingly on a table in the center of the room. I looked about me with the pride of possession. Not one man in ten thousand could command such quarters; and calling myself a smart fellow, a capital manager, and saying all the very best things I could to myself of myself, I sat down, touched the bell under the table, and looked about me till my factotum appeared.

"I hope you like it, sir," she said, indicating the rooms, the flowers and the holly, and lastly the supper, which was smoking in the chafing dishes.

"Very much indeed, Johannie."

"And then the packages dat 'av come. Die sind kamen all day long. Das piano is all over covered mit die dinge."

"So? That is nice! Have you received many presents, Johannie?"

"Ach, mein lieber Gott—kein. Who send mir Weihnachtsgeschenken?"

"No beaux, Johannie?"

"Bewahre Gott! Kein."

When she cleared the table and brought a bowl of hot apple punch, I placed a suitable present in her faithful hand in a sealed envelope, for which she thanked me in the mixed language she habitually used, and then left me alone.

My mind was full of people. I thought of my married friends who would carry home presents for wives and babies to-night, of bachelor friends who would dine at the club, and of others who lived with their families in hotels.

"I'll never do that," I said, thinking of the hotel fellows. "This suit of rooms and a bachelor's life beats hotel life."

I had finished one glass of punch, and filled it a second time.

"If my plans succeed I can start to housekeeping in good style the first of next year. Marjorie says a year is nothing to wait, and I—I am pretty comfortable."

I fell into a reverie, and presently heard my name called. Instantly there hopped from the red-hot coals out upon the grate the strangest-looking being, neither man nor monkey, but a devilish combination of the two.

"Hello!" he said. "I like you. You're the most self-satisfied cuss I've met to-night. I've made the rounds of all your friends; some of them are getting drunk,

some are already drunk; some have spent too much money this year, some too little—in the right direction; most of them feel the effects of the panic last year, but you—you've done the thing just right, pocketed all you could at the right time and have plans for making still more next year. What would you give me to tell you how those plans would turn out? I don't know? The devil I don't! Do you know? Does any man who can't sit on coals without getting burnt, as I can, tell how his plans will materialize? No, you can't tell; not if you were to be hanged for it, you could not, and there's the difference between you and me."

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Oh, you're interested, are you? I was once a poor devil like yourself, always speculating and planning and wondering how things would turn out, and was surprised or disappointed every day I lived by unexpected results. That all comes of the flesh and the bones."

"What?"

"Oh, the meat and the bones; get rid of them and it is clear sailing."



And to prove it to me he turned a handspring in the red-hot coals, and came up convulsed with laughter at my look of horror.

"Wouldn't you like to do it?" he said, grinning.

"No. You must be from hell, and I have no curiosity or ambition to go there."

"Why from hell, my philosopher?" he laughed. "Oh,"—he held his sides and laughed,—"from hell because it's hot? oh, oh, oh! Now that shows me how to understand you. So you imagine hell is hot?"

"Of course," I said, sarcastically.

"And what do you think?" he said, putting the index finger of his right hand on his nose and leering at me. "I saw a fellow to-day, thinly clad, half frozen, shivering, and wretchedly cold, and he had an idea hell was cold, for the very reason that he was so —uncomfortable. Now, I rather think hell is just what the fellow has too much of, whether it's heat or cold. I mean a fellow in his flesh and his bones, of course. If a fellow likes

heat he thinks heaven is warm; if he hates it he thinks hell is hot; if he likes cold his heaven is cool; if he hates cold he is pretty sure the fire will go out just as he gets to hell."

"So you think it is all in a fellow's imagination?"

"Oh, no! It's in his condition; depends on which gate's open."

"Which gate?"

"Just so. Every man has two gates, or doors, in him; one opens into hell, the other toward heaven. Christmas times the gate to heaven is opened—for a change—in some people. Then you see they have communications with such fellows as I."

"That is a treat, I must say," I sneered.

"Of course it is, though you don't mean it. A man can't lie to me, for he turns black when he does and I know what's



up. But, come now, let me do you a favor. You've been good to yourself to-day and to the old woman, your servant, to-night, so I want to do you a genuine favor. You see it would be best to stick

to the truth, if you can, because the other gate will get wide open and a lot of devils may disturb our visit together. I'll tell you, just to give you a bit of confidence in me, what you are thinking about, or were when I said hell or heaven was the condition the fellow was in as to his—spirit, say," he said, earnestly.

"Well, go on," I said.

"You thought of Dives and Lazarus."

"I'll swear I did."

"No, you needn't; I know it without your swearing to it. I know that you picture Dives as roasting down in a pit, with his tongue lolling out, and looking up to a nice cool place where Lazarus has a jug of water and a big palm fan, and Abraham is holding him in his arms as a mother would her baby, and Dives calls to Abraham to send Lazarus with the pot of water to him down in hell that he may dip his burning tongue into it. Don't deny it, for you turn black whenever you even think of lies. But I am going to tell you I saw Dives and Lazarus down on Fifth Avenue to-day. They were talking



to each other face to face,—Dives all dressed up, and Lazarus shabby-genteel, you would say. Only the fellow who could look through them and into them, as I could, could know the difference. Dives had hell inside of him; he was burning up with fear, anxiety, and what not, about the stock market, while Lazarus had just paid off his last debt and had a heaven in his own heart—was at peace as much as if Father Abraham was singing psalms to him, and in this very fact there was an impassable gulf between them while they stood face to face there in

the street. Yes, it is just the condition a fellow is in."

"But what makes the condition? You say the trouble all comes from the flesh and the bones?"

"So it does, so it does; but only because men think so, because doctors tell them so, and because the flesh and the bones cry out in pain; they want all a man's attention. A man's stomach is jealous of his head and his heart and his lungs and his liver."

"Jealous?"

"Of course; it wants everything for itself and will have everything if it once gets the upper hand. I know, I know. When I was a man I was famous for the feats of my stomach. But there are men living to-day who excel even me. I swallowed houses and lots and horses and carriages, but I know fellows now who have swallowed whole blocks of houses."

"You must have been a famous liar, too," I ventured.

"Of course, men with such stomachs become monumental liars sometimes, but only after they have swallowed such quantities of stuff that they don't exactly know whether they are a house, a horse, a fish, an engine, or what not. They only know that their stomach capacity is beyond all human belief."

I sat still looking at this monster lying to me as earnestly as a preacher does when he pictures hell for his congregation and heaven for himself. He turned several handsprings to attract my attention, leered at me, laughed at me, and occasionally insisted upon doing me a great service, because it was Christmas.

"You have shaken my confidence in you," I said, "by your — lies. I could not believe anything you would tell me."

"I have not told you a lie. No, not one. You may mention what you think was a lie."

"About your swallowing the houses—"

"Oh, ho! Why, I turned 'em into whiskey, beer, champagne, etc., first, you see. It was easy to do. See it now, do



you? Same with the horses. I liquefied everything before attempting to swallow. See it, do you? See other fellows do it every day."

"Yes; I understand what you mean," I answered.

"I laid all the trouble off on the flesh and the bones. If I had a pain anywhere I drank something to ease it; so when there was nothing more to drink there was pain everywhere, and nothing to stop it. Then when I'd swallowed everything the doctors knew about. I died, so they said; but here I am, you see, livelier than ever, following up the boys and enjoying all their games more than ever, from the fact that I can look into them and see the mainspring of all their motives as well as actions—the Dives and Lazarus people of the world, the Marys, the Marthas, and the Magdalenes. Human life is a great delusion. Don't you think so?" he asked. "Now, seriously, don't you think so?"

"I think it a very real, very earnest battle."

"That's what people in this world make of it. The Christian Bible says God made an Eden, man made the wilderness and the Red Sea. God made peace, men made the battle. God sent a Christ, the Prince of Peace, and men have been fighting and quarreling about him ever since. The devils whom he cast out knew him when the self-righteous Jews did not. They did not call him the Son of David, but Jesus, thou Son of God. But, come, it's getting late and I have other calls to make. What can I do for you before I go?"

"Nothing; you're a devil," I said, knowingly.

"I'll tell you a little story before I go. Listen. A fire-bell rang to-day; one man





counted the strokes and said, 'Close to my home,' and ran to the scene, frightened out of his wits; he had no insurance, he suffered a thousand agonies till he reached the spot and found it was not his house but his friend's. The friend, being fully insured, was rather glad the house was burnt. Do you know why?"



"Of course; because he sustained no loss."

"Oh, no; just because he thought he hadn't. Presently the insurance man rushed into the office of the owner of the house that had burnt. 'You see, sir, the danger of carelessness and delay. You were notified of the hour your policy expired.' The man looked at the clock; the insurance agent followed him. 'Your clock has stopped,' said the agent. He took out his watch and continued, 'The policy expired at twelve, the fire broke out at one; it is two now and the fire is beyond control, and will be a total loss.' The owner sank down into his chair, saying, 'I sent my office boy to your office with the papers in time.' 'But seems he ran to the fire, and did not get there until just as I left. I am sorry for you, sir; but sorrow cannot rebuild your house,' said the insurance man. Now this man experienced just the same feelings the man did who thought it was his house. Tell me why."

"He had really lost his home."

"But he was not more grieved than the fellow who thought he had lost his."

"I know better," I said, emphatically; "for the one had a hope that it might not be so."

"You are clever at suggestions; but I tell you both men suffered alike, for they both had the same part of their nature aroused,—the one suffered as much through the belief or fear as the other in the reality."

"I don't see your point, and I don't see any lesson to be taught by your nonsense," I said, impatiently.

"Then let me tell you, you are more blind than I took you for. I thought you might be led to see the difference between the appearance and the reality; but since you can't I'll tell you. This world, so far as men can make it so, is as unreal as the fellow found the fear to be who ran to the fire."

"And as real as the fellow found it to be who didn't run; is that what you mean?"

"Dense as a board. The fellow who ran found out the truth first, and his pain was over; the fellow who sat still, happy in delusion, had the truth brought to him, when too late to save his house, but in time to save himself from being tardy and careless again. Everything is done to save men from their own delusions and bring to them the truth."

"So I see," I said, beginning to respect this sharp fellow, who was deeper than I suspected.

"You didn't come to see me to-night,—I came to see you; as your guest you should be polite to me, and you have been. You are a pretty good fellow. Now I want to ask you, Are you ever sick?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"I want to tell you this; find out how you've sinned, where you've sinned, and you'll begin at the right place. No man was ever sick who had never sinned."

"It is written that Christ suffered," I said, knowingly.

"Because he assumed the humanity of the Jewish race with all its hereditary sin."

"Oh, ho! Then I might suffer for my father's sins."

"So it is written, but you can lessen your sufferings by refusing to sin yourself. As long as any man thinks wrong, acts wrong, and sins, you are liable to suffer directly or indirectly; but try to help yourself right. Love God and your neighbor."

"What is the first step to the right way of living?"



"The true way of thinking,—learn the truth and live it."

"Can a devil know the truth? Can he ever see a truth?" I asked, earnestly.

"Certainly; devils are smart fellows and can see a truth, of course; but they do not hold to it and live it."

"That is the only difference between devils and angels, then?"

"The greatest difference, yes. We see, we know, and we are always intending to begin to live right, but the straight path is too narrow for us. We like a broad road with lots of wayside inns. We live in the senses, the delusions, while angels live in the soul and reality."

"But how is it, when you can see and know the result, you keep on?"

"Because we don't see it and know it long enough to live it. It isn't the seeing and knowing that makes angels, but the doing, the living of the right. Christians see the example of their Christ, but they don't live after it, and therefore don't become like him."

"But," I said, turning uneasily in my chair, "you didn't come to preach me a sermon?"

"No! I know what you're thinking about. You want to know how your plans will turn out," he said, winking.

"Yes."

"You can always know positively by the motive."

"The motive?"

"Yes; that is the secret. If you work faithfully, earnestly, honestly, so much so that you don't fear for God himself to examine your work, he will look out for the result. He is a great Master, and cannot do little things. If you do a good thing he will do a better, depend upon that; but above all when you do a good thing don't take the credit of it, but give the Lord the credit."

"You are a strange devil," I said. "You are better than a preacher."

"Not better, but smarter," he laughed.

"That's all you know about the—" I was ashamed to say it.

"About your luck,—the result of your plans?" he laughed. "You'll turn black if you lie; say it out."

"Yes."

"What, don't you recognize that I have given you the truth, the right way to peace, health, and happiness? and yet you would rather know how your investments will turn out next year. Oh, man, you are like a woman who leaves her household duties and goes after a fortune-teller to find out whom she will marry. Know the truth and live it. Seek the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, and all things else shall be added. I shall leave you now to your own reflections, and seek a better man."

"Stay," I said. "Why don't you, now that you know all this, do it,—cease to be a devil, and become an angel?"

He shook his head, and laughed. "Just for the same reason that you don't. I want to know more about how my own plans will turn out than about how God's plans will be lived. I am always thinking I will take time to attend to his work, or to working out his laws, but I have so much of my own to attend to that I don't find time. And yet," he laughed,— "you—you call yourself a man and me a devil. We are strangely alike, and before I say good-bye I'll tell you there are no devils except men who live in antagonism to God's love and law."

I wanted to keep him, to question him, for he was the wisest imp I ever met; but he leered at me most horribly, said he must see another fellow, and off he went.

I awoke, I told myself it was a dream; but it was a dream that changed the whole current of my life, and here I sit again before my fire in my happy home with wife and children around me, and all my blessings have come by trying to learn the truth and live it. You say by taking the advice of a devil! Well, no; but by recognizing the truth even when a devil speaks it.



# WHO HATH SINNED?\*

## THE STORY OF A SCIENTIST

### CHAPTER XXXI.

I am content to work on and watch the dawning of the coming age, when men will cease to war against evil with its own weapons, and overcome it with good, as Louis Heine and his pupils are doing. When, instead of grieving over the sacrifice of one we love, we turn, as Ruth did after that sad awakening, to save others from being sacrificed.

Time and experience developed the fact that we could not send these regenerated men out into the world with its inharmonious vibrations. Thus a new problem faced us; but Mr. Heine and Ruth were equal to the emergency.

There were men representative of every profession and business here. We had learned lawyers that had reached a plane where they saw that a higher than human law is most effective to govern men. They had reached, so to speak, a point where they could plead the cause of their clients in a stronger, more effective way than in the courts of law, and they determined to give to the world a new and higher jurisprudence.

Mr. Heine saw at once that he could within the institution find every resource for conducting an enterprise such as he contemplated, and in doing so furnish employment for many persons who dreaded contact with the world where they had proved themselves unequal to its temptations. In a few years we had quite a village.

There is no business or occupation here that does not aim at the highest ideal of perfection. Our churches are the very portals to heaven, for our ministers have seen the glory of God made manifest and preach his love. Every man knows his neighbor in this town, for each man had

fallen among thieves before he came, and here he finds only good Samaritans.

Our women are like ministering angels, adored by the men they have worked to save. The children are the fairest, bravest, and best. They do not see degradation in fallen men or women; they see opportunities to serve God in the most Christlike way, and even the tiny ones say, when they see a wreck come in for treatment and education in our school, "He was born blind, and we shall see Christ will open his eyes right here;" or, pointing to the memorial windows in the chapel, say, "The Good Shepherd will leave the ninety and nine that have not strayed, and come to this lost sheep and carry it safely home."

Oh, the joy of living and working in His vineyard!

There are no idlers, no dependents here. Manhood is not sacrificed, nor the burden taken from one man's shoulders and laid upon another's. A man is put in condition to work, and then suitable employment furnished him to earn his livelihood.

The tie that binds this community together is found nowhere else in all my knowledge. There is no striving to excel by mad competition, but all look to one ideal, all work for the love of man and the glory of God, and follow the golden rule. Perhaps we had never known how perfect the harmony attained but for an oratorio rendered by our people. When those voices united in "The Creation" we knew our labor had been crowned with highest success. Travelers come to this Mecca and read a new lesson, and no longer believe the great are only those who take cities, but they who overcome themselves.

No men have finer, grander opportunities to serve God and man than the sci-

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entists, for they above all find that dividing line, that discrete degree, which ever marks the higher life and forces the scientist to know he is but man, and of himself he can do nothing. The silent, secret force which beals the wound or restores to health he cannot touch and handle, but during all his scientific career he pursues as it were the fleeting vision of a sublime figure forever eluding his grasp.

The school, too, was enlarged, one department taking boys from eight years, and we found all of our best teachers among our old pupils, for no other men could know so well the weaknesses and the needs of young men and young boys who are being reared in the wisdom of innocence. There is no department of education neglected here, and as the spiritual man depends upon the natural, as the house upon its foundation, so we see to it that a good natural foundation is laid by a good natural life; the spiritual man is born of the spirit, later in life as it were. They have symmetrical training; so there are no lopped trees in our orchard, no withered vines in our vineyard. We gather them in at all ages, and the heaven is wonderful in its power to leaven the whole. The young who come to us go out strong with shield and buckler and armor to resist the temptations that overcame the unfortunate ones who had to learn their lessons by terrible experience in order to become true teachers of the generation.

When the day is done they gather in the chapel or hall. There is one place sacred to them all. I have never seen aught but reverence there. There where the silent lesson is given in the portraits on the wall,—the child, the youth on the threshold of the world, the man with his foot upon the dangerous journey, the weary, haggard look already stamping the brow and eyes; then the regenerate man who was born blind, whose eyes were opened, and this picture hangs under the jeweled window, typical of the miracle wrought in himself. Last on that side of the wall is the beautiful Violet washed ashore. On the opposite side stands a marble bust, white and pure as the snows from heaven, so perfect in its likeness that it seems to be calmly waiting for the spirit to return and give it life;

and yonder great marble urn,—great in its purity, its splendor, its history, its silent appeal to pause, and think, and learn from it! The letters inlaid in gold speak with a voice that never ceases to reverberate in our hearts—"Adiel."

When all are gone Lucia steals in alone. She begins at the baby picture, and pauses a moment to gaze on each; but dwells longest before the bust, and sometimes pauses to twine her arms around its neck, but seldom does she pause before that vase without bowing low and clasping her hands in prayer. Oh, faithful heart! Somewhere, some day I know those loving arms shall twine around the living spirit of that lost love, as I once heard him say to thee!

I see her now in this attitude of prayer. Rose, our little Rose, who has glided in and stands beside her, bows silently and clasps her hands in prayer, and when Lucia lifts her head she asks:

"Lucia, mamma Lucia, who was Adiel?"

Lucia pauses and looks around, but does not see me; for I have come up to hear the evening hymn upon the great pipe organ (for we have a grand organ and a great organist, and all revel in the glorious music). I waited here loath to lose one vibration, and Lucia seems to have done the same. I listen for her answer to the child.

"Who was Adiel?"

"Adiel," said Lucia, taking the child's hand, and turning so that the sunlight crowning the jeweled window of the Good Shepherd bathed her face in its soft light,—"Adiel was once a little boy, so sweet, so beautiful that he won all hearts; he grew older, and he held those hearts still fast; older, and he won honor and power; older, and he took such hold of those who loved him that their lives were bound up in his, and in loving him he made them suffer so" (I could hear the quaver in her low, intense voice) "as to crush out of them all thought of anything but agony, hope, fear, and love. He lived longer, and ground their hearts down like incense purified by fire; and he crowned his life by a victorious death which still enthalls all who loved him. Adiel! Who was Adiel? He but for whom neither you nor I would be standing here; but for



whom the very building we stand in were not, and its foundation might yet lie in virgin stone. Adiel! Hark, the glad shout of the boys at play. Adiel is there! Hark, the great bell rings out the hour. Adiel is there. See, through the open door his mother and her husband, his grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. Heine, watching the moonbeams kiss the sunset. Adiel is there. Come, you and I, and you, too, Dr. Spencer" (I joined them), "must see the glories of the parting day, in earth, in sky, on the great sea; and look where we will, go where we may, we carry our beloved's memory and may say Adiel is there. Who was Adiel, little one? Ah, more to you, alive or dead, than any other man. Through Adiel you came to us, through Adiel you remain. Ah, doctor, his very sins were as productive of good as other men's virtues. Was it an evil tree that bore good fruit always? The fatal love that brought so much sorrow to him, and probably to Violet, blooms like a garden for her husband and her orphaned child.

"Did you ever know any one human being whose life on earth meant so much to others? He came like a child actor who grew up on the stage before us, played out a great tragedy, and died leaving the pathway shorn of the thorns that might have torn the feet of others. He is here,—to me as sensibly here as ever in his life, the very spirit of all this great, good work."

We had by this time joined the family. Mrs. Noel leans upon her husband's arm, and Dr. and Mrs. Heine stand near them, all rapt in that beautiful sunset on the sea. Louis, that prince among men, with his wife's hand drawn through his arm, still clasped in his own, looks out. I see that his eyes, clear and sharp as the eagle's, soften too as they fall upon Lucia and Rose. I would that you could see him as I see him standing there with the idol of his heart. She does not grow old. The fragile form retains its youthful shape, the pale face its simple, childlike expression, and the silvery hair, made so in that one short hour of grief when it floated over her dying boy, reminds me of the first fair curls that encircled her baby brow, as though the passing hand of her dying child had lovingly driven the dark

shadows from her head and by some spiritual power called back the crown of light that first lay upon her innocent head.

"Our friends do not die," she said to us one day. "My child is more consciously alive to me than ever in his material body. I live, and become more puzzled every day to find how few people believe in the immortality of the soul; for surely where there is a vague, uncertain feeling of its form and shape there must necessarily be a doubt of its individual existence in the spirit, just as separate and distinct from other angels or spirits as in this world they had separate individualities."

I have lived and suffered long enough to believe in the immortality of the human soul. My faith was but a grain of mustard seed, small indeed, but the promise was fulfilled that, if like the grain of mustard seed it contained a living principle, it would grow into a tree where the fowls of the air (all of my own thoughts of every kind and description) might come to rest in the night of sorrow or gloom. Yes, yes, that faith which is even as the grain of mustard seed is an all-saving faith.

As I sit here pondering these things, Adiel's last words come to me, "Which of us would, if we could, change aught in these lives, sad as they at times have seemed to be, for if it had not been as it was it could not be as it is." As Adiel said, I, too, feel that mine eyes have been touched, and that in all the wondrous way I see His hand.

When I think of my darling Ruth's sorrows, and how we suffered to see them, I know now it was the chastening and not the chastising rod. When I think of our dear boy, Adiel, I would rather he had lived and suffered and died as he did, than to have been a prince of this world. How many will be the better for his suffering, because of the knowledge we gained through him of other men? Our friends do not die. They pass from one condition of life to another, from one influence over our being to another. In life they touch and awaken only the external side of our nature; in death they touch and awaken the spiritual side of us and conjoin us to their own spiritual societies.

Those are not our dearest and best beloved friends on earth who live only in our external lives, who give us the greatest pleasure on the material plane; but those who by some fault or weakness sink the plowshare deep beneath the surface of our lives and stir up a new soil that has never been penetrated before, and plant there seeds that grow mayhap in tears and sorrow, but which bloom and fruit perennially.

Such had been our Adiel. A weaker love had not borne such fruit. A life of hope and worldly ambition realized in him might have ended in pomp of burial and a monument of white marble. But that life of temptation and combat and spiritual victory persists with ever widening influence, a vital thing that strikes root in the rich soil of every heart that learns his history and works out the problem on a higher plane.

Would we call him back to earth again? Would we clothe him with the flesh, and thus limit him to this earth life and exter-

nal or natural influence over those he loves, and rob him of that higher spiritual association that he brings to us and uses for the highest good to all? Nay, verily; for yet a little while and we shall see him, for we shall be like him.

I recall Lucia's words, and I know they are true. The fire he built for us to pass through burned out the grosser loves of our lives, and though the ordeal was great we love him all the more; for he drew us nearer together, and drew us near to Him who loved us and taught us how to love. He planned for us through God's help a nobler work to man. I could have written a story and given scientific deductions. I have told the facts, pausing only to recall the thoughts and feelings, and impressions and results such facts elicited, and have left the reader to compare these lives with others that may come within his influence, hoping it may touch a similar chord and cause him to unite with us in our great work that in the coming age will bless all mankind.

#### THE END.

Man was created to be love and truth visible.

Never read a book that exalts unworthy lovers.

False ideas, misnamed worldly wisdom, are man's greatest misfortune.

A life of gladness is the good man's life, resulting from the performance of good deeds.

How often have you stolen from your fellow-man, by detracting from his good name or deeds?

The power of your presence is in the peace you wear in your face and the music of a kind voice.

The intellect is satisfied with truth and principles. The heart desires the perfection of love in personality.

The man who sees nothing pleasant in life but what he eats and drinks is no better than the cattle in the field.

If you backbite people, do not do so at table; with every mouthful of food you appropriate to yourself the curse of the cannibal.

A thought for good or evil reaches its destination upon wings, and having performed its mission to others returns to us by the same swift course.

# HEALTH AND HOME

EDITED BY

MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

## THE SURE WAY OF ATTAINING A LONG AND HEALTHFUL LIFE

BY LEWIS CORNARO

### CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

#### A LETTER TO SEIGNIOR BARBARO, PATRIARCH OF AQUILEA, CONCERNING THE METHOD OF ENJOYING A COMPLETE HAPPINESS IN OLD AGE.

Some sensual persons give out that I have troubled myself to no purpose in composing a treatise concerning sobriety, and that I have lost my time in endeavoring to persuade men to the practice of that which is impossible; that my advices will prove as useless as the laws which Plato would have established in his commonwealth, the execution of which was so difficult that he could never prevail upon any man to receive them; and that what I have written upon this subject will meet with no better success. I find this comparison is by no means just, since I practiced what I teach a great many years before I wrote upon it; that I never would have put pen to paper had I not known by my own experience that this practice was not impossible, that it is likewise very useful and very prudent, and this was the motive which prevailed upon me to publish it. In a word, I have been the occasion of a great many persons practicing it, who find themselves the better for so doing, so that the laws of Plato have no resemblance to the advices which I give. But such persons who deny themselves nothing that they may gratify their sense do not care to give me their approbation. However, I pity these men, tho' they deserve for their intemperance to be tormented in their old days with a complication of distempers, and to be the victims of their passions a whole eternity. I am, etc.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### OF THE BIRTH AND DEATH OF MAN.

That I may not be deficient in that duty of charity which all men owe to one another, or lose one moment of that pleasure which

the enjoyment of life affords, I will again write to inform those who do not know me of what they who are acquainted with me have known and seen. What I am going to say will be looked upon as impossible or incredible, but at the same time nothing is more certain, it being what a great many know, and what is worthy to be admired by all posterity. I am now ninety-five years of age, and I find myself as healthful and brisk, and as airy, as if I were but twenty and five years old.

What ingratitude should I be guilty of did I not return thanks to the Divine Goodness for all his mercies reached out unto me. Most of your old men have scarce arrived to sixty, but they find themselves loaded with infirmities. They are melancholy, unhealthful, always full of the frightful apprehensions of dying; they tremble day and night for fear of being within one foot of their graves, and are so strongly possessed with the fancy of it that 'tis a hard matter to divert them but for a moment from that doleful thought. Blessed be God, I am free from their ills and terrors. 'Tis my opinion that I ought not as yet to abandon myself to that vain fear. This I will make appear by the sequel, and will also evince how certain I am of living an hundred years. But that I may observe a method in the subject I am treating of, I will begin with the birth of man and end with his death.

I say, then, that some bodies are born with so bad a constitution that they live but few days or months. Whether this proceeds from the bad constitutions of the parents, or from the influences of the stars, or from a weakness of nature which derives this defect from some foreign cause, is hard to determine. For it is not likely that nature, as she is the common parent of all mankind, should be guilty of overfondness to some of her children and of cruelty toward others.

Since we are not able to discover the true reason from whence the shortness of our

lives proceeds, it is in vain to inquire into the cause of it. 'Tis enough to know that there are bodies which die almost as soon as they are born.

Others are born well shaped and healthful, but of a tender make; and some of these live ten, twenty, thirty, or forty years, without being able to attain to that period which is called old age.

Others there are who bring along with them a strong constitution into the world, and they indeed get to be old; but then they are so decrepit and unhealthful, as hath been already observed, bringing upon themselves all the distempers they labor under, because they trusted too much to the strength of their constitution. They are unwilling to alter their course of life, and make no difference between their being old and young, as if they were to be as vigorous at fourscore as in the flower of their days. By this means they never correct their conduct, nor make any reflection that they are old, that their constitution decays, that their stomach loses every day something of its natural heat, and for that reason they ought to be more careful both of the quality and quantity of what they eat and drink. They are of opinion that, a man's strength impairing as he grows into years, he ought to repair and support it by a greater quantity of food. They fancy that to eat a great deal preserves their lives, but therein they are mistaken; for, the natural heat beginning to decay, they overcharge it with too much food, and prudence requires that a man should proportion his diet to his digestive faculties. This is certain, that the peccant humors proceed from an imperfect digestion, and there is but little good chyle made when the stomach is charged with fresh aliments before it has thrown off the former meal's meat into the intestines. It cannot then be urged too often that when the natural heat begins to decay 'tis necessary for the preservation of health to abate the quantity of what one eats and drinks every day, nature requiring but very little for the support of the life of man, especially that of an old man.

However, instead of taking this course, most old people continue to live as they did formerly. If they had stinted themselves in time they would at least have arrived to my years, and enjoyed as long a life as myself, since they brought into the world a strong constitution. They might have lived so long at least, I say, for they might have arrived to sixscore, as a great many others who lived soberly have done, whom we have known ourselves or have heard of by tradition, provided always that they had as happy a constitution as those people. Had I been as well made, I would not question but I might prolong my days to that date, but, because I was born with a tender constitution, I cannot hope to live above a century; and even they who are of no stronger make

than myself may, by living soberly as I do, easily attain to the same period.

Nothing seems more delightful than this certainty of a long life, whilst the rest of mankind, who observe not the rules of sobriety, are not sure of seeing the next day. This expectation of a long life is founded on such natural consequences as can never fail. It is next to impossible that he who leads a regular and sober life should fall sick or die a natural death before the time that nature has prescribed. I say he cannot die before that time, because a sober life prevents that corruption which feeds our distempers, which cannot be produced without a cause; and, if there is no bad one reigning, there can be no fatal effect or violent death.

There is no question to be made but that a regular life puts at distance the sad hour of our death; since 'tis able to keep the humors in an exact temperature; whereas, on the contrary, gluttony and drunkenness disturb, heat, and put them into a ferment, which is the origin of catarrhs, fevers, and almost all the accidents which hurry us to our graves.

However, tho' sobriety which preserves us from abundance of disasters may repair what excess has impaired, yet it must not be supposed that it will make a man immortal. It is impossible but that time, which effaces all things, should likewise destroy the most curious workmanship of nature. That which had a beginning must needs have an end; but man ought to end his days by natural death; that is, without any pain, as they will see me die when the radical moisture shall be quite exhausted.

I find this principle of life still so perfect in me that I promise myself still to be at some distance from my last day; and I fancy I am not mistaken, because I am healthful and brisk, relish all I eat, sleep quietly, and in a word none of my senses fail me. I have still a lively fancy, a happy memory, a sound judgment, a strong heart, and my voice is more tunable than ever (tho' the first organ that fails), so that I can chant forth my office every morning without any prejudice to my lungs, and more easily than I could in my youth.

All these are infallible signs that I have a great while still to live, but that my life shall end whenever it please God. How glorious will it then be, having been then attended with all the happiness this world can afford, since age has freed me from the slavery of my passions. A prudent and regular old age conquers and eradicates them, prevents them from bringing forth any envenomed fruits, and changes all the ill thoughts which youth inspires into those that are good.

Being no longer a slave to sense, I am not troubled with the thoughts that my soul shall one day be separated from the body. I am no longer disturbed with anxious fears and racking cares, nor vexed at the loss of that which is not really mine. The death of



my friends and relations occasions no other grief in me than that of the first movement of nature, which cannot be avoided, but is of no long continuance.

I am still less moved at the loss of any temporal good, so afflictive to a great many persons. This is only the happiness of those that grow old by sobriety, and not of those persons who by virtue of a strong constitution arrive to such an age, notwithstanding their excesses. The one enjoys a foretaste of heaven even in this world, whilst the others cannot relish any pleasure without a great deal of trouble. Who would not think himself happy at my age never to be sensible of the least inconvenience? A happiness which seldom attends the most flourishing youth. There are none of 'em but what are subject to a thousand disorders which I know nothing of; on the contrary, I enjoy a thousand pleasures which are as pure as they are calm.

The first of these is to be serviceable to my country; and how does this pleasure innocently please my vanity! When I reflect how I have furnished my countrymen with useful means both of fortifying their city and their port, that these works will subsist for many ages, that they will conduce to the making of Venice a famous republic, a rich and matchless city, and serve to eternalize its fair title of being Queen of the Sea.

I have likewise the satisfaction of having afforded to her inhabitants the means of obtaining always a plenty of all things necessary for life, by manuring untilld lands, draining the marshes, by laying under water and fattening the fields which were barren by reason of the dryness of the soil, which would otherwise have been a work of time.

In short, I have rendered the city wherein I was born stronger, richer, and more beautiful than ever, as also the air more wholesome; all which is to my credit and nothing hinders me from enjoying the glory which is due unto me.

My misfortune having robbed me of a considerable estate whilst I was young, I knew how to make amends for that loss by my care, so that without the least wrong done to any person, and without any other trouble than that of giving forth the orders that were necessary, I have doubled my income, and shall leave to my grandchildren twice the estate that I had by inheritance from my ancestors.

One satisfaction which pleases me more than all the rest is that what I have written concerning sobriety is of great use to many who loudly proclaim how highly they are obliged to me for that work, several of them having sent me word from foreign parts that under God they had been indebted to me for their lives.

I have likewise another satisfaction, the deprivation of which would very much disturb me, which is that I write and draw with my hand all that is proper for my buildings and for the conduct of my domestic affairs.

I likewise frequently converse with men of learning, from whom I daily receive new notices. And 'tis a wonder that at my age I should have so quick parts as to learn and comprehend the most refined and difficult of sciences.

But that which makes me look upon myself as one of the happiest of men is that I in some measure enjoy two sorts of lives,—the one terrestrial, with respect to the actions of my body, and the other divine and celestial, by the pleasures of the mind, which are attended with a great many charms, when founded on reasonable objects and a moral assurance of the infinite good things which the Divine Bounty provides for us.

I enjoy, then, perfectly the pleasures of this mortal life, thanks to sobriety, which is extremely grateful to God as being the Guardian of virtue and an irreconcilable Enemy to vice, and, by way of foretaste, I enjoy eternal life, by contemplating so often on the happiness thereof, that I can hardly think upon anything else. I look upon death as the necessary passage to heaven, and am so far charmed with the glorious elevation to which I think my soul is designed that I can no longer stoop to those trifles which charm and infatuate the greatest part of mankind. The deprivation of those pleasures to which I was most addicted gives me no disquiet; on the contrary, the loss of them raises my joy, since it is to be the beginning of a life incomparably more happy.

Who then would be troubled if he were in my place? However, there is not a man but may hope for the like happiness if he would live as I do. For, in short, I am neither saint nor angel, but only a man, the servant of God, to whom a sober and regular life is so grateful that even in this world he rewards those who practice it.

If all they who retire into monasteries, to lead there a penitent life, a life of prayer and contemplation, would to all their virtues add the prudence of abridging themselves in their diet, they would become more deserving and more venerable.

They would be looked upon as saints by persevering in their austerities, and esteemed as those old patriarchs and ancient hermits, who observed a constant sobriety and lived so long a time. They might very probably attain at the age of sixscore so much grace as to be able to work miracles, which they could not do for want of such a perfection to which they could not arrive before that time. And besides this privilege, which is almost an infallible mark of predestination, they would be in constant health, which is as rarely to be met with in the old age of the most pious monks as in that of the greatest part of the wisest worldlings.

Several of those monks fancy that God does, on purpose, annex infirmities to old age, to serve instead of penance imposed for the sins committed in their youth, but therein, as I think, they are very much mistaken, for I cannot imagine how God, who loves man-

kind, can be delighted in their sufferings. 'Tis the devil and sin that bring all the evils we suffer upon our heads, and not God, who is our Father and Creator. He desires that mankind should be happy, both in this and in the other world; his commands tend to no other purpose, and temperance would not be a virtue if the benefit it does us by preserving us from distempers were repugnant to the designs of God in our old age.

In short, if all the truly pious were sober, Christendom would be as full of saints as in the primitive times, nay, they would be more numerous, because the number of Christians is increased since that time. How many venerable doctors might edify others by their wholesome preachings and good examples! How many sinners might receive benefit by their intercessions! How many blessings might they shower upon the earth! These monks in observing the maxims which I profess need not fear acting contrary to those of their rule.

There is not one that forbids them the use of bread, wine, and eggs. Some also permit them to eat flesh. Besides these things they make use of salads, pulse, fruit, cakes, which are prejudicial to some stomachs. Because

these messes are offered to them in the refectory, they may perhaps be afraid of transgressing their rule if they should abstain from them. However, they would have done better if thirty years ago they had abstained from that diet, and contented themselves with bread, wine, broths, and eggs, which are the best food a tender body can take. Would not this be better than the nourishment of the ancient fathers in the desert, who drank nothing but fair water, did eat only wild fruit, herbs, and raw roots, yet lived a long time without infirmities? Our anchorites would likewise find a more easy way to heaven than those of Thebais.

I will conclude all with saying that since extreme old age may be so useful and pleasant to men, I should have failed in point of charity had I not taken care to inform them by what methods they might prolong their days. I have had no other motive in writing upon this subject, than that of engaging them to practice all their lives a virtue which would bring them, like me, to a happy old age, in which I will not cease to cry, Live, live long, to the end you may serve God and be fit for the glory which he prepares for his elect.

THE END.

## MENU

ARRANGED BY DR. M. A. MATHEWS, HYGIENIST

### SUNDAY—DINNER.

Roast turkey, dressing and gravy.  
Mashed potatoes. Turnips. Celery.  
Cranberry or currant jelly. Stewed tomatoes.  
Dessert—Oranges.

### MONDAY—DINNER.

Vegetable soup. Toast. Baked potatoes.  
Canned peas.  
Dessert—Sago pudding.

### TUESDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes. Corn fritters. Corn bread.  
Rice. Damson plums.  
Dessert—Apple pie.

### WEDNESDAY—DINNER.

Cream codfish. Potatoes. Squash.  
Stewed tomatoes. Lettuce.  
Samp, with orange dressing.

### THURSDAY—DINNER.

Sweet potatoes. White potatoes. Salsify.  
Corn.  
Dessert—Gooseberry pie.

### FRIDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes. Baked trout. Lettuce.  
Stewed tomatoes. Rice. Peas.

### SATURDAY—DINNER.

Baked beans. Potatoes.  
Spinach, with lemon. Cauliflower.  
Dessert—Corn meal pudding.

### SUPPERS AND BREAKFASTS.

Fruit. Bread and mush. Eggs.  
Cakes. Browned potatoes.  
Milk toast and muffins as extras.

# EDITORIALS

## THE CHRISTMAS-TIDE

Christmas-day is rightly regarded by the Christian world as one of the most precious seasons which come into the hurrying years of life. It commemorates the birth of one who stands out in the night of the past as the supreme expression of the Divine in the human,—the life of all lives which poured itself forth in quenchless love, even as the sun sheds its vivifying light and warmth over the world, and as the lily and the rose fling abroad their rich perfume in the gardens they glorify.

But there is another reason why Christmas, in a true sense, is a holy day to those who love the world. It is the day of all the year when humanity feels for a few hours the happiness in store for the race so soon as love shall rule in the council chambers of civilization. It is indeed fitting that, on the day when the Christian world commemorates the birth of the supreme embodiment of the love spirit, society should feel some suggestion of the peace, joy, and unalloyed delight which come only to those in whose heart the fire of pure love burns brightly.

On no other day of all the year are so many people made happy by the sweet consciousness of having striven to make others happy as on this anniversary, and herein lies its chief charm as well as its rich promise. It subtly but positively elevates the world, while speaking of a golden to-morrow. It prophesies of a time when man shall have learned the lesson of the ages, and found his life in losing it,—when he shall come unto himself by placing the animal under the dominion of the spiritual.

Humanity ascends slowly. It may seem hard to perceive from Christmas to

Christmas that we of this civilization are learning the lesson of love,—indeed, amid the strife, hate, and slaughter of the hour we are liable to feel that the progress of the race has been arrested; yet such is by no means true, for to-day as never before there are multitudinous forces working for the enthronement of the golden rule in the life of society, and never before in the history of the ages have there been so many men and women who, untouched by any selfish motives, are working for a noble civilization because they cannot do less, because while on the road to Damascus they have been baptized with the light that illumines the soul and lifts man above the sordid plane of animal desire. The spirit of Christmas is slowly affecting civilization, and each time the dawn that speaks so eloquently of peace and joy and love breaks over the world as it blindly stumbles forward, it touches more and more lives with the light and warmth that come from above and which when once felt can never be forgotten.

On Christmas-day the master thought of millions of lives is to make other lives rich in happiness, and not one of those who are thus dominated by pure, loving desire but is made better and happier for the Christmas-tide. It is not strange that there are some lives who fail to catch the meaning or the spirit of the day, and are filled with bitterness, envy, and disappointment because perchance others may have received more; it could not be otherwise with society no farther up the mountain than is ours, but we rejoice to know that these natures do not represent the spirit of the day, which is dominated and glorified by pure and unselfish love,

expressed by father and mother for the little ones who have been given to them; by the brother for the sister, the sister for the brother; by the children for their parents and playmates; by friend for friend, and, better than all, by the love of millions for those who are not bound to them by special ties, but who are recognized simply as brothers and sisters in a great world, who have known more darkness and cold misfortune than their loving helpers.

And this thought prompts a suggestion. At Christmas-tide let costly gifts be avoided, and between friend and friend only mere tokens of love and remembrance be given. A letter full of the writer's heart, rich in loving sympathy and cheer, and written by the hand of the sender, is one of the most prized and appreciated remembrances which friend may send to friend. This or some simple gift should mark the day so far as parents, relatives, and friends are concerned, while, if we may further suggest, the money that would go for costly gifts where such presents are not needed might go for food and clothes and fuel and pic-

tures and books for those who are hungry and cold, and are living in homes unbrightened by pictures and wanting in books and games and other little things which are magnets at a fireside. Each one of us knows some family or families who are thus in need, and it will be well with us if we are prompted to make oases in the desert lives of these less fortunate ones whom we know. It should be done without letting the left hand know what the right hand is doing, so that the receivers will feel no obligation while being made conscious of the fact that, out in the world which they have with good reason come to feel is often cold and unsympathetic, there are hearts which have gone out lovingly to them on the Christmas-day. Do this, and my word for it, you will find a wonderful sense of peace, satisfaction, and joy,—a happiness which perhaps you may never have known before, and it may also be that in this glad experience your soul will find the solution to the world-wide, age-long question, whose answer means happiness, growth, serenity, and abiding joy for all the days that are to come. B. O. FLOWER.

## DECENT HOUSING FOR THE POOR IN OUR GREAT CITIES

### I.—MODERN PHILANTHROPIC IMPULSES.

In the midst of a transition period like the present it is always difficult to measure the nature and extent of the complex agencies at work for the elevation of society, and it has ever been the case that some of the most salutary measures have been bitterly opposed by sincere reformers who desire to usher in a millennium in an hour, without stopping to weigh the inevitable result or view their hope in the light of history.

There are measures which cannot receive the hearty commendation of earnest men and women, because their influence on the individual is too frequently distinctly hurtful. A large proportion of our conventional charity work, with its endless red tape,—its searchings and questionings, humiliating in the extreme to all

applicants who have any of the spirit of independence,—is something which one cannot heartily approve; and the doling out of charity instead of justice, and indeed all things which seek to give the people something for nothing, without helping them manfully to battle for an honorable livelihood, exert a distinctly downward pressure on manhood. The man who is forced to beg, and gets into the habit of expecting to be fed without exertion or honorable work (barring cases where he is incapacitated), soon loses his sturdy manhood, and in a real way thus ceases to be a valuable citizen. I hold that the maintenance of self-respecting manhood should be a point about which the state should profoundly concern itself. I would see the nation furnish productive employment to every man and woman who de-



sired work, rather than dole out soup or furnish lodging as charity.

We might learn much from the statesmanship of the ancient Greek, Pisistratus, who, when he found Athens thronged with the very poor who were begging for bread and urging that they had no means of a livelihood, settled them on little tracts of land, providing each with tools, seeds, and work animals, until he relieved Athens from a grave menace and transformed idleness into productive industry. It was not until he did this that he made vagrant laws, declaring that any able-bodied individual who continued to beg should be punished.

The mistake made by many earnest friends of humanity, it seems to me, is confusing palliative measures, which discourage or exert a downward pressure on manhood, and philanthropic work which in influence necessarily so operates as to elevate life and render the condition of the unfortunates more tolerable. I confess that I cannot sympathize with those who insist on letting present conditions alone, under the hope that the condition of many may soon become so intolerable as to lead them to rise in blind, unreasoning hate. Such revolutions are unworthy of nineteenth or twentieth century civilization. They are upheavals of brute force, where reason is clouded or obscured by passion, and when once under way bring the most violent and not unfrequently vicious elements to the front, until the ruling spirit of the movement blossoms out into a Marat or a Robespierre. It seems to me that he is blind indeed who believes that progress at the present time demands any such appeals to brute force, however much such upheavals may have been justifiable in past ages, when the great majority of the people were unschooled and unaccustomed to view matters in a rational way. The work of our time, the supreme duty which devolves on all thoughtful men and women, is to further the quickening of the conscience and the clarifying of the reason of the people; and all things which lift or tend to lift any portion of the people out of sloughs of despond, and render it possible for them to think clearly and justly, call for

the encouragement and not the opposition of true friends of progress.

Those who would transform society in a day, by measures which they believe would solve economic inequalities, leave out of consideration the vital fact that the public mind, or the rationality of the people, must be reached in such a way as to carry conviction before any great fundamental remedy can be successfully introduced; and the process of education, in the nature of the case, is something which requires time. Moreover, during this waiting season it is important that the condition of every unfortunate be bettered as far as possible, in that his manhood and self-respect may be maintained, his reason strengthened, and his love nature fed. Do this, and progress along the highway of justice is inevitable,—progress without any period of savage relapse in which the fury of the brute drowns reason and deadens the diviner promptings.

There are to-day multitudinous silent agencies working for the betterment of humanity, which in my judgment call for the highest commendation, because their influence is for and not against the maintenance of self-respecting manhood. It is my purpose to notice from time to time some of these agencies. This month I wish to speak of the Mills hotels.

## II.—SOMETHING ABOUT THE MILLS HOTELS.

When in New York recently I visited the Mills Hotel on Bleeker street, personally to acquaint myself with the character of this enterprise, which impresses me as being philanthropic in the high and true sense of that term. I desired to compare the conditions prevalent there with those I had witnessed in the poor quarters of Boston some time since. But before describing my visit let me give a few facts about these hotels, which have been built by the California mining magnate, D. O. Mills, who for several years has been a resident of New York.

At the present time there are two of these hotels in New York, one on Bleeker street and the other on Rivington street. The former contains fifteen hundred and fifty-four bed-rooms, the latter six hundred bed-rooms. Hence, the two

hotels accommodate over two thousand persons, and since their opening they have been not only full practically all of the year, but during the winter months hundreds of people have been turned away for want of room. A very mistaken idea prevails in the minds of many, who think that these hotels are of the nature of charity institutions. The work is, as I have said, philanthropic, but it is none the less a clear-cut business arrangement from first to last. No man in the Mills Hotel gets anything he does not pay for, and he is therefore entitled to all he receives as much as he would be in any other hotel. The circumstance that he gets vastly more for the money than he would receive elsewhere does not change this fact. In order to present this idea clearly before the mind of the reader I wish to quote somewhat at length from the address delivered by Mr. Mills at the opening of the Bleecker Street Hotel, November 1, 1897:

It is obvious that there is utterly unfit accommodation even in a material sense for decent men earning small incomes. It may do for the loafer, the drunkard, or the habitual "rounder," seeking to save money on food and lodgings only to spend it on drink. This hotel is not intended to compete for the patronage of such people. On the contrary, it will positively refuse to harbor them. It is intended for self-respecting men who propose to support themselves, and want to do it in cleanliness, comfort, and convenience, but want also to lay by something toward attaining an independence.

Let me make clear, however, at the outset that it is in no sense a charitable concern. It is not to be supposed, of course, that I should turn completely aside from my lifelong avocations and interests to spend time, labor, thought, and money in an enterprise so novel unless I were impelled by some other consideration than mere money-making. It would be an affectation, on my part, to deny a humanitarian impulse and a fervent desire to benefit my fellow-men. But I seek to do this in a strictly business way, without offending the pride or praiseworthy independence of those whom I strive to serve. Mills Hotel No. 1 will differ from the ordinary lodging-house most of all in its effort to give the man what he pays for,—the very fullest possible equivalent for his money. But it is the intention, from the very beginning, to conduct the enterprise upon a business basis; and this implies that it shall be self-supporting.

I would not dwell upon this but for my very earnest desire to avoid any misappre-

hension. No patron of the Mills Hotel will receive more than he pays for, unless it be my hearty good-will and good wishes. It is true that I have devoted thought, labor, and capital to a very earnest effort to help him; but only by enabling him to help himself. In doing the work on so large a scale, and in securing the utmost economies in purchases and in administration, I hope to give him a larger equivalent for his money than has hitherto been possible. He can, without scruple, permit me to offer him this advantage; but he will think better of himself and will be a more self-reliant, manly man and a better citizen if he knows that he is honestly paying for what he gets.

### III.—THE MILLS HOTELS AS I FOUND THEM.

I found the Bleecker Street Hotel to be an imposing ten-story structure. The large lobby, reading-rooms, library, restaurant, and hallways are all commodious and furnished in a thoroughly comfortable manner. Each floor contains large wash-rooms fitted with open plumbing. In the basement are large bath-rooms, furnished with the best appliances and free to all lodgers. As may be readily supposed, they are well patronized, sometimes as many as nine hundred baths being taken in a single day. The eating-room is also in the basement. It is large, well ventilated, and conducted in an admirable manner. I dined at the hotel and was very much pleased with the bill of fare, the food being excellently prepared and furnished at a price which seems incredible. For fifteen cents we received soup, roast beef, potatoes and string beans, bread and butter, ice cream, and coffee. The following was the bill of fare on the day of our visit:

#### REGULAR DINNER.

Soup.	One meat dish.	Two vegetables.
Dessert.	Tea, coffee, or milk.	
	15 cents.	

#### SOUPS.

Consomme, with vegetables.	Scotch broth.
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#### MEAT DISHES.

Roast beef, dish gravy.
Spring lamb stew, Irish style.
Country sausages, a la Jackson.
Spaghetti with cheese.

#### COLD MEATS.

Roast lamb.	Corned beef.
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#### VEGETABLES.

Cauliflower Hollandaise.	New string beans.
Bolled and mashed potatoes.	

## DESSERT.

Indian pudding.	Ice cream.	Strawberries.
Iced tea.	Buttermilk.	
Tea.	Coffee.	Milk.

## EXTRAS.

Fillet of beef, with mushrooms, 20 cents.	
Asparagus, 5 cents.	Cup custard, 5 cents.
Assorted pies, 5 cents.	

The bed-rooms are small, being but seven and one-half by six feet in size, and they remind one of the state-rooms on a large steamer, with the exception that there is, of course, but one bed in each, and that is much larger than the berth on the steamship. The ventilation is admirable. Each room is furnished with a single iron bedstead, and the very best steel wire mattresses, hair mattresses, and bed linen are found. In this respect, as Mr. John Lloyd Thomas, the admirable manager, explained, no hotels in the world, however luxurious or high-priced, are superior to the Mills. A strip of carpet, a chair, and a locker comprise the balance of the furniture for each room. The occupants are expected to vacate the rooms by nine o'clock in the morning, unless in case of sickness or some other good reason for remaining in the room.

The library is furnished with about two thousand volumes of standard works, and is also supplied with innocent games. The ample reading-room is well patronized by the occupants. There is a temperance restaurant on the first floor, which is open during the evening. No liquor is allowed sold in the hotel, nor are those who are under the influence of strong drink allowed on the premises.

These hotels, it must be remembered, are built to take the place of the wretched, unclean, dehumanizing lodging-houses of the city, where all the environment presses life downward; and, when we consider the purpose for which they have been erected, we see at once how great has been the boon conferred by Mr. Mills upon the self-respecting multitudes in our great metropolis who loathe the filthy, low, disease-breeding lodgings, but whose means formerly compelled them to remain in such quarters a great portion of every year.

When compared with the ordinary hotels there are points about the Mills

buildings which impress one unfavorably. Thus, for example, there are no wash-stands in the bed-rooms, the men being compelled to go to the great wash-rooms on each floor. This is something that is necessarily exceedingly unpleasant to many persons. Indeed, the fact that the rooms are rather sleeping apartments than anything else is, of course, an objection as compared with other hotels; and while many would not seriously object to this feature, it would be a great objection to others.

For the purpose for which the Mills hotels have been established they leave little to be desired, and yet, after one goes through the building, he naturally hopes to see before long some enterprise on foot which will furnish thousands of men and women in our cities with hotel accommodations in which more commodious rooms will be furnished, and some of that privacy of home life which is so dear to the American people will be able to be enjoyed. Of course, the prices of such hotels would necessarily be much more than that charged by the proprietor of the Mills hotels. In the latter buildings all of the rooms are only twenty cents a night, excepting the corner rooms, which are larger and command thirty cents a night.

These buildings are proving a wonderful blessing to hundreds of self-respecting men upon whom fortune has not smiled kindly. It is a philanthropic movement which merits the highest commendation, and it has been so conducted that, notwithstanding the low price charged, the excellent accommodations, and the generous supply of food furnished, the hotels are earning a fair per cent on the money invested. This amount I believe Mr. Mills is turning back into the hotels to add further to the comfort of the lodgers. It is to be hoped that ample buildings of this character, both for men and women, will soon be found in all of our great cities. They will prove a great factor in maintaining manhood, minimizing the amount of crime, poverty, and degradation in society, and in various ways proving a blessing to the individual recipients and the community at large.

B. O. FLOWER.

# BOOKS OF THE DAY

## MRS. MOULTON'S NEW VOLUME OF POEMS.\*

The appearance of a new volume of poems from the gifted pen of Louise Chandler Moulton is a literary event of importance; for among the eminent American women who are enriching the literature of the new world Mrs. Moulton is justly recognized as pre-eminent in the possession of that insight and feeling which mark the true poet, and which are only equaled by a rare felicity of expression and artistic finish in her creations. This new volume bears the unique and suggestive title, "At the Wind's Will," and is appropriately introduced by the following suggestive lines:

So far, so fast have I come,  
Blown by the Wind of Fate.  
Whither? The voice is dumb;—  
The silence dismays me, I wait.

The sunshine mocks me at morn,  
The stars deride me at night;  
Shall strength in my soul be born  
To triumph over their slight?

Shall I live when their fires are out?  
Shall I reach where they cannot go?  
Ah, Fate, resolve me the doubt.—  
Blow on, strong Wind! I will know!

This poem in a certain way strikes the key-note of the volume, for here, as in "Swallow Flights" and in "The Garden of Dreams," the all-comprehending trinity of life, love, and death dominates the poet's verse, and the age-long problem voiced by the poet of Arabia thousands of years ago is present in thought, feeling, or expression on almost every page. Like Phoebe Cary, Mrs. Moulton seems awe-stricken in the presence of the supreme mystery. To her there is something indescribably, unutterably appalling in death, and yet she pos-

sesses far too much of the spirit of our age to desire to close her eyes. She stands before the veiled Sphinx, nor does she fear to question; nay, she would wring an answer from the silent tomb. Sometimes her verses are vibrant with hope. Often they are pitched in the minor key which speaks of vague uncertainty. This feeling of unutterable loneliness and unspeakable helplessness in the presence of death, though present in the hearts of many of the finest natures in all ages, is felt to-day more keenly than perhaps at any previous period in the history of our western civilization, owing to a combination of causes, not the least of which is found in the fact that before the present wonderful intellectual awakening the somber spirit of Calvinism brooded over the Protestant world, with its angry Judge, its eternal hell of indescribable suffering, and its well-nigh omnipotent devil. But more pronounced in their influence even than this specter of despair have been the multitudinous agencies which have made our age the most wonderful transition period in the history of human progress. The rise of physical science, the discovery of God's record written upon the stones throughout countless ages, the revelations of the telescope and the spectroscope, the new world revealed through invention, the gathering together of all nations into one mighty family, largely through the agencies of steam and electricity, the unrolling of the record of past civilizations as graven on the stones, through the patient labors of archaeologists, the advance in psychology and psychic science, and the general rise of intelligence have ushered our civilization into a new world in which the old ideas, the limited vision, and the concepts which were thoroughly satisfactory to our fathers have no longer weight with millions of the most thoughtful minds. These and kindred agencies and influences have transformed civil-

\*"At the Wind's Will," lyrics and sonnets by Louise Chandler Moulton. Cloth. Pp. 172. Price, \$1.50. Boston, Little, Brown & Co.



zation and changed the belief of the world. Old ideas and concepts are passing away or undergoing radical changes. The interrogation point is everywhere raised; the voice of skepticism is heard on all sides; to many persons the very foundations seem to be shifting. Hence it is by no means surprising that a large number of the keenest thinkers and the finest and most thoughtful minds are perplexed and troubled with doubts. The old is gone, and amid the warring voices and changing views they fail to hear the great triumphant note of the coming day, born of the faith which is rooted and grounded in the granite of evidence,—a faith which speaks of the presence of an all-loving God whose name is Light and Truth and Love.

Mrs. Moulton was born into a Puritan home. The somber belief of the great Genevan overshadowed those early years when the imagination colored the thought of all after days. Besides this, hers is the Thomas nature. She would see the nail-prints and behold where the spear pierced the side. The key-note of many of her stanzas which deal with death and the beyond may be summed up in the expression, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." But, indeed, is not this to a great extent the mental attitude of our day?

As we have already seen, at the very threshold of the volume we find the voice of her soul and the voice of the age given in the opening poem. Those who were reared in the old religious belief find it very difficult to regard God as a loving, ever-present Father. To them he dwells in a far country; and in the following exquisite lines we find woven into the web and woof of the author's thought the somber shadows which are the legacy of Calvinism. Here the way to light is steep and strewn with ragged rocks, and God is very far away:

Fain would I scale the heights that lead to God,  
But my feet stumble and my steps are weak,  
Warm are the valleys, and the hills are bleak:  
Here, where I linger, flowers make soft the sod,  
But those far paths that martyr feet have trod  
Are sharp with flints, and from their farthest peak

The still, small voice but faintly seems to speak,  
While here the drowsy lilies dream and nod.

I have dreamed with them, till the night draws nigh  
In which I cannot climb; still high above,  
In the blue vastness of the awful sky,  
Those unscaled heights my fatal weakness prove—  
Those shining heights which I must reach or die  
Afair from God, unquickenened by his love.

The poet's deep spiritual cravings and the soul's yearning are touchingly set forth in this fine sonnet, entitled "A Prayer in the Dark:"

I stretch my hand out through the lonesome night,  
My helpless hand, and pray Thee, Lord, to lead  
My ignorant steps, and help me at my need:  
Far off from home, pity my hapless plight,  
And through the darkness guide me on to light!  
I have no hope unless my cry Thou heed,—  
Be merciful; for I am lost, indeed,  
Unless thy rising sun the darkness smite.

How shall I find, who know not how to seek?  
Kindle my soul, enlighten my dull mind;  
My heart is heavy, and my faith is weak,—  
A stone am I, and deaf and dumb and blind,—  
Unhelped of Thee my footsteps helpless stray,—  
Have pity, Thou, and lead me to the day!

Here is another noble devotional poem dealing with the problem of death and the beyond:

When shall I join the blessed company  
Of those this barren world to me denies?  
When shall I wake to the new day's surprise,  
Beyond the murmur of death's moaning sea,  
In that glad home where my best loved ones be;  
And know that I have found my Paradise,  
Finding again the love that never dies,  
The heart's dear welcome, biding there for me?

I wait alone upon life's wind-swept beach.—  
The waves are high, the sea is wild and wide,—  
Yet Death, bold pilot, all their wrath shall dare,  
And guide me to the shore I fain would reach:—  
Even now I hear the swift, incoming tide,  
Whose slow, eternal ebb my bark shall bear.

Some of the finest sonnets commemorate the band of illustrious poets who have enriched and glorified the literature of our century, and who during the past score of years have gone from us. I know of no short poem written on the death of James Russell Lowell which can compare with the following, entitled "Summoned by the King:"

He was at home in courts and knew the great,  
Himself was of them. Ofttimes kings  
have sent  
To call him to their presence; and he went,  
A welcome guest, to share their royal state,  
For earth's high potentates a fitting mate.  
He was of all men honored,—crowned of  
Song,  
And crowned of Love, and high above the  
wrong  
Of envy, or the littleness of hate.

And now the mightiest King—to summon  
him  
To that far place whereto all souls must  
come—  
Has sent swift Azrael, Heaven's cham-  
berlain,—  
Beyond the ultimate sea's remotest rim,  
Where all the voices of this earth are  
dumb,  
The courtier journeys—called to court  
again.

And here is one of two very fine sonnets dealing with "Robert Browning, the Poet of Human Life:"

Silence and Night sequestered thee in vain!  
Oblivion's threats thou proudly couldst  
defy.  
Thou art not dead,—such great souls do  
not die.  
One small world's range no longer could  
constrain  
That strong-winged spirit of its freedom  
fain:  
New stars, new lives, thy fearless quest  
would try.  
Our baffled vision may not soar so high,—  
We mourn, as loss, thine infinite, great gain.  
Yet, keen of sight, to whom men's souls lay  
bare,  
Stripped clean of shams, unclothed of all  
disguise,  
Revealed to thee as if at each soul's  
birth  
Thou hadst been nigh to stamp it foul or  
fair,—  
Why shouldst thou seek new schools to  
make thee wise  
Who shared Heaven's secrets whilst thou  
walked on earth?

It must not be supposed, however, that the present volume is given over to poems relating to death and the beyond. Our poet's themes here, as in her other volumes of verse, are concerned with life, love, and death; and some of her finest poems deal with the life that now is. Here are some delightful lines entitled "My Queen of May:"

The laughing, garlanded May-time is here;  
The glad laburnum whispers at the gate:  
"She comes! She comes! I hear her step draw  
near,  
My Queen of Beauty, Arbitress of Fate!"

The lilacs look at her: "She is more fair  
Than the white moon, more proud than  
the strong sun;  
Let him who seeks her royal grace beware,  
To be unworthy were to be undone."

One wild sweet rose, that dreams the May is  
June,  
Blossoms for her; and for her a mateless  
bird  
Thrills the soft dusk with his entrancing  
tune,  
Content if by her only he is heard.

A curious star climbs the far heaven to see  
What She it is for whom the waiting  
night,  
To music set, trembles in melody;  
Then, by her beauty dazzled, flees from  
sight.

And I,—what am I that my voice should  
reach  
The gracious ear to which it would aspire?  
She will not heed my faltering poor speech;  
I have no spell to win what all desire.

Yet will I serve my stately Queen of May;  
Yet will I hope, till hope itself be spent.  
Better to strive, though steep and long the  
way,  
Than on some weaker heart to sink con-  
tent.

To Mrs. Moulton the life of to-day presents the charm born of reality and the knowledge which to naturally skeptical and questioning natures means so much. She has felt and tasted of its joys. The music of nature and of the soul, the beauty of sun and sky, of mountain and valley, the gladness of spring, the joys of summer, the solemnity of autumn, and the silence of winter, have alike been hers. The delights of social intercourse, of friendship and love, have been experienced and prized by her finely strung and appreciative nature. In a

large way she has partaken of the bounty of this life, for to her has been given the deep emotional nature and the rich imagination of the poet and artist soul. None save men and women of feeling and imagination can experience the deepest pleasure or know the keenest pain which may visit man. In the following beautiful stanzas we catch something of the poet's joy of life when nature smiles on the human heart:

A thousand voices whisper it is spring;  
Shy flowers start up to greet me on the way,  
And homing birds preen their swift wings and sing  
The praises of the friendly, lengthening day.

The buds whose breath the glad wind hither bears,  
Whose tender secret the young May shall find,  
Seem all for me,—for me the softer airs,  
The gentle warmth, wherewith the day is kind.

Let me rejoice, now skies are blue and bright,  
And the round world pays tribute to the spring;  
The birds and I will carol our delight,  
And every breeze love's messages shall bring.

What matter though sometimes the cup of tears  
We drink, instead of the rich wine of mirth?  
There are as many springs as there are years;  
And, glad or sad, we love this dear old earth.

Where love is there is joy. Not at the royal courts, where the mad struggle for preferment is waged with that of bitter rivalry which fosters jealousy and hate, where shallow show and empty conventionalism give to life the jarring sound of the counterfeit coin, and where love and all the deeper and hollower emotions are pushed aside, can we find anything of peace and happiness; nor yet amid the blare of trumpets and the loud acclaim which greets the victor on the field of blood, where ambition ascends the throne of life and rules as monarch over a subject realm, is there abiding content. If love be not enthroned in the heart life is barren, and the hungry soul seeks in vain for satisfaction. Love is the talisman of happiness, and in proportion as

it illumines the soul are we made joyous. This thought is delicately put forth in these lines:

Were but my spirit loosed upon the air—  
By some High Power who could Life's chains unbind,  
Set free to seek what most it longs to find—  
To no proud Court of Kings would I repair:  
I would but climb, once more, a narrow stair,  
When day was wearing late, and dusk was kind;  
And one should greet me to my failings blind,  
Content so I but shared his twilight there.

Nay! well I know he waits not as of old—  
I could not find him in the old-time place,—  
I must pursue him, made by sorrow bold,  
Through worlds unknown, in strange celestial race,  
Whose mystic round no traveler has told,  
From star to star, until I see his face.

The magic power of love is again touched upon in "Love Makes the Spring:"

Has Spring come back? Is this the May  
That makes the air so bland to-day?  
The wild sweet winds are glad to know,  
The waiting flowers begin to blow,  
Green things are blithe along the way.

"What happy spell," I hear them say,  
"Has turned the Winter into May?"  
Each to the other—"Do you know?  
Has Spring come back?"

Ah, Love is he who warms the day,  
And turns the Winter into May,—  
And happy things begin to grow,  
Alive with Love's glad overflow,  
And answer to his ardent ray—  
Spring has come back."

Sometimes our poet becomes a teacher, and in a few suggestive lines awakens trains of thought more fruitful than pretentious sermons. A case in point is found in this little poem entitled "Though We Repent:"

Though we repent, can any God give back  
The dear, lost days we might have made so fair,—  
Turn false to true, and carelessness to care,  
And let us find again what now we lack?

Oh, once, once more to tread the old-time track,  
The flowers we threw away once more to wear,—  
Though we repent, can any God give back  
The dear, lost days we might have made so fair?

Who can repulse a stealthy ghost's attack,  
Silence a voice that doth the midnight  
dare,

Make fresh hopes spring from grave-sod  
of despair,  
Set free a tortured soul from memory's rack?  
Though we repent, can any God give back  
The dear, lost days we might have made  
so fair?

The immensity which surrounds us and the relative smallness of our lives, which unfortunately many of us are prone to regard as of great moment in the world, is splendidly presented in a sonnet entitled "When We Confront the Vastness of the Night," a poem which gives us a glimpse of the poet's feeling, the stretch and sweep of her imagination, which is usually most marked by subtlety and delicacy of thought and expression:

When we confront the vastness of the night,  
And meet the gaze of her eternal eyes,  
How trivial seem the garnered gains we  
prize—

The laurel wreath we flaunt to envious sight;  
The flower of Love we pluck for our de-  
light;

The mad, sweet music of the heart, that  
cries

An instant on the listening air, then dies,—  
How short the day of all things dear and  
bright!

The Everlasting mocks our transient strife;

The pageant of the universe whirls by  
This little sphere with petty turmoil rife—

Swift as a dream and fleeting as a sigh—  
This brief delusion that we call our life,  
Where all we can accomplish is to die.

The above verses will serve to give us some idea of this delightful volume, which contains more than one hundred and twenty poems. There is in the verse of Mrs. Moulton, as will be readily seen, that feeling which comes from the deeper well-springs of the emotions, and which is not present in the lines of any save the true poet.

B. O. FLOWER.

#### "FOR LOVE'S SWEET SAKE."\*

There is no subject so dear to the human heart as love. It is indeed the most powerful of all mainsprings of action and endeavor. It is the lever which lifts the race,

\*"For Love's Sweet Sake," selected poems of love in all moods, edited by G. Hembert Westley. Handsomely illustrated; beautifully bound in white vellum, stamped in blue and gold. Pp. 186. Price, \$1.50. Boston, Lee & Shepard.

the light which floods the pathway and leads mankind from the lowlands of self to the Alps of altruism. The love of the youth for the maiden, the love of the husband for the wife and the wife for the husband, the love of the parents for the child and the child for the parents, the love of relatives and of neighbors, and the love which takes in the nationality, the race, and humanity, are all broadening circles in the one great passion which speaks of the Creator,—the divine life which in its most perfect expression most fully reflects the love of God, beautifully symbolized by the sun's light and warmth, which goes out to all life and touches only to vivify, sustain, and glorify. It is as natural that poets should find in love a supreme theme for much of their noblest verse as it is that the human heart should find in these reflections of emotions which come to us all, which never grow old, and are dear beyond words to youth and age.

In "For Love's Sweet Sake" Mr. Westley has displayed real genius in selecting four clusters of gems, dealing with love in the morning, love at noontide, love in the evening, and love at night. There are many compilations of this character, but I do not remember having ever seen a book in which the selections were so uniformly good as here. The volume contains over two hundred choice poems covering every mood of the heart in its pilgrimage, for love companions life from birth to death. He who ceases to love no longer lives, and he who loves most is nearest the pulsing heart of the Creator. It is unfortunate that in man's rise toward the tablelands of the soul he so frequently confuses the divine emotion with passion, or rather permits the latter to usurp the high and holy throne of the former. This is always tragic, but as life grows Godward man will more and more place passion in complete subjection to love, and, with brow fronting the morning and heart beating with holy love, he will rise through lifting others toward the heights where shines the eternal sun. By those who love and treasure the simple poems that voice the feeling of the lovers for the loved this little volume will be highly prized. It is in every particular an exquisite gift-book. The selections are exceptionally fine, the illustrations are very superior, and the binding leaves nothing to be desired.



## VEDANTA PHILOSOPHY.\*

Until a comparatively recent date the western world was in a great measure ignorant of the scholarship of the East. The great literary treasure house of India, with its wealth of poetry and philosophy, was almost unknown.

Professor Max Müller, probably more than any other modern scholar, has familiarized the western world with the great philosophical and poetical works of the East, and during recent years oriental scholars have done much toward acquainting us with the theories held by millions of Asiatics.

When the promoters of the World's Parliament of Religions sent forth the call to the great religious fellowship of all lands and peoples to send their accredited representatives to present their views, and give their reasons for the faith they held, India responded with alacrity, and among several scholarly thinkers who came as representatives of the largest schools of religious thought of the far East was Swami Vivekananda.

He remained in our midst long after the close of the parliament, zealously engaged in missionary work. His lectures on Vedanta philosophies attracted the attention of scholars in many of our great cities. These lectures have now been brought out in a handsome volume, and form a valuable addition to the thoughtful expositions of the eastern religious philosophies.

I do not believe that the western world will ever accept the ancient ideals of India, and yet it is probable that this philosophy may materially modify our concepts, much as at an earlier date it tinged the philosophical thought of Greece.

The East Indian is nothing if not contemplative; he is never so happy as when lost in meditation on abstract problems. To him the vast and varied panorama of material nature, upon the brow of which is everywhere written the word change, is essentially illusory. Indeed, this life to him is a dream life. The soul is an exile journeying back to its father's house. "All orthodox systems of Indian philosophy have one goal in view," says our author, "the liberation of the soul through perfection."

\*"Vedanta Philosophy: Lectures on Raja Yoga," by Swami Vivekananda. Cloth. Pp. 382. Price, \$1.50. New York, The Baker-Taylor Co.

This volume presents the religious conviction of Vivekananda in clear and admirably expressed English. Those desiring to familiarize themselves with some of the most profound of the religious and philosophical views of the far East,—views which are among the most ancient in the world, and which are held as the Divine Truth by millions of human beings,—cannot do better than to read this work by the learned Swami.

## THE LATEST SOCIALISTIC PRODUCTION.\*

No writer of my acquaintance writes more clearly or to the point on social problems than the Rev. Charles H. Vail. His latest work is a model of concise and forceful utterance. The author has taken away the last excuse for failing to understand the socialistic ideal and the socialistic programme. The world has already suffered too long from the ignorance and falsehood which have been marshaled against social advance. Before the oracles of plutocracy speak again they should at least read and understand the subject under discussion. This task Mr. Vail has made very simple and easy, reducing the whole matter to the comprehension of even a plutocrat hiring of the press.

The author discusses in the various chapters of his work the industrial evolution, the analysis of value, the origin of surplus value, the advantages of socialism and the evidences of its moral strength, the cause and cure of poverty, wage and chattel slavery, the law of progress, the problem of labor-saving machinery, the law of wages, rent and interest, commercial crises, and popular economic errors.

He agrees with Bellamy and Gronlund in regard to the nature and function of the trust. The trust is not to be suppressed by anti-trust legislation, but is to be assumed by the people and used for the benefit of all. It is an acknowledgment and demonstration of the failure of competition.

Under the head of "Poverty—Its Cause and Cure," the author uses these strong and truthful words: "The first step in the abolition of poverty is the abolition of the parasite class. Poverty will be impossible

\*"Principles of Scientific Socialism," by Rev. Charles H. Vail. Price, 35 cents. New York, Commonwealth Company, 28 Lafayette Place.

when every man is obliged to live off his own labor instead of the labor of others. At present, between the waste of labor power in mere idleness and its waste in unproductive work, but a small part of the people are productively employed. Were all usefully employed, and the waste of our competitive system eliminated, but a few hours' work would be required to produce an abundance for all. Abolish class robbery and the problem is solved. 'Whereas it has been known and declared,' says Ruskin, 'that the poor have no right to the property of the rich, I wish it also to be known and declared that the rich have no right to the property of the poor.' Give to every man the full product of his labor, and he will be able to live in decency and plenty."

The book is full of strong paragraphs equally quotable, but space forbids their use. Here, however, is one which is especially appropriate to these times when we are forced into an expensive and unrighteous war for the purpose of extending our markets.

The search for foreign markets is the height of all follies. Suppose we secure them, could they be retained? China, Japan, and India are now adopting all our inventions and improvements, and will soon not only produce for themselves, but will become our competitors. The only way foreign markets can be secured and retained is by producing cheaper than others. This means a constantly lowering wage, even below the pauper wage of Europe; it means a wage lowered to the level of China, Japan, and Hindustan. But, as wages decrease, so does the consumptive power of labor, and, consequently, as foreign markets extend home markets contract. Foreign markets, then, so far as labor is concerned, are truly a snare and a delusion. The cry for them is the death gasp of the competitive order.

The book closes with a plea for laborers to give up both old parties and unite to secure their freedom. "There is only one real question at issue, Socialism versus Capitalism. That socialism will follow capitalism is as certain as that light will follow darkness. Its speedy realization depends upon the faithfulness and devotion of those who have seen the light. We are blessed in that the opportunity is ours to help usher in the brighter day. No people

ever had a nobler cause, or one that should inspire greater enthusiasm."

ROBERT E. BISBEE.

### "VOICES OF HOPE."\*

This work discusses from the view-point of the metaphysical philosopher such questions as "The Problem of Life," "Character Building," "The Omnipresent Spirit," "The Problem of Evil," "The Escape from Subjectivity," "Love," "The Spiritual Life," and "The Christ." The spirit of this work is admirable. It partakes of the noble optimism of the broader conceptions of life and human destiny which are leavening religious thought. One need not concur in all the author's views to appreciate the general excellence of the work. Its weakness seems to me to lie chiefly in its amplification of ideas. The same thought expressed in one-third the compass would prove incomparably stronger and more effective. With many of the conclusions of the author our readers would doubtless take issue, but I do not think any one can peruse this volume without being benefited thereby.

### "ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD."†

This work, as the title indicates, is highly optimistic. The author wields a strong and virile pen. The thought is tersely expressed, and almost every page contains bright, apt, and epigrammatical sayings which stick like burrs to the mind. It is concise and often brilliant, and for this reason will be read by many who would not wade through a volume dealing with abstract ideas if put in less attractive style. To me the author's optimism goes to extremes which are not warranted and may be injurious, in tending to lessen that broad, sweet, sympathetic interest which should go out in loving helpfulness to all unfortunate ones.

Many persons are blinded to the facts about them on account of pessimism. Others are blinded in the same manner by their extreme optimism. In each instance, through losing a correct sense of proportion, all things become more or less con-

\*"Voices of Hope, and Other Messages from the Hills," by Horatio W. Dresser. Cloth. Pp. 214. Price, \$1.50. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

†"All's Right with the World," by Charles B. Newcomb. Cloth. Pp. 282. Price, \$1.50. Boston, Lee & Shepard.

fused before the mental-vision. Thus, when our author makes such sweeping statements as the following, for example, "All cause of suffering is in the individual himself," we feel that he is going to unwarranted lengths.

Mr. Newcomb has scant regard for old-time thought or ideals. He is an iconoclast in regard to religion, a utilitarian, and a philosopher who believes in not only making the best of the life that now is, but also seeking to come into a frame of mind which shall make the life of to-day joyous and normal.

#### "UNDER OTIS IN THE PHILIPPINES."\*

The remarkable success of the first three volumes of the "Old Glory Series" has led to a fourth, "Under Otis in the Philippines; or, A Young Officer in the Tropics." This young officer is none other than our old friend, Ben Russell, who upon re-enlisting for service in the Philippines is given the same position, that of second lieutenant, to which he had been promoted for gallantry while "A Young Volunteer in Cuba." His brother Larry sails for Manila on the same transport to rejoin the "Olympia," and the description of the voyage through the Straits of Gibraltar is replete with information and is told in the author's best style. A thrilling adventure of Larry's during the day on shore at Malta keeps up the interest of the reader. After reaching the Philippines the principal character is Ben, who continues to be the modest, reliable hero we have known, and supplements perilous service against the Filipinos by unexpectedly finding the defaulting bank cashier who has most of their inheritance as a part of his ill-gotten gains. The story closes with the fall of Malolos, but another is promised.

#### "MY YOUNG MAN."†

This little volume is composed of a series of lectures originally delivered in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, in Cleveland, Ohio. They deal with the relationship of the young man as son, brother, lover, husband, and citizen;

\*"Under Otis in the Philippines," fourth volume of the "Old Glory Series," by Edward Stratemeyer. Cloth. Illustrated. Pp. 332. Price, \$1.25. Boston, Lee & Shepard.

†"My Young Man," by Louis Albert Barton, D. D. 12mo. Cloth. Price, 75 cents. New York, Funk & Wagnalls Co.

also in relation to society and to himself. They are character studies whose purpose is to arouse in young men a love for the better things of life—those things which in the mad whirl of present-day existence are liable to be overlooked in a battle for gold and empty fame.

#### "CUBES AND SPHERES IN HUMAN LIFE."\*

In a series of thoughtful chapters Mr. Wiggin has discussed many subjects relating to the real self, which richly repay a careful reading.

The chapter on "Attunement" impresses me as being particularly luminous, but, indeed, the whole book is rich in stimulating thought. The following are some of the subjects discussed: "Desire and Work," "Wisdom and Purpose," "Thought," "Self-Assertion," "Evolution and Involution," "Individual Effort," and "Progression."

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable," by Ernest H. Crosby. Cloth. Pp. 188. Price, \$2.00. Boston, Small, Maynard & Co.

"Differences," by Hervey White. Cloth. Pp. 311. Price, \$1.50. Boston, Small, Maynard & Co.

"Ideal Suggestion Through Mental Photography," by Henry Wood. Paper. Pp. 163. Price, 50 cents. Boston, Lee & Shepard.

"Under Otis in the Philippines," by Edward Stratemeyer. Cloth. Illustrated. Pp. 332. Price, \$1.25. Boston, Lee & Shepard.

"Camping on the St. Lawrence; or, On the Trail of the Early Discoverers," by Everett T. Tomlinson. Cloth. Illustrated. Pp. 412. Price, \$1.50. Boston, Lee & Shepard.

"Bruno," by Byrd Spilman Dewey. 16mo. Decorated cloth. Price, 75 cents. Boston, Little, Brown & Co.

"A Study of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," by Lillian Whiting. With portrait. 16mo. Cloth, gilt. Price, \$1.25. Boston, Little, Brown & Co.

"Honey from Many Hives," by James Mudge, D. D. Cloth. Pp. 331. Price, \$1.00. New York, Eaton & Mains.

"Wee Lucy's Secret," fourth volume of "Little Prudy's Children" series, by Sophie May. Cloth. Pp. 196. Illustrated. Price, 75 cents. Boston, Lee & Shepard.

"The Bouquet," by G. H. Walser. Cloth. Pp. 275.

"Psychism," by Paul Gibling, M. D. Cloth. Pp. 287. New York, Bulletin Publishing Co.

"Cubes and Spheres in Human Life," by F. A. Wiggin. Cloth. Pp. 114. Price, \$1.00. Boston, Banner of Light Publishing Co.

# OUR MONTHLY CHAT

## VOLUME III. OF THE COMING AGE.

With this issue we close  
**ART FEATURES.** the first year of The Coming Age. From the number of letters we are receiving from all parts of the country we are led to believe that our magazine has more than met the expectations of our great family of readers. We have not, however, realized our ideal, or succeeded in making it as good as we expect to do during the year 1900.

Our present issue is an earnest of what we propose for the ensuing year, and, though we shall probably not publish illustrated articles in every number, it is our purpose from time to time, when the subject matter requires illustrations, to present fine pictures, such as are given in this month's number; and as we propose to publish a series of studies embracing the works of our sculptors, painters, and those engaged in practical, constructive, industrial experiments, we shall necessarily have occasion to present several handsomely illustrated papers which, together with our portraits of eminent thinkers, which appear each month, will make the art feature of The Coming Age very attractive to those who enjoy really good pictures.

The Coming Age is a  
**OUR PURPOSE.** magazine with a mission. Let those who will sing of "art for art's sake." We believe with Hugo in "art for progress," and with Michael Angelo that "God did not make us to abandon us; men are worth more than money." We believe also that the supreme need of our age is the awakening of the conscience and the guiding of the spiritual energies in young and old alike, so that the individual will be ready at all times to do what is right for right's sake, regardless of the consequences. We are seeking to develop character in the individual, and to raise the ethical ideal of society, and with this object ever in mind we shall present to our readers

from month to month essays and conversations on the great vital problems embracing the larger view of education.

### **PRACTICAL INDUSTRIAL EXPERIMENTS.**

There are in progress at the present time a number of industrial experiments of a more or less fundamental character, and which are contributing in a real way toward the solution of the great questions that are agitating the minds of millions of people in the new world and the old. An interesting feature of The Coming Age for 1900 will be a series of papers dealing in an intelligent manner with the most prominent of these experiments. These contributions will be complemented by several papers dealing with historical passages and phases of civilization similar to that dealt with in our contribution on "Turgot, Statesman, Philosopher, and Man," which appeared in our November number. We believe that the careful study, by thoughtful people, of history in great crises will prove very suggestive to intelligent readers at the present time; and it is our determination to make these papers of real value to all earnest men and women who seek to see the cause of humanity and civilization furthered through peaceful and constructive methods. A third series of papers will deal with social ideals and the philosophy of progress, and will contain several contributions somewhat of the character of "Edwin Markham and the New Conscience," which attracted such general attention when published in our September issue. The opening contribution of this series will be two papers from the pen of Rev. C. R. Brown, the first being "The Cities of the World to Come," and the second "Employment in the World to Come."

### **ART AND THE DRAMA.**

Believing as we do that poetry, painting, sculpture, and the drama are potentially among the greatest agencies for human progress and the enrich-



ment of life, *The Coming Age* will from month to month present essays, studies, and conversations dealing with these subjects, with the threefold object in view of entertaining and instructing the reader, while stimulating that which is highest and best in the intellectual and emotional natures. There is at the present time a growing appreciation of the value and, indeed, the vital importance of art in any system or plan of development which seeks the permanent uplifting of humanity; and this realization is manifest in the work and the ideals of many of our best sculptors, painters, poets, and essayists, especially the younger workers. We believe that the twentieth century will see art leagued as never before with progress and the dawn. It will be the purpose of *The Coming Age* to further this great work to the extent of its power.

CRITICAL, PHILOSOPHIC, AND METAPHYSICAL THOUGHT. We have a number of papers of exceptional value on masterpieces of poetical literature, in which the deeper things in the philosophy of life are

dwelt upon in a thought-stimulating way. We shall mention at present the magnificent series of papers by Mr. Malloy, the president of the Boston Emerson Club, on the "Poems of Emerson." During the past year these very luminous interpretations of Emerson's poems, by Mr. Malloy, have been most cordially received throughout our country, and in some instances have been used for reference and text purposes in American institutions of learning.

Another noteworthy feature will be the remarkable interpretation of the poems of Homer, by William Cox, in which the author unveils the ten great battles of life as he finds them clearly portrayed in the most striking allegory found in the range of literature.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT. Many of the broadest and most deeply religious thinkers will present from month to month the most

vital thought as it relates to the religion of life, the rise of man, and the destiny of the soul. These papers will embrace some notable expositions of the world's great religions, presented by eastern as well as western scholars, and embracing the Japanese,

Hindoos, and Syrians. Four contributions by Professor Nathaniel Schmidt, of Cornell University, on "The Hebrew Philosophers," will also be features of early issues in this department of *The Coming Age*.

SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT. Scientific papers of deep and practical value will appear from time to time, from recognized authorities in special fields of research.

BIOGRAPHY. Studies of the lives of the great and the good will be given from month to month. This feature will prove of great value to young people and those who wish to be brought in touch with the impulses and aspirations of the noblest minds throughout the ages; and at the same time they will add materially to the general culture of the reader by giving pen pictures of the times in which the subjects lived.

PSYCHICAL SCIENCE. We have a number of papers on psychical science by leading thinkers, which will prove helpful to thoughtful people. Among those which will appear in early issues we mention a conversation by Dr. R. Osgood Mason on "Hypnotism and Psychical Research," giving the observations and conclusions of one of the most eminent American physicians and well-known authorities in psychical research. "Hypnotism as a Therapeutic Agent" and "Recent Results of Hypnotism in Europe," two papers by Dr. Henrik G. Petersen, a well-known Boston physician and author of one of the ablest works on hypnotism, will also be features of early issues. Another paper of value will deal with "The Spiritual in Literature," by Sara A. Underwood.

Our regular department of authentic "Dreams and Visions" will continue to contain from month to month interesting chapters on the experiences of well-known people, the facts of which are carefully verified before publication.

Each month we shall BOOK STUDIES. give at least one carefully prepared and comprehensive book study, in addition to our regular book reviews. In these studies our aim will be to give the reader a digest of the contents

of the book, or a comprehensive survey of the subject treated.

Our serial story, "Two Hearts for One," by Mrs.

C. K. Reifsnider, a strong and fascinating romance of love and life in America, will hold the reader's interest from the opening to the closing lines. It will begin in the January number and continue through the year. In our next issue we shall also publish a novelette of special interest, entitled "A Modern Minister," by George Sanford Eddy. This is a distinctly great piece of work, and cannot fail to make every one better for its perusal. It is vibrant with that ennobling moral enthusiasm which is contagious; and it is safe to say that no one can read the story, which will appear in the January, February, and March numbers, without being prompted to strive in a practical way to increase the happiness of those with whom his life is cast. Short stories and character sketches will also be features of *The Coming Age*, as it is our purpose to make this magazine appeal in a real way to the interests of all members of the home circle.

The "Health and Home"

OUR HEALTH DEPARTMENT, which has proved very helpful and popular with our readers, will receive special attention during the next year. In addition to the exceedingly valuable papers by Mrs. Reifsnider, which will appear from month to month, and the rational hygienic menus, there will be several carefully prepared contributions by leading writers, dealing in a practical way with health through right living.

All the departments of the magazine will be well sustained, and it will be our constant purpose to make *The Coming Age* the one magazine which thoughtful and earnest American manhood and womanhood will find absolutely indispensable.

#### SOME FEATURES OF THIS ISSUE.

In this number we publish the first of a series of illustrated papers on American art, which will include the work of painters, sculptors, poets, dramatists, and others who in a vital way are furthering higher thinking and nobler ideals and concepts. Mr. Elwell's work is typical of the fine spiritual

aspirations of the best workers among many of our younger artists in America. Other illustrated studies will follow. It will be our constant aim to enthuse our readers with a love of the best in art, as this, in our judgment, is one of the essentials in true culture, and unfortunately its value has been largely overlooked in our country.

#### OUR CONVERSATIONS.

The eminent American landscape painter, J. J. Enneking, discusses in a thoughtful and interesting manner "The Outlook for America," from a painter's view-point; while the well-known critic, author, and clergyman, Rev. J. Henry Wiggin, gives us a fascinating and extremely valuable historical survey of the early history of the drama in Boston. Never before has there appeared so valuable a brief survey of the early dramatic history of this city as is given in this conversation. The author will give us a second conversation, on "Notable Stage Productions in Boston Since 1850," in an early number of the magazine. The two will form a splendid concise historical survey of the drama in the Modern Athens. It will be seen that in our illustrated paper and the two conversations sculpture, painting, and the drama have marked consideration. We believe that art, music, and the theater will prove great factors in educational progress during our oncoming century, for never before have there been so many earnest, thoughtful, broad-visioned, and philosophic humanitarians among our sculptors, artists, poets, dramatists, and actors as to-day.

#### ESSAYS.

Professor Nathaniel Schmidt, who so ably fills the chair of Literature and Semitic Languages at Cornell University, contributes a notable paper on "The Republic of Man."

Professor A. E. Dolbear, Ph. D., of Tufts College, whose paper on the "Kind of Universe We Live In," which appeared in our August number, created such wide-spread interest, discusses "Utopia" in the helpful and suggestive manner so characteristic of all his work.

"The Social Situation in Canada," one of the most notable of recent essays, is from the pen of the Rev. Charles Aubrey Eaton, one of the ablest clergymen of the Baptist Church in Canada, a gentleman who has

gained a high place among the leaders of progressive thought, not only on account of his able labors in the pulpit, but also through his notable lectures on present-day problems, and his editorial work on one of the leading papers of the Dominion.

Dr. E. M. Babbitt, M. D., LL. D., deals in an interesting manner with a question raised by Professor Dolbear in his recent paper on the "Kind of Universe We Live In."

Rev. Kenneth S. Guthrie, A. M., Ph. D., introduces our readers to "Victor Hugo's Great Poem on God, or The Search of the Soul for the Infinite."

Our poems in this number are very appropriate to the season. Dr. Hedley, whose popular contribution on "How Shall the Church Triumph?" appeared in a recent issue, gives us some beautiful verses entitled "The Coming of the Prince." Mr. Edgerton's poem is equally appropriate.

Our Christmas story is fraught with suggestive lessons. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any short story or sermon of the present month will suggest more helpful questions with readers or hearers than Mrs. Reifsnider will call out with this very unique and original creation.

#### WHO HATH SINNED?

In this issue we conclude the remarkably philosophical romance of life, "Who Hath Sinned?" This story has awakened widespread interest, as our correspondence from various sections of the country amply proves. It possesses the power and fascination only found in simple narratives of real life, in which the multitudinous problems that we all have sooner or later to face receive thoughtful consideration. The keynote or dominating thought in the author's mind has clearly been to show, in a story absolutely faithful to life as it is now and here, that good may grow out of apparent evil and joy come from the most profound sorrow, where that sorrow serves to awaken love and sympathy within the soul instead of embittering the heart of the sufferer. The most profound problems of life have been touched upon so simply and clearly as to be perfectly intelligible to every reader. The author has been critical though pro-

gressive. Without any of that extreme and unreasoning conservatism which refuses to accept any great truth until the whole world has come to acknowledge its verity, the author has displayed the spirit of the true scholar, and with open mind has received the vital new facts which our age has demonstrated to be truths. This makes the story especially interesting and valuable. It is highly suggestive, and I believe is destined to do great good, not only in instructing and warning parents and teachers, but also in opening the eyes of all readers to great facts in this complex life of ours which must be taken into consideration if we view the present pilgrimage broadly and philosophically. The story will tend to make all readers more charitable, tolerant, and loving, especially in their attitude toward life's unfortunate ones.

#### DR. BABBITT'S PAPER.

Dr. Babbitt, in his thoughtful short paper raises the interrogation point after an assertion made by Professor Dolbear in relation to our universe being primarily physical. Dr. Babbitt is a bold, original thinker, and a man of broad culture. He is the author of an elaborate and masterly work on "The Philosophy of Light and Color." Few physicians of our time have displayed more hospitality toward new thought and the subtle remedial agencies which have come to the front during the past hundred years than Dr. Babbitt. For many years he employed with great success magnetism, suggestion, electricity, and light and color in the treatment of disease. Later for several years he devoted his time largely to teaching the scientific employment of these finer forces. For some years he has been dean of the College of Fine Forces, at Los Angeles, California. We understand that at present a movement is in progress looking toward building and endowing a College of Fine Forces in California, where it will be possible for students to receive a thoroughly scientific course of instruction in the employment of these fine or subtle therapeutic agents, which up to recent date have been ignored and sneered at by the regular profession, and which to-day are nowhere taught so comprehensively or scientifically as their importance demands. There can be

no doubt that such an institution would prove of immense value to the health of the people and the cause of real progress; and under the direction of Dr. Babbitt it would necessarily prove a great success.

#### "AFTER FIFTY YEARS."

In an early issue Mrs. C. K. Reifsnider will present the first of three papers entitled "After Fifty Years." This series, we believe, will be a genuine surprise to the general reader, owing to the fact that there is a prevalent belief among Americans that those who reach fifty years may be termed old. Yet history proves that in the large majority of cases the ripest, best, and most effective work has been accomplished "After Fifty Years."

#### MISS RYAN'S POEMS.

In our September number we published a remarkable little poem by Miss Coletta Ryan, a young Boston author, entitled "Sympathy." This month we give our readers another contribution from her gifted pen, entitled "Great God Is Near." There is real poetic power and, what is more, spiritual depth, and the high aspiration of a soul struggling for the heights, present in all Miss Ryan's work. We predict that a bright future awaits this young author.

#### A CORRECTION.

We regret that in our November number the name, Helen M. Poole, is given as that of the author of the exceedingly interesting psychical experience, "Prescience,—What is It?" This paper was written by the well-known and thoughtful writer, Mrs. Hester M. Poole.

#### SOME FEATURES FOR OUR JANUARY AND FEBRUARY ISSUES.

It is, of course, impossible to give anything like a full table of contents for our next two issues. Below, however, we mention a few of many attractions which we have awaiting publication, and which will probably appear in these two numbers.

#### CONVERSATIONS:

"Hypnotism in its relation to Psychical Research, and the Educational and Thera-

peutic Value of Hypnotism," by Dr. R. Osgood Mason, A. M., M. D.

"Shakspeare and the Development of General Culture," by Rev. H. C. Meserve.

"Notable Dramatic Productions in Boston Since 1850," by Rev. J. Henry Wiggln.

"The Church and Present-day Problems," by Rev. Robert E. Bisbee.

"Twenty-five Years Before the Footlights," by Horace Lewis.

#### ORIGINAL ESSAYS:

"The Ideal Philosophy of Leibnitz," by E. M. Chesley.

"The Gate Beautiful," by Professor John Ward Stimson.

"The Citizen's Interest in the Kindergarten," by Dr. Smith Baker, M. D.

"The Hebrew Philosopher as a Poet," being a study of the Book of Job, by Professor Nathaniel Schmidt, of Cornell University.

"Life and Works of Professor James Mason Hopkin," by William Ordway Partridge.

"The Coming Hygiene of Dietetics," by Professor Joseph Rodes Buchanan.

"Humane Education," by Dr. A. M. Hale, M. D.

"How a Revolution was Averted in England," a thrilling chapter in modern history, dealing with the Chartist agitation, the rise of the Anti-corn-law League, and the triumph of the people, by B. O. Flower.

"The Economy of Evil in the Moral Order," by Henry Wood.

"After Fifty Years," the opening paper of a series on the master works of great men, by Mrs. C. K. Reifsnider.

"Nature's Perennial Youth," by Professor Daniel Batchellor.

"Fra Elbertus and the Roycrofters," a social study by B. O. Flower.

"Some Psychological Aspects of Experimental Science," by Professor Lyman C. Newell.

"Japanese Buddhism," by Keijiro Nakamura.

"Poverty and Social Decay," by A. M. Colwick.

"The Music of the Speaking Voice," by Emma Griffith Lumm.

"The Spiritual in Literature," by Sara A. Underwood.



"Farming in the Twentieth Century," by E. P. Powell.

"The Poems of Emerson," by Charles Malloy, president of the Boston Emerson Club.

"The Poems of Homer," the two opening papers of a series on the true meaning and significance of the Homeric poems, by William Cox.

FICTION:

The first two installments of our brilliant and powerful romance of love and life, "Two Hearts for One," by Mrs. C. K. Relfsnider.

The first and second parts of Mr. George Sanford Eddy's powerful novelette, "A Modern Minister."

The above are only a few of the strong attractions which we have in view, in addition to our regular departments, for the first numbers of The Coming Age for 1900. It is our determination to make our magazine absolutely indispensable to all earnest Americans who wish to keep in touch with the most vital and helpful thought of our age; and with this aim in view we shall spare no pains in making each number surpass its predecessor in point of interest and value.

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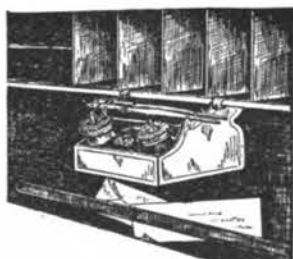
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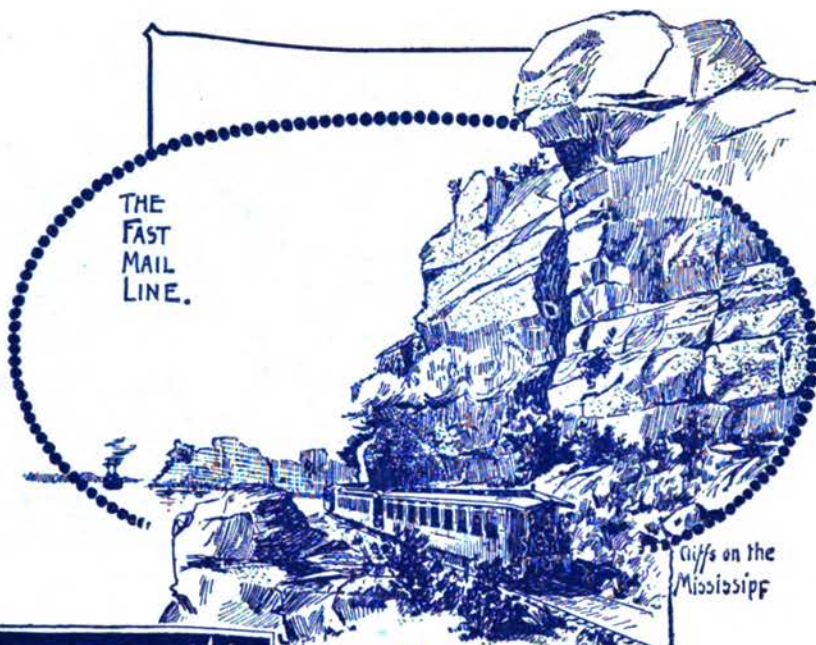
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